

# THE ISLAND OF I CH. 02

## *Ahabscribe*

*Mother & son are drawn deeper into the island's power!*

Incest/Taboo

4.69

17.2k words

*Here is Chapter 2 of 3 of the Island of I. I strongly suggest you read Chapter 1 for this to make any sense. I have enjoyed your comments on the story so far and very much look forward to your thoughts on this installment of the story. Several readers have asked about the time frame. I deliberately left it vague although the setting is not modern. I'm thinking late 1940s - early 1950s. Apologies for any and all anomalies.*

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

\*

"Mother!" I sobbed, sitting straight up in my bed, my body convulsing with waves of pleasure. Sunlight streamed through my open windows as I came into myself again, first registering that my hand was wrapped around my aching and still erect penis, my fingers and wrist coated with semen. My member was dark and angry, jutting through the fly of my pajamas. I slowly unwound my fingers which ached with effort and marveled at the amount of semen that covered my hand and rested in sticky clumps all around the crotch of my pajamas.

I moaned softly as memories of the...was it really a dream that I had just had? Images of Mother's naked body raced through my mind, swiftly followed by the insane images of her being raped...no, willingly fucked by some nightmarish creature who looked like me...the very thought sending aftershocks of pleasure coursing through me. I wondered if I was going mad to be dreaming of such things. I heard the faint murmurs of voices below and glancing at the clock beside my bed was surprised to see that it was nearly ten in the morning. I had overslept...thankfully, it was Sunday and I owed Father no labor today.

Then I recalled Mother's sleepwalking last night and had a sudden and urgent need to check on her. I swung my legs out of bed, wincing at the sore muscles and then as I started to rise up, stopped in stunned amazement and stared at the knees of my pajamas. They were torn and dirty as if I had been kneeling on a rough, wooden floor, filthy with dust like I might have encountered in...a secret passage behind my parents' bedroom. "Oh, Lord!" I moaned. Had I had a nightmare or had last night actually happened?

With my heart racing and my body trembling, I staggered to the shower, running it hot to sooth my aching body and then running it icy cold to clear my head which spun with confusion as I tried to sort dream from reality -- an effort I failed at as in addition to whatever strangeness had occurred to me and mother, the images of Antonia and her son committing incest joined the bizarre thoughts already present in my mind.

It was with a heavy and confused heart that I emerged from my room, angling first towards Mother's bedroom where I found the door open and the room in perfect order, but empty. Both

relieved and yet disappointed, I slowly made my way downstairs and hearing laughter and talk coming from the kitchen, cautiously emerged through the swinging doors.

Mother and Hector were sitting at the plain kitchen table...a plate full of fruit in front of my mother and a heaping plate of eggs and bacon in front of Hector. Antonia was standing behind him and all three had been talking only to stop at my arrival to turn and smile at me.

"John...my sleepyhead, finally awake!" Mother said laughingly as she rose from her seat. I was struck by her cheerfulness -- there being none of the almost always ever present sadness in her face or demeanor. I was also struck by her casual appearance -- Mother who usually wore long, billowy dresses was dressed more like a teenaged girl, having donned a pair of what I believe are called capris -- tight fitting slacks that tapered off at mid-ankle. With it, she was wearing what I believed was one of my older blue chambray work shirts, knotted and tied just below her breasts, exposing the alabaster white of her slender stomach. Her hair had been pulled up and coiled into some sort of bun and even without a sign of makeup, she looked more beautiful than a motion picture star at a premiere.

She took three strides to me and gave me a quick hug, pressing herself against me for a moment, the feel of her large, pert breasts giving evidence that she was without a bra. She pecked me on the cheek and then began tugging me by the arm to come to the table. "I was thinking I'd have to come up there and wake you up myself," Mother chortled, sitting me next to her.

"And I told her that you needed your rest," added Antonia, leaning over me to set a plate laden with eggs and bacon before me, her huge breast flattening against my arm as she moved in, lingering as she turned her head and smiled at me, saying, "Young men need their rest as they often exert themselves more than they realized." I felt my face begin to burn as I detected a tone of amused accusation in her voice. Had she or her son noticed me peeping at their lovemaking the night before?

"Dig in, John," Mother urged me, placing a hand on my arm in a gesture of easy familiarity. "I know you and Hector plan to continue your work on the pool today and it's such a lovely day, I thought I might help!"

I stared at her in surprise...stunned by her offer and still mulling over her change of demeanor. Although still a virgin, I had heard the comments, albeit mostly in the gym locker room made by mostly boy-men who were virgins themselves, about the change in a woman that a good night's sex could induce. My dreams echoed in my head...Mother in the throes of a fantastical orgasm and again I wondered if my dreams had basis in fact somehow. Finally, I composed myself enough to say, "That's wonderful, Mother...just, please don't overtax yourself."

Hector swallowed a mouthful of breakfast and gave Mother a smile that bordered on the lewd and said, "Yes, Missus Halloran, it will be our pleasure to have you with us." Even in my state of advance shock, I could see Hector's eyes roaming lasciviously over Mother's shapely figure and while I wasn't surprised to feel a flame of jealousy in my heart, I was disconcerted to feel a sense of pride in his admiration of my mother.

Soon enough we found ourselves at the bottom of the pool -- all three of us working hard scrubbing the slime and crud from the walls of the pool, our bodies all growing hot and sweaty. Hector and I had the luxury of doffing our shirts, allowing our now deeply tanned upper bodies to gleam with perspiration while Mother resolutely soldiered on, my old work shirt darkening and molding itself to her body -- her nipples becoming nearly visible as they seemed to be constantly

hard, outlined by the wet chambray. I could see the scratch marks on Hector's back, but Mother either didn't notice or chose not to comment on them.

As often as my own attention become distracted by the sight of Mother's shapely body bent over, her breasts swaying underneath her shirt, I also caught Hector's lusty gaze on her as well. Realizing that he had been discovered, he would grin and shrug his shoulders and resume his own work. Part of me wanted to slug him and part of me ached to be able to confer with him...curious about how he and his mother became lovers and to have a confidant to discuss my own unnatural feelings with.

To complicate matters, Antonia, finished with her own chores, showed up with an extra pail and bucket and she joined mother in the beginnings of scrubbing clean the tiled floor of the pool. She came dressed in what appeared to be men's Bermuda shorts, the material tight around her full but shapely thighs and what looked like a skin-tight wife-beater T-shirt that Clark Gable had made famous, the white cotton molding itself around her immense breasts which seemed almost visible, her darker skin almost bleeding through the thin cotton.

For a moment, Mother looked taken aback at Antonia's scandalous appearance, glancing back at me with concern and perhaps a tinge of jealousy that seemed to be quickly dampened as I smiled back at her, trying to convey my love for her in my expression. Mother joined Hector's mother, both kneeling on the pool floor and creating intentionally or inadvertently an erotic spectacle for we two young men.

Mother and Antonia pursue their work with a vengeance, scrubbing away with their brushes, their buttocks waving high in the air while their breasts swung freely below, betraying the effort they were making. I felt my penis harden quickly, throbbing uncomfortably in my stained and worn khakis. A quick glance at Hector confirmed that he too had grown erect at the sight of our mothers...a definite contrast of motherly beauty displayed so boldly before us.

I assumed Mother's display of her attributes to be an accident, but had my suspicions about Antonia who would often glance at her son with an air of what seemed to me to be absolute lust, sparing me similar looks from time to time. When Antonia looked at me with her dark eyes, I felt exposed...as if she was seeing me naked, both in body and in thought. Further, she conveyed somehow an air of approval in her dark glances.

Still, before the afternoon began to wane, we had made tremendous progress towards rehabilitating the pool and when Hector and I could tear our attentions away from our enchanting mothers, we discussed our intentions to devote some time to getting the water pump and the heaters operational again.

Overhearing our plans to get together after supper, Antonia rose up, her breasts almost visible underneath the now sweat soaked cotton and sighed. "Not tonight, Hector. You've worked hard today and you should relax a little." She didn't say, "relax a little with me," but it was in her tone anyway...at least that was my perception.

Mother climbed to her feet. "She's right." She looked down at me, smiling, her face shiny with sweat, beads of it clinging to her upper lip, looking so enticing that I ached to take her in my arms and lick it off her. "John, I was thinking of another long walk on the beach...perhaps we can make a picnic of it." She glanced at Antonia, her face registering momentary disapproval at the woman's wanton appearance, but then saying, "Antonia, would you and Hector care to join us?"

The voluptuous woman shook her head and replied, "Thank you...not tonight." She licked her lips and said, "Tonight, I think a long, hot bath is in order and then just a quiet evening with my son." Her answer was innocent enough, but to my mind, it was redolent with sexual promise and I felt my penis throb with her every word.

Still, her frank sexuality vanished from my sight as Mother came up to me, touching me on the shoulder as she said softly, "Are you up for another stroll, son?"

I trembled a little, the slightest touch of her fingers on my bare skin threatening to make me climax and I said in a whispery voice, "I'd love to, Mother."

She smiled, the pleased expression of a woman who knew she had what she wanted and said, "Lovely, get cleaned up and meet me in the kitchen in half an hour." She strolled away from me up the rising floor of the pool, her buttocks swaying delightfully in her now sweaty capris which clung tightly to her behind.

"Lovely, isn't she?" I heard Hector breath from slightly behind me. As Mother vanished into the house, I turned to glare at him, but was surprised to see both he and his mother standing there...sharing the same appreciative and lusty smile on their faces. Antonia had her arm through Hector's and was leaning into him, making her right breast seemed to burgeon almost beyond the T-shirt's capacity to restrain it.

"Your mother is indeed a rare and beautiful woman, John," Antonia said with a husky hiss. "You are a lucky son."

"Thank you," I replied hoarsely.

"Hector, inside, my dear. Draw me a hot bath." Hector grinned at me and gave me another sly wink, moving away from his mother quickly. Antonia remained behind, studying me from behind a serious smile. "I am glad you heeded my words, John. You made your mother very happy." She stepped up closer to me...so close her huge breasts seemed to just brush my bare chest. My nostrils flared, picking up her scent...something almost spicy, yet mixed with something that was purely feminine. "I've never seen her as happy as she was today."

Hector's mother gave me a coy smile. "A good and loving son can be a wonderful curative for a lonely mother, no?" She reached out and slowly ran her hand over my sweaty chest. "Be your mother's good and loving son, John. Make her happy." She finished her words just as her fingernails reached the waistband of my khakis. Antonia looked down below my waist and smiled as I blushed more knowing she could easily see my erection bulging there. "You can do that, can't you, John?"

I slowly nodded and replied in a whispery voice, "Yes, ma'am."

Antonia smiled and stood up on tip-toe, her massive breasts mashing into my chest as she kissed me on the cheek. "That's a good boy...now get along...go to your mother!" She moved past me, her breasts slowly dragging across my skin, her thick nipples hard and pointed, leaving me to watch her move slowly and sensually up the sloped floor...the ugliness of her Bermuda shorts vanquished by the way they clung to her backside.

I hurried inside myself, slipping quietly up the stairs, only to come to a complete stop outside my parents' door as I heard Mother singing brightly to herself. It brought a grin to my face...it being a long time since Mother seemed happy enough to sing to herself. The door itself was slightly open and before I could move on or look away, Mother passed by, naked and holding a dress in front of

her. I got a quick glimpse of her full and upright breasts from the side and of her long, lovely legs and her heart-shaped behind..."Call it, her lovely ass," Antonia's voice echoed through my head. I barely was able to keep myself from groaning.

I knew I should move on...that it was wrong to peek at my mother so, but I was rooted to the floor, unable to look away, anxious to see another glimpse of her. I was not bothered by the sudden thought that Hector would approve...after all, he said there would be opportunities. Suddenly, I was rewarded as Mother passed by the door again, this time carrying only a pair of sandals that could be tied around her ankles. In her nakedness, she was beyond glorious...her breasts rolling gently, so heavy and round and firm and below her flat belly lay a triangular patch of dark, golden curls pointing downward and drawing attention to her slightly parted labia, moisture clearly evident in the bright lights of her bedroom.

Finally, when Mother had passed out of my line of sight again, I found the strength to move, hurrying to my room and my shower where I was torn between the need to masturbate, savoring my nasty thoughts about Mother as I stroked my penis and the realization that Mother herself would be waiting for me. It was the prospect of being in her company again that in the end forestalled my masturbation and I quickly showered, barely touching my erection before I tucked it uncomfortably in my shorts and dressed for my evening with my mother.

I found Mother in the kitchen, packing some fruit and cheese in a small wicker basket along with a small bottle of wine. She looked up from her work and giggled at me. "I'm not sure you're legally old enough to drink, but it can be our little secret, son."

I smiled at my mother, her loveliness nearly taking my breath away. "For you, Mother...I can keep many secrets," I replied as I ran my eyes over her beautiful body. Mother had exchanged her usual long, billowy dresses for a shorter hemmed summer dress -- a pale green color with thin spaghetti straps over her shoulders and a modest 'V' for a neckline that somehow with its limited exposure of her voluptuous cleavage seemed more erotic than if she'd gone topless. The hem of her dress rose just a few inches above her knees and allowed a more constant view of her shapely legs. Mother had tied her hair up into a French twist that hung over her left shoulder, giving her a more youngish appearance. She was a dream come to life.

We quickly made our way to the beach, walking through the sands at the edge of the surf, Mother playfully splashing her feet in the little pools and puddles as we journeyed away from the house, she becoming more relaxed and open as we drew further away. Sometimes we held hands silently as we walked, other times, Mother would teasingly skip away from me, letting herself get splashed by the gentle waves rolling in until her dress was finely damp with moisture.

With lewd curiosity, I waited to see what would happen when her light dress grew wet, but quickly discovered that it would not grow transparent as it grew wetter. However, it did mold itself more precisely against her skin, revealing to me that like earlier today, Mother was without a bra...the cooling water hardening her nipples and making them stand out against the darkening green fabric more clearly. The swollen nubs were hard not to look at and I think even Mother was aware of how they stood out, glancing down at them from time to time, but she did not seem to care, her mood so much brighter than it had been for some time.

We were on the far side of the island before the moon began to slowly rise, looking fatter and more swollen than the night before. We paused then, spreading out a light blanket on the sand to have our picnic. We didn't speak much as Mother brought out the food and the wine, she laughing when she said, "I forgot the glasses!" No matter, we took turns drinking from the bottle itself...some dark

wine, strong and sweet to my tongue. I enjoyed watching Mother drink...seeming so erotic as she put the bottle to her lips and took a sip and always afterwards, slowly licking her lips, glancing over at me with hooded eyes.

At one point, Mother said, "Son, are there any strawberries left?" I glanced into the now mostly empty basket and came up with two large, ripe berries. I sat one down on her napkin and impulsively held the other one out, raising one eyebrow in query. Mother laughed, her voice dying away as I slowly brought the red berry to her mouth. Her eyes were wide with something I didn't recognize as I brushed the tip of the strawberry to her mouth and ran it back and forth.

Mother's eyes never left mine as she slowly opened her lips and wrapped them around the strawberry, drawing it into her mouth without biting until my fingertips were touching her lips. Slowly she bit into the fruit, taking all but the leafy end and I trembled as I thought I felt the slightest brush of her tongue against my fingers. I became suddenly very aware of my penis throbbing angrily in my pants, already erect, but now dangerously close to climax from this innocent and yet so carnal an encounter.

A playful look grew on Mother's face as she picked up the other strawberry and held it close to her mouth. The tip of her tongue came out and licked the ripe, red berry and then she began to open her mouth wide, but then paused and held it out to me, bringing it to my lips. She smiled at me inquiringly and I wanted to scream, "YES, I WANT IT!" suddenly overwhelmed to touch and taste anything that had touched her tongue.

I opened my mouth and Mother brought the fruit closer only to pull it away as my lips closed around it. She giggled, the lusty timbre of her voice making my erection pound all the harder before again placing it in my mouth and allowing me to bite into it. I felt her fingertips brush my lips before she took the remainder and return it to her own lips where she again licked it subtly with her tongue and then popped it into her mouth.

We both laughed like naughty children, our hands somehow finding each other and we watched the moon rise higher over the ocean for a while until Mother said softly, "I'd like to walk a little more. Let's leave the basket and blanket and pick them up on our way back."

We left the detritus of our picnic behind and slowly walked further down the beach, Mother slipping her arm around my waist as we walked slowly through the surf. We didn't get far before Mother stumbled and I caught her before she fell, both of us gasping as my hands found large handfuls of her breasts as I pulled her back up. Mother sighed softly as I let my fingers slide free and then she leaned into me, her breasts pillowing against my chest.

She looked up at me with a mixture of confusion and what I saw as desire, smiling as she said, "Maybe I had a little too much wine."

"That's okay, Mother." I gestured back at the beach further away from the surf. "We can sit awhile, watch the Moon over the water."

Mother nodded and with her arms around my waist, allowed me to walk us away from the water's edge. At a safe distance, I helped Mother to sink to her knees, her looking up at me with large eyes, reminding me more than a little of Antonia and Hector last night. In the brilliant illumination of the Moon, I had little doubt that my erection stood out plainly against my pants. I quickly unbuttoned my shirt and laid it down for Mother to sit on, going to my knees and helping her slowly turn around and then sit between my outstretched legs as she had done last night.

Mother sighed happily as she wiggled herself into a comfortable position, her modestly covered bottom rubbing wonderfully against my crotch. As she had done the night before, Mother drew my arms around her upper chest and leaned back into me. As she rested her head on my shoulder, she said softly, "I like this, son."

She picked up my right hand and kissed my palm and then returned it to a place just above the swell of her left breast. With a hoarse whisper, I replied, "I like this too, Mother." I punctuated my statement by planting a gentle kiss on her bare shoulder.

After a long and comfortable silence watching the Moon rise up, its reflection lengthening out from the horizon to the shore, Mother said with a bit of wistfulness. "I'd forgotten how much I loved this."

"You used to do this with Father?" I replied softly.

Mother hesitated for a moment and said, "He wasn't always this way...when we met back in college, he had his playful, romantic side." She sighed again. "We'd walk on the beaches and watch the moon, sometimes staying out all night, making love as the sun rose up..." Her voice faded out and she was silent for some minutes before finally saying softly, "I'm sorry, John. I didn't mean to say such things and embarrass you. Not something I should be telling my son."

I leaned in and brushed my lips on the outer shell of her ear and whispered back. "I'm not embarrassed, Mother. It makes me happy to know that once you were so very happy." I paused, licking my dry lips before adding, "I would love to see you that happy again." I felt my heart beat as I wondered if she would understand what I truly meant.

Mother sighed and shook her head and said, "You're a good son to say so, but I fear your father is past such things now...he considers them...immature and childish."

"Father is a fool," I responded, my voice harsher than I wanted it to sound. "A husband should consider his wife to be his most important priority -- not a pile of smelly, old books."

Mother laughed in response and I am sure I detected both amusement and bitterness in her voice. "My son, some day you will make a lucky woman a wonderful husband." She then again took hold of my right hand and gave me a gentle kiss on my palm. When she put my hand back down again, this time it rested plainly on the upper swell of her breast, partly covered by her dress and partly exposed, allowing me to feel the pillow like softness of her breasts. I wondered if I should discreetly withdraw my hand, but Mother solved that question by resting her hand atop mine.

A long period of silence was interrupted when Mother said in an odd voice. "Do you think Antonia is attractive?"

I opened my mouth, but could not think of a reply. I laughed uncomfortably and finally muttered, "Antonia is...Antonia. She certainly has certain...attributes."

Mother snorted and said, "She has big breasts, you mean?"

"They certainly um...stand out," I replied, wincing at the lameness of my answer.

"I saw you glancing at her today," Mother said frostily.

"Um, it was rather hard not to, Mother. I am a man after all." I hesitated, but then went ahead and blurted out, "And I'm sure Hector was looking at you just as much as I looked at Antonia. It made

me very jealous."

Mother barked out a laugh, her hand on mine rising to cover her mouth. "Good Lord...do you really think so? No, don't answer that. Do you think Antonia is beautiful, son?"

I chose my words carefully and replied, "I think Antonia is an attractive woman, yes, but she is not beautiful...not like you are, Mother."

Mother chuckled lowly and I knew she was pleased. "Do you...do you really think I'm beautiful, John?"

"Oh yes, Mother. You are the most beautiful woman I know of." I took a chance and again kissed her softly on the shoulder before adding, "Father is so lucky...damn the fool for not seeing that."

I expected a mild to harsh rebuke for condemning Father so, but for once, Mother did not make apologies for her husband, but instead whispered in a teary voice, "Thank you, John. I...I think I needed to hear that." There was a pause and she added almost too soft to hear, "It's been too long since I heard such compliments."

I kissed her again on the shoulder and then bravely on the nape of her neck, making her shudder slightly. "Then I will remind you of how beautiful you are on a daily basis from now on...hourly or more if you prefer."

Mother sighed and wiggled slightly against me again, searching for a more comfortable position or perhaps seeking to better ascertain the physical response I was having in her being in my embrace. "You are a truly wonderful son," she said and again lifted my hand up. Mother planted a soft kiss on each of my fingertips before kissing my palm again. My heart then gave a lurch as Mother took my hand and planted it firmly over her breast, my thumb and forefinger resting on the naked swell of her breast while the rest of my hand rested on the fully rounded globe of flesh underneath her dress, my palm pressing now against her very hard nipple. Mother then compounded the action by placing her hand atop mine to keep it in place.

Silence reined again, punctuated only briefly by Mother's infrequent sighs and my needful gasps of breath. My cock seemed to throb in rhythm with her heart which I could feel pounding in her chest. The birds and other nightlife seemed to fade away and we were alone, accompanied only by the gentle wash of the surf for music. I could feel the sweat running down my back, not triggered by the humid air, but by nervousness as I wandered what to do next. I cursed my awkwardness, thinking that Mike Hammer would know what to do...or even Hector.

I wondered if Mother truly knew what she was doing and even if she did, where was the limit to my possible actions here. I continued to periodically kiss Mother's soft shoulders and the nape of her neck and her upper back, all which made her sigh happily until finally I worked up the courage as I was kissing her neck to slowly squeeze my fingers around her breast and very slowly, work my hand in a circle, gently massaging her large, firm breast.

As my palm slowly scraped over her cotton covered nipple, I could feel it swell even larger and Mother let out a very low, but happy purr. Her hand atop mine did nothing to stop me from caressing her breast and even seemed to tighten a little around my hand to keep it from suddenly flying off.

Suddenly, I was aware that Mother was beginning to perspire as well, her legs slowly moving and shifting in the sand -- her knees rising up and allowing the hem of her dress to slide back towards

her crotch before digging her heels into the sand and straightening her legs to plow trowels in the sandy soil. I kissed her neck and then as a large rivulet of sweat slowly slid down her neck, I reached out and tongued it off her fair skin.

I could feel Mother's heart beating more strongly, paced by her pulse as blood pumped into her nipple and as I worked my hand on her breast. As I slowly and patiently planted a series of soft kisses on her neck and worked my way towards her shoulder, I was able to look over her shoulder and down, marveling that I could actually see my hand moving carefully in a circular fashion over her breast and then as she drew her knees back, the soft white of her inner thighs where the hem of her dress fell back, her free hand rubbing the inside of her leg, drawing closer to her crotch where her panties were now revealed and I could see in that almost magical moonlight that in the middle of her gusset was a growing dark spot! Mother's vagina was wet...she was aroused -- no, very aroused!

In my excitement, my hand covering Mother's breast clenched almost involuntarily, fingers digging into her soft flesh, separated only by the thin cotton of her dress. Mother let out a gasp, surprise, pleasure and shock in her voice and her body jerked and she let out a loud moan and sat up suddenly, breaking our embrace. With awkward swiftness, Mother scrambled to her feet, hands coming to her face, mouth open in an expression of amazement and dismay.

I came up to my knees, saying hoarsely, "Mother, are you alright?"

Mother looked down at me, her mouth moving for several seconds, but with nothing coming out. She spun and faced the moonlit ocean, wrapping her arms around herself as if suddenly chilled. I came to my feet and went to her, carefully placing my hands on her shoulders. "Mother, is something wrong?" My heart was pounding with fear as I wondered if I had done something terribly wrong.

Long, agonizing seconds passed before Mother shook her head and turned and smiled wanly up at me and said, "Nothing's wrong. It's...just getting late. We should get back home."

I knew I had to say something. My heart was breaking as I realized that the moment...so special and so romantic, was now over -- lost and irretrievable. "Mother...I..."

Mother raised her hand -- the same one that had just held my hand to her breast and touched two fingers to my lips. "I'm fine, son. Nothing is...wrong, but we need to get back. It's getting late."

I nodded, feeling sadness and regret that was only ameliorated by the fact that as we walked, Mother again slipped an arm around my waist and allowed me to wrap my arm around her shoulder. We took our time, silently strolling back along the edge of the surf, pausing only to pick up our picnic basket. Not a word passed between us along the way, Mother only speaking to me after I had walked her up the stairs to the door of hers and Father's bedroom.

We stared at each other for several seconds, an aura of awkwardness and embarrassment thick between us that was finally breached when Mother said softly, "I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed our walk, son."

I shook my head and said, "Not nearly as much as I did, Mother. I only..."

Again, Mother put her fingers to my lips to silence me as she slowly shook her head and said, "I know." She smiled at me and said in such a tender voice. "I love you so much, John." Then before I could reply, Mother leaned into me, her breasts flattening and dragging against my chest as she

rose up and kissed me on the lips, chaste and yet passionate, her closed lips pressing urgently against mine for seconds that were far longer than what one would consider appropriate between a mother and son. I was entranced, wanting the kiss to never end and by the time I realized it had, Mother entered her bedroom and closed the door behind her, leaving me standing there, lost and forlorn like an abandoned puppy.

I reached out and touched the door with my fingers and whispered, "I love you too, Mother -- more than anything." I retreated to my room and as the night before, considered masturbating, but found myself too restless to stay in my room even though the evening grew late. I ventured to the kitchen, looking for a snack that would sate the hunger gnawing at my belly, but found nothing, knowing full well that it was not food I desired. I stepped out onto the back porch, my eyes seeking out in the moonlit night, the path that led into the woods... the path I had taken that had led to my discovery of Antonia's and Hector's incestuous relationship.

Part of me was sorely tempted to journey out there again in the hopes of spying on them once more, but I recalled that Hector's mother had intimated that they were staying in for the night. I retreated back into the kitchen and for long minutes stared down the hallway that led to the servant quarters, my imagination running wild, wondering if at this very moment, Antonia and her son were locked in carnal congress...making love, nay, fucking like lust filled animals.

Part of me wanted to try and slip into their private quarters and spy on them, but I was not ready to yield to such base and venal desires. At last, I pulled my attention from them and slowly made my way back up the stairs. Standing in the hallway of our quarters, I looked to the closed door of Father's office, wondering what ancient lore he might be lost in. I glanced over at my parents' bedroom and felt my penis throb as I imagined Mother in some erotic lingerie or stark naked, lying like a goddess upon her bed. My erection which had never fully waned began to throb and grow again and I began walking down the hall when I came to a halt between two aged portraits -- severe paintings of a former master of the house and his spinster daughter.

I had already discovered that between them was an access portal to an old passageway between the upper floor and the servant's quarters, no doubt place there so servants could move unseen by their so-called betters as they went back and forth on their many errands. I'm not sure how long I stood there debating my next action and I don't remember retrieving a small flashlight from my room, but suddenly I found myself inside the secret corridor, cautiously and quietly descending a narrow, spiral staircase of cast iron.

Below, it opened up into another narrow corridor and it suddenly struck me how similar it resembled the secret place from which I had spied on Mother in my dreams last night. Here and there light shone through slight cracks in the wall. I wasn't sure of my direction, but turned right on instinct and moved carefully along, extinguishing my light. I paused in front of a section of wall that had to my surprise a slide mechanism similar to the one in my dream. I raised my hand to quietly work it, somehow knowing what I would see.

I peered through the peephole and was shocked to see Antonia staring back at me. I stifled a gasp and nearly slammed into the dusty, cobwebby wall behind me before I recovered and summoning all my nerve peered again. Again, I was looking directly into Antonia's face, but quickly realized that she did not see me -- indeed, I doubted she could see at all, so glazed with lust and pleasure were her eyes.

As I took in all there was to see, everything became clear. Antonia was on a large brass bed on her hands and knees facing the wall from which I was peeking. She was naked -- her massively

pendulous breasts swinging wildly about as Hector pumped his hard penis into her from behind. A multitude of lit candles were scattered about the room, illuminating it to create an atmosphere akin to that of a church or temple.

In the glow of that near holy light, I could see her olive skinned body was covered in a thick sheen of sweat and I wondered how long Hector and his mother had been carnally engaged. Gradually, I became aware of Antonia making a low moaning sound -- a continuous noise of pure, unrelenting pleasure of the lowliest kind. Simultaneously, I became aware of the scent of their sex...of her arousal and his seed..."Call it the smell of FUCKING," moaned my mother's voice inside my head.

I began to perceive other sounds...Hector's harsh gasps for breath as he labored to pleasure his mother, his face twisted in a rictus of incestuous delight. And then there was the sound of their bodies slapping together, sharp and constant, accompanied by the noise of wetness and in my mind's eye, I could see his cock and her pussy, joined, his length and girth filling her wet and hungry womb, becoming one, producing such ecstasy that I could only dream of.

My hand found my own erect penis and began to furiously stroke, aching for the release that I had denied or been denied all evening long. I was filled with jealousy of Antonia and Hector, envious of what they shared and what I realized now I wanted -- no, needed to have with my own mother.

As I masturbated, I saw myself alongside them, kneeling next to Hector with Mother on all fours in front of me, her lovely buttocks raised in sweet offering to me, me thrusting my erection deep into her...her...her pussy, relishing each savage stroke inside her as her wet, steaming hot flesh wrapped itself around my...my...my hard cock! I could clearly see Mother looking over her shoulder at me, her face expressing more happiness and pleasure than I had ever imagined...eyes glowing with love for her son and what he was doing for her.

As I felt my orgasm racing closer, I could see Mother and Antonia looking at each other, giving each other a smile of understanding that only mother's who were the lovers of their sons, could comprehend. Each snaked a hand towards the other as their moans rose in intensity, fingers intertwining as incestuous ecstasy consumed them. Their heads moved closer together, lips opening as if anticipating a kiss as their sons fucked them harder and harder.

"MATRE TIAMBO UN UMANO UN ESTASIUM VICTRE DIABLAS!" My incestuous fantasy was broken as Antonia began to scream seemingly nonsense words in the grip of her orgasm -- her eyes now wide and unseeing in pure ecstasy. Her orgasm seemed to manifest in waves of pure energy that radiated outward, washing over me, allowing me somehow to tap into their lusty pleasure.

As she chanted the strange words over and over, my own pleasure became more than I could bear and with a mostly strangled sob, I began to climax, ejaculating massive amounts of semen into my hand and against the wall, almost collapsing to my knees from the intensity of my pleasure even as Hector growled loudly as with one last brutal thrust, he buried his cock inside his mother's womb and began to fill her with his seed.

The sensation of filling her son's hot semen inside her pussy sent Antonia over the edge and her chanting disintegrated into cries and sobs of pure carnal ecstasy as she threw her head back and through sneering lips howled as she came with animalistic intensity. My own climax brought me to tears as my desires momentarily overwhelmed me while I struggled to understand the incestuous desires that had so recently come to dominate my world.

I wiped my hand clean of my seed and then wiped tears from my momentarily blinded eyes. When I had composed myself, I again peered through the peephole and felt my momentarily sated penis

twitch as I saw a scene of pure carnal lust. Antonia had somehow managed to turn around and crawl up to her son's sprawled body, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he struggled to catch his breath. Her full lips were wrapped around Hector's still semi-erect cock, her tongue gathering up and cleaning his penis of their mingled leavings.

Antonia's body still quivered in the aftershock of her no doubt numerous orgasms and her legs were sprawled apart, affording me a perfect view of her pussy, labia swollen and widespread with copious amounts of semen frosting her pink, wet flesh and oozing from her battered pussy. I could see her face from profile, hair and skin still gleaming with perspiration and even from my limited view, I could see her glancing lovingly up at her son's face and as I had the night before, suddenly and keenly felt like an intruder upon their intimacy.

Quietly, I withdrew, creeping away somewhat shamefacedly, trying to control my emotions as I returned up the narrow staircase and emerged from the secret entrance into the upstairs hallway. Sighing with relief, I rushed to my room, locked my door and flung myself down onto my bed, sobbing finally as I released all the remaining pent up emotions that seemed to be welling up inside myself. It shames me somewhat to confess that as an eighteen year old man, I cried myself to sleep, both praying for and fearing what dreams might come in the night.

#

I awoke the next morning, somewhat astonished at feeling well rested and slightly disappointed as the closest I could recall of any erotic dreams was a faint memory of my mother's face, her voice calling out to me plaintively. Having showered and dressed for another day of sweaty labor, I hurried downstairs in anticipation of seeing Mother before I ventured off with Hector to clear the brush, but to my further disappointment, I found only Antonia with my breakfast at hand.

When I asked about my mother, Antonia only shook her head and said, "Missus Halloran is feeling unwell this morning and is still in bed."

This alarmed me and I started to rise from the breakfast table, my food and appetite forgotten. "Mother is ill?"

Before I could leave my seat and rush upstairs, Antonia had her hand on me and with surprising strength, pushed me back down into my chair. She smiled down at me, her great bosom brushing my back as she said softly, "Be not alarmed, young Master. Your mother is just somewhat out of sorts this morning." She sighed and shook her head before adding, "This island...this terrible loneliness here can sometimes take its toll on a person."

Antonia smiled and ran her hand through my scruffy hair as I had often seen her do with her own son. "Give her a little time, your mother. She will find her way and she knows that you will be there to help guide her." She leaned in and in almost a whisper, "In just a few days, your attentions have given her more happiness than she has ever known. I have seen this...a mother knows these things." She stroked my hair one more time and then gave me a playful slap on the head. "Now eat...it will be a busy day with much work and that smelly fisherman is due today too.

Alas, that much was very true. Hector and I worked hard and silently for most of the morning, stopping only when the horn of the Vulgar Harpy began to bleat as it approached the island. Father emerged from his study, looking weary and irritable to oversee our unloading and carrying to the house fresh provisions. Father only shook off his weariness when Captain Waltern's men unload a small crate with labels that indicated it originated in Calcutta by way of La Plata and Veracruz.

"My office, lads and hurry!" Father had exclaimed, nearly rubbing his hands together in what appeared to be demented happiness.

The box was heavy and despite the two of us, it was a struggle to carry up from the beach and wrestle up the stairs to the second floor. No doubt, it was weighted down with musty, moldy old books. We placed it on the floor of Father's office -- suddenly aware that this was the first time either of us had been inside since the day we'd arrived. It had been some sort of study before, but now books and scrolls covered most every surface with charts and papers tacked to the walls. Some writing appeared to be in English while others were in arcane runes and ideographs. A handmade map sketched out a surface with rectangular objects in a rough circle and seemed highly reminiscent of the site Hector and I had been working for so long to clear.

There was a faint smell of something fetid in the air -- possibly the remnants of a forgotten meal shoved into a nook or cranny, but seeming to be something worse. Hector looked around the room and with a frown, said quietly, "Your father travels a dark path, my friend."

I gave him a curious glance and was about to ask him what he meant when Father appeared and banished us, commanding us to bring the rest of the fresh provisions up from the docks to the house and closing the door to his office behind him...our last glimpse was of him hungrily staring at the small crate.

Captain Waltern was unpleasant but stayed only briefly after ascertaining that Mother would not emerge from the house. This was the only positive aspect of Mother secluding herself inside on what had proved to be a bright, sunny day.

After our break for lunch, Hector and I resumed work, speaking little although we both occasionally glanced towards the veranda in hopes of seeing my mother. Finally, Hector signaled me to halt for a water break and as we passed the jug of cool water back and forth, he said, "You are troubled, John, yes?"

I wasn't sure what to say and only nodded in response. "You are questioning your feelings for your mother?" Hector said with a sympathetic smile.

"You have..." I paused for a moment searching for the correct words. "You have infected me with your sick thoughts and desires, Hector." I did not sound as accusatory as my words.

Hector's smile broadened. "Ah...you now see your mother as a woman...as a man perceives a woman." He shook his head and sighed. "This is not sick, John, it is simply acknowledging that you are now a man with a man's desires and feelings and that you recognize your mother as a woman...a beautiful and desirable woman."

My voice sounded thick as I muttered, "Like you feel for your mother."

Hector dipped his head in acknowledgment and replied, "Absolutely and she returns my feelings of love with equal passion as you now well know."

I gasped, feeling as if he'd hit me in the stomach, driving all the air out of me. I felt my face begin to burn and my voice was a harsh grate when I finally managed to answer him. "You know...you know that I've watched you and...your mother?"

He shook his head and laughed, "Truthfully, I did not. Making love to a woman like my mother consumes all my effort and attention, but...Mama is different." He licked his lips and grinned

wolfishly. "Even at the height of orgasm, when Mama's cunt tightens around my cock, she is still aware. She is what our people might call a Brujiho...a sort of witch. She perceived you watching us as we lost ourselves in our passion for each other...both at the mossy pond and last night in our bedroom."

I could not look him in the eye, staring down at the torn up ground as I muttered, "I am sorry. I can offer no reasonable explanation."

Hector waved his hand in dismissal. "Make no apologies, John. Mama and I take no offense. In our culture, to watch two people express their love in such a way is not wrong, but a celebration." Hector crossed to me and roughly squeezed my shoulder, making me look up to see the brilliant gleam in his eyes. "To be able to share our love for each other with another does nothing but enhance it, John. Mama told me that knowing you watched me fuck her hard last night made her climax all the more wonderful!"

I felt my jaw drop in disbelief as I listened to his words. My head seemed to swim with this sudden scandalous and strange news and I shook it to try and clear the cobwebs from my brain. "Your people approve of incest. My god...who are your people? Incest is unacceptable everywhere!"

Hector smiled and patted me on the back. "Not true, my friend, not true. Yes, most of your so called Christians find it immoral or evil, but even amongst them, there are enlightened ones who understand that incest is simply another expression of love. To my people, it is one of the higher, more advanced forms of human love with power beyond most human ken."

Again, I pressed the question. "Who are "your people?"

Hector smiled and said, "Mama and I are of the Jahndi." I shook my head in confusion. "Many people call us gypsies and there is truth there in that we are related to those lost people who are properly called the "Rom" or "Romany." But the truth is, we are only distantly related to them...tracing our ancestry back to a people who lived somewhere between Arabia and India in a land now lost beneath the waves of the sea. Like the Romany, we have been nomads, some searching for a new home and others roaming the world and trying to find our place in it or safeguarding against that which made us wanderers."

"What on Earth might that be?" I asked, spellbound as if caught up in a child's fairy-tale.

Hector shook his head and replied, "That is not for me to speak of. Someday, perhaps, Mama would tell you more. It is her place as a Bruhijo to speak of such things."

I took a bit of time to digest this strangeness and we both wordlessly resumed work, tearing away the brush and vines, clearing yet another stone slab covered with runic markings.

Finally, after forlornly glancing up at the still empty veranda, I said to Hector, "How long have you and your mother been...lovers?"

Hector smiled widely at me and said, "Since I was your age, my friend...I happily took my father's place between Mama's legs when he died pursuing his obsession. I had dreamed of being Mama's man for a long time, but only after Papa's...end, did Mama invite me into her bed."

I stopped working, a cold chill running down my spine. "How did your father die, Hector?"

He paused in his work, a frown passing over his face. "It was in Mombasa...he delved too far into things that were beyond him."

"What happened?"

Hector began to speak, but then shook his head. "No, it is not my place to speak of such things...not yet. I will speak to Mama and if she deems it proper, she will tell you herself."

I nodded, sensing that I was intruding somehow. I changed the topic, saying, "Are you...are you happy with your mother?"

"Hector gave me an angelic smile. "It is the greatest joy one can know, one I pray that you will soon enjoy yourself."

My stomach felt like butterflies were rampaging inside as I contemplated his words. "Surely not. Neither my mother or I would ever consider such a...a thing."

Hector laughed and said, "You try and delude yourself, John. I have seen how you look at your mother...how with such longing you gaze at her since the moment you and she stepped off that smelly troll's boat." He leaned in to me and said in a confidential whisper, "And she looks at you too, you know, with passion and desire that grows with each passing day."

I stepped back, feeling a thrill deep in my guts, yet also appalled. "You lie! Take it back!" I snapped defensively.

Hector pursued me, a knowing grin on his face. "I speak the truth. Yesterday proved it. Have you ever known your mother to ever dress like she did yesterday...revealing so much of her lovely body?"

In my mind, I could see Mother again -- dressed in those tight capri pants and braless under my old work shirt. "No," I said, replying barely above a whisper.

Hector pressed his argument. "For two nights running, she and you took a private walk along the beach. Did you both act the whole time in such a way that was simply and innocently what you would consider the conduct of a proper mother and son?"

I shivered as I recalled the feel of Mother's large, firm breast under my hand and the hardness of her throbbing nipple. "No" I replied again, barely audible. I heaved a great sigh and added more loudly, "But now she sequesters herself in her room, no doubt offended by my illicit attentions. What I might lust for will never be." I could barely keep a sob out of my voice, my pain at letting my mother slip from my embrace breaking through my resoluteness.

Hector dropped his blade and draped an arm around my shoulders and said in a rush, "Do not despair, John...this is a difficult thing to do. Surpassing the narrow-mindedness of your upbringing to embrace such a different way of life takes a great deal of courage. You have this courage...so does your mother. I see it. Mama sees it. You have come a long way on your own...it is harder for your mother."

His words provided something I had not realized I hungered for and also made suddenly and brilliantly clear about the travails Mother was enduring. "You mean...Father."

Hector nodded and replied, "Yes. Mama feels that your father is lost to your mother now...that he travels his own way, ensorcelled by his own quest for knowledge. Your mother, may the Gods love her, tries to do right by him, but I think she begins to perceive that her love belongs to another...to you, John. Be patient and she will find her way into your arms."

I confess then, I wept as Hector embraced me as a friend and brother, waiting patiently until I was spent and then clapping me on the back. "Enough, my friend. The day has been long and hard. Your father will not notice if we break off a little early." And so we did, slipping off to swim in the ocean, laughing and cavorting in the water until Antonia called us for dinner.

Mother came down for our meal, but sat silent and unresponsive the entire time, making monosyllabic remarks to any questions or comments I had. Antonia gave me encouraging smiles as she brought in the various dishes, but Mother would barely meet my gaze as we dined and declined my offer to escort her on another walk.

Mother's pale face darkened as she looked down towards my feet and murmured, "I...am not myself tonight, son. I believe I will simply turn in early."

"Another time, perhaps," I said meekly, hoping for some positive comment, but Mother merely nodded and slipped away. I pushed my plate away and stared at the old, lace tablecloth until I realized Antonia was standing next to me...heat radiating from her body...from her bosom that hovered so close to my face.

"Patience, boy...your mother is strong and wise, but much must be unlearned. New knowledge is like birth itself...never easy and often painful," she whispered softly, stroking my hair with her fingers.

I looked up into her dark eyes, wanting to say so much, to ask so many questions but hadn't a clue how to begin. Antonia nodded and leaned down and kissed me on the forehead. "Hector says you two had a very good talk this afternoon...that your eyes are beginning to see many new things."

I felt my skin begin to burn and knew I was turning red. "Yes, Ma'am," I replied meekly.

Antonia laughed and hugged me to her, pressing my face into her soft, pillow-like bosom. I could smell her...a powerful, earthy scent mixed with cinnamon. I felt my penis...no, my cock, throb in response. "Soon your mother will see with such eyes and you and she will know the love, the joy," her voice suddenly grew huskier as she finished, "The pleasure that a mother and son can share. I look forward to the day that Hector and I might display our union to you both and who's to say who will take the most pleasure from it, your and your mother...or us."

The voluptuous woman released me only to duck down and kiss me on the lips. "I liked you watching us...it made me feel more like a woman...like a mother than ever before. You need not hide and watch us, John Halloran. Our door will never be locked for you." She grinned lustily at me and winked once and then picked my plate up and walked off into the kitchen while I sat there in stunned silence and pondered her words.

My evening passed slowly. I paced restlessly around my room and then in the study...hoping Mother might emerge from her self-imposed exile and at least be in the same room with me, both of us quietly reading as we had often done, but she never emerged. Walking the hall of the upstairs, I thought I heard Father laughing or talking to himself and I wondered if he would forgive an intrusion to talk with his son, but somehow I knew that that particular path would lead nowhere.

I went downstairs and prowled around the grounds. I considered working on the pool, but the hour was growing late and I'd lost the light...peering down into the messy concrete, it took on a menacing quality, the bottom lost in shadow. I returned to the house and ambled around the kitchen, searching vainly for something that would satisfy the hunger that welled inside me, but I

discovered no food that I coveted...instead, finding my attention drawn to the door leading to the servants' quarters.

Antonia's words came back to me...no, truthfully they had echoed in my ears since she had spoken them to me after her soft kiss -- "Our door will never be locked for you." I sat at the kitchen table and toyed with the salt and pepper shakers resting there, unfolding and refolding a linen napkin a dozen times over, my eyes constantly wandering towards that door.

Suddenly, I found myself standing before the door, my hand on the knob. My mouth was dry and my knees felt rubbery and weak. Part of me knew that this was wrong...immoral and sinful to even consider such actions. Still, at a loss over all that seemed out of reach in my life, I found myself opening the door and passing through. The hallway beyond and the rooms there seemed no different than those upstairs, save that it was narrower and peering into a servant's room, that they were much smaller.

All seemed quiet as I moved further in and then I heard a soft, mewling sound from the far end of the hallway. The door to that room was closed, but I could see lights flickering from under the door and I cautiously made my way there -- passing a room which I presumed they used as their living area or study...books scattered about and an old record player with albums stacked neatly beside it.

The sound became stronger and more pronounced. I perceived that it was Antonia's voice, although she spoke no words, but rather was simply making noise that was clearly an expression of pleasure. I paused for a moment at the door, nervous and scared although already I could feel my penis swelling in my pants. I tried the knob and it was unlocked and the door swung open easily,

Antonia's moans smothered my own gasp as I gazed upon mother and son engaged in activity I had only heard of. Antonia was stretched out upon their large brass bed, her fingers wrapped around the brass rails of the head board, her naked body flexing and straining as she flung her hips upwards to more fully press her son's face into her wet and wide open pussy. Her immense breasts rolled about her chest, capped by hard swollen points of thick, rubbery flesh, darkened in her arousal.

Hector was oblivious to my entry, so busy was he in swirling his tongue over and about his mother's sex, her slick, pink flesh almost pulsating with sexual energy while her thick bush scratched his cheeks, turning them an angry red. As his tongue slathered over a swollen appendage of flesh that I perceived was that almost mystical feminine organ called a clitoris, he was simultaneously thrusting two fingers in and out of her wet flesh, fingers gleaming with the juices of her arousal.

His mother, deep in the throes of incestuous pleasure, still somehow managed to sense that they were not alone and she turned her dark, glazed over eyes towards me, offering up a leering smile of greeting. Antonia gradually managed to force free words from her sweetly tortured body, "Ohhhh yes, pleasure me well my son -- show our guest how a son properly treats his mother -- MMMMMMM -- his mother."

Hector rolled slightly onto his side, his mouth never leaving his mother's pussy, his actions freeing his swollen erection, his penis long and thick and hard, throbbing with desire for his mother. He gave me an odd smile, his tongue never ceasing its loving caresses of Antonia's wet flesh, and after winking slyly at me, returned to focus on pleasuring his mother.

Antonia's body shook with tremors of ecstasy as her son's mouth brought her closer and closer to heaven, but somehow she managed to gesture towards a chair pulled up close to their bed...awaiting a visitor...awaiting me and affording me a bird's eye view of their taboo lovemaking.

I suddenly found myself sitting in that chair, close enough that I could see and smell the sweat pouring from their bodies which were emanating great heat and from between Antonia's thighs, a strong, arousing scent that made my member throb with terrible need. I had no recollection on opening my fly and freeing my erect penis, but suddenly I had it in my hand, stroking it feverishly as Antonia writhed on the bed in utter pleasure.

I stroked my hard member, shivering with delight as I was enthralled at the sight of Antonia's pussy being so wet, gushes of her arousal flowing over her son's face as she bucked her pelvis against his face, her expression growing more frantic as his tongue worked busily over her pink, quivering flesh.

"S-see, John...s-s-see how wonderful it can be buh-between mother and son?" Antonia moaned as one hand clawed the sheets while the other busily mauled her own breast, fingers pinching and tugging at her swollen nipple more brutally with each stroke of Hector's tongue.

Antonia suddenly let out a tremendous cry as her body stiffened and then arched, her orgasm nearly bringing me to tears as she lifted her voluptuous behind off the bed, mashing her pussy against her son's face as he continued to lick her and thrust now three fingers deep inside her. Deftly he pulled his hand back and then reformed all his fingers into a long, blunt object and plunged his entire hand inside his mother's aroused vagina.

Hector's mother's cries became a shriek and despite her sudden bucking and convulsing, his mouth somehow remained latched to Antonia's pussy even as he buried his hand inside her to the wrist. His mother sobbed and cried wordlessly, but even in the height of her incestuous climax, the noise that came from her puckered mouth still conveyed absolute love for her son.

I felt my shame at being such an intrusive voyeur of such an intimate moment melt away as I became enthralled at such an exhibit of lust and love. I lost control myself and cried out as I too began to climax, barely moving fast enough to catch my sudden ejaculations in my free hand as I furiously stroked my spewing cock.

I gasped right along with Antonia as she finally regained some semblance of control and she groaned, "I love you, Hector, my sweet beloved son." He murmured something unintelligible in reply, busy as he was lapping up his mother's copiously running juices of arousal, making her moan further in utter pleasure until she drew back one muscular and shapely leg and placing her foot on his shoulder, pushed him away.

Hector laughed as he rolled over onto his back, his tongue rolling around his lips to scoop up her juices, his erection now towering in the air above him. Antonia gave me an odd, leering grin as she struggled up and threw her leg over her son's midsection, straddling him, his hard penis suddenly cushioned against her thick pelt of pubic hair. She took it in her hand and stroked it, rising up on her knees to run the swollen crown between her broadly parted labia and although I could no longer see my friend's face as his mother sat astride him facing me, I knew from his groans that he was enjoying her wetness and warmth.

Antonia's breasts rose and fell entrancingly as she still struggled to regain her breath and her words were measured and clipped and so full of hungry desire as she spoke. "You see the beauty, the wonder that is a mother and a son fucking, yes, John?" She inserted the head of his penis inside her, moving his shaft around in a circular motion as if stirring up her flowing juices.

"Let yourself go, sweet boy...know that a mother and a son are also man and woman and that lust coupled with love is POWER!" she cried out, screaming the last word." She lowered herself slowly

onto his swollen shaft, sobbing as she became impaled on her son's erection. Antonia already lingered close to orgasm from Hector's oral attentions and now filled with his swollen penis, she wriggled atop him, barely able to control herself as ecstasy raced through her body.

She ran fingers over her swollen lips -- mouth hanging open in utter bliss and I watched as her nipples swelled to the point of bursting and then she had all of her son inside her and was arching her back, thrusting her immense breasts up and outward and she began to wail from all the pure and unadulterated pleasure that fucking her son could bring. Her scent -- already thick in their bedroom, grew stronger, inflaming my senses as I inhaled her powerful musk, making my aching cock throb all the harder.

Antonia came slowly out of the mindless bliss of her incestuous orgasm and began to ride Hector, sighing and crying as she moved up and down on him -- his long shaft glistening with her wetness. In between moans of "I love you, son," came those unrecognizable words I had on previous nights, "MATRE TIAMBO UN UMANO UN ESTASIUM VICTRE DIABLAS!"

Over and over, Hector's mother chanted those words when she could manage to do more than moan at the pleasure her son's cock was providing. Each time, the chant seemed to emerge from her mouth more loudly and possessing more energy -- more power...power that washed over me and like the scent of her pussy, seemed to fuel my own lust. Antonia rode her son harder, sliding up and down on his cock with growing passion and need -- her breasts bouncing wildly, her groping, teasing fingers unable to control them. Her face became something between a snarl and a wail as orgasm took her higher and higher until she began screaming shrilly and in her glorious climax, sank weakly down on his cock which seemed to heighten her orgasm and make her loose control as she flopped weakly about atop her son.

In the beauty of such sexual abandon, I groaned almost in time with Hector and knew that we were both climaxing at the same time, inspired by his mother's incredible display of sexual delight. Again, I cupped my already semen filled hand and ejaculated torrent after torrent of hot seed, my orgasm so violent and hard that my cock ached pleasurably. I glanced down at the semen overflowing my hand from having climaxed twice and then looked up again just in time to see Antonia slide off her son, a nearly obscene and wet noise coming from their joined crotches as her son's still mostly erect cock slid free of her sperm filled cunt and she pitched forward and fell face down between his legs.

Mother and son lay motionless for several minutes, catching their breath. Hector spared me a glance and grinned proudly as he eyed his mother's voluptuous behind resting below his crotch. Antonia turned her head to look sleepily at me, not speaking, but telling me with her smile how much she had enjoyed having sex with her son.

My desire to see Hector and his mother make love...no, fuck, slowly became overpowered by my sense that I was again an intruder, viewing the aftermath of a very intimate scene. On shaky legs, I rose to my feet. I awkwardly tried to put my semi-hard penis back into my pants, but found it difficult with one hand holding a great quantity of my slowly cooling semen. My efforts came to a complete stop when Antonia said in a lust thickened voice, "John, come here."

I looked at her with panic in my eyes and then glanced around for something...a towel or tissue to wipe my hand off. "Don't you dare, boy!" Antonia intoned, her eyes filled with a dangerous fire. "Come here!" she repeated.

Antonia rose up slightly - her immense breasts flattening against the mattress, resembling huge pillows upon which she rested. "I presume much in this," she said as she reached out and gently

tucked me back inside my pants, carefully zipping up my fly.

"I would prefer to have your mother's permission before handling your lovely cock, John," she said softly as she reached and took hold of my wrist, drawing my cum filled hand towards her face. "But, I will not allow such nectar of the gods to go to waste." She smiled up at me and I could feel the mother's love that Hector had known all his life. She bent her head over my cupped palm, straightening out my fingers before she began to lap my semen up with her tongue, slowly lowering her lips to my palm and smearing my seed over her mouth as her tongue swirled and scooped up the thick pool of sperm. I felt my cock twitch in arousal as Antonia made appreciative noises about the taste of my seed.

Antonia licked my hand clean, giving it one final, loving lick before releasing me. "Thank you, John Halloran," she said thickly, streamers of my semen still thick in her mouth.

"T-thank you, Missus Antonia," I gasped, my head swimming so much, I could barely keep to my feet.

Hector's mother slowly and lithely, much reminding me of a big, sleep cat, moved about to cuddle with her son. "Go rest now, John. Great and demanding days lie ahead and you will need your strength." Her eyes gleamed as she rested her head on her son's chest. "You will need to be strong for yourself and your mother."

I wanted to ask her what she meant by that, but she had already closed her eyes and seemed to have instantly fallen asleep, a small and pleased smile on her still semen smeared lips. Hector nodded reassuringly at me and closed his eyes as I retreated and quietly left their bedroom.

I don't remember climbing the stairs and I don't remember coming to a halt before Mother's bedroom door. How long I stood there I didn't know. I ached to knock on the door, to enter and declare my love and my lust for the woman who'd given me birth, but I couldn't. With the memories of Antonia and her son in my head and with visions of my desires for mother so vivid, they almost seemed real, I slowly retreated to my bedroom, falling into bed in a state of near exhaustion. As sleep took me, I wondered what my dreams might be filled with in the late hours of the night.

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I became suddenly awake in my bed...aware that I had fallen asleep without having even bothered to undress. I was also aware that I was not alone. I sat up and looked around...the room dim, but not dark as the full moon's light streamed through my open window, curtains fluttering in the mild breeze, the smell of the ocean thick in my room. Movement caught my eye and out of the shadows stepped my mother...naked as the day she was born.

My voice died in my throat as I took in her unclothed beauty...her blonde hair, gleaming like gold in the moonlight, undone and hanging down over her shoulders, falling to the center of her back. A few golden tresses brushed her firm and sizable breasts, calling my attention to their magnificence - thick and long nipples standing out, hard and firm themselves. Below her high riding breasts, Mother's stomach was lean and flat before it swelled slightly, revealing a mat of golden curls shaped like an inverted triangle, pointing towards her sex, her labia long and thick and slightly parted, glistening flesh within twinkling in the nighttime light of the moon.

"Son," she breathed slowly, holding out her arms to me. "I love you, son."

I was out of the bed, feeling my penis becoming instantly erect, throbbing with a sweet ache. I was spellbound as Mother moved towards me even as I realized that there was something out of the ordinary. I first perceived it as I realized that I could see moonbeams coming through my mother, giving her an ethereal quality and then that her body left tendrils of wispy vapor as she almost floated towards me.

My first reaction was that I was dreaming and then Mother's fingers plucked at my clothes, almost tearing them from my body and then I was naked as she closed with me, wrapping her arms around my neck as she drew me in for a kiss. Her touch was warm and moist and somehow unsettling, not that it mattered as I felt her erect nipples scratch across my bare chest and she drew her lips closer to mine. "Mother," I whispered. "I love you so much!"

"I love you, son...so much that I ache for you," she breathed into my mouth and then she was kissing me, her tongue long and serpentine, winding around mine with knowledge and agility that stunned me into utter compliance. Mother drew a leg up and wrapped it behind my thigh, drawing herself up, revealing how wet and aroused she was from the liquid heat emanating from between her legs, her...pussy, yes, Mother's pussy feeling so incredibly hot and slick as she seemed to climb up my body, almost crooning with pleasure into my mouth.

Her sex enveloped my erection and swallowed it, making me cry out as she took me inside herself...so wet and so tight...so wonderful. Mother threw her head back and gave a soulful cry as she lowered herself onto me, her legs now wrapped around my hips, pulling me into her, deeper and deeper and so terribly hot and wet. Flames burned in Mother's eyes, red fire extinguishing their brilliant view as she moaned, "Fuck me, John! Fuck your mother!"

Reality seemed to fade around us and we were in a misty realm where even our bodies seemed to dissipate and then reform. Mother's pussy was wrapped totally around my cock, taking all of me as she ground her sparsely haired mound against my wiry pubic hair, holding me so tight as her pussy pulsed and massaged my erect penis. She kissed me again, her mouth wet and eager, her tongue seeming to grow and envelop mine.

I tasted her saliva...her essence and then I realized I could taste her arousal and it seemed as if my tongue was swirling inside her pussy even as she slowly rode my cock. Her flesh was warm and slick around my face, her scent strong -- stronger than Antonia's had been, my nose tickling her wrinkled folds as I lapped at her labia and flicked my tongue over her swollen clitoris. In a state that was more dreamlike yet real than any dream I could ever recall, I seemed perfectly happy to be somehow licking my mother's pussy even as I fucked her wet and tight pussy.

Mother's juices flowed over my face, soaking my chin and running off to splatter on our chests, making her skin slicker and hotter with each passing second. Her whole body seemed to pulse with need and desire, showering my skin with pussy juice even as her arms and legs and torso seemed to expand and surround me. My head swum in the maddening aroma of my mother's aroused cunt that seemed to be all around me as wet, slick flesh devoured me until my world was nothing but Mother's cunt -- wrapped around my cock, with my face buried in it, slurping up her juices ravenously and inside her, her quivering pussy walls caressing every inch of my body as I experienced undreamed of pleasure.

All the while I could somehow hear Mother's thoughts echoing, nay, screaming inside my head, begging, demanding, insisting that I fuck her...that I fuck my mother forever...that she loved me more than life itself and all she wanted was to have me inside her for all eternity! Pleasure built for both of us and within the only reality I could comprehend -- the reality of my mother's sweet pussy

I finally began to cum and cum like never before, gushing what seemed to be hundreds of gallons of semen inside her even as she reached climax as well, coating me, coating my world with her sweet juices that were they to drown me, I would die contented. As we orgasmed, our world became a white hot thing, exploding with uncontrollable pleasure until it obliterated all senses and the entire universe became incestuous pleasure.

"I LOVE YOU, MOM!" I screamed, and then I gasped as suddenly I was once again in the real world - a cold and forlorn place after the perfect existence that was my mother's pussy. Tears began to streak down my face as I realized I was in my room, in my bed. I was naked and lying in a pool of my own seed, now quickly cooling. A sob forced its way past my lips as I realized that it had been a dream...a dream I had never wanted to leave, forced to return to a much harsher world. Even the morning sunlight now streaming through my bedroom window seemed ugly and coarse.

I brought my hands to my face to wipe my eyes and stopped as the odor filled my nostrils. I reeked of...for lack of a better word, pussy. I ran fingers down each arm, feeling the remnants of something, still wet and sticky in places, dry in others. Running my hands through my hair, they came back glistening with drying sweat and something else...something that I knew on the most primal and instinctual level was pussy juice and not simply pussy juice, but my mother's pussy juice!

As when I had discovered the knees dirty and torn on my pajama bottoms, just a few days before, the world seemed to tilt and slid out of kilter, my mind wanting to hide and gibber as it suddenly knew that things were not as they should be. I eased from the bed, amazed at how sticky my crotch was with my own sperm. I stripped and stumbled to my shower, standing under the hot water till my skin felt scalded, both grateful to be clean and mourning the loss of Mother's enchanting aroma.

I stripped the bed and remade it with fresh linens, shivering as echoes of my dreams, if that was truly what it was, flickered in and out of my mind. Questions of what was real fought with questions regarding my own sanity as I worked up the courage to finally venture downstairs. In the hallway, I noticed Mother's door was open, her bed made and the room empty. Encouraged by this, I hurried on down the stairs to the kitchen, my heart growing lighter as I neared as I heard my mother's muffled voice.

I went quickly through the door only to come to a sudden stop as I was confronted by the sight of Mother sitting at breakfast, a thin, but modest robe wrapped around her body, while Antonia hovered nearby. To my surprise, Father was at the other end of the table, standing with a wrinkled map and pointing out something to Hector who stood looking over his shoulder.

"John...good morning," Mother said softly, her face reddening as if embarrassed. She gave me a weak smile and then looked down at her plate of half-eaten food.

Father looked up, a frown on his face. "About time, boy. You've slept the morning away. There is work to be done." He pointed down at the map. "Come here, John."

"Work can wait. Breakfast first, Mister Halloran, murmured Antonia, giving me an evil smile that recalled to us both the lewd scenes of last night.

Father made a snorting noise and then said as I approached, "Here...you and Hector will clear away the brush here today." He pointed down and I saw that there was a relatively new sheet of paper with our work mapped out on it, resting atop a much larger and much older map. The newer map had sketched out the marble slabs we'd uncovered, revealing their circular pattern. Father's finger

lingered on a blank area between the nearly dozen slabs we'd found. "I believe the altar lies hidden here in all the undergrowth.

I fidgeted nervously at his side, sparing Mother a long, yearning look as I said in a hoarse voice, "Altar?"

Father nodded impatiently. "Yes...yes, the altar that Isprey used in his summoning MUST be here! It has to be. Concentrate here today...let me know as soon as you've uncovered it!" He pointed to the older map and I realized it was very similar, marking out the marble slabs and separating them in the middle of the semi-circle's arc was something larger -- his altar, I supposed. Father grinned then for the first time in a long time in my memory. He surprised me by suddenly clapping me on the shoulder. "We're so close, John! So close...people have laughed and snickered at me, but not for much longer...no, they won't..." His voice faded into unintelligible mumbling and his eyes were suddenly clouded with emotions that chilled me to the core.

Suddenly, Father gathered up his maps and said, "Summon me the moment you've uncovered it, John...the very moment."

He began to stride towards the door, returning I assumed to his office. Mother raised her voice and said, "At least stay and have breakfast with us, Thomas...it's been so long since we sat down as a family and spent time together."

Father paused and then violently shook his head. "No time, Carmen. There is no time! My work must continue...I must finish it so. I must be prepared." He turned and even as my mother called out to him, imploring him to stay awhile, he marched out the door, his footsteps heard a moment later, bounding up the stairs.

As Antonia returned with my breakfast, Mother sighed heavily, her eyes tearing up as she again stared down unhappily into her lap. Hector disappeared back into the kitchen and Mother and I finished our breakfast in an uncomfortable silence. As I was finishing up, Mother excused herself and headed towards the stairs. Antonia, gathering up Mother's plate, gave me a knowing stare and turned her eyes towards Mother's exiting figure before nodding at me.

I understood her expression and leapt up from my seat and hurried after my mother. I caught up to her at the bottom of the staircase. "Mother, are you feeling better?"

Mother's body shivered slightly at the sound of my voice and she turned, her face reddening again as she looked down at me from the stairs. Maybe it was my imagination or my own desires, but it seemed as if Mother's nipples seemed to harden under her robe, becoming noticeable. In an uncertain voice, she replied, "I'm...I'm feeling better, I think. My sleep has been...strange, but I am feeling more rested this morning." A faint smile played across her lips and she added, "I feel a little more relaxed."

I grinned back and said, "I am so glad, Mother. I have missed you so much. Perhaps you would care to take a stroll this evening. The fresh air might do you good."

Mother's face turned redder and her hands fluttered around her throat, fingering the collar of her modest robe. "I...I'm not sure, son. We...um, I, well, let's see how I feel this afternoon."

She made to move on up the stairs, but I closed in, moving to the step below her and placing my hand on hers on the polished wood rail. "I hope you do feel up to it, Mother. I've...I've missed our

times together." I tightened my hand around hers...wanting to say so much, but unable to put it into words that seemed adequate. "I've missed you, Mother."

Mother looked down at her feet, unable to bring her eyes to face my earnest expression. "I missed spending time with you too, John," she said softly, finally bringing her brilliant blue eyes to my face. She reached out and stroked a finger down my cheek and whispered, "Maybe, son. Maybe." Then, pulling from my hand's grip, Mother hurried up the stairs as I watched, aching to take her lithe form in my arms.

The day passed slowly as Hector and I labored hard and silently to clear away the brush according to Father's instructions. It proved more difficult than usual as the plant growth was denser and thornier as we tried to find the supposed structure it hid. Early on, I had sensed in Hector a desire to discuss the previous night's events, but there was a storm on my brow that perhaps influenced his decision to not bring it up. After a mute lunch, we were both angry and frustrated with our slow amount of progress, our ire enhanced in late afternoon as the sun began to set and Father showed up to inspect our progress or as he perceived it, a lack thereof.

With a walking stick, Father poked and prodded at the brush, muttering over and over, "You must be close, lads. Just a little more effort!"

"Sir, tomorrow...I think tomorrow, we will have it," panted Hector, his olive complexion shiny with the sweat of hard labor.

"Damn it all!" growled Father. "I've waited so long. It must be here. It's all so plain to me. I must have it!" He paced about in frustration, still peering into the dense foliage and I expected him to insist we continue working, but Antonia appeared on the porch and cried out. "Enough, come clean up and eat!" My father frowned her way, but I sensed that he was not willing to challenge her on this.

Hector and I happily abandoned our labors, going to the beach for a quick and refreshing dip before returning to the house, anxious to dine with our respective mothers. I was delighted to see Mother sitting at the dinner table, dressed in a long, sky blue dress with an entrancing and plunging V-neckline that tied behind her neck, drawing attention to her breasts which appeared to be unfettered by a bra, and her bare shoulders. Her golden hair was again, pinned up in several complicated tresses, a jeweled comb holding the contrivance together.

My delight at Mother's lovely appearance was diluted as Father had joined us again, complete with Maps and two well used journals. At his insistence, Antonia and Hector joined us as he wanted to emphasize and re-emphasize the importance of uncovering his precious altar. With some reluctance, the housekeeper and her son brought in their food and joined us at the table where Father dominated the conversation.

"I imagine just a few more days will change everything" he gushed. "Once we have the very altar that Isprey used for his "Summoning," all the pieces will be in place. I can prove he was actually here and that he did indeed attempt to call the "Old Ones."

Mother tried to join his conversation by saying, "I'm sure you've told me before, Thomas, but what exactly are these "Old Ones?"

Antonia muttered under her breath as Father sighed and replied, "No one knows for sure. Gods, maybe, perhaps they are beings from outside our universe. Isprey and others write of their immense power...magic perhaps, but possessing power that if conveyed to mortals would allow them rule

empires and know wealth beyond imagination. Isprey speculated that such power could convey immortality."

Mother smiled slightly and said, "And he attempted his "summoning? Was he successful?"

Father frowned. "No...there are conflicting accounts of what happened. He...um, apparently died. The manuscript indicates that he was..." Father's voice took on a dream-like quality, "The Anglander was taken by the daemon and in inhumane fury were torn to pieces and consumed by an unholy fire. The daemon's shrieks ripped his soul apart and likewise consumed it in great fury."

"My God," murmured Mother. "And you wish to recreate this "Summoning?" She looked appalled.

Father laughed and said, "My research indicates that he lacked vital information on the ceremony...information that I have obtained at great expense." He glanced at Antonia who was tracing something in the air as if warding off a hex. He blushed and frowned before shrugging his shoulders and saying, "I simply want to prove that Isprey indeed was here and attempted the "Summoning," that's all."

"You dabble in things dark and terrible, Mister Halloran," murmured Antonia in a low and serious voice. "Knowledge unwisely gained and unwisely used is dangerous."

"Mind your place, Antonia and remember. This was Vincizio's desire as well."

Mother gasped at the harsh tone in Father's voice, but Antonia did not seem fazed as she replied, "And now Vincizio is dead...destroyed by his own quests for things best left hidden in the darkness of ignorance."

Father stood up and gathered his books and materials in his arms. "This is not a debate, Antonia. Leave it be or be prepared to leave the next time Captain Waltern visits."

Hector began to stand, but halted at a simple hand gesture from his mother. Still, his eyes burned with anger at the superior and arrogant tone in Father's voice. Antonia smiled coldly and replied, "No...that will not be necessary, Mister Halloran. I will stay and serve as best I can."

Father muttered, "Fine...excuse me, I have much to do." He stalked to the door, pausing to look back and glare at Hector and myself. "Get cracking early tomorrow. I want that altar found!" he snapped before disappearing, his footsteps on the stairs echoing strangely as he went upstairs.

There was a long silence in the room as Mother and I exchanged concerned glances and then she looked to Antonia and said, "I apologize for Thomas' words. I fear he sometimes loses himself in his work. He so badly wishes to vindicate himself in the eyes of his critics who have laughed at his theories for so long."

Antonia came around the table and placed a hand on Mother's bare shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze and saying, "There is no need to apologize. I understand his...desires and the pain his work has brought you. You and I have traveled the same path with our husband's shared quests for...knowledge." She caressed Mother's shoulder again, arousing in me an unexpected emotion of lewd desire that made my penis throb.

Mother smiled up at Antonia and whispered, "Thank you." She dropped her linen napkin on the table and pushed back from the chair to stand up -- Hector and I rising quickly as was only good form. "Please, continue to eat, boys. I fear...I've lost my appetite. Excuse me."

"Mother, I..." My voice went silent as Antonia fixed me with her dark eyes and slightly shook her head. My mother glanced back at me once, trying to smile and I could see the tears pooling in her eyes and I ached to go to her and hold her in my arms.

When she left, Antonia came over to me and gently stroked my cheek. "Give her a little bit, John. She needs a brief moment to compose herself...your father has embarrassed her...maybe frightened her a little. Go up after you finish eating. She will be more ready to have you with her then."

I nodded and returned to my food, picking at it as I found I'd lost my appetite as well." Hector finished up and nodded at me, offering me courage in his smile and told his mother he would begin the cleanup in the kitchen so they might turn in early. Antonia nodded and lingered close by after he left. Finally, she slipped into the chair next to me and placing her hand on my leg, said softly, "John, you have questions, I think. Ask them."

I shook my head for a moment as all my thoughts tried to be first. There was so much I wanted to know about her and Hector and their incestuous life together. But for all my curiosity about them and about what might happen to Mother and me, I found myself chiefly concerned with Father.

"Is Father going mad?" I was surprised with the concern that was more than evident in my voice.

Antonia shook her head and replied, "No...not mad, I think...although a man who abandons his family to travel a road as dark as his cannot be considered altogether sane."

"What is he pursuing, Antonia?"

She pursed her lips together, her eyebrows knotting as she studied on how to reply. Finally, she answered with, "Knowledge, John. Your father pursues dark knowledge from man's earliest times...knowledge that can bring power and which can open the door for terrible evil."

"What is Father trying to do?"

Antonia reached into a pocket and took out a small object on a beaded chain and kissed it, whispered something under her breath as she then put it away. "There is a power imprisoned here on this island. It is ancient and terrible and it is not from this world. It is from...outside. Your father wishes to master it for his own purposes as this Anglo Saxon, Isprey once attempted. If he attempts it and fails to control this power, it can go terrible for your father."

"And if he succeeds?"

Antonia shivered. "Then he would do what many have tried to do for ten millennia, but that too would be terrible and in the end, it will consume him and the Earth might endure devastation worse than any in memory."

That sounded alarming. "What do you mean by devastation?"

She sighed and looked away towards a window that looked out upon the terrible Atlantic. "Hector told you that he and I are of the Jahndi...a homeless people?"

I nodded and she sighed again. "Long ago, the Jahndi lived in a lush and fertile land, but a prince of our homeland lusted for power and attempted to harness Outsiders and their strength. Our high priests gave battle to these evil things and banished most of them from our universe, but the price...the devastation sent our homeland sinking into the sea...a proper burial for a land that reeked of death and evil.

"My father wants...that?"

There must have been a great deal of anguish in my voice because Antonia returned her gaze to my face and stroked my cheek again. "Do not be afraid, John. It will not happen. Love will protect you." She leaned in and kissed me gently on the lips. "Remember and hold your love for your mother in your heart. Keep faith in her and yourself and no harm can come to you."

"How?" I whispered.

"Just love your mother...keep her close in terrible times and never, ever let her go. Your love for each other will sustain you through the worst of times."

I confess that confusion, mixed with fear, filled my heart and my mind and I felt no clearer about things than when I had first begun asking her questions. Part of me wanted to believe that Antonia was as mad as I feared my father was, but part of me worried that maybe part of me was being seduced into a greater madness of impure lust as my desires for Mother increased and I found myself more and more aroused by the illicit love that Antonia and her son shared.

Antonia studied my face and nodded. "So much to learn about in so short a time, eh? Enough for now -- go to your mother, John. She needs you now. She needs to know how much you love her." She stood up and ran her hands through my hair. She leaned down and kissed the top of my head and then turned and walked away into the kitchen, not looking back.

I sat for a moment, struggling to comprehend what was the right thing to do, but abandon all pretense as I hurried upstairs, eager to find my mother. I found Mother in our sitting room, still wearing her blue dress with a book unopened resting in her lap. She turned at the sound of my footsteps. There was a pained expression of something nearly undefined in her face, although I was hoping it was longing for me. "John," she sighed and held out her hand.

I was across the room and kneeling at her feet before she could blink, taking her hand in mine and gently bringing it to my lips for a soft kiss. "Mother," I began. "I am so glad to see you feeling better." I could not help but let my gaze wander from her brilliant blue eyes to roam appreciatively over her lush body encased in the clingy, light blue dress. Her full breasts were great round orbs straining against the fabric of her dress -- her nipples fully visible against the thin material of the dress. Her bare shoulders looked so delectable, my mouth almost watered at the thought of kissing them...of running my tongue teasingly along her flawless, alabaster skin.

Mother started to reply and then hesitated, looking down towards the book in her lap as if she couldn't bear my hungry stare. "I'm sorry if I worried you, John," she said in almost a whisper. "I have been disconcerted...things...my feelings about things have been so confused lately."

I squeezed her hand gently and again kissed it as I voiced my worst fears. "Mother, if I have done anything to offend you...I'm truly sorry and I pro..."

I stopped speaking as Mother pressed two fingers against my lips and shook her head. "Do not speak of such things...not here. But son, you should know that you have no cause to reproach yourself."

Neither of us spoke for a moment and I was torn between elation and fear as I wondered what was on Mother's heart. She matched my longing gaze for a moment and then turned and looked out the great bay window of the room that provided a brilliant view of the ocean. "It is getting dark, but the moon is so lovely."

I followed her gaze and saw the moon, still full and bright hanging over the dark waters of the Atlantic. My mouth was dry in my nervousness as I rasped, "Mother, would you like to take a walk on the beach...if you feel up to it?"

Mother shivered and bit her lip, still looking away from me as she closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. I suddenly realized how attractive Mother's slight overbite was. "John...I...I..." She paused and then turned her head sharply and looked into my eyes with something ravenous shining in her eyes. "Yes...I would like to take a walk on the beach with you, son."

*To be continued...*