

# THE RED HOUSE CH. 02

## *Ahabscribe*

*Imprisoned mother's son and friend work to free her.*

Incest/Taboo

4.78

16.4k words

*Here is the rest of the Red House story - I hope it is as well received as the first part (which, if you haven't read, need to read it first). One caution - if interracial themes bother you, stop now...you're not going to like it. For the rest of you, I hope it lives up to expectations. I'm very gratified with the kind words you've showered on this story. Please let me know how you feel about this part as well, be the comments pro or con!*

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters are fictional and exist solely within the confines of the story and my imagination. Enjoy!

The motel room's air conditioner had died sometime during the Bush years and the room felt like a sauna in the middle of this Mississippi August day. The dark, almost ebony skin beneath me gleamed, coated in a fine sheet of fuck sweat. I ran my tongue along a dark skinned flat belly, feeling muscles flutter just underneath. Upwards, I tongued my way around and over two small, cupcake sized breasts, nipples engorged with blood and darker than the breast around it. Small, moans of appreciation reached my ears as I closed my lips around one swollen nipple and flicked my tongue over the long, dime sized nipples. Slowly, I tongued my way upwards, pausing to kiss the slick neck. Her black skin seemed to emit the scent of cinnamon.

Finally, I slid my sweat sticky body over hers as my lips found hers and I looked into her large brown eyes. Her tongue greeted mine and lured it back into her mouth where they both writhed, her breath quickening into a moan as I felt my erect cock brush her pussy lips and slip between her longish labia, finding heat and wetness that more than equaled the heat in the room. I felt her arms and legs close around me as I thrust in, spreading her pussy flesh open to burrow into her welcoming cunt.

Her groans tore our kiss apart and I felt Tisha's hot breath before she cried out, "That's it, John – fuck me with that fine thang – give me that good cock!" I raised myself up on my arms, our sweaty bodies peeling away from each other with a loud noise. Looking down, I marveled once more at where I was and what I was doing.

I had my cock buried to the hilt in the sweet, tight pussy of Mississippi Corrections Officer Latisha – Tisha to her friends – Wilkins. Tisha was the head guard at the prison where my mother had been imprisoned for over twenty years for murdering my abusive father. I had been adopted and had only in the last year become reacquainted with Momma...reacquainted being a mild way to put it – after visiting Momma several times, I'd spent an incestuous weekend of fucking Momma a little over a month ago after we'd arranged a conjugal visit.

Part of me felt a bit dishonest fucking Tisha. I was head over heels in love with my mother – she and I had touched each other in a way neither expected, but had embraced and despite obstacles planned to spend the rest of our lives together, yet here I was fucking the woman who had the power of life and death over her. Part of me was aroused like never before, making hot love to this

African-American woman. Me, raised in a Midwest town with virtually no black population, who had never been with a black woman before. Part of me knew that skin didn't matter – a woman is a woman, but part of me felt like I was breaking another taboo and as I had discovered fucking my mother, breaking sexual taboos was exciting as nothing else is.

I felt Tisha roll her hips and I moved into sync with her, thrusting in and out of her clinging pussy to meet her movements, our bodies slapping loudly together. "God yes, boy – fuck me hard," Tisha purred, her fingers scraping over my chest, flicking my pebbled nipples as we moved, fucking each other with more effort with each thrust.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, sounding like Momma being subservient to her guards. Remaining raised on one hand, I slid one hand down her smooth, slick body, trailing fingers down her thigh till I could slip under her knee and drew it up, thrusting deep as I raised her leg and draped it over my shoulder. Switching hands, I repeated the process, almost rolling the short, slender woman up in a ball as her left leg dropped onto my shoulder and I leaned forward, sliding my erect penis a fraction deeper into her juicy pussy.

"You want it hard, Tisha? Here you go!" Tisha let out with a scream as I suddenly began trip hammering my cock into her welcoming pussy. The dark skinned woman quivered as I slammed cock to her, making her babble with a string of nonsense words, tinged with a Mississippi Delta accent. I slipped my arms under hers, fingers sliding across her back to pull her more tightly to me, my fingers passing over several rough, bumpy patches.

Her ankles tightened against my head as she crossed her feet, trying to tighten her grip on my long cock and using me for leverage to push her pelvis up to meet each stroke. Our bodies slapped wetly together as we came together – the room becoming thick with the aroma of our fucking. Sweat, pheromones, wet pussy filled the room, making our nostrils flare hungrily as we moved closer and closer to climax.

I felt my orgasm racing through my body, surging up my penis, swelling my cock head, her slick, silky and hot flesh tightening around my cock, bringing my orgasm to the brink. With a roar, I shoved my cock hard and deep into Tisha's womb, flooding it with steaming semen.

Tisha's body seized up under me, a soulful wail erupting from her lips as her arms clawed my skin and her legs quivered and clenched against my shoulders and head. A deluge of fiery cunt cream coated my pulsating cock as Tisha joined me in orgasm, sobbing, "Fuck, fuck, f-fuck, fuck," over and over again. She finally flung her legs wide, waving them in the air as her toes clenched in the throes of orgasmic pleasure, only to let them fall widespread as my ejaculations began to ebb.

Finally, I slipped off of the black woman to lie panting at her side, her chest heaving making her small, mature breasts shake as they rose and fell. "Damnation, John. I know why your momma loves your cock so much." She reached out and stroked her fingers across my chest and said, "I hope you got enough in you to do that again in a bit."

I actually blushed under her praise and said, "You're too sexy for me not to get it up again. Next to Momma, you're the best love I've ever known."

Tisha giggled and said, "I bet I'm your first taste of brown sugar, ain't I?" She rolled over and kissed me, her tongue snaking sexily around mine. I felt my face burning and our kiss dissolved as Tisha again giggled and said, "I'll be damned...I am!" She moved to climb on top of me, her still sweaty body sliding easily over my slick body, stretching out so that her shaved pussy, now oozing my

seed nestled against my lower stomach. She kissed me again and then said softly, "Well for a white boy, you can fuck this black pussy any time.

We spent a time just cuddling and basking in the glow of good sex, hands continuing to explore each other's body. Finally, I fetched us a couple of beers from a cooler I'd brought with me and handed her one. "So, any luck on helping Momma?" I asked.

Tisha nodded and hopped off the motel bed, striding across the room while I admired her slender body. Tisha was thirty-five years old, and stood about 5 foot, three inches and maybe weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds. Her body was toned with well defined muscles in her arms and legs and a flat stomach. Her small and still perky breasts were capped with long nipples the diameter of dimes and between her legs her pussy was clean shaven, her dark flesh contrasting excitedly with her glistening pink inner flesh.

Tisha bent over a huge shoulder bag, flashing her well fucked pussy, spotted with whitish blobs of my semen at me from beneath firm and trim hips. She pulled a thick folder out of the bag and returned to bed, dropping the file on my chest as she stretched out beside me. "Got me a special friend works in the Sherriff's office in your granddaddy's county. He might be a high and mighty congressman now, but he has them always updating Carlie's file." She rubbed my arm and continued, "This here is a copy you can keep – it's got everything they had on her case and even her behavior reports from prison."

I leafed through the file, pausing when I came to some graphic photos of my father lying on a blood-soaked sofa, dead from Momma emptying an entire clip from a Glock automatic pistol into his sleeping body. I felt nothing for him as I studied the harsh photos. Nothing turned to hate as I found next pictures of Momma, one side of her face one massive bruise with the eye swollen closed and the other eye blackened. A head to toe shot of Momma naked, bruises covering over half of her body. Attached to that were hospital reports that provided a history of several years of violent and savage abuse.

"This is what they had suppressed at her trial," I said.

Tisha nodded and said, "My friend says they confiscated the hospital's official reports – they don't exist outside Garrett's file." Her fingers teased my forearm. "Well, there and the copy you got in your hand."

Some memory or nugget of fact tickled my brain and I murmured, "I don't think a photocopy is admissible in court."

Tisha shrugged and said, "Maybe not, but hell, at least you got the whole picture."

I sighed as I kept flipping through the file. Prison reports indicated a couple of rough years early on and then nothing but good behavior. I noticed Tisha's signature beginning to appear. I looked up at her with a questioning look.

The black woman smiled back and said, "Yeah, it was about ten years ago when I hired on at the prison. I already knew I was bi, but when I saw your momma, I about wet myself. I had me a real schoolgirl crush on her and well...we, you know..."

"You two just worked things out," I finished.

Tisha grinned evilly at me and said, "That's right. We've had our loving moments and I've tried to help her when I can. You can see I wrote her up a lot for good commendations...that sort of thing usually helps push a parole along quicker, but the parole board ain't never seen those and besides, they walk in ready to obey your granddaddy's orders."

I paused to look at copies of Parole Hearing reports – each stamped with 'REJECTED' dated two and four years ago. Cause was listed as "Showing no sign of rehabilitation."

Tisha sneered and said, "No sign of rehabilitation my ass. Carlie's been a model prisoner for more years than I can count and even got her G.E.D. bout three years ago."

I looked up in surprise. Tisha nodded and said. "Used to brag about you from your adopted momma's letters that she could barely read. She decided if ever you wrote something, she wanted to be able to read it. She might sound like an illiterate cracker, but she ain't really."

I shook my head, both awed and touched. Part of me ached for all the years I'd gone without knowing Momma. In a husky tone, I said, "Thank you for helping her...for helping us."

Tisha laughed and said, "Well, we worked ourselves out an arrangement is all. In prison, ain't nothing comes free. I treat your momma good and she and her sweet tongue been pleasing me for years. I help you and you and that fine white boy dick be pleasing me as well." Tisha rolled over and sat up beside the bed, stretching her arms high, the muscles in her back cording and swelling. "Besides, Carlie got a fucking raw deal. Maybe you understand it and maybe you don't, but a woman knows when her own has been screwed over. I know."

In the dim light of the motel room, I could see the round scar marks on Tisha's back – six or seven of them, looking to be the diameter of maybe a lit cigarette. I reached out and ran my fingers over them, finally letting my hand rest on her shoulder and gently draw her back. "Well, maybe part of this is an exchange of favors," I began, pushing Tisha onto her back. "But, not all of it – this is just me wanting to please a beautiful woman." I moved to climb between her legs, my cock rapidly growing as I looked down at the African American woman below me, her legs spreading wide to give me access.

Tisha grinned evilly and replied, "Sheeeit, John! You are a smooth talking motherfucker. This how you seduced your momma?" She held out her arms, beckoning. "How about you pretend I'm your momma...maybe give me a load of spunk I'll deliver to her in person."

My cock jerked and throbbed at her words as I instantly understood the implications. With a growl I was on top of her, sliding my body along hers, our slightly dried skin feeling tacky – tugging at each other as I moved. Her pussy was hot and wet and ready, though, welcoming my stiff penis between her slick labia and then hungrily enveloping it in folds of flesh satiny soft and so, so wet.

Tisha squealed with pleasure as I thrust my hardness into her, her pelvis flinging up to meet my cock and I quickly was buried in her pussy to the root. She shivered as my wiry pubic hair scraped against and tickled the bare skin of her vulva. Her arms wrapped around my neck and pulled my head down so our lips met in a passionate kiss. Her tongue, long and thick slipped into my mouth and she almost purred as I sucked on it. She teased my tongue into her mouth and returned the favor, her full lips sucking furiously on my tongue before we began dancing them together, replicating the greater dance of lust our bodies were engaged in.

I felt her heartbeat quicken as we fucked, mirrored by the pulse of her blood engorged nipples, rubbery hard tips scraping across my chest. Her fingers intertwined in my hair, yanking on my locks

to keep my mouth on hers as we came together again and again, the sweet delicious friction of my cock moving in and out of her claspng cunt. Tisha rolled her hips and pressed her clitoris more firmly against my thrusting cock and was instantly reward with orgasmic sensations that quickly had her writhing in ecstasy while I fucked her on and on.

She broke our kiss so she could throw back her head and cry out – hands now clawing down my back as she flung her hips upward trying to get more of me in her. Sweat poured off my body to splatter on her face and chest, joining the rivulets of perspiration flowing across her dark skin. Our bodies made wet, slapping noises as we fucked as did our joined cock and cunt – a wet squishing noise as she seemed to almost be spraying pussy juices, coating my erection with her steaming juices and the rest escaping with each movement of our lovemaking.

As her orgasm began to fade, Tisha began urging me to follow. "Cum in me, boy. Cum in me for your momma!" She squirmed underneath me, working her pussy muscles to milk my cock. "Give me a big load so your momma will get to eat a big ol' gooey mess of her son's cum!"

I began to thrust harder – her words creating images that brought me closer. Tisha recognized that and continued to spur me on. "Yeah, that's it...give me that big dick, give me that hot spunk so your momma can get down on her knees and eat your sperm from Tisha's pussy!" Her words were arousing her as well and combined with my now frantic thrusts, Tisha slipped into another orgasm and then I felt my resistance crumble and I shoved my cock in deep, grinding my crotch against her bald pussy and emptied another load of thick and creamy semen into her snatch, seeing in my mind's eye, Momma squatting in front of the prison guard, a long streamer of my jism strung from Momma's lips to Tisha's spread and gooey labia.

We cuddled for several minutes and then Tisha's wristwatch began to beep and she said, "I got to go." She separated from me, looking back at me lovingly as I sprawled on the bed, her eyes traveling down my body only to pause at my semi-erect and cum covered cock. She licked her lips and said, "Well, maybe I can give your Momma a kiss from you too and she leaned over and took me in her mouth, making it my turn to writhe in pleasure as she sucked and licked my sensitive cock clean of my semen and her pussy cream.

Tisha then quickly dressed, patting the crotch of her panties while saying, "An hour from now, your momma and me will be having a little counseling session. I hope she enjoys the surprise creamy filling."

I pulled on my pants and followed the now uniformed black woman to the door. "How's Momma doing," I asked.

Tisha shrugged and said, "She's hanging on, John. Being with you is a blessing and a curse." When I frowned at her response, she reached up and patted my face. "Oh now, don't fret. You and your momma becoming lovers, why, it's gave Carlie a new lease on life, but not being with you all the time, it's made prison life seem even more awful than it already is."

"Tell her I love her," I said.

Tisha nodded and leaned up and gave me a quick kiss on the mouth. "Boy, she already knows that." She gave me a big smile. "But I'll tell her anyway. And I'll tell you'll see her in two weeks." And then she was gone, roaring away in a small jeep.

I got my stuff together, carefully packing away the file Tisha had given me and began the drive back home, my mind racing the whole way. So much had happened and although it had happened

pretty fast, it also seemed to be happening painfully slow. It had only been two weeks since Momma and I had finally become lovers while on a conjugal visit in one of the Women's prison's 'Red Houses' after which the prison guard Tisha who was Momma's lover, offered to help me find a way to help Momma go free in exchange for sexual favors.

Although part of me felt I was betraying Momma's love for me, part of me was aroused by this African American woman and all of me yearned to break my mother free of her awful life. Tisha had said she would call me and last night she finally had, having me meet her at a run-down motel today for a romp and to begin the process of getting Momma free. I physically ached for Momma – my nights were restless and what little sleep I'd had was filled with erotic dreams of my full bodied mother – carnal images of me on her, in her, the two of us locked in incestuous lovemaking, always on the verge of cumming.

Over the next few days, I poured over Momma's file, looking for that one 'AH HAH' document that would set into motion her freedom. I made subtle inquiries at the university, seeking to find a good legal mind to help me find a solution. Every answer I got back pointed to one professor of law – a locally well known champion of liberal causes who unfortunately was off on a tour of speaking engagements and wouldn't be back into early fall.

Still, between my graduate studies and trying to find a way to bring Momma home, my days were busy and filled. Alas, once I went to bed, it was a different scene. I tossed and turned, tormented by images of my mother, her short mahogany hair framing her lovely face with those brilliant blue eyes. Momma's legs and thighs were shapely and toned, probably from working all day long on her feet, but she was thicker on top with a full waist and incredibly huge breasts. While on the conjugal visit in the Red House, I'd snuck a peek at her industrial strength prison issue bra and a tag revealed that Momma was sporting a pair of meaty 48DD breasts, incredibly massive tits that sloped and gently sagged against her chest like huge gourds.

Most haunting of all was Momma's pussy, that ripe, flesh partially concealed by a thick, almost unruly bush of black hair. The unique touch of Momma's aroused flesh had made me feel as no other woman could. To sink my erect flesh into her steaming cunt was to both return home to the most wonderful place on Earth and to touch the face of all that was holy. Pleasure with all other women paled compared to the incestuous ecstasy making love to my mother gave me. Making love to Tisha was a close second, but even then I knew it was because of the link she represented between Momma and me.

Nights were almost endless as I was tormented by that I could not have...my Momma. Masturbating was a poor substitute, but gave me enough relief to sink into incestuous dreams of a life where Momma and I were free to live our lives beyond the walls of her prison.

Finally, visitor's day arrived and I eagerly made the trip across Mississippi, cotton and bean fields lush in the sweltering summer heat. I was passed through security and was escorted to the picnic area to await Momma along with other visitors. I sat on top of a picnic table, gazing longingly at the row of Red Houses a few hundred feet away. There was movement in and around them as families and spouses prepared for their loved ones to join them. My cock, already semi-erect at the prospect of seeing Momma, throbbed at the memory of our time at the Red House.

A bell rang shrilly and I turned to see a gate open and a group of women in prison khaki rush through, spreading out across the visitor's yard towards family. Momma emerged from the small crowd of women and I found myself on my feet and rushing forward as she moved from a walk to a fast trot herself. Our bodies collided in a flurry of arms wrapping around each other and lips

pressed together, her badly missed breasts pillowing against my chest as her tongue greeted mine as we wordlessly conveyed our love and how much we'd missed each other.

We kissed for a long time, tongues dancing as one until Tisha's voice echoed in our ears, "Give it a rest, Carlie – y'all go have a seat somewheres." We both sheepishly stepped back, Momma staring down at the obvious bulge in my slacks while I stared hungrily at her nipples poking prominently against the blouse of her dress. I belatedly realized that Momma was braless. We both spared a glance at Tisha who was strolling away with a bemused look on her face.

Looking back at each other, I took Momma's hands in mine and said, "God, I love you, Momma and I missed you so much."

Tears ran down Momma's face as she nodded and said, "I love you too, honey. You're all I ever think about now." She pulled me close and kissed me again, her tongue licking my lips before she finished. She smiled at me almost shyly as I led her by the hand to the farthest picnic table away from the scrutiny of the guards.

As we walked hand in hand, we passed by a picnic table where another woman prisoner sat with an elderly woman and a young boy. Mother and son were using crayons on a coloring book. The woman looked up, pushing back long, stringy, blonde hair out of her face with an arm covered with blue tattoos. She smiled at us and said, "Well, don't you two make a purty picture of lovers." She winked at us and said, "It warms my heart to see a mother and son so close!"

We both grinned and Momma blushed as she said, "Oh shut up, Ettie."

Ettie laughed and called to me as we moved on. "You made her a happy woman, boy. She be calling out your name all night long in her cell. Sometimes, she screams it!"

Momma tightened her grip on my hand and glanced over at me. "I get awfully lonely at night, son," she said and then grinning at me, said, "And horny!"

I leaned over and gave her a quick kiss. "You're not the only one, Momma."

We reached our picnic table and set down straddling the far bench, facing each other. We sat quietly for a moment before Momma said, "I got your sweet gift, son." I must have look puzzled for a moment because Momma extended her tongue and waved it lasciviously.

"My pleasure, Momma. I – I hope you don't mind Tisha and I..."

Momma leaned over and caressed my face, no emotion on her face except that of mother and incestuous love. "Hell no, John. That aint cheating. It's almost like Tisha's bringing us together in a way." Momma smacked her lips. "And it tastes good too!"

I shivered as an image of Momma's face, bobbing between Tisha's thighs appeared in my head. I could see Momma raise her head up and look at me, fresh semen and Tisha's cunt juices coating her lips and chin. Momma beamed at me as if she knew exactly what I was thinking.

I spent a few minutes catching Momma up on what little progress I'd made with Tisha's help – not able to share anything that generated any real hope. Momma looked glum and she sighed. "I don't know how we can best your granddaddy. He's one evil motherfucker."

I leaned towards Momma and placed one hand on her exposed leg, just above the knee. "That old man is a rat bastard son of a bitch, Momma. I'm a motherfucker...in fact I'm your motherfucker."

My mother grinned and said, "Yes, you are, son! In fact..." She slowly pulled the hem of her prison dress up, revealing her luscious, white thighs. "Maybe my son'd like to see how much his momma loves him too."

We glanced around and I slid my hand up her thigh, Momma dropping her skirt back to conceal it. I scooted a little closer and then my eyes went wide as my fingers brushed damp pubic hair. "No panties, Momma?" I said in a suddenly hoarse voice.

Momma licked her lips and said in a sinfully sexy little girl's voice, "Officer Tisha said I be a nasty girl and she confiscated my undies!" My fingers pressed on, finding wet flesh that yielded to pressure, allowing me to swiftly slide two fingers into Momma's searing wet pussy. Momma closed her eyes and sighed softly. "Am I nasty, son?"

We both leaned our heads in until our foreheads met and as I began to twist and turn my fingers about inside Momma's cunt. "Nasty and beautiful and sexy and I love you this way."

Momma's hand skittered across the table to find mine, our fingers intertwining – her touch a guide to what she liked best as I fingered her pussy. Her succulent cunt flesh tried to cling to my probing fingers, contracting as I wormed them in and out of her cunt, my fingers quickly becoming coated with her juices.

The smell of aroused pussy began to surround us as Momma panted and squirmed on the bench, hunching herself discretely against my probing fingers. Her breasts partially revealed as she leaned against me, heaved as pleasure grew inside her. "Oh, John, I love you," she hissed as I rotated my fingers and slid them up inside the wall of her cunt, her moans guiding me to her G-spot.

"Oh fuckkkkk!" she yelped, her hand digging into mine as she came in a sudden swift and heavy flood of juices, splattering across my fingers and hand and spraying the bench between us. For a few minutes I kept Momma squirming in the grip of ecstasy, before it became too much and she reached down and tried to tug my fingers out of her.

I resisted, wagging my fingers inside her, making her gulp for air and struggle not to scream. "Are you sure, Momma?" I said, teasingly.

Momma hung there, her whole world momentarily centered on my pleasuring fingers, cunt cream gushing from her pulsating twat. She raised her head and looked at me with pleading eyes. She tried to grin, but bit her lower lip until she was able to stammer. "Have to s-stop, s-son or e-everyone here's gonna know!"

I leaned in and kissed Momma on the lips, muffling her moans as I slowly slid my fingers from her pussy, labia clutching hungrily at my thickly coated fingers. After breaking the kiss, I took a quick glance around while Momma leaned her head against my chest. Her dark hair was matted with sweat and her body quivered as I teasingly brushed her vulva with my fingers. Nobody seemed to really be paying us attention, although Ettie looked up from her child and gave me a knowing grin.

Momma finally gave a big sigh and slowly raised her head. "That was fucking something," she gasped. "If we was by ourselves..." She shook her head and grinned at me.

I raised my cum coated fingers, showing Momma her cunt cream layered thickly on my index and middle finger. "If we were alone, I'd be licking more than this," I said before licking my index finger like a lollipop, my cock throbbing in my slacks as I savored the strong and salty-sweet taste of her juices.

I started to lick my middle finger, but Momma's hand shot out and took me by the wrist. Looking coyly at me, Momma drew my cum covered finger to her lips, saying, "If we was alone, I'd be licking something bigger than this," before slowly sucking my finger into her mouth, her tongue lapping up her own juices while looking at me with her lovely blue eyes.

Releasing my finger from her lips, Momma leaned forward and we kissed again, sharing her own tastes with me for several long moments as our tongues made love. When the kiss ended, we both gave a long, needful sigh. "I want you so bad," Momma breathed.

"Soon, Momma. We get a weekend next month," I said, trying to make Momma feel better, although my heart was wrenched at the thought of another month passing before I could make love to my mother.

"Okay, you lovebirds, time to break this up." We both looked up to see Tisha standing there with a clipboard in her hands. "I see that Carlie, you requested another conjugal visit that's approved for four weeks from now in September." Momma and I glanced at each other curiously. We already knew this.

Tisha smiled at us and said, "As part of the program aimed at a successful parole release, we like to hold a few counseling sessions with the convicted prisoner and their family." She threw us a wink and said, "It's counseling time." She pointed at Momma and then to another female guard standing near the prisoner entrance. "Carlie, go with Officer Sanchez and I'll escort your son through civilian country and we'll meet in my office."

Momma's eyes were wide with surprise and I realized that neither of us had expected this. She blew me a kiss and marched off towards the other guard. Tisha cocked a thumb back over her shoulder. "Boy, come with me." Without saying a word, I climbed up and followed her, pausing only a second to admire the puddle of cunt cream Momma had left behind on the bench.

We passed back through the visitor's entrance and Tisha led me through another gate I recognized from visits inside. From there, we traveled through a seemingly endless labyrinth of stairs and corridors with offices scattered here and there, occasionally pausing to be let through a metal mesh door, guards nodding respectfully to Tisha as she passed and gazing at me with suspicious stares that I imagined were for anyone not wearing their uniform.

Finally we paused before a solid wood door that read "Latisha Wilkins, Head of Facility Security, Licensed Penal Counselor." She produced a set of keys and unlocked the door and let us in. Inside, the room was spartanly furnished – a large wood desk, a few file cabinets, a small cushioned chair and a worn loveseat, both facing the desk. A threadbare, orange carpet covered the floor. A window had a clear view of a bean field in the distance where a few prisoners slowly worked. Tisha moved to sit behind the desk and pointed me towards the love seat.

I started to speak, but there was a knock at the door and Tisha was on her feet and barking, "Come." The door opened and Momma came through, the female officer behind her. Tisha nodded and glanced at her watch. "Get a cup of coffee, be back in forty-five minutes, Carmelita."

The woman replied in the affirmative and left as Tisha shut the door and turned the deadbolt. Leaning back against the door, Tisha stared calmly at us, an amused smile playing across her lips. Momma stood stock still next to the desk, glancing back and forth from me to Tisha, uncertainty etched on her face.

After a minute, Tisha laughed and said, "Now shit, girl. You know I had my reasons to tell you no panties or bra." She glanced at me and said, "I done cleaned my desk of breakables and y'all have about forty-three minutes for counseling. I suggest you get to it!"

Comprehension dawned at once and I was on my feet and across the room, wrapping my arms around Momma, squelching her cry of understanding with a hard, passionate kiss, my tongue lashing into her mouth to capture hers. The desk creaked as she fell against it, stopping as she half leaned, half sat on the wooden top. Kissing was immediately joined by frantic pawing at each others clothing, my fingers clumsily unbuttoning her dress while she struggled to undo my belt.

Momma had just managed to shove my pants down around my ankles when I got the last button undone on her prison dress. I pulled the khaki fabric apart, revealing her heaving and massive tits and with a growl, I ducked my head to Momma's chest, closing my lips around a thick and swollen nipple as Momma keened with delight. Behind me, Tisha chuckled and said, "Now you two feel free to fuck up a storm, but keep it quiet."

Momma's nipple pulsed wildly between my lips, responding to my tongue's flickering movement by swelling to the point of bursting. My hands went to Momma's waist and moved down, one hand cupping her asscheek and the other palming her cunt, labia already spread and still dripping with her juices. I gave Momma's nipple a quick nip and kissed my way up to nuzzle and suck on her neck while she finished pushing my shorts down. Her legs straddled me and leaning back on the desk, she brought them up to scissor behind me while my erection rubbed against her lower belly.

Momma's hands framed my face and staring into my eyes to convey her needs, my mother said pleadingly, "I need your cock, son! Fuck me now." She kissed me and our tongues resumed their passionate duel as our bodies hunched together, skin rubbing skin until Momma reached down with one hand and guided my long and hard penis to her cunt.

I bent my knees and then thrust upwards and Momma cried into our kiss, her body clenching as her already pleased pussy was filled with incestuous cock! Momma's legs tightened against my butt, pulling me to her, a tremor rippling through her as I slid my throbbing penis into her hot, welcoming cunt. We moaned into each other's mouths as the delicious and sinful sensation of incest swept over us. The desk creaked with each thrust I made, apparently bolted to the floor.

I opened my eyes to see Momma staring back at me, her intense blue eyes glazed with love and lust as we fucked. Her body was warm and slick against mine, the scant air conditioning doing little to mute the heat our lovemaking was producing. Momma's breasts rolled and slid against my sweaty chest, thick, engorged nipples scraping deliciously against my skin, pulsing with arousal in time with each thrust of my cock deep inside my mother's womb.

Momma's pussy, already extremely sensitive due to my fingering, quickly took Momma to another orgasm and as she enveloped my long, hard shaft in her molten juices, I could not hang on any longer and yielded to the need to cum inside my beloved mother. I stood on tiptoe as I rammed up into her one last time, pressing the head of my cock into her cervix and flooding her womb with jets of searing semen." Momma's orgasm expanded with the sensation of my seed inside her and her body bucked against mine, her heels drumming against my ass cheeks and her leg muscles bulging with exertion.

Our kiss finally ended as Momma pulled back her head to take a great breath of fresh air. As she started to exhale with a large moan, Tisha was suddenly there and kissed Momma as one dark skinned hand cupped her meaty breast, fingers closing to pinch fiercely around a swollen nipple.

Momma's body convulsed with pleasure, her hips grinding mindlessly against my crotch, seeking to get me further inside her and heighten her pleasure even more. I leaned in and wrapped my mouth around her other nipple, making her squeal even more against Tisha's lips.

We remained joined like this for what seemed a sweet eternity before finally, I began to soften and eased myself from Momma's cunt, cock semi-erect and dripping with our mingled cum. I staggered awkwardly back until I could collapse on the love seat while Momma and Tisha continued to kiss, tongues sliding back and forth. The black woman worked her way around the desk, her hands groping and massaging Momma's huge breasts. When they parted, Momma leaned on the desk, her legs trembling with effort while Tisha looked at Momma with open desire. My mother looked like a figure from an erotic painting, her lush figure glistening with fuck sweat, clothes barely hanging on – her heavy breasts, full stomach and sperm spattered bush emphasizing her raw and undeniable sexuality.

Momma smiled at Tisha and then found me, her eyes roaming hungrily over my mostly naked form and finally settling on the image of my still half erect penis, sperm and pussy juice coating the head and shaft. With a grunt, she pushed herself off the desk and walked slowly towards me and then fell to her knees before me and threw herself against my crotch, her face getting smeared by my still wet cock before she took it into her mouth and began to suck me clean.

I groaned with pleasure, my hips twisting against the cushion as Momma's talented tongue rolled over my still very sensitive flesh, lapping up her pussy juices and clumps of semen like a starving woman. My hands reached out and I slid my fingers through her short, dark hair, urging her on, willing her to not let my cock slip from her talented mouth.

Behind her, Tisha went to her knees, flipping Momma's loose dress away to reveal her lush, full hips. As I watched, Tisha grinned at me and then with her hands spreading Momma's ass cheeks, she pressed her face into Momma from behind. My mother's lips involuntarily contracted around my cock, her tongue stiffening as the black female guard tongued Momma's pussy from behind. Momma recovered and renewed her oral loving of my quivering penis which was struggling to revive itself in Momma's wet and hungry mouth.

The smell of pussy and semen was thick in the air and my cock, again stiff was pleased by Momma's lips and tongue. I thought I would explode prematurely at one point as Tisha rose up from Momma's pussy, her dark skinned face frosted heavily with my whitish sperm and Momma's glistening juices. Tisha lazily rolled her long tongue over and around her lips to lap up mine and Momma's cum, before she dived back between my mother's butt cheeks to lick some more.

Momma's entire body trembled with carnal pleasure from Tisha's loving mouth while she showed me what a wonderful cocksucker she was, her tongue rolling over my swollen cock-head before running the length of my cock, deep-throating my long penis again and again as she gazed up at me adoringly. I heard a loud slapping noise and suddenly Momma was up and climbing into my lap, shrugging her unbuttoned dress off her shoulders and leaving her gloriously naked. My cock, dripping with her saliva, pointed skyward and Momma expertly aimed her wet and bloomed cunt lips for it and then slowly impaled herself onto her son's erection.

I felt weight next to me on the loveseat's cushion and turned to see Tisha closing in with me, her mouth and chin again frosted with Momma's pussy creams and my sperm. My tongue was out and she paused to let me lap at the frothy mess on her chin before kissing me and sharing the taste of Momma's and my juices all mixed up. Weight shifted again as Momma positioned her feet so she could piston up and down on my cock. I felt her sweet breath as she pressed her face to Tisha's and

mine, and we all made adjustments to share tongues and the tastes we were all savoring while Momma began to bounce up and down on my cock.

Tisha withdrew, leaving the last frenetic minutes of our incestuous fuck to Momma and me, the sweat flying off my mother as she rode my cock, her massive tits flopping and bouncing all around as she rose and fell on my aching cock again and again. Momma's face was a portrait of building sexual desire and gratification, a lusty leer on her face as she moaned and panted until she was falling over into the precipice of orgasm, at which point she mashed her lips against mine and our tongues dueled as first she began to cum and then with a violent thrust upwards, I began to again fill her motherly womb with my seed.

My mother collapsed on top of me, driving my still throbbing cock a fraction deeper into her semen filled pussy and eliciting a pleasure filled moan from us both. Our kiss continued – gradually becoming calmer and more tender until finally our lips parted and we whispered sweet words of love to each other. Only when Tisha finally said in a hoarse whisper, "Time's about up – best pull yourselves together," did Momma reluctantly climb from my lap, my cock making a wet noise as it left my mother's well fucked cunt. Momma rolled over to sit naked on the loveseat next to me, her legs widespread as cum began to slowly ooze from her spread labia.

Momma gave Tisha a questioning look and the African-American woman grinned and nodded while Momma began fingering herself, drawing out fingers coated in our mixed juices and licked them off, occasionally sharing them with Tisha who would lean over and suck Momma's fingers clean. By the time, the other guard returned, Momma and I were dressed and although the room reeked of sex, the other guard showed no notice as Tisha ordered her to take Momma back to her cell after allowing my mother and I one last long kiss.

Momma's face was etched with the mixed expression of a woman well fucked and a woman in pain from being separated from loved ones. My heart ached as well – I could feel my body already yearning for her presence, her touch and her love. Tisha walked me to the visitor's exit – visiting time was over and the visitor's parking lot was empty. As we stepped outside, she handed me a file-folder and said, "Your paperwork for your next conjugal visit, boy."

As I took it, she glanced around, making sure we were not near anyone who could overhear us. "Expect a call from me to get together in a week or two. I might have a line on some good information."

I smiled and nodded. "I'm looking forward to it, Tisha." I turned to go and paused. "Thanks for today. For Momma and me both, it meant the world."

Tisha laughed and said, "You keep thinking I'm doing this for you. Truth is, I was horny and I wanted to see a mother and son get it on!" She licked her lips. "And I was a might hungry today – had a hankering for some good motherfucker cum!" She laughed at her own joke, waved and headed back inside, leaving me to replay the entire erotic afternoon on my long drive back to the university.

The next month moved both agonizingly slow and incredibly fast. Slow because every moment spent without Momma seemed like an eternity – I ached for her physically and sexually or just to have her with me, her jolly, 'live life to the fullest attitude' making me laugh and inspiring me. Fast because suddenly, time seemed to be very, very short. The next time Tisha and I met, she informed me that Momma's parole hearing would be in October, so if we hoped to get Momma out any time soon, it would have to be then.

Tisha's presence at that seedy old motel in early September was a blessing in my time of need and even she seemed anxious to be with me. No sooner had she arrived at my room than we were tearing off each other's clothes, her giving me Momma's words of love between passionate kisses, our tongues whirling around each other as we became naked.

I took Tisha standing up against the door the first time, she climbing up my body and allowing me to impale her pussy with my cock, muscular legs wrapped around me as I slammed into her again and again, the black woman's hips thrusting back at me with an urgency she'd not had before, fingernails clawing at my back as she begged me to cum in her. It didn't take long – I had up a full head of steam despite masturbating almost every night since I'd last been with Momma and Tisha's fiery and tight pussy hungrily sucked at my cock, taking me deep into her womb and holding me there when my body stiffened and I began to shoot streamer after streamer of thick jism inside her sweet cunt.

In the afterglow of sex, Tisha and I sprawled out on the bed as she shared her latest finds with me. Aside from the announced parole hearing date, she had something else. Tisha handed me a folder and when I glanced at the contents, I looked up at her with surprise. "What's this? These aren't of Momma," I said, holding up a picture of a badly beaten young woman.

Tisha shook her head grimly and replied, "No, they aint. My friend in the Sheriff's office found this. Seems your daddy really liked smacking women around. You got there the names and evidence of three other young gals your daddy beat up. Nothing ever came of it – I reckon your granddaddy got it all hushed up."

I leafed through the file, pausing to look with horror at the violence inflicted on these women – appalled that I was related to such sorry sons of bitches who would do such a thing...or cover it up. "Do you think these women would testify or go public?"

Tisha shrugged and said, "I don't know. Your granddaddy has a long reach and scares a lot of folks."

Sighing, I closed the file and set it aside. I leaned over and kissed the African American woman softly. "It can't hurt. Thank you for doing this."

Tisha smiled and shrugged. "No big thing, John – it's – how do you college boys say it, 'quid pro quo.' I do for you and..." she reached out for my cock, gently stroking my sticky penis with her hand. "...and you do for me." She looked up into my eyes and said, "I've developed quite a taste for you, boy. Your momma and me get ourselves into quite the state talking about you and this fine cock."

My cock quickly hardened under Tisha's ministrations and she rolled onto her back, spreading her legs wide as she led my cock to her pussy which was flecked with my semen already. All the troubling thoughts in my head evaporated under the sudden lust I felt for this woman – lust that was only second to that I felt for my mother.

"I need your cum, boy. Put that big cock in me and give me a good fucking like you'll give your momma in a few weeks." I needed no urging and I hungrily thrust forward, burying my cock in the black woman's pussy. I moaned as her inner flesh felt so incredibly hot and wet – molten silk caressing and massaging my cock as I slowly plunged deep inside her.

Instantly, our bodies seemed covered in a sheen of perspiration – the heat of our lust combining with the sultry and humid heat of a late Mississippi summer. The smell of aroused cunt mixed with that of sperm and then with the faint aroma of cinnamon as our bodies began to move in synch, slick white skin sliding along slick black skin as if meant to be while our joined crotches rolled back

and forth, coming together with the wet slapping of two bodies. I leaned in and kissed Tisha, slowly dragging my tongue over and around hers, trying to simply lose myself in the sweet sensations of making love to her.

Tisha seemed very intent – her face a fierce mask of lust and need as she wrapped her arms and legs around me, tilting her hips to accept more of me if possible, moaning and sobbing softly, "Give me your spunk, baby – need it. Fuck me, John – so good, make Momma cum!"

It was a long, sweet, intense fuck – neither of us hurrying to end, to reach climax, just man and woman engaged in the world's most wonderful activity, cock in cunt, lips kissing, chests heaving together as pleasure waxed and waned. I could feel the pressure of my seed building up in my balls – sensing the immensity of my forthcoming load and I struggled valiantly against cumming too soon, reveling in the intense pleasure I was feeling and that I was giving Tisha.

We seemed to thrive in the rain forest humidity of the room – the arousing scent of sex enhancing our pleasure, making it grow and grow more powerful. The sheets were soaked with the sweat that poured off our bodies – we tasted the lust of each other with every kiss and lick. The carnal power we shared grew and grew as did the speed of my thrusts until I was almost driving the breath from the small black woman every time I slammed my cock into her sodden cunt.

Orgasm after orgasm ripped through Tisha until she was almost babbling incoherently – her limbs quivering with effort until finally I thrust deep as she turned her hips just so and I felt like I was piercing virgin territory and she wailed as never before as a tremendous orgasm struck, her thighs tightening around me, her heels digging into my hips, holding me in a tight, milking grip and with a sob of pleasure, I yielded to my own needs and began to cum – hosing her womb with fresh semen, cumming so hard, it almost hurt! Burst after burst of sperm come forth and for a crazy moment, I didn't think it would ever let up, but it did as I lay atop her, still tightly held in her passionate embrace as we both gasped for breath.

We didn't speak for the longest time, simply kissed each other lovingly as we looked into each other's eyes, both of us very aware that we had shared something beyond a friendly fuck. It wasn't love – at least not as I recognized it with Momma, but we had gone to a new place – an intimate place that even friends rarely discover. In the end, Tisha summed it up when she said, "Wow, white boy."

I nodded and replied, "Yeah."

We kissed again before I slowly withdrew from her, my cock aching pleurably as I left her sweet pussy's grasp with a wet, lush pop. We cuddled for a while, not speaking, savoring the still sweltering heat that scarcely allowed the perspiration on our bodies to cool and evaporate. It was with reluctance that we finally climbed from the bed and got dressed. Tisha's brow was troubled as if she wanted to say something and finally before she left, looking authoritative in her uniform, she came up to me and put her arms around my neck.

"John, I ain't met many men...real men, either white nor black. But I've been with you and I seen how you are with your momma and how you've made her life better just being in it and for her and for me, I wanted to say 'thank you.' You're a good man, John Henderson."

I smiled back at her and said, "Thanks, I guess. You make it sound like goodbye."

Tisha smiled tightly and nodded. "Maybe, maybe not. I think this here shit storm is about to blow...for good or for bad and I just wanted to say it. You've done your momma a world of good

and maybe me too."

I gave her a funny, concerned look. "What are you trying to say, Tisha?"

Tisha shook her head and kept smiling. "Nothing, boy, but just in case." She kissed me, long and slow, her tongue doing lazy swirls around mine and then said, "I'll give your momma your love – be patient. In two weeks, you'll have her all to yourself for a whole weekend and you can motherfuck up a storm!" She kissed me again and was gone – leaving me more than a bit confused. She'd had something on her mind, but I just couldn't figure out what it was.

#

I felt like I was in a maze of canyons made up of books. I was sitting at the center of the maze before a majestic old wooden desk and across from a man with the grandest mane of leonine hair I'd ever seen. It was silver and matched the long, curling beard that he stroked as he perused the file I'd assembled along with Tisha. He'd told me, no, he commanded me to call him by his initials, "L.M." which stood for a name that was known across the nation for his legal efforts. Ally and friend to liberal causes and hated by many, especially those favoring bed sheets and hoods as recreational clothing.

I shifted nervously in my seat as L.M. read through the file, occasionally grunting as he rocked in a high backed leather office chair. He took his time and seemed totally absorbed in the material – nothing else seemed to exist. Finally, he closed it and let out a long, weary sigh. He turned and looked at me with dark, brown eyes that had intimidated more than one federal judge.

"You know, once I served the then honorable Sheriff Andrew Garrett with a federal court order and he literally...literally mind you, used it to wipe his ass." He let out another sigh and added, "You have quite a problem, Mister Henderson."

"Could we...could we win in court?" I asked him.

He fixed me with a solemn stare and said slowly. "I'd like to say that in twenty-first century Mississippi, yes, but..." He trailed off, still stroking his beard thoughtfully. "If we take this to court or to the press, perhaps a high court might review it and grant a new trial, but it would likely be tied up for years by your grandfather working in the background. We might even convince the governor to offer up a pardon, but considering our good governor owes his office to the influence of a few men including your grandfather, I rather doubt we could expect such a miracle."

"So," I began, my voice cracking a bit, "You won't take my mother's case?"

"On the contrary," replied L.M. "If it must be done, I would be proud to lead the fight to free your mother and spitting in the face of Congressman Andrew Garrett is always a pleasurable endeavor. But, as I have said, it will likely take considerable time to win Miz Carleen's freedom – time that would allow Congressman Garrett to perpetuate all sorts of mischief and mayhem."

L.M. paused and fixed me with an earnest expression. "Garrett would not be above harming your mother if he senses he might not get his way. A trial...possible appeals and all sorts of legal maneuvering could ensue and..." he tapped the file. "We can not presume that all or any of this would be admissible or that we can find or convince potential witnesses to testify on your mother's behalf."

We sat in silence for a moment until I finally said, "Is that what we need to do?"

The old man smiled and stroked his beard again. "Perhaps, but I have another idea. It will likely help that this is an election year and there's a 'throw the rascal incumbents out of office' movement stirring. It won't be as satisfying and it is still something of a roll of the dice, but...this is what I would suggest..."

#

Soapy water sloshed over me, splattering on my face as Momma cried out, her body heaving up out of the water as she thrust herself against me, her moist and steamy pussy tightening around my cock in orgasm. Her breasts, huge and slick slid across my chest, swollen nipples dragging against my wet skin. Momma's arms pulled me to her and we kissed as her milking cunt worked me over the edge and with a muffled groan I flooded my mother's womb with wad after wad of thick semen.

Water rolled back and forth in the old bathtub as Momma and I rocked in unison, both of us in the grip of incestuous orgasm. Weeks of tension seemed to wash away from both of us as we moved together, shivering at the sheer delight produced of our lovemaking. For a moment, perhaps only a brief moment, both Momma and me were at peace and as our bodies clung together, almost becoming one, we both savored the intimacy that we both now lived for.

I had been waiting anxiously for Momma to be escorted to the Red House and while I was pacing about, I'd been inspired to run Momma a hot bubble bath, emerging from the bathroom just as the front door opened and Momma, followed by Tisha, came inside. For a long moment, Momma and I simply stared at each other, me feasting on the sight of the most beautiful woman in the world, her drab, prison issue khaki dress doing nothing to dim her womanly and motherly beauty.

Tisha had smiled at us and understanding that this was a time for Momma and me to be alone, said brusquely, "Eight o'clock check, Charlie," and withdrew, locking the door behind her. Momma and I flew into each others arms, words not enough, our need to be together – to be one dominating all other things. We kissed hard and passionately, hands roaming over our bodies as our tongues danced with the joy of being reunited. Our need for more physical contact directed our hands to unbutton and unsnap and we slowly, awkwardly undressed, never letting our lips break contact, moaning with happiness and desire as hands touched naked flesh, caressing large meaty breasts, hard, throbbing cock and dripping wet pussy.

As we kissed and touched, we slowly danced our way back to the bathroom, Momma cooing with pleasure as she eyed the old fashioned tub filled with hot water and bubbles. Still kissing, we climbed into the tub and slowly sat down, Momma's legs slipping around my waist and her crotch slowly sliding against mine as my erect penis found her fiery pussy and pushed home in a mutual cry of ecstasy. Ignoring the mess we made with bath water splashing all around us, we quickly surrendered to our urgent desires for each other, mother and son fucking passionately, finding love and peace in each other as we could no where else.

In the afterglow of our reunion fuck, Momma pulled me against her, my head resting on her massive tits, listening to her heart gradually slow down to normal while her hands stroked my back and shoulders – neither of us speaking, just happy that we were in each other's arms.

Finally, I lifted my head, my heart flip-flopping at the sight of Momma's lovely face, an expression of motherly love on her face as her blue eyes met mine. "I love you, Momma."

Momma took a deep breath and let out a little, shivery sigh. "I love you, John. I swear, I'm always scared you ain't ever coming back to me. I think I'd die if you didn't come back to me!" She leaned forward and kissed me softly. "I think I'm gonna die until I get you in my arms again..." She wiggled

her pelvis against mine, sending ripples of pleasure through our still joined bodies. "And inside me again."

I thrust my still mostly erect cock forward inside her claspng cunt. "I'm here, Momma. I'm inside you. I'll keep coming back to you until I can take you home!" I kissed my mother, my hands slowly cupping and squeezing her immense breast flesh. I felt her meet my next slow thrust, her silky vaginal muscles caressing and kissing my shaft, urging my cock to become fully erect again. Momma moaned as she felt me grown inside her. "Soon, Momma – I think we can get you out of here and you'll never be apart from me again."

Tears pooled in Momma's eyes as her body hunched against mine. Between growing sighs of pleasure. "I keep praying for it, son. You know I'm yours but I'm like to die without you. I never knew I could need something...someone so bad, honey!"

My hands slid down to cup Momma's fleshy ass cheeks and I began using them for leverage as we began to fuck again. "Believe in me, Momma. I'm getting you out of here. You'll be free and we'll be together forever." I had to stop speaking, the delicious intensity of feeling my cock move back and forth inside my mother's pussy was almost too much. Momma was crying now – I guess in part from the sweet ecstasy our incestuous lovemaking was inducing, but also from her need for me and her fear that even now, our newly discovered life might dissipate like a wonderful, but forever lost dream.

Our immediate pressures sated, we both surrendered ourselves to a long, sensual bout of fucking, my cock, aching and throbbing with unequalled pleasure, plowing deep into her furnace hot cunt, pussy muscles clinging to mine as we moved, wet, tangled pubic hairs tugging against each other in ways that only enhanced our sexual joy. Once in a while, Momma would emerge from an ecstatic haze to look at me and whisper, "Forever?"

I would smile, lean in and kiss her before responding happily with, "Forever, Momma!" The pleasure built between us until finally even just the slightest fraction of movement of cock and pussy delivered us to the precipice of orgasm, our breath coming in ragged gasps. One last time, I thrust into my mother, seeking her deepest and most tender places and as we mutually reached orgasm, we both cried out, "FOREVER!" before I gave Momma another load of incestuous sperm while her cunt bathed my long, thick penis in her molten, motherly juices.

Later that night, long after the prisoner check, we cuddled in bed, bodies slightly cooling in the still humid air after another bout of lovemaking. I was on my back and Momma was snuggled up into me, one shapely leg thrown possessively across my thighs, her head resting on my chest with one hand wrapped loosely around my semi-erect cock, cleaned minutes before of my sperm and her creams by her loving mouth. I had just told Momma of the suggestion L.M. had offered.

"You think it'll work, John?" Momma whispered, the fear evident in her voice.

"I think so," I replied. "I agree with L.M. It's our best chance."

Momma said, "I'm scared that you be taking a mighty big chance, son. Your granddaddy's a crazy old bastard." Her hand tightened slowly and protectively around my not quite flaccid flesh. "I'd up and die if something happened to you 'cause of me."

"Nothings going to happen to me, Momma, except in the end you get to go home with me." I screwed up my courage and said with more emphasis. "I'm sure of it!" Something I had been considering suddenly seemed imperative to do. Gingerly and with some reluctance, I slipped free of

Momma's embrace and padded naked to the living room area and began digging through the backpack I carried my personal stuff in.

Momma looked over at me curiously, sitting up on the side of the bed as I returned carrying a small box in one hand. I stopped before her, my head roaring as blood began rushing through my veins in excitement. Momma looked at it curiously and then quickly brought one hand to her mouth as she realized what it was. "John...son, what in hell do y'all think your doing?"

I slowly knelt at her feet, opening the box to reveal a diamond ring inside. In a shaky voice I replied, "It belonged to Mom...Donna – it was her engagement ring. She left it to me to give to the right woman when I met her. Well, I've met her." I looked up at my mother and took a deep breath. "Momma, I love you. Momma, will you please mar..."

Momma cut me off as she pressed fingers to my mouth. In a voice that was both happy and full of pain, Momma said, "No – don't ask me, son – not here, please not here." I must have looked crushed because Momma swiftly moved to her knees facing me and kissing me. When she drew back, she said, "Son, you know my answer already – there aint no denying what we are to each other and you know I'm gonna say yes!" She shook her head and continued, "But not in this shithole. Ask me when you get me free. When you take me home, stop someplace pretty and green and ask me." Momma reached out and closed the box and took it from my hand and set it on the table beside the bed.

Momma placed her hands on both sides of my face and slowly drew me to her. "I love you, son," my mother said, tears running down her face. "You done and made an old woman happier than she ever known was possible." She kissed me and then climbed into my lap, hugging me tight as we continued to kiss. I put away any disappointment I felt and kissed her back hard, relishing the feel of her luscious body against mine. I wanted to see Momma happy. I wanted her to wear my ring. I wanted her at home with me where she belonged. I thought of L.M.'s suggestion and knew I had to do it as soon as possible. Everyday without Momma by my side was a day lost and I wanted no more lost days!

#

I stood looking up at the old marble and stone courthouse in the square of the small city. It looked worn and outdated, much like the town itself. Now in early October, the heat continued to bake Southern Mississippi, doing nothing to improve it. I turned and looked all around at the hometown of my father and like him, it did nothing to impress me. I shifted the thick file I was holding from one hand to the other.

Across the street from the courthouse, a row of old buildings were shoved up next to each other. A small bakery, a five and dime with dilapidated mechanical horses that offered a ride for a quarter, and next to it, a storefront with a big window with "RE-ELECT GARRETT – KEEP THE SHERIFF IN CONGRESS" painted in red, white and blue. In smaller, gold-leaf letters, it proclaimed this as the local office of the honorable Andrew Garrett of the U.S. House of Representatives. It was time or as L.M. had put it, "Time to roll for all the marbles." Taking a deep breath, I crossed the street and walked inside my grandfather's office.

Inside, I found a few people busily phoning supporters or putting together campaign materials. With only a month to go before election, there was no time to waste and with the 'toss the incumbents out' mentality this year, there was a sense of urgency. I ignored the campaign workers and approached a large mahogany desk where a lovely young woman with long, honey-blond hair

appeared to be manning the entire operation. She considered me with the air of someone who was trying to place somebody they thought seemed familiar. "Can I help you?"

Trying to keep the nervousness out of my voice, I replied, "I'd like to see Congressman Garrett."

Smiling smugly, she responded with, "Do you have an appointment?"

"Ah, no."

The pretty girl gave me a sympathetic smile and said, "I'm sorry then. The Congressman is a very busy man and you'll need to make an appointment."

With a dismissive air, she turned from me to reach for the phone. She paused when I said, "Oh, I think he'll see me. Tell him his grandson, John, wants to see him."

She turned and looked at me in surprise. "Grandson? Congressman Garrett doesn't have a grandson." I could see her brain working in overdrive behind her sparkling green eyes. She was running over the biography of granddaddy – the same one I'd learned in recent days. Andrew Garrett – age sixty-eight. Remarried at age fifty-seven, following the death of his first wife, Edith who passed away from cancer five years following the untimely death of his son, Lee Dean. With his new wife, he had two children, ages nine and six. I actually had an uncle and a niece.

"Sure he does," I replied. "John – son of Lee Dean. I go by Henderson rather than Garrett. I'd rather burn in hell than use that name. Go tell him I'm here."

The receptionist was now nonplussed and scooted away from her desk as if scared I might do something crazy and muttered, "Please wait right here." She got up and hurried out of the room, going deeper into the building.

I waited, using the time to study my surroundings. Lots of photographs adorned the walls – all connected with Andrew Garrett. Pictures of my grandfather in his sheriff days, a big, robust man, pictures of him as Congressman or on the campaign trail, pictures of him and other politicians, even him with a couple of presidents. My eyes finally came to rest on a picture of him with my father and my grandmother.

I'd ran across a few pictures of Lee Dean while doing research, but they were grainy and blurry. Here I could clearly see that Momma was right. I did look like him, although where he was already running to fat at my age, I was just a bit stocky. The one thing we seemed to have different was the eyes – mine were blue like Momma's and his were a dark, menacing black. What gave me pause was my grandmother whose picture I'd not seen before. My father and I took after her – same nose and chin and the same sandy-blond hair. She was a pretty woman, but her smile in the family photograph was forced, almost pained. For the first time, I considered what her life was like. I shook my head and wondered what other pain my forefathers had caused.

"The Congressman will see you now." The blonde receptionist had returned, standing a safe distance away. She gestured towards the door she'd retreated through earlier. I followed her down a long narrow hall until she stopped in front of a door and pointed. She gave me a strange stare as I brushed by her and then I forgot about her as I met my grandfather for the first time.

Andrew Garrett appeared to have aged considerably from the pictures on the wall. Maybe he had been hale and heart most of his life, but now mortality seemed to be catching up with him with a vengeance. His hair was thin and gray, he was a big man who'd shrunk considerably and now

seemed to almost swim under a finely pressed shirt, tie hanging haphazardly around his neck. His face was lined with sun drawn wrinkles. He stared at me with my father's eyes for a long minute.

Finally, he gave a long drawn out sigh and said, "So you're the whore's brat, huh?"

"Nice to meet you too, Grandpa."

He nearly spit at me as he sat forward in his chair behind a massive desk and said, "You aint family, boy. You're the filth that ran down your whorin' momma's leg."

I felt my face redden and my anger build as I responded, "Take a good look at me old man. I'm not proud of it, but Lee Dean's my father."

He started to spit another retort, but his eyes studied my face and then dampened, acknowledging wordlessly that I spoke the truth. He reached into a pocket and pulled out a white handkerchief and hawked into it. Finally, he looked at me again and said, "What the hell you want, boy?"

"I want my mother's parole to go through this month."

He let out a raspy laugh and slapped the table. "Like hell. Only way your momma leaves prison is in a pine box to be dumped in the pauper's graveyard."

"You've took nearly twenty years away from my momma – years she never deserved to lose. You'll let her go or I'll ruin you." I tossed the file I'd been carrying onto the desk.

Garrett eyed the file like I'd flung shit all over his desk. Gingerly, he opened the file up and began leafing through, his face darkening as he looked at its contents. He paused over some of the more graphic photographs and while I looked for a glimmer of shame or humanity in his eyes, I never saw either surface. Finally, he closed the file and said, "You ain't gonna get a retrial and if you do, I guarantee it will take years and she'll still be guilty. Sides, most of this shit ain't admissible."

I nodded and said, "I never said anything about a retrial. I said I'd destroy you. You're running for re-election and if your party wins big, you get to be a big shot chairman of some dumb shit committee. I give this to the media and they read all about the famous 'law and order' sheriff-congressman and how he hid his asshole son's brutalizing women and your name is mud...here and in Washington. That's before they begin scrutinizing your malfeasance in office...then and now."

My grandfather licked his lips and then responded. "Boy, you don't know how things work here. I run things here."

"No, you intimidate folks and blackmail them and whatever 'cause that's how it's always been done, but it's the twenty-first century – the information age. You can control all the law officers you want and the local courts and parole boards and such, but this if information goes out to the media and the internet, you are truly fucked...at best you wind up an ex-sheriff and ex-congressman with no power and a whole lot of enemies looking for payback." I was speaking in harsh, brutal clips, scarcely able to breathe.

We had a staring contest for over a minute before he leaned back in his chair and said, "Maybe I just erase you and your whore momma from the equation altogether."

I grinned and said, "You could do that, but then copies of this file go out. To the television stations here in Mississippi and in Washington, to the Washington Post and L.M. steps in and files all sorts of suits to play hell with you."

His eyes widened at the mention of the law professor's name. "You be bluffing – he ain't gonna be involved."

"Yeah, he said you wouldn't believe me. He said to tell you he expects to have another federal court order or two for you to wipe your ass on again. He said to tell you these aren't the old days anymore."

His face paled a bit and then he said, "You're still bluffing. This ain't some goddamn movie."

I leaned in, resting my hands on his desk and said, "It's exactly like a goddamn movie. You get my mother paroled before the end of the month or I will bring you down. If you fuck with me, Grandpa, you better stock up on Vaseline because your enemies will be lining up to fuck you up the ass."

Again, there was a long silence and I suspected he was preparing to tell me to go fuck myself, but finally he said in a much quieter voice than before, "That whore murdered your father, boy – don't that matter?"

I didn't spare a second in replying, "She put down a fucking rabid dog. I'm ashamed that I come from his blood and yours. You got your pound of flesh for Momma doing what you should have done long ago. She paid half her life for doing the right thing. It's done. Let her go."

His face went pale, then red as I spoke. Slowly, it paled again as he fumbled on the desk for a pack of cigarettes and matches. Lighting up, he sucked in a lungful of what I hoped was cancerous smoke and then as he exhaled, said, "What exactly do you want?"

I smiled and said, "Two weeks from now, she has her parole hearing and you make sure her parole is granted. You leave her be. You leave us both be. No reprisals against her, me or anyone you think helped us. Anything happens to her or me and your world ends. After she's free, we don't know you and you don't know us. We're finished. Oh, and just so you know, you're not getting my vote."

Smoke curled up around his head, enveloping the old man's face. I barely was able to see him nod his head and then say, "Get out, boy." He slowly spun his chair around to face the wall. He didn't say another word and I walked away. I never saw that sorry son of a bitch again.

#

On October Twenty-first, Momma sat before the parole board. I sat in the audience with a few other family members of prisoners, a reporter who was dozing and Tisha. They asked Momma some silly-assed questions about being rehabilitated and listened to Corrections Officer Latisha Wilkins report about Momma's good conduct and that she had family support ready and waiting upon release. The five person board shuffled some papers around and then the chairperson, a heavy-set middle aged woman said, "Thank you, Miz Howard. The Board's recommendation will be released in a couple of weeks."

A gray haired gentleman in a rumpled seersucker suit reached out and placed his hand on the woman's wrist and said, "Madame Chairperson, I think the Board is ready to vote now." He gave her a knowing look and she slowly nodded and he added, "Madam Chairperson, I call for a vote to parole Carleen Howard."

Five minutes later, Momma was granted parole – her freedom to come within two days as papers were filed and processed. Momma and I were allowed to hug for a moment, both of us crying and even Tisha looked a bit misty-eyed.

The next two days were the longest I'd spent since I'd first come to see my mother. My imagination was filled with all sorts of worst case scenarios that my grandfather might inflict upon us, but on October Twenty-fourth, I sat in the parking lot in front of the women's prison, my eyes drawn again and again to the Red Houses beyond the fence line, thinking of what those old, tumbledown shacks had meant to us.

I could see activity around the Red Houses, prisoners being led to them by female guards. I couldn't make out faces, but one women prisoner had long, stringy blonde hair. Before she reached her destination, she turned and looked my way through the metal fence and razor wire and waved. Maybe it was Ettie, maybe not. I never was sure. I never saw her again. I wish her and her little boy well, though.

A klaxon rang out and the front gates of the prison swung open. Tisha stepped out, one arm hooked through Momma's arm. Gone was the old khaki prison dress. Instead Momma was wearing the pretty summer dress I'd brought her the first time we'd spent the weekend at the Red House, the elastic top tugged down to leave her shoulders bare and much of the upper swell of her breasts visible – her tit flesh bouncing along as free and unrestrained as Momma now was. Momma broke into a run as soon as she saw me, a little awkward and unbalanced on the short high heels I'd sent along with the dress earlier that morning. White, unblemished thighs flashed dangerously high as we ran to each other.

My mother fairly leapt into my arms and I crushed her in an embrace like I never wanted to let her go. I lifted her up and spun her around before lowering her so I could kiss her face. She looked beautiful through tear blurred eyes – both of us crying and both of us saying how much we loved each other between wet, passionate kisses.

Finally, we both remembered that Tisha was standing there, watching us, tear tracks evident on her face. I reached out and pulled her to us, saying, "Thank you so much, Tisha – I owe you everything for getting Momma free." I kissed her cheek and then I kissed her on the mouth. For a brief moment I caught her cinnamon scent.

Momma moved in on her and they shared a long embrace and a passionate kiss before they reluctantly let each other go and Momma moved back into my arms. "I – thanks, Tisha," Momma gushed. "I reckon I owe you my freedom as much as I do John."

Tisha wiped her cheek clear of moisture and looked at us both, a funny smile on her face. For the first time, I realized she looked a little wan – tired, as if she didn't feel well. I hadn't seen her since I'd last visited Momma in the Red House. We'd talked a time or two on the phone, but she'd passed on my more than subtle hints to get together. "Are you okay, Tisha?"

The black woman nodded and said, "I'm fine, boy." She dropped her gaze for a moment and then lifted her head and said bluntly, "Y'all don't owe me a thing. This is the prison and nothing gets done for free. I did for you and you did for me." That funny smile returned and she said, "You did for me more than you might ever know."

Tisha came up to us both and hugged us together. "Go on now, boy. This girl is free, get her the hell out of here." She smiled at us one more time and said, "Y'all take care now, hear?" and turned and walked away, the klaxon blaring again as the gates opened up and swallowed her. She never looked back.

Momma turned to me and suddenly the enormity of what had happened hit her. She looked around, realizing that for the first time in almost twenty years, she was outside the walls of the

prison...that she was free. Momma began to shiver as if freezing and clung to me as if the wide open spaces were closing in. She looked at me with both love and fear in her eyes and whispered, "Get me the hell away from here, son!"

We climbed into my car – a not too new small sedan. I showed her how to work the seat belt and then I was in and we took off. Neither of us looked back at the prison. For a few minutes, Momma just watched Mississippi go by, marveling at the stark difference that everything was in regards to where she's lived for the last two decades. Newly harvested fields, shotgun shacks, irrigation canals, children both black and white playing in the hard scrabble yards – all of it Momma just soaked in.

After several minutes of silence, Momma reached out and took my hand, squeezing it. When I looked over at my mother, she was crying, tears pouring from her eyes. "Momma, are you okay?" I asked.

She nodded and then shook her head. "I don't rightly believe this is happening," she said in a halting voice. "I keep thinking I'll wake up and it'll 'bout kill me to know I was dreaming."

I pulled her hand to my lips and kissed it gently. "It's no dream, Momma. You're here with me now...now and forever. We can go wherever you want and do whatever you want!"

Momma's face glowed with love as she in turn pulled my hand to her lips and kissed it over and over. "I just want to be with you, son, the rest of my life."

We drove on, not talking, hands still joined and occasionally giving each other a look that was more than enough to convey our love for each other. We passed through a small town with a fast food chicken place. I went through the drive-thru and picked us up a picnic bucket and drinks. Another ten miles down the road saw us approaching a small Civil War Battlefield park, full of trees and a small row of cannons. We pulled in and I retrieved a blanket from the trunk and we carried our food over into the trees where I spread the blanket under a tall oak.

Late October in Mississippi, things are still pretty green and it was a pleasant day – the summer heat long gone. We ate our lunch mostly in silence, pausing to give each other silly, greasy kisses. Once we were done, we took a walk through the trees, Momma looking radiant in the early afternoon sun, looking erotic as the bright light of the sun made her dress seem almost transparent – making it even more obvious that she was not wearing a bra and maybe not panties. We still didn't say much beyond little "I love you" and other endearments.

Finally, we returned to our picnic spot. Momma squatted down to take up the blanket, but I knelt next to her and said, "Wait a minute, Momma."

My mother looked at me expectantly and said, "Something wrong, John?"

I shook my head and said, "No, but we have some unfinished business. From my pocket, I pulled out the small ring box she'd closed when we'd last been together. I opened it up and held up the small diamond ring. I took Momma's hand in mine and said, "I've waited like you've asked, but now it is the right time. Momma...Carleen Howard, I love you with all my heart. Will you please marry me?"

Fresh tears rolled down Momma's face and she looked at me and said, "You sure you want an old prison slut like me?" I nodded, a big grin on my face. Momma bit her lower lip for a second and then said, "Son, yes...God yes. I'm right proud you're my son and I'll be proud to be your wife!"

I slid the ring onto her left hand and we kissed, kneeling there on the blanket, tongues joining in loving greeting as we hugged each other tightly. When we ended the long, passionate kiss, Momma had her evil, sexy grin back and she said, "You think Donna would approve?"

I shrugged my shoulders and replied, "I think so. Mom was all about being happy and always said love and family is what's important and in your arms, I have both in more ways than I ever dreamed possible."

"I love you, son," Momma whispered, pushing me onto my back, her hands working at my belt. "I love my boy and I'll be proud to have a motherfucker for a husband!" Before I knew it, Momma had my pants down around my ankles and my cock was proud and erect in her hands. My mother moved up to straddle me, raising the hem of her short dress and confirming what I was already suspecting – that she wasn't wearing any panties, her thick, black bush glistened with arousal.

With a moan, Momma guided my erect penis between her already swollen labia, slick with her juices and slowly sank down on my cock! Momma took all of me inside her in one sweetly drawn out movement, raising her hands to the sky and stretching out on me like a big jungle cat, her fingers flexing like claws as quivers of pleasure took her over. She looked down at me and as she began to ride me, moaned, "Now, I know I'm free. I'm fucking my son, my lover, my husband and I'll know I'm free every time I got this good hard cock inside me!"

Momma let out a squeal of carnal delight while I reached up and tugged the neckline of her dress down, fully revealing her massive tits, nipples already thick with excitement, swollen and almost throbbing with her desires. My fingers played over her breasts, pinching hard nipples and squeezing her soft, pillow-like flesh.

A gentle breeze blew over us, making us shiver as it briefly cooled our suddenly sweaty bodies, adding to the sweet, incestuous pleasure building in us as Momma slid her clasp pussy up and down my cock, her thick labia trying to cling to my shaft as she rose up and then swallowing all of me as she let her slick, molten cunt slide down my long, thick pole.

I felt an orgasm wash over Momma, making her nipples swell even more as she completely impaled herself on my cock, grinding her pelvis against mine as I felt her juices soak our co-joined crotches. I pulled her face down to mine, our lips parting so we could kiss again, her tongue tasting fresh and delicious against my tongue as they curled and roiled around each other. Momma kissed me hard, her body quivering as she shook from the intensity of her climax, ending it with a gasp of "I'm free – fucking my loving boy. I'm free!"

I let my hands slip to cup Momma's ass and I began to work her back and forth on my cock, allowing her waning orgasm to blossom anew as I buried my face against her mammoth breasts, biting one and then the other nipple as she clung to me and sobbed her orgasm, her cries deepening every time she dropped and again took all of me deep into her tightening womb. Momma's cries of passion were echoed back in the glad responses of songbirds in the trees, eventually fading as her second orgasm began to ebb.

Momma wiggled contentedly with my throbbing penis deep inside her and I let myself go, thrusting my hips up with so much effort, her breasts bounced wildly in appreciation as I flooded her cunt with shot after shot of semen, the fiery seed triggering another orgasm in my mother. I held her tight as she convulsed in my lap, her pussy milking my sperm from my balls, just reveling in holding Momma in my arms with no one to tell me or her that we had to stop.

With Momma free, there seemed to be no end to what we might do. Sure there was some rough days as Momma struggled to adapt to a new life, one that no longer included prison walls and a rigid, rarely changing schedule. At the end of each bump we hit, Momma found comfort in my arms and I found new levels of intimacy I never knew could be shared with another human being. Day by day, Momma braved her new world and we celebrated triumph, big or small. Whether it was learning to drive and getting a new license or simply venturing from the house to grocery shop, we embraced every step of Momma's return to the world.

At my Thanksgiving break, we drove over to New Orleans and had ourselves an honest to god Honeymoon after having a backwater justice of the peace marry us. I promised Momma we'd return to see the sights another time because we only emerged from our hotel room to get something to eat when we tired of room service. We wear matching gold bands, simple, plain rings that represent the pureness of our love for each other.

Despite our happiness, we did have a shadow following us – the ever present possibility of my grandfather somehow finding a way to strike back at us. We discussed leaving Mississippi and seized on the opportunity to do so when the chance was given to me to transfer to a California school and continue my graduate studies on Falkner and his 'Hollywood' years. Momma was quite happy to leave Mississippi behind – the truth being that Tisha Wilkins was the only thing we'd regret leaving behind. Tisha resisted most contact and other than a few phone conversations, we never caught up to her before we left.

Momma and I celebrated our first wedding anniversary in California making love in our apartment near UCLA. We had other reasons to celebrate as well. One morning in early November as we prepared to go to school (me to my graduate studies and Momma to some remedial preparatory college classes), the news came over the news cable station that Congressman Andrew Garrett had died. Officially attributed as a massive heart attack, reports soon surfaced that he'd done himself in and that it had been officially hushed up.

And shortly after Granddaddy's death, we received word from Tisha after several months of silence...a letter and a photograph. The photo was of Tisha and an infant perhaps six months old. The baby had dark skin, sandy brown hair and blue eyes. The back of the picture was labeled, "Tisha and Katherine." The letter was short and to the point.

"I RECKON THE PICTURE TELLS MOST OF THIS. I ALWAYS TOLD YOU THAT IN PRISON, NOTHING COMES FOR FREE. I DID FOR YOU AND CARLIE AND YOU ARE FREE TO LIVE YOUR LIVES. IN EXCHANGE YOU DID FOR ME TOO, ALTHOUGH I RECKON IT AINT EXACTLY WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GIVING. I WANTED A BABY FROM A GOOD MAN AND JOHN THAT WAS YOU. CARLIE'S LUCKY SHE'S GOT YOU FOR A SON AND A HUSBAND. LITTLE KATHERINE'S LUCKY SHE'S GOT YOU FOR A DADDY AND I'LL MAKE THE INTRODUCTIONS REAL SOON. IN SOME WAYS, SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF ALL THREE OF US AND NOONE CAN DENY THAT SHE IS DEFINETELY A CHILD OF LOVE.

LOVE,

TISHA

P.S. JOHN, I LET YOUR GRANDDADDY KNOW HE HAD A FINE HALF-BLACK/HALF WHITE GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER A WEEK BEFORE HE DIED. I THOUGHT HE'D WANT TO KNOW.

And that's where we are now – working on schooling and waiting anxiously to meet my daughter...Momma's granddaughter. Sometimes at night after we've made love, Momma and I will

talk about the future. Some of my professors are already guiding me towards staying here once I've gained my doctorate. Momma and I talk about buying a house or maybe even building our own. We're not sure except that we agree on the color. We both think there is only one answer – the color we associate most with our incestuous love. We will live in a red house.

The End