

MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 02

Ahabscribe

Mother and son take a summer vacation trip!

Incest/Taboo

4.72

11.3k words

Chapter 02: My Summer Vacation with Mom

Here you go -- another part of the storyline that began with Christmas with Mom & New Year's Eve with Mom. A bit confusing perhaps, but hunt those stories up before beginning the M&S: A Love Story storyline. I want to thank you all for so many wonderful observations and suggestions and questions. I take all your comments seriously and have hopefully addressed a few with this installment -- not all, but some. Stick with us, it will be a long and hopefully delicious ride.

I love that so many of you want this to be just about John and Carrie and the heart of the story is their story alone, but as we weave the razor's edge between fiction and reality, one knows that in life, our lives touch upon many others (unless one is marooned on a desert island and some of Literotica's other contributors have written about that). It will be impossible to not bring others' lives into this as John and Carrie touch their lives and are touched in return. Truth must prevail and to tell the tale truthfully (be it fiction or nonfiction), I must report it as John and Carrie live it.

Again, please keep your comments coming -- you are my inspiration and you give me valuable insight I would otherwise not have. I'll shut up and let the story begin. Enjoy!

"Yesssssss! I love it, John. Harder, son, fuck me harder!" Relishing every sweet second of thrusting my cock in and out of Mom's pussy, I marveled at the situation I found myself in. My mother was bent over our family kitchen table -- a place where I had eaten many a meal fixed by Mom, a place where I had done countless hours of homework. Mom's long, flowery dress was thrown up over her back, revealing her lush ass cheeks and no panties. Her thick pelt of pubic hair was split by thick, pink labia, embracing my cock as I moved it in and out of her wet, clapping pussy. Just the thought that this was my mother I was fucking added to the carnal pleasure I was wrapped up in.

Mom moaned and shivered as she gripped opposite sides of the table, knuckles white with effort as she braced herself as I worked my cock back and forth. My hands slipped underneath the fabric of her dress and found her breasts, unfettered by a bra. I cupped her massive tits, palms rubbing against her thick swollen nipples. "I love you, Mom," I whispered. "I love making love to you -- fucking my mother, making her cum!"

Mom pushed back against me, meeting my thrusts and moaned, "Yes, make me cum, son! Make Momma cum before your father gets home!" I glanced at the clock on the wall -- one of those silly cat clocks with the moving eyes and tail. I realized my father would be pulling up at any second and I did want Mom to have an orgasm before the old man's presence clouded up the house. "Yessss, like that. I love your cock, John!" Mom moaned as I started rapidly and violently thrusting into her slick pussy while my fingers pinched at her rubbery stiff nipples.

We heard the loud rumble of my father's pick-up truck pull in off the street and I slammed myself deep into Mom's womb, letting the sensation of her pussy muscles clamping down and milking my

shaft take me to the brink and beyond. As I flooded my mother's pussy with my hot semen, Mom moaned and sobbed, "Cummming, son! You are making Momma cum, darling!"

For a few, long drawn out seconds, it seemed as if I wouldn't be able to stop shooting sperm into my mother's womb and even more unlikely that she would be able to release her tight, loving grip on my penis. We both sobbed aloud our incestuous pleasure as we heard the old man's truck door open with a creak and then slam shut.

Mom's body trembled with effort as she struggled to regain control of herself, still in the clutches of her orgasm. We heard the garage door roll upwards and then my father clattering with something at his work bench. As we heard his footsteps come up the short set of steps that led into the utility room next to the kitchen, Mom's cunt finally relaxed enough for me to slip out her wet, hot embrace. Mom spun around, letting her dress fall down to conceal that she wasn't wearing any panties, and bent over to give my still mostly erect cock a quick, hungry suck before yanking up my khaki shorts and kissing me.

When my father walked into the kitchen, I was sitting at the table, a bowl of half shelled beans in front of me. Mom was now bent over in front of the stove, peering in at a roast that she had in the oven. Even as the old man grunted a greeting, I couldn't help but admire Mom's voluptuous ass and smile at the thought that unseen, my sperm was starting to leak out of her wonderful pussy.

Dad glanced at me and shook his head. I guess the fact that a son was helping out in the kitchen was a sign of my lack of manliness. "Where's the twins?" he asked, reaching into the refrigerator for a beer.

Mom turned and replied, "Over at school. They had a briefing today on their trip They'll be home by dinnertime." My brothers had for several years attended a church camp and now were senior counselors. They would be gone for four weeks, helping out with camping, sports and canoeing activities. They loved it and wouldn't have missed it for the world.

My father grunted and said, "Well, I won't be. Me and some of the fellows decided to get up a summer bowling league. We start tonight."

Mom looked dismayed. "But I've got a roast in the oven! Aren't you going to at least sit and eat dinner with us?"

My father snorted and said, "Nope. I'll get something at the bowling alley. Besides, we're gonna talk about our fishing trip to Montana -- got lots to plan." Dad was planning to take a week's vacation to go fly fishing in Montana with his friends. He hadn't consulted Mom, just told her when he would be going. My father walked out of the room without another word and Mom looked at him with disgust and then shook her head.

I know there was no love lost between them -- that there hadn't been anything but the ashes of a long dead marriage between them for many years. Dad had turned a cold shoulder to Mom long before I became her lover.

Still, one had to admire Mom as day in and day out, she tried to be a dutiful wife and a good mother. Perhaps it was because we were now lovers that I seemed so much more in tune with what was going on around the house and I marveled that my father and my brothers took this wonderful woman for granted. More than ever I could see that my brothers were their father's sons. They came and went, always respectful to Mom, but seeing and treating her like she was more or less the house servant than the most important woman in their lives.

I smiled at Mom and she smiled back, warming my heart and making my cock stir with desire. At forty-two, Mom was in the bloom of her beauty. Her straight black hair framed her face, drawing focus to her blue eyes that crackled with life. Mom had a sexy, Reubenesque body -- her sexy figure dominated by her heavy, pendulous breasts and her still curvaceous legs. It was hard to imagine what was wrong with my father that he pretty much ignored my mother.

He walked back through the kitchen, carrying his bowling ball bag. He finished off his beer while staring out at the back yard. "You finished trimming the hedges, John?" He asked.

"Yes sir." I'd spent the day getting our yard into good shape. I'd trimmed all the bushes and the hedge. I'd even repaired the back gate and fixed a few loose boards in the backyard fence.

"Make sure you clean them shears up before you put them away," my father muttered.

"You're welcome." I replied, sarcasm in my voice. In the light of my love affair with Mom, my contempt of my father was greater than ever.

He glanced at me, frowning and said, "Smart-ass." He turned and headed for the door. "Don't wait up. I'll be late," my father said and then he was gone. We heard his truck start up and move away. On the bright side, that was the most he had said to me at one time since I got home.

Mom moved to me and climbed into my lap. "Your father is such a jerk. I'm sorry he couldn't even pay you a decent compliment about your work."

"It's all right, Mom. What he thinks doesn't matter. The only thing that's important to me is the woman in my arms right now. I love you, Mom. I'm the luckiest man on the planet."

Mom grinned and ground herself against me, her massive breasts feeling wonderful against my chest, despite the fabric that separated us. "I love you too, John." We kissed then, our mouths opening and tongues dancing together in a passionate soul kiss. "And you're the luckiest motherfucker on the planet is what you are!" Mom added after the kiss.

And Mom was absolutely correct. Since Christmas my world had totally turned around. As I watched Mom finish up cooking dinner, I considered how lucky I was. I was in love with the most wonderful woman in the world and wonder of wonders, she was in love with me. I mean love -- not just lust (although we were blessed with that too).

My mother was my true soul mate. When we were apart, I was incomplete, a part of me missing, leaving a tangible ache within me that would not subside until I was with my mother again. When I was with Mom, everything seemed better, brighter, more intensely alive. We could be sleeping, taking a walk or a drive, reading quietly together -- everything seemed better when Mom was around. And I wanted so much for her -- her happiness and well being was now my primary concern. To see Mom smiling with joy made my heart soar. We fit together perfectly, our personalities meshing together to become one being. At times, it was almost as if we could read each other's minds. I had no doubt then and do not now doubt at all that this was meant to be.

And then there was the lust. In all my days, I've never felt the burning passion for anyone else that I feel for my mother and all these years, I have basked in her carnal desire for me. Neither of us is ashamed to admit that the fact that we are mother and son has made our love and lust for each other all the more powerful. There is almost an indescribable wonder to know that this person you are joining with -- sinking your flesh into theirs -- is in fact your own mother.

There is tremendous carnal satisfaction knowing that as you put your cock inside your mother that you are returning home -- to the flesh of your flesh. I will never know as much sexual gratification with anyone like I have experienced as my mother's lover. Mom feels it as much as I do, insisting to this day that I call her Mom rather than her given name whenever possible. "We are mother and son, after all," Mom likes to say. "When you say, 'I love you, Mom,' while your cock is inside me, son -- it sends such delicious chills through my body!"

And in those early days, that first summer after Mom and I become lovers, there was the added excitement to our lusty desires that we were carrying out our love affair right under the old man's nose! I know that some would castigate us for violating the vows of my parents' marriage, but in truth, Dad had abandoned those vows long before Mom and I first kissed as lovers. I had merely claimed the love of a wonderful woman who had been emotionally abandoned by whom I consider the greatest fool to ever have lived. And I am not ashamed to admit that I to this day derive some Oedipal satisfaction that I had taken my father's place as Mom's husband and lover in every way.

It was early June and I had been home almost two weeks. Mom had driven to Chicago and after spending a night sating ourselves with incestuous sex, we had returned to the town where I had grown up. Mom and I quickly discovered that despite the near constant presence of Dad and my now seventeen year old little brothers, we could not keep our hands off each other. It seemed like every possible moment, we were in each others arms, kissing and making out like newlyweds. We took awful risks, that in retrospect should make us tremble with fright at what we gambled with not to be caught, but we could not resist our incestuous temptations and in those early weeks in the house where I grew up, we made mad, passionate love whenever we could seize the moment.

Several mornings, Mom had rushed into my room and sucked my cock while Dad was taking his morning shower. I had insisted that Mom lose her panties whenever possible and she had taken to wearing long, flowing summer dresses that were easy to lift up and give me access to her constantly wet pussy. Twice I had fucked Mom standing up at the sink while just a few yards away, my father and my brothers were watching the Cubs' game on television. I fucked Mom in my parents' bed while my father and his buddies grilled burgers in the back yard. Many nights, Mom crept into my bedroom and we made love while my father and brothers snored ignorantly in rooms on either side of mine. We knew that at any moment we could be caught and that made our incestuous lovemaking all the more powerful.

Time alone, safe from interruption came soon enough though. The following Sunday afternoon, Mom and I saw the twins off to their church camp, waving goodbye to them as they waved back from the passenger bus carrying them off to Wisconsin and the wilderness church camp that they enjoyed so much. Dad was due to leave three days later, but Mom told him that she was traveling to Kentucky to visit her grandmother's old place and that I was going along to help drive. Dad grunted in his disinterested fashion, too busy preparing for his fishing trip and barely managed to say goodbye when we left early Monday morning.

With each mile we traveled, we became more and more relaxed, enjoying the lovely summer day and each other, able to be openly a couple once again. We drove most of the day, stopping to spend the night in middle Kentucky in what folks call Bourbon country. We spent the night in a quaint, old Bed & Breakfast inn, making love into the wee hours of the morning in an old fashioned brass bed, much older and nicer than the one in my apartment. I relished the image of Mom underneath me, her legs wrapped around my hips as she gripped the brass rails of the headboard while I thrust my swollen cock into her hot pussy, our joined bodies deep in the old soft mattress. The old bed squeaked and rattled with our every movement.

The next morning as we ate breakfast with the other guests, we drew several curious and interested looks from our fellow visitors and I wondered if it was the banging and thumping of the brass bed or our impassioned cries of orgasmic pleasure that had likely kept others awake. Mom blushed like a new bride and I beamed with pride. As we packed our things to go, Mom ran her hand over the brass filigree of the headboard and said, "When we finally are living together, I want us to have a bed like this, son." Mom's words thrilled me. I loved it when we talked about our future -- that Mom and I living together as lovers and husband and wife as well as mother and son was not just a fantasy, but something that would soon be a reality.

By midday, we had moved on into eastern Kentucky, winding our way deep into the Appalachian Mountains. It had been several years since I had been to Mom's childhood home, but I remembered most of the route that took us to her hometown where we checked into a motel for the night. Mom was pensive and a bit distracted, I think anxious to go visit her old home, but it was getting on towards late afternoon and she decided to wait till morning. We spent the late afternoon and evening strolling around the town as Mom pointed out various places of her youth -- her old high school, the still open soda shop where she and Debbie and their friends would hang out, and the now closed Princess Movie Theater.

That night, Mom surprised me when we climbed into bed with a request to just cuddle with her. I was more than happy to oblige her, wrapping my arms around my mother and just holding her naked body close to mine. I could feel her breath on my chest as she nuzzled me and I could smell that sweet aroma of jasmine that seems to cling to Mom as I stroked her black hair. We lay there awake for a long time, not speaking, but just being, comfortable in the silence with the knowledge of the love that existed between us.

The next morning, we got off to an early start, Mom looking absolutely delicious in a strapless summer dress. Having left the old man and the boys behind, Mom had returned to her sexier outfits and was incredibly hot in her yellow dress that left much of her meaty breasts uncovered and although the material clung to her body tightly, it seemed to give the illusion that at any moment Mom might simply pop out of the dress.

We made a few stops along the way -- a flower shop for three bouquets and several miles out of town on an old and narrow road, we stopped at an old roadside grocery to pick up old fashioned bologna and crackers and drinks for a picnic lunch. Twenty miles or so from town, we got off the main road and on to a gravel road that wound up into the hills for a few more miles. From there, we took another gravel road that went steeply up and led us halfway up a hill where we pulled into the front yard of an old house.

I remembered this place well. As a child, we had often visited Mama Polly's home. An old tobacco barn stood up along one side of the hill, the old wood structure leaning dangerously to one side. Mama Polly's house was still in good shape, the walls and windows intact. Mom had inherited it from her grandmother and paid a local man to keep an eye on it and do any necessary repairs.

Mom handed me the keys and I unlocked the front door. It was old, maybe a hundred years or more, built when craftsmen did the work and even a simple place like this had fine detailed work that was evident everywhere you looked. A two story house, mostly open space downstairs with the living room and dining room running together -- the kitchen and a storage pantry walled off to the western side. Upstairs were four bedrooms and a bathroom (added only in the 1950s -- an outhouse still stands outside).

We walked into the kitchen, Aunt Polly's old wood stove still sitting in one corner and an old, roughly hewed table, made smooth from constant use, in the middle of the room. I remembered what Mom and Aunt Debbie had said about my grandfather and Mama Polly. I pointed to the table and asked, "Um, is that the table where Mama Polly and Grandpa..."

Mom looked at the table for a long time, seemingly lost in thought -- maybe remembering things from long ago. Finally she nodded and gave me a wicked grin. Moving over there, she replied, "Yes, the same table where I first saw my Daddy fucking his mother." Mom leaned over the table on the side that faced a side door and gave me a sultry look. "Mama Polly was leaning over the table like this, her dress thrown up and her front buttons undone with her enormous titties hanging out. Daddy was fucking her hard from behind. Polly was throwing her butt back to meet Daddy's cock. Kind of like what we were doing the other day." Mom wiggled her own voluptuous ass for emphasis and winked at me. "Maybe later, we can recreate the moment!"

I felt my cock hardening in my jeans and in a husky voice, I replied, "God, I hope so!"

Upstairs, we walked through the empty rooms, Mom showing me where on a sleepover at their grandmother's, Debbie had first tasted Mom's pussy. "I imagine Mama Polly heard my moans and squeaks and she knew what was going on, but she left us be." Mom laughed out loud. "The next morning, Debbie's face and mine were so red from rug burn from our furry bushes cause we just kept eating each other out all night long, but Polly never let on that she knew."

Downstairs again and in the kitchen, both of us kept glancing over at the kitchen table. Mom finally turned to me and said, "John, when we're free and clear and able to live our lives as we want, I want us to move back here. We'll fix this place up and make it our home. I love this place -- its home to me and I want to live here with you."

Mom's words made me shiver, not from fear or worry, but with heartfelt delight. In a voice tight with emotion, I said, "Why not, Mom? This place has a feel about it. It understands our kind of love -- it will be a place we can share that love again."

Mom laughed and jumped into my arms, showering my face with kisses and rubbing herself against me. We kissed deeply and I had my hands under her dress, discovering she had abandoned her panties again as I cupped her bare cheeks. Mom had my cock half way out of my pants before she stopped and took a deep breath.

"Whoa, son. We need to wait a little while."

"I want you, Mom." I said with some urgency. Being this close to Mom and not having her for over a day was making me a little horny.

"I know, John. I want you too, honey." Mom moved back into my arms and said, "Can you wait just a little while longer? I need to show you something and talk a little more." Mom's voice was full of desire, but also something else -- need mixed with something I couldn't identify.

"Sure Mom, anything you want," I said, willing my cock to wilt, but not succeeding very well.

We locked up the house and Mom led me on up the old gravel road on foot, Mom carrying the flower bouquets and me carrying the picnic basket. We walked in silence, enjoying the warm weather -- birds singing and insects humming and the gentle rustling of the leaves in the trees. We held hands as we walked and I began to hear Mom humming an old gospel tune -- I wasn't sure of the title.

In a little while, we reached another clearing, one that held a neatly manicured and very old cemetery. The caretaker of Mama Polly's property also kept up our old family cemetery. We walked in and walked among the rows of old tombstones, some barely legible, some with names lost to time. As we approached a newer set of stones, I heard Mom sigh. We stopped in front of a pinkish marble stone that had Mama Polly's name and dates on it and a short sentence below it inscribed, "Nothing so precious as the love of one's mother."

"Hello, Polly, sorry it's been so long," Mom whispered and kneeling, she set a bouquet of flowers in a marble vase on the side of the stone. I think Mom said a short prayer, but her attention kept shifting to the stone beside Mama Polly's. Mom reached for my hand as we stepped towards it and I saw tears run down her face.

"I'm home, Daddy." Mom said in an almost inaudible voice. We stood before my Grandpa Tom's gravestone. Again, Mom knelt and clearing off the old and dried flowers that were in a small vase, she set the second bouquet of flowers inside. Below his name and his dates, was a short inscription and I felt a shiver as Mom ran her fingers over the words, "Beloved Father." Mom was silent for a long time, studying her father's grave.

"I miss you, Daddy, but I'm doing fine. I brought your grandson with me. I wish you could have met him." Mom reached up and taking my hand, gently urged me to kneel beside her. "You'd like him, Daddy. He reminds me of you. John's a fine young man and you and Mama Polly would be so proud of him. He loves me and takes care of me and I love him too."

Mom wiped her tears and laughed, a little embarrassed.. "I guess you think I'm silly, don't you?"

I leaned over and kissed the last of my mother's tears away. "No, not at all, Mom. I think I love you even more -- this was a special moment." We stayed a few more minutes and then Mom urged me to climb to my feet.

"I love you, Daddy," Mom said. "We'll come back and visit with you more very soon, I promise."

"We promise, Grandpa," I added, my words making Mom's face glow with happiness.

Mom and I visited a few other graves -- we couldn't visit her mother's grave because Granny had insisted on being buried in her own family's cemetery several miles away. We spent a little time in front of a small gravestone, Mom informing me that this was her little brother's grave -- that he'd died of heart problems when he was just two years old. We placed the last bouquet of flowers here.

Mom pointed out various ancestors and told a few stories about our family and then said, "C'mon, son, there's a place on the mountain I'd like to show you."

Hand in hand, we left the cemetery and instead of returning to the gravel road, Mom guided us onto an old and almost gone footpath leading upwards. It was dark and shady, cooler here as the old oaks and hickory trees loomed over us, providing us with lots of shade.

The trail grew steep at times and I was glad that I was in good shape. Mom, who I knew exercised to keep her legs looking good and to keep her voluptuousness from becoming too much, seemed to have no problem walking the trail either. Mom looked at me and laughed. "When I was a young girl, I could run right up the side of this mountain."

Suddenly we stepped into a small, sunlight glade, surrounded mostly by trees. It was grassy and filled with wildflowers. With songbirds twittering and a gentle breeze cooling it against the sun, it

was almost as if God has dropped a little chunk of heaven right in our laps. Off from the trail was an opening in the trees that afforded us with a beautiful view of the valley below. We could even see the old tobacco barn near Mama Polly's old place.

"Wow, this is beautiful, Mom." I said. I turned to see her pulling an old quilt out of the picnic basket. I was surprised to see it -- it was one of Mom's most treasure items, a homemade quilt made and given to her by Mama Polly. She shook it out and laid it on the grass.

Mom knelt down on it and held out her hand to me. "Come sit with me, son." I sat down beside her and then was pleasantly surprised when Mom urged me to lay my head in her lap. I cannot tell you how enjoyable it was to rest my head on Mom's soft thighs, Mom's loving face looking down at me while she stroked my hair.

"This is kind of tough for me, John, so bear with me." Mom giggled nervously, like a child in trouble. "It's silly, I know, considering what has happened to you and me, but still, this isn't easy to talk about, so thank you for being so patient since Christmas."

Mom took a deep breath and began. "You already know about Debbie and myself. We've been lovers since we were teenagers. You know that I had a reputation as a bit of a slut when I was younger." Mom stopped and grinning added, "And it was a reputation that was absolutely true."

Mom reached out and stroked my face, "And, I imagine you've already figured out that Daddy and I were lovers." I nodded slowly. Mom went on, her face intense with a mix of arousal and wistfulness. "I wanted Daddy from the moment I first watched him make love to his mother. I wanted his cock inside me with every fiber of my being and he knew it too -- long before we ever spoke of it. It wasn't just lust -- it was love. I was in love with my father, just as I'm in love with you now. On a spring day just after I turned eighteen, Daddy and I had a picnic up here, right where we are, son. On that wonderful day, I gave Daddy my virginity."

Mom looked at me carefully to see if I was shocked or upset. I wasn't -- as she had said, I'd put what had been said and unsaid together and it didn't bother me at all. If anyone could understand the joy and happiness that incestuous love can bring it was me. Knowing Mom had known that joy before we became lovers made me happy -- it made me feel better knowing that before Mom endured years with my cold father, that she had already experienced a passionate love.

Mom dropped her hand to the quilt and ran her fingertips over a slightly reddish-pinkish spot, faded with age. "The blood never quite came out," Mom murmured. She looked at me and said, "My daddy took my cherry right here in this spot and on this quilt." Mom's voice quavered as she said, "This place is very special to me. Daddy and I shared many wonderful moments here together that I cherish. I want to share this place with you, now and forever, son."

Silence hung in the air for several seconds, the sexual tension thick between us. "Please, John, help your mother make some new memories."

And then we were kissing, passionately, excitedly. We tugged and pulled at each others clothes as we kissed, our tongues urgently intertwining and caressing. I tugged Mom's dress down, revealing her meaty breasts, nipples swollen, thick and throbbing. My hands were drawn to them, kneading and squeezing her lush tit-flesh. We stood up, our lips never parting and Mom quickly unzipped me and pushed my jeans and shorts down. We finally broke the kiss as Mom shed her dress and I pulled off my shirt and stepped out of my jeans pooled at my feet. I kissed my way down Mom's lush body, nuzzling and nibbling her nipples and then licking my way down across her belly, teasing and making her squirm and giggle as I tongued her belly button.

Once more, I savored the feel of her heavy, thick bush against my face as I kissed my way into her pussy, using my fingers to spread her thick, long lips to reveal her aroused, steamy pink flesh. Mom's fingers tightened in my hair as she urged me to press my face firmly against her wet twat. The sweet, ravenous hunger that I had for my mother flared up and I pulled her down onto the quilt, spreading her out before me, an offering to the incestuous desires of our love.

I moved between Mom's wide spread legs, trailing my fingers up her inner thighs and then under to cup and lift her ass cheeks, rotating Mom's mound up slightly to bring it into alignment with my body. My cock was so hard it slapped angrily against my belly and as I moved upwards, nearing her hairy mound, I had to reach down and position my cock to place it in Mom's sopping wet flesh.

Mom arched her back, throwing herself into me, impaling herself on my erect and swollen penis as I began to slowly plunge into her hungry cunt. "Yessss, soooo sweet, John! Give Momma that fine dick, son!" Mom pulled her knees back and wide, opening herself up to me as I sank forward, my body coming to rest lightly on her soft, pillow-like breasts, kissing my mother as I began to piston my cock in and out.

In the warmth of the June sun, we both began to quickly sweat from our passionate exertions, making our bodies, both slick and sticky at the same time. It felt so good to have Mom's breasts, slippery with sweat, slide up and down against my chest, her rubbery nipples, hard and swollen, dragging against my flesh. Sweat ran down Mom's face and I licked it off happily, enjoying the taste that was so uniquely my mother's. Mom's pussy was sopping wet with liquid fire, her silky, creamy pussy juice coating my cock, bathing it in sweet, incestuous oils as I plunged in and out of her pussy.

Mom had no inhibitions out here in a place that was so special and sacred to her, screaming out her pleasure as I fucked her. It was a passionate, carnal fuck and I understood now why Mom had made us wait to make love. A day's restraint added new urgency and power to our mother and son lovemaking. Our need was more vibrant, possessing more sexual energy than I would have expected. There was almost a divine aspect to it, we were worshippers in the Temple of Incest, caught up in a religious fervor.

Even though we were both absorbed in the moment, totally devoted to the pleasure of each other, there grew in both of us an awareness, a sense of others, as if we were being watched. Even as we would both frantically and quickly glance around to see who was observing us, before returning our focus to the ultimate joy of mother and son joined cock and pussy, we did not see anyone, but still we knew someone or something was there.

Mom intuited it first and acknowledged it first. "Are you watching, Daddy? Can you see it, Daddy -- Mama Polly? My son is fucking me, Daddy -- just as you fucked your Momma," Mom moaned and sobbed as I thrust my cock into her again and again. "He's wonderful, Daddy! I love my son fucking me! He makes me happy just like you made Mama Polly happy with your big cock!"

I was speechless, partly from hearing Mom talk like this, but also out of awe, because Mom was right. I never met my grandfather and knew Mama Polly only when I was a child, but I felt them -- they were with us, watching a son fucking his mother. They were there in more than spirit, observing, encouraging us, offering us their blessing.

I suddenly knew that if I rolled my hips just a little differently, like so... "Oh God!" Mom moaned, her eyes widening in surprise. I knew that Grandpa Tom had just guided me -- that that little movement

was something he'd discovered about Mom many years ago and that to my dying day I would never forget when pleasuring my mother.

Time seemed to slow to nothing on that warm summer day and Mom and I seemed to make love for what seemed like an eternity of sweet, incestuous bliss. We carried on a sacred family tradition until finally Mom's creamy and hot pussy was too much for me and I gasped, "Oh god, Mom! I'm gonna cum -- gonna cum big inside you, Mom!"

Mom's pussy wrapped itself tightly around me, holding off my orgasm for the seconds it would take for Mom to catch up with me, then as the warmth of her slick cunt exploded into furnace heat and bathed me in her incestuous cream, I lost control and flooded Mom's womb with my seed. We embraced tightly as we hunched into each other, cumming and cumming. My cock sprayed wad after wad of semen in Mom's pussy as she screamed, her hands cupping my ass cheeks, pulling me tighter and tighter against her mound.

Tears of incestuous joy rolled down Mom's face as she pulled me close and kissed me over and over. "I love you, I love you, I love you, son," Mom panted over and over. I was rendered speechless, so powerful was our lovemaking and I could only kiss Mom back as we slowly came down from our incredible orgasm.

In the afterglow, we cuddled, talking quietly in that lovely little glade. Mom told me of her love affair with her father and how for a little over a year, they became drunk on each other. Mom confirmed my suspicion that Aunt Debbie also was Grandpa Tom's lover, but that it was with Mom and separately with Mama Polly, that my grandfather shared his heart. I held Mom tightly as she tearfully recounted her father's early passing.

Grandpa Tom had been a strong and healthy man -- a full time coal miner and part time farmer, but for all his strength and love, he had been taken quickly with an aggressive form of bone cancer that late 1950's medicine couldn't combat. It was only then, after Mom had helped Mama Polly care for and bury Grandpa Tom that she had left this place that she loved so well.

Holding Mom in my arms, I let her cry her old grief out and then vowed to her that we would make this place of her grandmother's come alive again -- make it a celebration of life and love as she remembered it. We sealed our vow with another bout of lovemaking, this time slow and tender, the only sounds beyond the rustle of the breeze and the birds singing, being Mom's slow, breathy sighs as I brought her to orgasm twice before giving her another load of my semen.

At one point as we lay, basking in the glow of our love, I asked Mom, "Having grown up with these experiences, Mom, why were you so hesitant for us to become lovers? I know you knew how I felt about you, even before Christmas."

Mom shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know, baby. It's always hard taking that first big step. Risking your heart is very tough. I was lucky enough to have known real love once in my life. Even though I thought I knew how you felt about your old mother, I could barely believe that I was going to get lucky in love a second time."

"But I am lucky -- I have you, sweetheart and I'm so happy." Mom yawned and cuddled up closer in my arms. "I love you so much," Mom said in a sleepy voice.

Naked and in each other's arms, we fell asleep then, taking a restful nap, safe as we slept, watched over by the spirits of Grandpa Tom and Mama Polly. We woke, feeling well rested and had our picnic in our lover's glade and spent the rest of the day walking around the property, going over

Mama Polly's house and talking excitedly about how we would someday set up housekeeping in this wonderful place like a couple of newlyweds.

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We spent the evening in our hotel room, again making love, missing that nice brass bed from the other night, but still making enough noise to draw complaints from the adjoining rooms. We woke up late in the morning, pleasantly tired from our lusty lovemaking. We spent the day touring quaint old antique stores in the area, Mom loving to find odd bits of this and that amongst the clutter, especially little jewelry pins and broaches.

As the day came to a close, I found a little angel broach that reminded me of Mom in Chicago making her snow angels in the park after the blizzard. I showed it to Mom and she cooed happily over it. As my reward, I got a cock-hardening kiss that seemed to go on and on, drawing all sorts of looks from other tourists passing through. Beaming proudly, with Mom on my arm, we took the pin up to the sales station to pay for it.

As the sales lady rang us up, she kept looking oddly at Mom, finally peering over her glasses and saying, "Carrie -- is that you, sugar?"

Mom cocked her head and stared back. Her eyes went wide with sudden recognition and in a shocked filled voice replied, "Emma? Emma Johnson, is that really you?"

I watched with some curiosity as the woman scurried around from behind the counter and embraced Mom. From their excited chatter over the next minute or so, I figured out that this lady and Mom were childhood friends. I assumed she was about the same age as Mom, a little woman, barely five feet tall with a pleasingly round, butterball figure and light brown and gray hair.

Mom finally turned to me and said, "John, this is Emma Johnson. She and I were friends all through school. We sat on the bus together everyday." Mom stepped over and put her arm through mine and said, "Emma, I'd like to introduce you to my son, John"

There was an awkward pause for a moment as both Emma Johnson and I stared in surprise at Mom. There could have been no way Mom's old friend hadn't seen us kissing like the lovers we were and I would never have thought Mom would be so brazen about our relationship with someone else we knew except for Aunt Debbie. Mom for her part stared back at both of us, her face a mixture of pride and defiance. Once more, I was in awe of the deep resolve and strength that dwelled with my mother.

Emma finally broke into a mischievous grin and she shook her head, "Same old Carrie, I see, nothing's changed."

Mom replied, "You'd be surprised, Emma, I sort of lost my way, but I'm finding myself again." She squeezed my arm. "John and I are very happy."

Her friend nodded and her grin turned into a big smile. "I can see that, sugar. Well, I'm happy for you. I know your daddy would have approved." She stepped up and hugged Mom again. I could barely hear her whisper into Mom's ear, "Good for you, Carrie. I'm glad you're happy."

Mom and her friend chatted for a few more minutes, catching up on others from older times. I was under the impression that not many folks were still around from the old days. Emma told Mom that she was still with her Bill and that both their daughters were off in college and doing well. Mom

told her friend that maybe soon, they could get together and visit more. "I'm hoping that within the next couple of years, we will be moving back. We're going to fix up Mama Polly's place and settle down here."

That seemed to delight Mom's old friend and as we left, she called out, "Hey Carrie, if you and your son are still around on Sunday, come out to the old church. We'd love to have you visit. Old Reverend Simmons still attends and I know he'd love to see you."

Mom grinned and to my surprise, she blushed. "Maybe we will, Emma. If we don't make it, give Bill and Reverend Simmons my best."

Outside as we climbed in our car, I looked at Mom and said, "I can't believe you did that. Aren't we taking a risk letting someone else know about us?"

Mom sighed and shrugged. She looked through the windshield as she replied, "Maybe, son. But things are different down here, especially for those of us back in the mountains. We all kept each other's secrets and respected our way of life. That Daddy and I were lovers wasn't exactly a secret in those parts. It happened a lot up there -- hell, it still does, I imagine." Mom winked at me. "Emma's Bill is her older brother."

I felt my jaw drop. "Really?" I said. I glanced back at the store. The thought of someone else actively involved in an incestuous relationship sent a tingle through me -- my cock beginning to swell as I imagined it.

"It's true, son. It's not like everyone here is screwing their relatives, but it did happen a lot back then and I suspect it's still going on today." Mom laughed and again shrugged. "You know all those hillbilly jokes about incest had to start somewhere."

I just shook my head and replied, "Oh yeah, Mom. We have to move back here." I have to admit, but it was a turn on knowing that others knew and accepted that I was my mother's lover. It made my cock hard to think that we could possibly live in a place where everyone would know Mom and I fucked and accepted it.

Later that night, I received another surprise from Mom. We were making love -- Mom slowly riding my cock as I lay under her enjoying the sight of my mother rising and falling on my stiff penis, her pendulous breasts bouncing majestically as she did, Mom's mouth slightly open and an expression of sweet carnal pleasure etched on her face. In the middle of our delicious incestuous fuck, Mom suddenly stopped, slowly sinking downwards until she had all of me inside her. Mom's skin glistened with sweat and the effort had her on the edge of breathlessness.

"Son, I've been thinking a lot about Emma and her husband and the fact that they have two daughters." Mom looked at me a little nervously.

I sighed as I felt Mom's pussy muscles slowly massage my shaft as I remained deep in her womb. "And?" I asked, trying to urge her on.

"We talked about kids before, remember. Everytime we make love, I have this desire that you will make me pregnant."

"Yeah, it's exciting to think about, Mom. But, you've got your tubes tied, right?"

Mom nodded and then bit her lip. Being completely impaled on my cock had her right on the edge of orgasm. "I've had a dream about us having a baby, John."

I smiled. "Tell me, Mom!"

"Actually, I've had the dream twice, darling," Mom replied. "We're together, playing in a grassy field. We have a beautiful daughter, blonde haired and maybe four years old. I can see it as plain as day. You helping her fly a kite. I don't know her name, but I know she is ours."

I felt my heart pounding. Just the thought that Mom and I had a baby together made me love her even more than ever before. "Sounds wonderful, Mom."

Mom looked at me, her face full of arousal and shyness both. "I've talked to my doctor about getting things undone and my chances of having another child. She said it was possible and that maybe I have four or five good years left." Mom leaned forward, her heavy breasts scraping my chest as she brought her face to mine and her pussy's grip on my cock tightened. "When the twins graduate next spring, I'm leaving your father. The next day, I'm going to have my tubes untied if you say its okay, son. I want to have your baby, John."

I kissed Mom gently, then more passionately as our desire for each other grew. "Nothing would make me happier than to give you a baby, Mom," I whispered when our kiss ended.

Mom cried out as my answer and our mutual desire to bring a life made from both of us overwhelmed her. I felt her juices flooding over my cock, hot and slick as she began to orgasm and I began to cum right along with her, my pleasure increased by the knowledge that we would one day soon make love and create a new life from our incestuous love.

In the afterglow of our lovemaking, Mom resting on top of me, still joined cock and pussy, Mom said between gasps for air, "What will we name our darling daughter?"

I kissed Mom and replied, "There is only one name that will do. We name her Polly, Mom." That made Mom cry and I rocked her until she stopped and we made love once more before falling asleep. That night, I dreamed for the first time about our daughter. We were all on the banks of a stream, Mom and I and our little Polly. No kites this time, but we were teaching her to fish. Mom was right, our daughter would be beautiful.

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The next day we set off for another place that Mom wanted to show me -- a place that had been special to her in her youth. A two hour drive from Mom's hometown is a natural wonder call Cumberland Falls. It lies within a state park and gets thousands of tourists per year. Mom had talked about it often over the years and I was looking forward to seeing it.

We had a pretty, scenic drive to get there, although the nicest scenery was in the car seat next to me. Mom was looking very sexy in another summer dress, this one that had straps that tied around her neck. It had a scooped neckline so I enjoyed the sight of Mom's lush tit flesh jiggling as we drove along, her clearly visible nipples telling the whole world she wasn't wearing a bra. The material was a red and white checkered pattern and had an old fashioned yet erotic appeal about it. It was short, the hemline well above her knees and showing off her shapely thighs and legs. Mom had her hair in a set of pig-tails and I told her she looked like a really slutty version of Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz.

Mom giggled and slowly raising her dress, revealed that she wasn't wearing panties again. "Well, son, anytime you want to pet Toto, go right ahead," Mom said, as she ran a hand through her thick, hairy muff.

At the park, we bypassed the tourist shop and strolled hand in hand along the path that took us out to the top of the falls. "I've always loved to visit here," Mom told me as we walked along, climbing a set of concrete steps towards the falls. It was a humid, muggy day and the waterfall produced a mist that felt good on our skin. Halfway up the path to the falls, we came to a broad overlook platform that looked down on the river below the waterfall. Boulders and rocks were strewn along the shore, weedy trees and bushes growing amongst them.

As we admired the view, Mom said, "I always thought this was a romantic place. Like Niagara Falls, but without all the tourist claptrap." Mom put her arms around me and said, "Perfect place to have a honeymoon."

I had a disposable camera with me and I told Mom to pose while I took her picture against the picturesque scenery. I laughed and took a picture when Mom struck a cheesecake pose against the railing, raising one leg up and exposing a nice bit of thigh. I urged her to keep posing while I took several pictures. Mom had fun mugging for the camera. Another couple, maybe in their mid-fifties was on the overlook with us and looked amused as we horsed around.

Mom suddenly turned to the man and said, "Would you mind taking my son's and my picture?"

The gentleman raised an eyebrow when Mom called me son -- we'd been acting more like the lovers we were than the traditional mother and son. Still he said he'd be happy to and I moved to join my mother. Out of instinct, we moved together, Mom hand around my waist, my arm around her shoulders, my hand resting familiarly on the upper swell of her right breast. Mom's body was pressing into mine and our free hands found each other before we said, "cheese."

We chatted a little with the other couple -- they were a couple from Ohio on vacation, Roy and Patricia. They were both fascinated with us as we talked -- no doubt dying to ask us about our relationship, as we called each other mother and son and acted like honeymooners. I think we were turning them on as they drew closer together as we chatted, eventually holding hands too and Roy's other hand falling possessively on his wife's butt.

We decided to move on to the falls and saying our goodbyes, left them there, watching us curiously as we climbed on, Mom and I holding hands. Near the top of the falls, we were held back from the falls by a safety railing. Even as far back as we were standing, we could feel the power of the waterfall. The vibration of all that falling water rumbled through the rocks and into us. The powerful vibrations were even sexually stimulating -- Mom's nipples went from semi-erect to massively swollen, jutting out from the gingham material of her dress like thick nobs in the fabric.

Mom looked at me strangely after a few minutes and then said, "C'mon, let's go down below the falls." Taking me by the hand, Mom led me down another pathway that wound downwards to the bottom. Here we were quickly dampened by the mist that hung here in the air. We worked our way over the rocks, through narrow passages created by large boulders and clambered over old trees swept over Cumberland Falls and caught up in the rocks below.

Finally in the middle of a tangle of large boulders, Mom stopped in front of a low, flat and wide slab of rock, maybe three feet high. Mom leaned against it and facing me, said, "Make love to me, John."

My eyes widened in surprise and I looked around. "Now, Mom? Right now?"

Mom nodded urgently and replied, "I found this place the first time I visited here when I was a teenager. I always dreamed of my man -- my husband making love to me here in this beautiful

place. Mom raised her dress, revealing her furry bush, labia spreading to display her aroused, slick cunt. "I need my son's cock in me right now, John. Please fuck me, son!"

Any thoughts of propriety went right out of my mind and I began to undo my jeans, letting them fall to my ankles as I stepped between Mom's thighs. She spread her legs in welcome to my stiff penis. The head of my cock brushed into her thick, wet muff and I used my hands to take her thighs and lift them, scooting Mom back onto the rock a few inches. My hands guided Mom's legs to go wide and then upwards and I draped Mom's shapely legs over my shoulders as I shoved myself violently inside her slick, molten hot pussy.

"OHHHHH YESSSS, FUCCCCCKKKK MEEE, SONNN!" Mom screamed, flinging her head back as I sank deep into her womb. My hands, now free, quickly undid the neck strap on her dress and I tugged down the front to reveal her bountiful tits, wobbling and rolling as I began to thrust into her hard and quick.

A sneer broke out on Mom's lips and she began to hiss in her excitement as she bucked her hips to meet my thrusts. "Goddd, fuck me, John. Fuck Mommmyeeessss! Give meee that good soncock, baby, give Momma the fucking she needs!"

I ducked my head and found a swollen nipple of Mom's, securing it firmly with my teeth, making Mom moan and shiver as I plunged in and out of her creamy furnace of a pussy, Mom's sugar walls clapping at me, scraping her sauces off my shaft and then bathing it again with her oven-hot, creamy juices. Sweat mixed with mist to dampen our skin, our bodies so hot, the moisture almost sizzled off our skin. Mom's frantic, pleasure filled moans filled me with a terrible, lusty hunger and I rolled and shifted my hips to get more of me inside her roasting, juicy pussy. The humid air grew thick with the aroma of Mom's pussy juices, mixing with our fuck sweat and I inhaled its intoxicating fragrance, adding fuel to my incestuous lust.

Mom moaned and began to orgasm as I ground my cock deep into her womb while tugging on her nipple with my teeth, nearly drawing blood. Mom's body arched hard against mine, almost knocking me backwards, even as Mom's pussy spasmed around my cock. I beat back the urge to cum myself, trying to remember that year's Cub's lineup until I had mastery of myself again. Mom's orgasm had barely begun to fade away before I triggered it again with fast and furious pumping of my cock into her cunt.

I pressed forward, curling Mom up, letting go of her nipple and finding her mouth as I hammered my cock in and out of my mother's wonderful pussy. As we kissed, Mom's screams of pleasure became muffled and muted grunts of joy as our tongues danced and courted each other. Mom raised her hands and her fingers tangled and pulled at my hair. The heat and pleasure building in our joined loins made it difficult to distinguish what parts of us were who's. It was as if our flesh merged into one, our ascent towards pleasure melding together and Mom and I climaxed together, our kiss breaking and we both bellowing our delight together, our roars of passion blending in with the mammoth roar of the falls.

The intensity of each blast of semen into Mom's pussy made my knees so weak I thought I might collapse, but Mom lent me strength with each squeeze of her pussy muscles. We continued to kiss as we orgasmed together, interspersed with little whispers of "I love you!" to each other.

Finally, we gathered ourselves together and I eased Mom's legs down off my shoulders and helped her sit up. Mom's meaty tits heaved up and down as she tried to regain her breath. We embraced, kissing between gasps for air.

Suddenly, we were aware of the noise of applause. We looked around for the source of the noise, but saw nothing. Then Mom looked up and giggled, "Oh my god, John! Look up."

I did and replied, "Uh oh!" Above us was the large overlook platform and there were maybe seven or eight people staring down at us, clapping their hands and whistling. We stared stunned for a minute and then Mom gave them a wave and they cheered her all the louder as her large breasts swayed from her movement. I helped Mom pull up her dress amid boos from our spectators and then yanked up my pants to some boos, but not as many as Mom had received.

We looked at each other like kids caught with their hands in the cookie jar and then Mom said, "We should probably go before someone calls a park ranger."

I laughed and said, "You're probably right, Mom." We moved to go, but I took her in my arms first and said, "But thank you for sharing your fantasy with me. Even if I knew I was going to get arrested, I would have done it anyway." I gave Mom a smoldering kiss to cheers from our fans up above and then we began to make our way out of the rocks.

We didn't get far before we ran into Roy and Patricia, both obviously aroused and Mom and I both immediately sensed that we'd had observers closer than the overlook platform. They both looked as if they were ready to shed clothes and fuck as well. Roy's arm was around his wife, cupping her breast and her hand rested close to his crotch.

They stared at us in something akin to disbelief until Patricia muttered, "That was incredible!"

Mom grinned and replied, "Well, maybe you should try it yourself." Mom raised up the back of her skirt to show off a red spot on one ass cheek. "You might get a little scrapped up on these rocks, but I bet it will be worth it!" Patricia moaned and leaned her face into her husband's chest, even as her hand moved upwards to cup his bulge.

Mom and I grinned wickedly at each other and continued our retreat. Mom's face was beet red and I could feel my face burn as we passed folks on the walkways up above on the way back to our car. A few folks pointed fingers our way or just grinned and waved at us. Despite her embarrassment, I could see an expression of exultation on Mom's face as again she had been allowed to unleash her sexuality in public.

As we drove back to our hotel, Mom kept me hard most of the way, turning to lean against her door and exposing her hairy pussy, her bush flecked with shiny drops of my semen. It was hard to keep my eyes on the road as Mom pleased herself by slowing fingering and caressing her sperm soaked cunt, occasionally slipping a finger into her puss and scooping up a blob of my seed that she would slowly and naughtily suck off her finger, grinning at me evilly the whole time.

I listened as much watched as Mom took her time in bringing herself to orgasm, fingering her sticky pussy and playing with her swollen clitoris. Needless to say, by the time we arrived back at the motel, the car reeked of aroused pussy and my cock literally ached with need.

No sooner did we close the room door than Mom was on her knees, unbuckling my jeans and releasing my cock and taking me into her mouth. Mom knew that I was in need of relief and spared nothing in her efforts to bring me off. My fingers twisted in her hair as my mother rolled her tongue expertly over the crown of my cock before taking my shaft deep into her mouth, her eyes always turned upward to my face, conveying the depth of her desire and love for me. From deep throat to returning to just sucking on the head of my cock while her tongue fluttered like a crazed butterfly

over my sensitive glans, Mom literally willed me to give her my sperm and I sobbed happily as Mom made me cum and swallowed my semen like it was the nectar of the gods.

We woke the next day to the sound of rain and we spent the day in our room, making love, ordering delivery food and talking. I was eager to hear more of Mom's past. Mom talked at length of growing up in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky and how isolated and remote things were. "We rarely got to town when I was a kid. Folks back in those hollers tended to stay to themselves and despite being God-fearing, religious folk, there was so many currents of rebellious behavior that I suppose still exist to this day." Mom told me.

"Moonshining still goes on and I reckon now some grow 'pot.' And of course, there seemed to be a lot of family loving going on. I reckon back knowing maybe five or six families that had someone involved with someone else. Even our hellfire and brimstone Reverend Simmons was married to his sister. He preached to us that all love was good in God's eyes -- that love is the perfect form of worship and most people followed that line of thinking, including Daddy. We weren't some cult, though -- a man that raped or forced a woman or girl in these parts could find himself dead awfully quick."

Mom trailed a finger across my chest. We were lying naked on the bed, heads propped up with pillows. "How about Granny? How did she feel about all this?"

Mom sighed and said, "Momma had a hard life growing up and she didn't trust love of any sort. I'm sure she knew about Daddy and Mama Polly before she married him. Daddy and Polly cooled things off once Daddy married Momma, but when our youngest brother died, Momma changed. She just withdrew from everyone like she was afraid she'd get hurt again. I think she became afraid to love anyone, especially us. Daddy turned back to his mother finally."

"She just pretended not to know about Daddy and his mother and about Daddy and me later on. We didn't flaunt it in her face, but she did know. All those years afterwards though, she never let on, never mentioned it once. If it really bothered her, she never said. I think in some ways, she just couldn't bring herself to risk her heart again." Mom shrugged her shoulders. After Frank started to withdraw from me, I think I understood Momma better and for many years I thought that hers was the life I was condemned to lead." Mom looked into my eyes and smiled brightly. "But I was wrong wasn't I? I was just waiting for you and now you've rescued me!"

Mom leaned into me for a kiss and we made love, slow and sweet, Mom moaning, "Thank you, son," over and over the whole time that I was thrusting my cock into her steamy cunt. As I sank my cock into Mom's welcoming flesh over and over again, I knew it should have been me thanking her, that I had so many things to be thanking her for. For bringing me into this world, for raising me to be the person I was, for being brave enough to again leap into this magical world of incestuous love and make all our dreams come true.

Later on in the evening as we lay in each others arms, fuckswat slowly drying on her our bodies and slowly getting drowsy, I asked Mom, "So, what would you like to do tomorrow, Mom?"

Mom didn't say anything for a few seconds, but finally replied, "Well, baby, tomorrow is Sunday, isn't it?" She rose up and looking me in the face as she slowly stroked my cum-sticky cock said, "How would you feel about taking your mother to church?"

To be continued...