

# MOM'S ROAD TO RECOVERY

## *Ahabscribe*

*Son tries to support Mom after an extended kidnapping!*

Incest/Taboo

4.68

16.2k words

*Hi everyone - checking in from my most recent foray into the darker areas of my imagination. I debated whether to post this story for sometime, but in the end, despite it's terribly dark nature, I think it's a good story. Looking forward to hearing your thoughts about it - please keep those comments and emails coming!*

As always, all characters are products of my imagination and bear no relationship to anyone in real life. Enjoy!

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I was sweeping out the garage bay of the mechanic's shop where I worked a summer job when I felt my cell phone buzzing in my coveralls. I pulled it out and a voice said, "Is this John Hunter? This is Ms. McCloud down at the Stay-Eez Inn. I was to let you know if..." she paused as if a bit uncomfortable."

I sighed softly and then said, "Yes, ma'am. What room is she in?" I said this as I headed towards the office, already shrugging my way out of my oil stained coveralls.

There was a slight hesitation before the woman said, "Room 118."

I replied, "Thanks," and hung up the phone without waiting for a response. Stepping into the office, my boss, Tony Giatano looked up and when I said, "Gotta go -- it's Mom," he got a sad look on his face and just nodded. I was in my pickup truck and gone in a rush, trying to beat red lights as I rushed across town.

I pulled into the Stay-Eez Inn with a heavy heart. Every town has a motel like this one -- built back in the day -- long and flat and one story high -- the old classic motor inn where the cars park right in front of their rooms. Sometimes there's a pool -- more often than not empty or with green algae floating on top due to neglect. Some places rent their rooms by the hour while others try to turn them into pseudo apartments and rent them by the week or the month. The Stay-Eez worked all those options.

I cruised down the line of doors counting them off until I came to Room 118. A minivan and a beat up looking Camero were parked outside and I pulled up next to the minivan, again heaving a great big sigh. As I climbed out, three guys emerged from 118, laughing and elbowing each other. Each looked sweaty -- two of them in dirty T-shirts and greasy jeans, the other, as big as the other two put together, had on an old, stained dress shirt with the sleeves cut off, showing off flabby muscles that once upon a time might have been impressive.

As they saw me making directly for the door -- the big guy laughed and said, "You're late to the party, kid!"

The other guys thought this was funny and one of the skinnier fellows followed up with, "Don't be worried, though -- if'n you don't mind sloppy seconds and thirds, she'll be more than willing! Hell, we'd still be at it if we ain't had to get back to work!" I gave them a dirty look over my shoulder as I opened the door, my face turning red as they kept laughing as they climbed into the Camero. "Motherfuckers," I muttered under my breath as I opened the door and steeled myself for what I might find.

Mom was lying face down on the bed, her peppery-gray hair, tangled and sweaty, spread out on the pillows, obscuring her face. She was naked and a quick glance around revealed a short skirt and a sweater blouse nearby -- black nylons nestled around a pair of stiletto high heels in one corner next to a sagging overstuffed chair.

As I approached, Mom moaned out, "Mmmmm -- ready for more -- give me some stiff dick!" as she wiggled her ass cheeks and spread her legs, shapely even though they were full, revealing her shaved pussy, labia spread wide open, with semen slowly oozing from between her lips as well as from between her fleshy asscheeks.

I felt a swell of conflicting emotions ripple through me -- my heart breaking as I said softly under my breath, "Oh, Mom -- not again," even as I tried to ignore the shameful twinges growing between my legs as my cock responded to the sight of my mother's nakedness. I tore my gaze from my bare-assed mother and walked on into the bathroom -- a small affair with a tub that thankfully looked relatively clean and a shower nozzle overhead. I began running a hot bath, finding a tiny bottle of liquid soap to pour in.

Returning to the other room, I discovered Mom had rolled over -- now lying on her back, spread eagled -- one hand slowly fluttering over her cum filled pussy while the other played over a swollen nipple capping a large, slightly sagging breast. Her eyes were closed as she sighed out, "I need cock!" Again, I felt a turmoil of emotions as I realized that semen was smeared in her face and hair, becoming tacky as it slowly dried. I shook my head as I tried to dismiss the image of Mom eagerly taking some stranger's spunk in her face.

"You need a bath, Mom," I said softly, reaching out and taking her hand.

Mom opened her eyes and turned her head slowly. "Ohhhh, John," she sighed. She allowed herself to be pulled up to a sitting position, swinging her legs over the side of the bed, her meaty breasts swaying as she moved. I tried to keep my eyes on Mom's face. She looked down at the grungy, threadbare carpet, unable or unwilling to meet my gaze. "I'm sorry, son," Mom whispered.

"It's okay, Mom," I replied as I helped her get to her feet. Mom staggered against me, her large breasts mashing against my chest -- her nickel sized nipples, still hard and swollen, scraping against the thin cotton of my T-shirt. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Mom, unsteady on her feet, leaned heavily on me, one arm wrapped tightly around my waist as I walked her into the bathroom. I could smell her, the mixed aromas of sweat, wet pussy and sperm coming off her in thick waves. I had to slip one arm under hers to keep her up, my hand inadvertently pressing into her swaying breast, my eyes wandering again and again to her shaved mound, pussy lips still spread wide.

I helped Mom slip into the steamy, soapy water, her groan of satisfaction making the hairs on my arm rise up while it made blood rush to my cock. I was relieved to see most of her nakedness disappear beneath the soap bubbles, hoping it would help quell the feelings I had surging through me. I knelt there next to the tub for a few minutes studying Mom as she relaxed, wondering what I

could do to fix this insane situation. Finally, I reached up to the metal shelf over the toilet and pulled down a washcloth and soaking it in the water, began washing Mom's face.

Mom opened her brilliant blue eyes and rolled her face towards me -- her expression a mixture of shame and love. "I'm sorry, John...I, I did it again," she murmured like a repentant child.

I shrugged and said, "Let's not worry about it now. Here..." I placed the washcloth in her hand and continued, "Get washed up, Mom and we can go home."

I saw tears well up in my mother's eyes as she slowly nodded and almost robotically began to wipe herself off in the water. I should have averted my eyes as she swept one meaty breast up and washed it clean, leaving pink skin marred by bite marks, both new and old. As Mom dropped her hand into the water, her knees rising up as she ran the cloth between the middle of her legs, she shivered and said, "I just can't help it. I try not to think about it...honestly, I try and do without, but I want it so much..."

Mom's body shivered slightly as she rubbed herself more intently until I reached out and touched her on the shoulder and said as my face reddened, "Let's shower you off and get you dressed."

Mom nodded meekly and as I helped her come to her feet in the tub, her slightly overweight body slick with soapsuds that ran down her chest and stomach and legs in a way that made the blood pound in my brain. I got the shower flowing, rinsing Mom's body off as she stroked her skin, turning and facing me, her breasts swaying entrancingly as she leaned forward to allow me to rinse the sperm out of her hair and while Mom closed her eyes, I found myself helpless, unable to turn away from her mature beauty. I can feel my erection struggling for space in my khakis.

Once the shower is turned off, I helped Mom out of the tub and she stood close as I towel her off, eyes again closed and her nipples barely touching my chest as she allowed me to dry her off. I wrapped the towel around her shoulders, draping the rough cotton material over her breasts and letting her know that she needed to finish herself. Mom opened her eyes again and before I could step away, moved against me, her right arm coming up around my neck as she said almost too soft to hear, "I don't deserve you, son." Her lips came up and pressed against mine and I felt myself go rigid as she kissed me, her tongue sneaking out to brush ever so lightly against my lips before pulling away.

I beat a hasty retreat into the bedroom while Mom finished toweling off, gathering up her clothes. A few minutes later, Mom walked out of the bathroom, unashamedly naked- walking a little bowlegged. I tried to look away, but it was impossible to do. I should've been ashamed to even dare look at my mother naked, but it was if she didn't realize how hard she was making it for me...or that she didn't care. She quickly slipped on her dress and then her sweater shirt. The skirt is scandalously short, exposing her upper thighs, while the lightweight sweater molds itself around her heavy breasts, her nipples clearly outlined by the material.

"I looked around and couldn't find, um, your panties," I said to Mom, only to have her look at me -- her expression gradually changing from mild amusement to embarrassment as I slowly realized there were no panties to find. Mom slipped on her high heels and then stood before me, not so much looking like a middle-aged mother, but a wanton slut about to walk the streets. I felt helpless -- unable to turn away and even though we both know it's wrong, I could not help but stare at my mother while she smiled -- pleased at my attention.

I followed Mom home, whispering, "Fuck," as I spied Dad's car already in the driveway. I walked into the house just behind her to find Dad standing in the hallway, a torrent of snarling words exploding

from his lips.

"Again! I swear, Cassie -- you need to pray to God for the salvation of your soul. He has a special place reserved in Hell for sluts and whores like you!"

Mom stood her ground for a moment, but finally burst into tears, sobbing, "I'm sorry," as she ran up the stairs. A moment later, the door to the guest bedroom slammed shut and I knew it would be another long freaking night in the Hunter home.

Dad glared at me as if I had betrayed him and maybe in my heart I had, before snapping at me, "Where the hell did you find her this time?"

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Does it matter, Dad? She needs help."

My father brushed past and into the living room, settling heavily into his old recliner. He picked up his newspaper and snapped it open with a loud pop. "Do you know who it was...or was there more than one this time?"

I closed my eyes for a moment and sighed, a sudden vision of the three lowlifes naked and in bed with my mother, fucking her hard and brutally, not caring for her, just seeing her as another cheap whore they picked up in a bar...Mom's face contorted in absolute lust as they pounded their cocks into her. I drove the image from my mind and opening my eyes, replied, "Does it matter, Dad? We need to get Mom some real help."

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I was just short of my fifteenth birthday when Mom disappeared and by that, I mean she was kidnapped. It was just another uneventful day in the lives of the Hunter family when Mom announced she was off to the supermarket and asked me if I wanted anything special, rolling her eyes when I said jokingly, a six pack of beer. She ran her purse strap over her shoulder, smiled at me the way only a mother does and was out the door...and she didn't come back.

It was late afternoon before we knew anything was wrong and then only because a sheriff's deputy came to the house and informed us that Mom's minivan had been found deserted on a country road -- groceries still inside along with her wallet, credit card and forty-nine dollars in cash. Of Mom there was no sign and no clue as to what had happened.

Dad was stoic from the start, fearing to state the worst or the best scenarios possible. A massive search was begun -- combing fields and woods for miles around, but to no avail. It was as if Mom had vanished from the face of the earth. Days turned into weeks turned into months. The state police and the F.B.I. did all but announce she was considered dead and as the first year of her absence passed, Dad (who had been considered the most likely suspect, but who had clearly been at work at the time of her disappearance was completely exonerated), and I had the sense that Mom now dwelled in the realm of what law enforcement called the cold case files.

My father rarely showed his emotions, never crying and castigating me when he caught me crying over Mom, harshly chewing me out and saying, "Your mother would have wanted us to be brave, John." In his heart, by the first Christmas, I think he gave Mom up for dead, but I refused to ever consider that as a possibility -- the sense that Mom was alive...somewhere out there in the world, always lingered in my heart and I never gave up hope.

I often dreamed of her, especially of her on the last day I saw her -- her slender frame dressed in a long denim dress, her lovely face framed by her short black hair, cut much like that old movie actress, Aubrey Hepburn, blue eyes brilliant and glowing. I dreamed that she left and came back and that life went on as it should have, all of us living happily ever after. It hurt the most for me after those dreams. I would cry a bit in my bed and vow never to give up hope that she would return.

We were three years and a few months beyond her disappearance, me celebrating my eighteenth birthday the spring before my senior year of high school when the local chief of police showed up at our house. He had a stunned smile on his face as he gushed to my father and me that Mom was alive -- that she'd been found in a house thirty miles away. Chief Brenner gave us a siren escort to the hospital, Dad so shocked he could barely keep the car on the road.

A nurse ushered us into Mom's room and we both just stopped and stared in wonder at the woman sleeping in the hospital bed with IVs stuck in her and the frightful sounds of a monitor keeping track of her vital signs. The nurse, a young, blonde-haired woman saw our dismay and concern and quickly reassured us. "She's doing fine -- she's just badly dehydrated. All she needs are fluids and rest." She reached out and patted my shoulder. "Your mother is okay...it's like a miracle."

All I could do was nod and be amazed as I stared at the woman who was definitely my Mom, yet seemed so different. Mom's hair which she had cut in that short, pixie style my whole life was now long, hanging down around her shoulders -- the luxurious black gone peppery gray. Her face was still relatively unlined for a woman of 42 and her slender figure had filled out some, making her face fuller and less angular. A peaceful expression was on her sleeping face, making her look more beautiful than I remembered.

It was only then that I saw my father cry as he uncharacteristically hugged me to him and cried softly, "We got our girl, back, John! God be praised, I've got my Cassie back!"

We watched her sleep for a bit and then the local police showed up and gave us some details. Some teenagers had broken into a house on a lark and had found her there, handcuffed to a bed in an upstairs bedroom in what had been otherwise an empty house. The officials told us this a bit awkwardly and their uncomfortable glances informed me that they were leaving things out, apparently for my sake.

In the end, between the newspapers and news shows and what little Dad shared with me, I learned most of it. Mom had been kidnapped by a man who had called himself Darren Jones, a fiftyish white and nondescript male who had kept Mom locked up in a small bedroom with steel plates over the windows and a reinforced steel door, and who had used her for sex -- raping her times beyond counting. The local police and the federal guys were all highly complimentary to Mom -- claiming that it was her strength of character that allowed her to survive the ordeal.

All evidence pointed to Jones having simply packed up and moved on, leaving Mom handcuffed to the bed to die of thirst. It was pure dumb luck that a couple of juvenile delinquents had broken into the house and found Mom before she died. They called 911 and never surfaced to claim any reward. As for Jones, he disappeared and the F.B.I. offered vague hints of seeing this madman's work before and that Mom was very, very lucky. To date, he's never been caught.

Dad was told more, but he shared it with no one. Maybe it was what the police told him that made him more remote, but in any case, it was an awkward reunion with Mom -- Dad holding Mom almost at arms length and Mom herself very quiet and reserved, staring at us both like we were

strangers. She cried once, when I came into her arms and she held on to me for minutes, hugging me tight, pressing her body against mine like she meant to never let me go.

I had dreamed of having Mom in my arms again, but the reality was quite different as feelings of utter joy and happiness were suddenly competing with the young male instincts of having a well built woman rubbing against me with only my clothes and a hospital gown between us. There was no ignoring the fact that Mom's full breasts were mashing into my T-shirt...I could even feel her nipples -- large and thick, pressing against me, so full and hard, it was almost like there was no clothing at all between us. To my dismay, I was sporting a respectable boner in my jeans when she let me go and I quickly, albeit awkwardly, shifted to the chair beside her bed, positioning myself to obscure my erection.

Mom looked as flushed and awkward as I felt and I was suddenly cognizant of how good looking a woman my mother was -- she'd always been my pretty Mom, but now, I saw her as something else...something more -- maybe it was the long and graying hair and the new, more lush figure that made me regard her as more than simply a beautiful woman. Maybe it was those lovely blue eyes that somehow regarded me with both a familiar motherly appraisal and something that was more primal. Her gaze gave me shivers and made me throb between my legs in a way I knew wasn't right.

My uncomfortable feelings were left behind as we all sat there, soon joined by Mom's brother and his family and began catching Mom up on the family and events over the last two years. Still, once in a while, Mom would glance over at me in such a way as to make me think she knew full well what I'd been thinking.

The doctors insisted that Mom stay in the hospital for a few days to regain her strength. This also allowed the authorities access to grill her and gather any clues about her ordeal that might allow them to catch Darren Jones. The doctors also stressed that Mom's ordeal mentally was far from over -- advocating extensive counseling and therapy to help her recover from whatever traumas she had endured. Dad with his usual abrupt attitude brushed aside most of the doctors' concerns, stating over and over, "Cassie will be fine once we get her home where she belongs."

Finally, we did get to take her home. The drive was quiet and strange -- Mom's attention divided between the scenery -- the everyday things that we see and take for granted captivating her -- and the odd, long looks she would give me and Dad...looks that made me uncomfortable. Mom was also squirming, looking uncomfortable in one of her old sweatsuits that was one of the few things we thought would fit her, tugging and fussing with her bra straps. She made a few mutterings under her breath -- comments that led me to understand that while she was Jones's prisoner, she'd not worn a bra or very little else.

It wasn't till we got home that I saw a shadow of the old Mom. She stopped in the doorway and gave our home a long looking over, peering into the kitchen. Dad and I had cleaned up to what we thought was appropriate, but Mom laughed and said, "You poor boys -- you've been bachelors far too long. Tomorrow, I'll start getting this place shipshape!"

I protested, saying, "Mom -- you should just take it easy. Besides, Dad and I already cleaned."

Mom laughed again and gave me another of her long, intimate hugs and proceeded to point out the layers of dust on the ceiling fan, cobwebs in the corners and the dust bunnies under the sofa. Dad reiterated that she needed to take it easy and that while I was cleaning house tomorrow, he would be taking her shopping for some new clothes.

Mom blushed and looked down, her face growing red as she nodded and said, "Well, maybe just a few things. I'll start working on getting back into shape as soon as I can." She ran her hands up and down her body slowly, caressing and lifting up her breasts before letting them fall and bounce with startling effect before saying, "Although I bet at least one of you must appreciate my bigger boobs!"

It took Mom a few seconds to realize that she'd shocked Dad and me. Mom and Dad had had been pretty religious and conservative -- breasts pretty much fell under the subject of sexual things that were not discussed in our house. She reddened further as she realized what she'd said and in a whisper full of fear and embarrassment, said, "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking." She rushed upstairs towards her and Dad's bedroom -- him tossing me a concerned glance before following her up.

I didn't see Mom until the next morning when I awoke to the unmistakable smell of her special waffles and omelets. I crawled out of bed, quickly dressed and headed downstairs, meeting Dad in the upstairs hallway. We shared a rare smile and he said, "It's good to have your mother home!" I nodded, feeling normal for the first time in what seemed like forever.

That feeling lasted until we walked into the kitchen. I stopped so abruptly, Dad ran into me, shoving me forward, before grinding to a halt himself as we stared at Mom. She was standing at the stove, working on the last omelet, wearing one of my old T-shirts and maybe nothing else. It hung down to about mid-thigh, showing off more of my Mom's legs than I think I'd ever seen. Her thighs were a bit thick, but still her legs were shapely -- very much a woman's, and seemed very long. The T-shirt covered her ass, but more or less highlighted its shapeliness rather than conceal her lovely butt. All this and so sign of a panty line!

She turned at our noise and I thought my eyes would pop out of my head as the cotton shirt was molded to her breasts, highlighting their pear-like shape -- full and ripe and sagging slightly, the size and thickness of her nipples clearly indicated. She had her hair pulled back in a pony-tail, which despite the graying of her hair, gave her the appearance of someone much younger.

"Good morning, my darlings," Mom said gaily -- her smile dazzling. She sat the last plate of food on the kitchen table and then with her arms wide open, inadvertently making the T-shirt pull tauter across her breasts and raising the shirt's hemline to almost crotch level, said, "Come and get it!"

I felt my cock twitch and my pulse quicken as blood began to engorge my cock. I heard Dad cough behind me and then shove me forward, "Have a seat, John."

I gladly obeyed, happy to have my sudden reaction to Mom's appearance hidden from view. I glanced at my father and his face was a study of struggling emotions -- his unhappiness mostly dominating. You have to understand -- my folks were REALLY conservative and REALLY religious. I had never seen Mom in anything that wouldn't be considered mildly prudish. Her nightgowns were the old flannel granny variety and even then, she'd have worn a housecoat over them whenever she had ventured out of her bedroom! Bathing was a locked door affair and I could probably count on the fingers of one hand how many times I'd seen my parents show affection to each other in public.

Mom's cooking hadn't changed though and proved a bit of a distraction, although I caught myself making furtive glances at Mom and her well displayed chest throughout the meal. Dad glowered the whole time and finally said, "Well -- I reckon we need to get you to the mall and get some new clothes."

Mom blushed and nodded. "I'm sorry -- nothing fits. Thankfully, I found one of John's old T-shirts in your dresser otherwise I guess I'd have to go around in my birthday suit." She giggled and winked

at me while Dad frowned.

When we finished breakfast, Dad urged Mom to go upstairs and find something to wear while they went shopping. After she disappeared, both of us watching her swaying butt exit from the room, I asked, "Is Mom alright, Dad?"

Dad nodded and said, "Sure -- she's just a bit out of sorts. Give her a day or two and she'll be fine." He glared at me and said, "In the meantime, keep those eyes in your head -- that's your mother, John."

It was my turn to blush with embarrassment and I shrugged my shoulders. "I didn't mean to stare...it was, just, I never would've pictured Mom dressing like that."

Dad got up and moved towards the door. "Don't be picturing your mother like that at all. She's just been through...a lot."

"Maybe those doctors were right. Maybe she should talk to one of those counselors or maybe a shrink."

Dad spun around and shook a finger at me. "You just shut up about that stuff. All Cassie needs is to get her bearings and she'll snap out of it. You hear me, boy?"

I nodded and he left after giving me a list of chores to get finished, but I felt very uneasy about Mom. Something was different and I didn't think simply being back in the bosom of her family was going to make that much difference. And as it was, I was right. Things went downhill fast.

That much was evident the moment she returned from her shopping trip...Dad's face screwed up in muted frustration and anger. Instead of buying her old conservative style of clothing, Mom now began dressing much more up to date...even sexy. Her new clothes included shorts, halter tops, dresses with hemlines well above the knee, all which emphasized her exaggerated with new weight figure. Within a few days, I got glimpses of Mom's ample breasts like I hadn't seen since I was nursing (not that I would have remembered), her stomach -- not so much flabby as rounded in a way I found arousing, and her attractive legs. She bought new bras, but around the house, didn't bother with them.

Mom had her hair done, surprising us by not reverting to her old pixie cut, but keeping it long and while dyeing some of it back to black, keeping some of the grey streaks in because as she put it, "I think it looks pretty."

Myself, I thought it looked sexy as hell, but kept my thoughts to myself. That was a wise thing because my thoughts were filled with impure notions about my mother. After a day of Mom bouncing around the house in denim shorts and a blue halter top that left a considerable amount of breast flesh exposed, for the first time in my life, I jacked off to fantasies of my mother before falling asleep. I felt both aroused and guilty -- stunned by the intensity of the feelings Mom was provoking in me unlike any woman or girl had done before.

I don't know if Mom sensed it, but it seemed to me as if there was some kind of sexual tension building between us. My formerly conservative and reserved mother was now flirty and affectionate, rarely passing up an opportunity to offer me a hug or a kiss on the cheek or the corner of my mouth, giving me those glances that seemed to say so much in themselves and that of themselves seemed to be so naughty.

Tensions were also building between Mom and Dad. I didn't understand it at first, just sensing that Dad was continuing to hold himself apart. I knew he was unhappy with her new style of dressing, fussing that even her dresses for church were too provocative, let alone what Mom wore around me. His fussing whispers became a common occurrence.

It became clearer when a few weeks after Mom's return, I returned home late from a date and as I crept up the stairs, I could hear Mom crying behind their bedroom door. I paused at the top of the stairs and their raised voices were clearly audible.

"But, I need you, Joseph! All I want is for you to make love to me!" Mom's voice was stricken, filled with need and heartache. "It's been so long!"

"I -- I want that too, Cassie, but its not right yet. We need...you need some time."

"I don't want to wait anymore. Am I that ugly, sweetheart? Am I that repulsive to you?"

There was silence for way too long before Dad responded. "You need more time, Cassie -- that's all. You're not yourself yet." I heard movement and hustled off to my room, barely getting inside and the door closed before Dad came out of their room. Things were definitely off and as the next few weeks passed by, I overheard variations on that argument several times. Dad was rejecting Mom's almost desperate overtures for sex. It seemed Mom was becoming more flirtatious with me as Dad kept her at arm's length and her dress got more scandalous as well. My fantasies regarding Mom began to expand as well with me stepping into Dad's role as lover.

Then the shit hit the proverbial fan. I came home from school to find Dad raging at Mom, her in tears. I walked into the living room to find Mom sitting on the couch, her head in her hands, sobbing violently, my concern over her almost distracted by the fact that she was wearing a filmy negligee and nothing else. Dad's face was crimson with anger and when he saw me, he just shook his head and continued yelling, "I can't believe you'd do such a thing -- to me and to our son!" He pointed at me as his voice reached an almost hysterical tone. "We hoped and prayed for your return for three years! Your son never gave up and this is how you repay our love!"

"What's wrong," I said, not understanding. "What happened?"

Dad stared at me, the anger now struggling with frustration and pain. "What's happened? Let me tell you..."

"Please don't, Joseph -- I'm ashamed enough as it is!" Mom said, interrupting him in a pleading voice.

"I came home early to find your mother fucking some stranger she picked up at the grocery store!"

"I'm sorry, " Mom sobbed, hanging her head in embarrassment. "I just needed to feel...I needed someone to make love to me!" Mom smeared tears across her face and stammered, "I just need -- needed -- needed..." My mother couldn't finish and put her face back into her hands and began crying almost hysterically.

That was the beginning of the end of all our hopes and dreams resuming their natural course. Even young and inexperienced, I knew that Mom was off kilter and that Dad wasn't being any help. He'd been raised to turn it all over to God and that through prayer alone, Mom could be healed.

Maybe it was because I was eighteen and the world seemed a lot simpler to me. I looked at it as Mom needed Dad's comfort and love, both emotionally and physically and for whatever reason, he

was withholding both. Whatever had been done to her during her captivity now repulsed him whenever Mom sought out sex and unlike before her abduction, Mom now craved sex. If Dad wouldn't oblige -- then Mom sought it out on her own.

That was the first and only time Mom brought a man home, but Dad soon caught her sleeping around elsewhere and the stories began to spread about Cassie Hunter spreading her legs for anything with a hard cock. He caught her twice at local motels and once behind a local tavern giving a man a blowjob in her minivan. The fights were awful and Mom begged for understanding, but Dad grew colder and angrier with each incident.

They mostly followed a pattern. After being caught, Mom would try and behave, but then I would hear Mom pleading to Dad to make love to her for a few nights in a row and Dad refusing. Mom's appearance would accelerate towards the risqué, even sluttish and Mom would be increasingly flirty with me. I would walk around with a near constant erection as I would see Mom prowling around the house in short skirts and tight blouses or scanty nightclothes, somehow always finding reasons to rub up against me or hug me, acting more like a cat in heat than my mother. Then Dad would catch her fucking someone or all too often, more than one.

In desperation, I went around to some of the cheaper motels and explained the situation with Mom and got agreements from them to call me if Mom surfaced at their businesses. My boss, Tony Giatano carried some weight in town and helped convince a few to agree, feeling bad for me and my family. Three times I had tried to intervene for Mom's sake, trying to avoid another row between her and Dad, but he always seemed to find out.

After the episode at the Stay-Eez, I kept nagging Dad until he finally agreed to seek help for Mom. We went to Reverend Simmons at our church and after making several calls, he gave us a reference for a Doctor Deschane -- a psychiatrist specializing in sexual disorders. Mom seemed visibly relieved that she would now get a chance at counseling, knowing that things were out of control but seemingly unable to do anything about it.

Mom began seeing Doctor Deschane twice a week and for a month, things got much better -- Mom didn't stray, although her behavior at home around me continued to be somewhat improper...her outfits offering me glimpses of her lovely body and the little hugs and caresses and kisses continued whenever Dad was at work or in another room. There were times Mom seemed to simply smolder -- her eyes on me with such a fiery intensity I thought she might spontaneously combust -- those moments often coming on the heels of her therapy sessions.

Finally, Mom came home with a request from her doctor -- informing us that Doctor Deschane wanted us to begin attending additional sessions with Mom to help her with her therapy. Dad was reluctant -- with his barely achieved high school education, he didn't trust shrinks, preferring to place his faith in God alone, but I insisted and so we both steeled ourselves to finally confront Mom's demons.

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We were ushered into the inner office of Doctor Deschane, my interest in what a "shrink's" office looked like dissipating as Doctor Deschane rose from a large, wing-backed leather chair to greet us. She was maybe a little younger than Mom and slender and statuesque, brilliant auburn hair done up in a bun with a silver pin stuck through it and wearing cat's eye glasses that did nothing to detract from her emerald eyes. Though slender, her breasts seemed to be large and pert with just a

hint of décolletage under a blue silk blouse with just enough buttons undone. A tailored skirt rose high above her knees and I was suddenly looking forward to seeing her sit down.

My cock which had been constantly hard from Mom's attention suddenly found a new source of inspiration. Dad was struck near mute as he retreated from the frank sexuality of the doctor. Introductions were made quickly and I felt my cock swell in my slacks and my face flame with embarrassment as Doctor Deschane took my hand and gently shook it, her eyes scrutinizing me as she did so. She beckoned us to take seats on either side of Mom who looked at Doctor Deschane as if she was a holy woman about to confer a blessing.

The Doctor gave us a moment to get settled and then sat herself. I was not disappointed as she settled into her leather chair, her short skirt rising slightly to reveal tanned and toned thighs. Then oddly, she turned her head slightly and addressed me. "John, in trying to help your mother -- to allow her to help herself, it's been vitally important for her to confront what happened to her. I think for you and your father to understand what's happened to Cassie and how these experiences have changed her and how you can help her get control over her life, she needs to share these experiences with you as well. Does that make sense?"

I nodded slowly. "Sure," I replied. "I'll do anything to help Mom."

Doctor Deschane smiled and said, "This will not be easy -- for either you or your father. It will be graphic and I suspect shocking, but I think it's essential to your mother's recovery for you to truly comprehend what has happened to her and how she has changed."

"I don't see how it's essential for our son to hear all this," Dad said, the whine and discomfort thick in his voice.

"He and you, Mr. Hunter are Cassie's support system. I've discussed this with Cassie at length and she agrees that while this will be...difficult to hear, it is important to understand what she's gone through." Dad scowled at the psychiatrist but didn't argue further. Doctor Deschane turned in her chair to study Mom who was sitting upright in another huge leather chair, clearly nervous. "Cassie, would you like to begin?"

Mom took a deep breath and nodded, her hands tugging and fretting with the handkerchief in her hands. Not looking at us, she took another deep breath and said, "I don't remember being taken by Darren...er, Jones. I was loading groceries into the car and the next thing I knew..." Mom paused and took another deep breath. "I was in total darkness and could hardly breathe -- there was something, a mask on my face and I couldn't see and I was c-cumming my brains out." Mom flicked her eyes my way, her face reddening. "I was having an orgasm because someone -- Darren had shoved a vibrator into my vagina and taped it in place." Mom's red face darkened. "I was so naïve I didn't even know what was in me.

"I don't know how long I'd been awake or how long I lay there and orgasmed. It just kept going on and on. Maybe hours, so much that cumming hurt. I passed out again and when I came to, I was in a room, on a bed, naked and he was there...Darren and he was naked and hard and he had a knife...a big knife with jagged edges. He ordered me to get on my hands and knees like a good whore bitch and I was so scared and I did it and he fucked me. He fucked me really hard -- it hurt and the whole time he was running that knife up and down my back and underneath on my breasts -- using the tip, but never cutting me."

Mom paused and wiped her eyes. "Did you have an orgasm the first time with him, Cassie?" the doctor asked softly.

Mom shook her head and replied, "No -- I think I came close though. My -- my pussy was so sensitive still from that vibrator and he was big and even though it was painful, there was...is something...stimulating about being so close to death. By the time Darren came inside me, I was...aroused, I guess and scared I was going to die.

"Afterwards, he made me suck him clean while he told me his rules." Mom stopped again and looked at Doctor Deschanes who nodded for her to continue. "Darren said I was his sex bitch and that I was to do whatever he asked the moment he asked or he'd kill me. He told me he'd done this before. He said my old life was over and that every breath I took from then on depended on my ability to pleasure him.

"Afterwards, he fed me and left, locking me in my room. He left me a water jug, some food and a chamber pot. He didn't come back for three days but then he fucked me again and again and again. He made me suck him off and eat his cum and then he came on my face.

"Darren left me fresh supplies and I didn't see him again for I think seven days -- maybe longer. I had a light in the room, but no clock to measure time with. At times it seemed like I was alone nearly forever!" A sob escaped Mom's lips. "I was so lonely and scared. I prayed just to hear a voice. When he came back, I was actually glad to see him!" Mom looked up and tried to smile at Dad and me. "I'm sorry -- I know that sounds terrible, but I was so alone!"

"It's okay, Mom," I whispered hoarsely. "I wish we could have found you."

Mom smiled at me and said, "Me too -- I used to daydream about it for hours on in -- you and your father rescuing me." Mom paused as if recollecting where she left off. "So, Darren finally came back and I was so happy to see him...to see anyone at that point. He fucked me constantly for days afterwards, whenever he could get it up which was a lot. I think he was taking drugs to help himself with that.

"Sometimes he was brutal with me, taking me hard and forcefully -- raping me practically and other times he was gentle, almost sweet, treating me more like a girlfriend...or," Mom's voice broke, "...like a wife."

"What was he doing the first time he made you orgasm, Cassie?" the doctor asked.

Mom didn't answer for a moment. "He made me cum with his cock the first time he fucked me after all those days I was alone. Darren got on top of me and I was scared, but so happy that there was someone to see and talk to and to touch and his cock was so hard and big and he just rammed it in me and it hurt a lot, but even as rough as he was being, I felt my orgasm start early and I came and came long before he shot his wad in me." Mom began to breathe a little faster and through her dress, I could see her nipples harden as she recalled the event. "I actually thanked him for making me cum. He just laughed and said he knew I was a slut at heart since the moment he first laid eyes on me."

"You thanked a man who'd kidnapped you and proceeded to rape you repeatedly and knowing this, you were aroused by him enough to orgasm during intercourse?" Doctor Deschane gave me several sidelong glances and said, "Why do you think that happened?"

Mom shrugged. "I don't know. Like I keep saying, I was scared and lonely and homesick and just being with someone felt so good. He was always saying he'd get around to killing me sooner or later, but just having contact with another human being felt so damn good."

The psychiatrist leaned forward and prodded her, "And? Don't leave anything out."

Mom and Doctor Deschane stared at each other for a moment and finally Mom nodded and looked at Dad and me. "I have to be honest. As soon as I had cummed that first time with the vibrator -- it was unlike anything I'd known before. I can't explain it, but I wanted more." She looked directly at me and said, "It was something I wasn't all that familiar with -- your father was the only one I'd ever been with before and while I had always enjoyed the sex, I reckon I'd never really orgasmed like that before -- not from being fucked anyway."

Mom looked away and then back at me. She slowly licked her lips and seemed to squirm a little as if she couldn't get quite comfortable. "I begged him to fuck me and make me cum again." Mom paused and a queer smile fluttered across her lips. "And Darren did. He fucked me and fucked me and made me cum over and over again."

A little moan escaped Mom's lips as a shiver ran over her body, raising gooseflesh and making her nipples swell underneath her dress. "I was like a crack addict, only my drug was sex and Darren was my dealer and he kept me happy and well fucked. I never knew that fucking was so, so..." Mom's voice took on a dreamy quality as she finished with, "Wonderful! And Darren taught me that there was so much more to it than I ever imagined."

"The first couple of months it was just straight sex -- oh, Darren taught me to appreciate getting fucked up the ass as well and to be a good cocksucker and to appreciate the taste of a man's seed, but then he taught me so much more."

I glanced over at my father who was looking down at the carpet, his jaw muscles clenched and his face a bright red. He looked angrier than I could ever remember -- even worse than when he'd first caught Mom cheating on him.

Mom paused, one hand slowly running up her blouse to cup and squeeze her breast, I'm not even sure she was aware she was doing it. "One day, he brought in a steel A-Frame with chains and clamps and things." Mom shivered. "He hung chains with clamps attached and suspended me by my nipples and I had to almost stand on tip-toe to keep them from hurting too much even though they did hurt like hell, but even then..." Mom's face became almost vacant and her fingers fluttered across one nipple hard and erect against her dress as she continued. "Even then, there was always pleasure along with the pain."

Mom closed her eyes and I imagined she was seeing it in her mind and she continued to squirm as she spoke. "Other times, Darren liked to attach chains with clamps to both my nipples and my labia -- chains that were too short if I stood up erect -- pulling and pinching unless I could raise my legs off the ground -- otherwise, sweet pain and pleasure together. I would cum and cry and want it to stop and never stop at the same time till I thought I was going insane."

"Darren would manacle me to the A-Frame, hanging spread-eagled in the air for hours at a time, my arms screaming with pain and when I thought I would simply die from the agony, he'd pull up a chair in front of me and bury his face in my pussy and make me go nuts from the pleasure until I thought I would simply die from the ecstasy. He had a tongue like a snake and he would eat me for hours on end."

Mom's eyes snapped open and she looked at me in such a way that made me squirm in my chair. "That was something else I'd never experienced. I was taught that a man putting his face in your pussy was nasty and sinful." She shivered again. "I just don't understand how something so...so delightful could be called a sin." Licking her lips, Mom added, "Afterwards, he'd kiss me -- let me

taste myself." Mom dropped her gaze back down to her lap, unable to continue to look at me. "I loved that too -- how I tasted."

There was a long pause, the only noise, the scratching of the occasional note by Doctor Deschane and Mom's heavy breathing. The doctor looked up and smiled, first at me and then at Mom. "You're doing wonderfully, Cassie -- so honest. John, are you okay...do you need a break?"

My eyes were on Mom -- amazed that I was seeing her in such an aroused state -- my thoughts of the sexy looking doctor forgotten. My own cock was now throbbing in my slacks and I was sorely tempted to find a Men's room and jack off, but this wasn't about me -- this was about my mother and getting her the help she needed. The crazy, nasty stuff running around inside my head could wait until another day. Idly I wondered if Doctor Deschane gave family discounts. I shook my head in the negative. "I'm fine -- whatever Mom wants me to do."

The psychiatrist glanced over at Dad, his face now a deep crimson and clenching his jaw so hard, I could hear his teeth grinding together. His hands were gripping the wooden ends of the armrest of his chair so tightly, I thought they might snap off in his fingers. When the doctor asked him, "Mister Hunter, would you like a break?" he gave a harsh shake of his head, conveying his anger and contempt without even speaking.

Both Mom and the psychiatrist exchanged glances and then smiles and the doctor replied, "Very well -- Cassie, please continue."

Mom nodded and said, "Sex...orgasms, became my life. It was my life. Darren never really bothered with me if sex wasn't involved. I was his pet -- his toy and all I wanted to do was pleasure him and be pleased in return." Mom smiled at me. "I know that sounds crazy, but Darren was my world. After months went by, I knew I wasn't going to be rescued and part of me expected Darren to come in and kill me at any moment, but every minute he was torturing me or fucking me was a minute I was still alive. Every moment Darren had his cock in me was a moment I wasn't alone. Telling me to tongue his asshole was precious because I was being spoken to and I was happy to do it. I enjoyed obeying his every command."

Mom's eyes took on a distant look. "I never knew a person could get so lonely -- constantly alone for hours or even days on end. My heart ached for the sight of Darren -- I was thrilled to get a word from him and when he was with me, I loved knowing that he was completely focused on me...that for the time he was with me, I was his world too."

"Did you come to fall in love with Darren Jones?" Doctor Deschane asked.

Mom reddened and was a long time in answering. "I think...in many ways that yes, I loved Darren. Even knowing he was the one who took me -- I counted the seconds from one visit to the next, my heart nearly bursting with joy when I heard the bolts being undone and him walking in. I loved the feeling he awoke in me, the knowledge of pleasures I never dreamed existed."

"I have never in my life heard such a crock of shit!" Dad said, standing up, his face red with anger. "You call this helping her?" he snarled at the psychiatrist. "He screwed up her head -- that's why she keeps sleeping around like a dog in heat. "You should be helping her -- not letting her relive what that sonofabitch did to her!"

Doctor Deschane sat up, her face serious, yet trying to be understanding. "Yes, I agree that Jones has messed with Cassie -- brainwashed her to some extent as happens with kidnap victims, but Mister Hunter, you also need to understand that for good or bad, these...events have opened up

whole new realms of experiences and emotions for Cassie -- emotions and desires that have been suppressed or denied her whole life. The purpose of being here today is for you...and your son to understand that -- to see Cassie through fresh eyes to understand her better so that your whole family can heal and move on."

Dad's eyes became narrow slits as he angrily stared at the psychiatrist and muttered, "Bullshit. I'm out of here. C'mon, John, lets go. If Cassie wants to come home and be a good wife and mother, I'm there, otherwise let her go out and sell her whoring ass on the street for all I care."

Mom's eyes were wide in alarm. "Please, Joseph..." She stopped as he waved a hand at her dismissively. Mom looked at me, her eyes full of fear and need.

I swallowed, my mouth suddenly bone dry and rasped, "I'm not going, Dad. I'm staying."

Dad turned my way, his hand balling into a fist. "You're my son and I said we're leaving!"

I stood up, scarcely realizing that my hands had formed fists too. "I'm Mom's son, too and I'm nearly nineteen. She needs our help and I'm staying."

The room became deathly silent as Dad and I took our measure of each other. I'd never taken such a stand before, but I needed to do this. Mom needed me to do this and I wasn't going to back off. "Mom needs us, Dad." I said more urgently.

I'm pretty sure I couldn't take Dad in a fight, but maybe he thought I could. He tried staring me down for a long minute and then nodded and frowned. All of a sudden, he seemed old, worn down from anger. "Fine, the hell with both of you!" he snapped at us and spinning on his heel, stalked out of the room.

The silence continued for several seconds and then Mom burst out crying and I was suddenly kneeling beside her, letting her throw her arms around me and hug me tight as she sobbed. Part of me ached for Mom's pain and desired to end her suffering. Part of me continued to be aroused by this woman I found myself sexually attracted to. My erection had never gone down -- sustained by the prospect of a fight and now sustained by the close presence -- the touch of my mother who I found so sexy and desirable. Part of me felt the eyes of Doctor Deschane studying us both carefully.

I continued to embrace Mom long after her sobs faded away and her hitched breathing eased up. Finally, the doctor said in a soft voice. "Cassie, can you continue or do we need to meet again later?"

I felt Mom hug me a little tighter, her breasts shuddering a bit against my face before she answered. "I can go on...if John is willing."

I hugged Mom back, looking up into her face and then raising up enough to kiss the corner of her mouth. "I'm fine, Mom. I'm willing to do anything to help you. I love you, Mom.

My mother's eyes filled with tears again and she mouthed the words, "I love you too, son," before returning my kiss which despite being chaste, sent tremors racing through me to make my cock throb even more. I stood up and then pulled Dad's chair closer to her so I could sit there and we could hold hands. Mom looked at Doctor Deschane and said in a husky voice, "I'm ready to go on."

The doctor smiled and said, "Fine, remember that you are a strong woman, Cassie and you're reclaiming your life." She turned and smiled at me, her eyes seeming to strip away my flesh to peer

into my soul. "John, you have no idea how much your support means to your mother." She nodded to Mom to begin again. "You were speaking of whether or not you came to love Darren Jones."

Mom licked her lips and again said, "I suppose it was love...maybe not the love a wife has for her husband, at least not exactly." Mom's brow wrinkled as she concentrated on the right words. "Maybe it was that type of love, but with more layers...more complicated. In some ways, maybe Joseph is right. I was like a bitch in heat -- a dog that would do anything to please her master."

"You're talking about taking pleasure from being submissive to him?" asked Doctor Deschane.

Mom shivered and said. "Yes. I've always been sort of submissive...raised that way to be subservient to my husband and I never minded that, but..." Again, her eyes got a little dreamy as she paused to consider her experiences. "But, Darren showed me how more satisfying it was when he made being sexually submissive a part of my life. I never dreamed how much a person could get pleasure from giving pleasure to someone else. My god, I had orgasms just from sucking his cock!" Mom's face turned redder as she gave me a sidelong glance to see how I reacted and her hand squeezed mine tightly.

Doctor Deschane shifted in her seat, uncrossing and then crossing her legs again as she turned to me and said, "I know this is all bizarre to you, John, but do you understand what your mother is talking about when she says she takes pleasure from being submissive?"

I shifted in my seat, still trying to conceal my obvious erection and after a moment's hesitation, replied, "I guess so. Darren controlling her, making her do what he wanted made Mom hot...it was part of what made her like the sex between them so much. I guess part of that was her knowing that if she pleased him, she was going to get...um, fucked and experience...um, the orgasms she was loving."

The doctor smiled approvingly at me. "Very perceptive, John. There are many people who find assuming a sexually submissive role in a relationship to be arousing and fulfilling." The psychiatrist turned her attention back to my mother. "Cassie, since you've returned, would you say in your, ah...extramarital affairs, are you submissive as well?"

Mom looked over at me, an expression of mild embarrassment on her face as she replied, "I was...yes, once I had flirted or offered myself to a man...I would do whatever he wanted." She looked at me and I knew she was recalling that last time at the Stay-Eez Inn and said, "Whatever he wanted or if there was more than one, I just did my utmost to please them all."

"Do you find that degrading, Cassie?" Doctor Deschane leaned forward, her eyes intently focused on Mom.

My mother pursed her lips and seemed to reflect for a moment. "I suppose I do, but..." Something powerful and primal seemed to flicker behind Mom's eyes as she continued, "But that's a part of what's so exciting too! It's like Darren opened up this secret part of me that was sleeping, that didn't know how good it could feel to be his sex slave -- to do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted, no matter how perverted I might have thought it was before. He showed me how sexy it made me feel being submissive." Mom paused again, her face growing thoughtful. "Do you think Darren taught me a truth about myself or was that brainwashing?"

Doctor Deschane smiled and shook her head. "I think that is something that you have to answer for yourself, Cassie. You've already said you've always been submissive, just not as much...at least

sexually. In the end, I suspect it doesn't matter as much as whether from here on out it's something you view as positive or negative."

Mom nodded and glancing at me, replied, "I know I think it can be either. I feel like I have so much to offer a man...so much pleasure I can give him. I think if Joseph had accepted that...had taken advantage of that, we both could have been so happy. It's something I need to express and I guess that's why I looked elsewhere..." She looked at me and then looked away. "Not much of an excuse for being a whoring wife and mother, is it?"

Doctor Deschane started to reply, but I beat her to the punch by exclaiming, "No! I get it, Mom! Everyone has...well, needs. We'd all go crazy if they weren't satisfied." Mom smiled happily at my response and mouthed the words, "Thank you." I blushed, pleased that I had made Mom maybe feel better. I then looked at Doctor Deschane who was looking pleased as well. "Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt," I said.

"No need for apologies, John. Nothing makes me happier than to see someone supporting a loved one so passionately!"

A small timer went off on a table next to her chair, pinging softly. Doctor Deschane frowned and after glancing down at the little device, said, "I'm afraid our time is up for today." She beamed at us both and said, "I think we've made wonderful progress today. Cassie, take heart -- you have a wonderfully supportive son and I think with his help, all will be better soon."

Mom looked at me with a very loving and somehow unsettling expression and said softly, "I am very lucky."

Doctor Deschane stood up and a bit reluctantly, I stood up as well, my hands feathering back and forth near my waist, wanting so bad to hide my obvious erection and knowing that I would simply be drawing attention to it if I did so. The doctor nodded again towards Mom and said, "Cassie, if you would, please set up our next group session with my receptionist." She turned to me and said, "John, if you could remain behind a moment, I'd like a moment's private conversation."

Mom nodded and said rather meekly, "Of course, Doctor." She headed for the door, looking back at us with a bit of uncertainty, but then nodded again, more than a little submissively I realized with a start and was gone.

I turned to look at the doctor who was studying me intently. "A lot happened today, John," she said. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied. Then I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Sorry about my Dad. Maybe he'll understand eventually."

Doctor Deschane gave me a bit of a smirk and shaking her head, making her red auburn tresses dance, replied, "I believe in honesty, John. I think your parents' marriage is dead. Your father simply doesn't have it within him to help your mother. Your mother and I had already discussed that at length and his reaction wasn't entirely unexpected." She paused and tilting her head a little, added, "But, I think you might be different. You love your mother and I suspect you'll do whatever is necessary to help Cassie."

I nodded vigorously. "Absolutely, I want to make Mom happy."

A long silence followed as Mom's psychiatrist studied me intently. Finally she said, "I believe you do and I think you can be the key to your mother's happiness. Your mother and I have discussed that as well and your sticking up for your mother was something she has hoped and prayed for. I think all along we both expected you to be the man who would be there for her when this day was over."

Doctor Deschane stepped up close to me until only a few inches separated us. I became acutely aware of how her full breasts jutted out, almost brushing my chest. I suddenly had a better view down her blouse, seeing an amazing part of her breasts swelling out of light blue bra cups. Her voice became lower, huskier. "Can you be that strong for your mother, John? Can you as her son, take control of the situation?"

She took a step closer to me, her body now pressing into mine and my mouth hung open in shock and I almost jumped out of my shoes as she pressed a warm palm against my crotch. "Do you think you can take control of your mother, John? Can you be that brave...that daring?"

"I...um, Doctor, I...you mean..." I was stunned, unable to speak as I tried to believe that I understood what Doctor Deschane was saying to me.

The psychiatrist moved her head towards mine until we were almost kissing. "What happened to your mother is outside normal experience, John. The remedy must by necessity, be outside normal treatment procedures. You know what she needs!" Doctor Deschane gave the bulge in my pants a gentle squeeze. "You have what she needs, John, you are what she needs. Be strong for her, be the strong man she needs...the strong son she needs you to be." I could feel her lips barely brushing mine. "Do we understand each other, John?"

I slowly nodded, still unable to speak. Doctor Deschane kissed me, her tongue darting into my mouth for several sweet seconds. Then she patted my throbbing bulge again and whispered, "I wish you luck, John. Make me proud, be the strong, loving son your mother wants and requires to make a recovery."

As I continued to try and find my voice, Doctor Deschane took me by the arm and led me out the door, acting if she hadn't just made such an incredible request of me, waving at Mom and as I looked from one to the other, the doctor seemed to be looking at my mother with an expression akin to envy. I joined Mom to walk towards the elevator, she taking my arm as the doctor had and leaning in to buss me on the cheek and saying, "Thank you, son, for coming with me. It means so much to me!"

There were so many things I wanted to say, but all I managed to croak was, "I love you, Mom."

Downstairs, we discovered that Dad had indeed left, taking the car and driving off. After I failed to raise him on my cell phone, I called us a taxi and while we were waiting for it and then during the ride home, Mom and I remained silent, barely speaking, although Mom kept her arm hooked through mine all the way home, her presence both comforting and arousing at the same time.

Once home, we discovered Dad had really left -- most of his clothes, his toiletries and his bible gone and a single, quickly scrawled note that repeated his earlier statement, "To Hell With Both of You!" I held Mom in my arms as she had another good cry and then afterwards, while she showered and laid down for a nap, I kept trying to get Dad on the phone, my head spinning as the world I knew and understood kept falling down around me.

Dad finally picked up and it was with some ironic amusement that he told me he would be staying at the Stay-Eez Inn for the moment and that "my whore of a mother" would be hearing from his

lawyer. We exchanged angry words that culminated in promises to "kick each other's ass" in the near future and I felt both sadness and a curious contentment that he was now suddenly and maybe irrevocably out of our lives.

I peeked in on Mom and saw her sleeping restlessly in her bed, wearing a purple baby-doll nightie that had pulled up around her thighs, revealing her clean shaven pussy. I felt a little dizzy as my erection throbbed painfully in my pants, the psychiatrist's words still echoing in my head...her sultry voice whispering, "Be the strong son your mother needs you to be."

I retreated to my bedroom and tried to get some sleep, resisting with some difficulty the urge to masturbate. Mom's story of her captivity ran through my mind -- images of Mom submissively, willingly performing all sorts of acts for Darren Jones -- happily, joyously cumming for him, being an absolute slut and as I drifted off to sleep, I began erasing Jones from the images and replacing him with myself, Doctor Deschane's words echoing around us.

When I awoke, it was dark. The illuminated clock on my bedroom dresser telling me it was nearly 8:00 P.M. I got up, painfully erect and changed clothes, dressing in a pair of gym shorts and a tank top. Again, the day's events played through my head, but the confusion I had been feeling seemed to have dissipated. Everything seemed clear to me now.

I made my way downstairs, following the wonderful smell of one of Mom's secret casseroles baking in the oven. Mom was at the sink, washing dishes and I wasn't really surprised to see her still in her little purple negligee, now complemented by a pair of backless pumps with high, narrow heels, making Mom's legs look longer and shapelier than ever. The gauzy material of her nightie made it clear that she wasn't wearing panties...her buttocks looking full and inviting.

"Mom," I said, standing at the kitchen door. "Are you okay?"

Mom looked over her shoulder at me, her eyes a bit red from crying and gave me a smile. "Getting there, John. You going with me today and standing up for me helped." She returned to her dishes as I stood in the doorway and admired her lush, nearly naked body, feeling my cock throb and ache at the sight of her. Finally, Mom looked over her shoulder again and said, "Are you hungry? Supper's about thirty minutes away if you can wait."

I moved into the kitchen towards my mother. "I'm hungry alright," I said sort of nonchalantly.

Mom finished her washing and drying her hands on a dish towel, turned to face me, starting a bit as I was now only inches away from her. "I can fix you a snack to tide you over, son." She started to say more, but stopped when I gently placed my finger over her lips.

"I'm hungry, Mom, but not for food."

Mom's eyes grew wide and as she began to blush, she stammered, "I...I what do you mean?"

"Dad's gone, Mom."

Mom licked her lips and nodding, replied, "I know that."

"And he's not coming back. He's gone for good."

Mom looked up into my eyes, her lovely blues red and watery -- another crying bout looming close. "I know that too, John, but..."

Interrupting her, I said, "I'm the man of the house now, Mom. I'm your man."

Mom shivered, making her mostly visible breasts shake in the most delightful way. Her body seemed to stiffen and grow more erect. "What are you saying, son?" she said in a tight, almost frightened voice.

I reached up and took Mom by the shoulders, squeezing them gently as I replied, "Things are going to change from now on, Mom. No more going out and finding some stranger to fuck you."

Mom licked her lips again and said meekly, "John?"

I pulled her to me, pressing her body against mine as I said, "If you're horny -- if you need cock -- if you need to please somebody, you come to me and I'll be happy to let you please me...your son...your man."

Mom moaned and said, "Oh...but I'm your mother, we can't...I know Doctor Deshcane thinks..." Again, I reached out with my right hand and pressed a finger against her lips.

"You are my mother and I'm your son and I'm telling you how life is going to be from now on. You're my woman now, Mom. You're my sexy, submissive mother slut and your only purpose in life from here out is to please your loving son." I ran my finger across her lips and then shifted, exchanging my forefinger for my thumb and running it back and forth across her lips, pressing it between them.

A shudder went through Mom's body as she slowly parted her lips, letting me slip the tip of my thumb between them, feeling the wetness of her mouth and then the tip of her tongue brushing against it.

"I love you, Mom and I know you love me. It's time for you to show me what that means on this first day of our new life together." Mom's eyes were full of tears and I prayed that they were tears of gratitude as she began to suck on my thumb, her hands coming up to cup my hand as she began to work my thumb back and forth.

My free hand came up and cupped her meaty breast through the gauzy material of her negligee, tweaking the very long and very hard nipple trying to poke through the thin nightie. I let her tit go and returned my hand to her shoulder. Firmly, I began to press down, saying to my mother, "Show me how much you love me, Mom. Show me how well you can please your only son."

Mom seemed to resist for a moment before letting my thumb slip from between her lips and yielding to the pressure of my hand. Slowly, Mom dropped down, going to her knees until she was kneeling before me, her face scant inches from the massive bulge in the front of my shorts. Hesitantly, Mom reached out with one hand, pulling it back several times before finally rubbing her palm up and down my front, feeling the massive erection lurking there.

Mom looked up at me, still some doubt in her eyes, but also hunger. "This is so wrong, John," she whispered. "I'm your mother." Then Mom reached out and hooked her fingers into the waistband of my gym shorts and yanked them down hard, releasing my long, thick and very hard cock, letting it slap her in the face.

Mom's hands flew back up to wrap around my long shaft and again a powerful shudder ran through her as she moaned, "I love you, son. I...I...oh, God, I've missed this!" Mom pressed her head into my crotch, her lips showering my cock with loving kisses and then her lips were stretching

around the head and I was in her mouth, wet and warm and her soft, moist tongue was doing things I had only dreamed of.

Maybe it was the intensity of Mom's knowledgeable cocksucking that made my head swim to the point I had to reach out and steady myself against the sink counter or maybe it was simply the realization that I was standing in my kitchen with my nearly naked mother kneeling in front of me lovingly sucking my cock. I reached out with my free hand and gently stroked my fingers through Mom's dark, gray streaked hair, enjoying its softness along with the wet softness of her tongue washing over the head of my cock as she sucked and licked, her lovely blue eyes never looking away from my face as they flashed with a joyous intensity.

Mom's face had an expression of contentment and of joy that I had seen rarely since her return and then only those few times I had gone to retrieve her at motels after she'd been fucked almost into unconsciousness. It was both exciting and disturbing to see her so completely absorbed in pleasuring me. Equally arousing and disturbing was the sudden sense of power and satisfaction I was getting from seeing my own mother submitting to my commands. I had an unexpected flash of insight into the twisted nature of Mom's kidnapper.

Thankfully I had little time to dwell on my troubling thoughts as the need to cum rose to dominate everything. My near constant erections all day had left me with a hair trigger and while I yearned to let Mom's loving blowjob go on for hours, my need to ejaculate was too strong.

I had never experienced a woman actually swallowing my sperm, the few blowjobs I'd received from dates had always ended with them stroking me off with their hand, but now I was faced with a new dilemma -- let Mom swallow or cum in her face. In my head came the voice of Doctor Deschane, urging me to take control of Mom and with that insight, I yanked Mom's head back, her tongue and teeth and lips sliding over my cock and with a primal yowl, I exploded, aiming streamer after streamer of hot, white semen to splash over Mom's face.

Mom responded automatically, moaning, "Oh God, yessss!" as she opened her mouth wide and extended her tongue out, trying to catch some of my spewing jism as it splattered across her nose and cheeks, then her forehead and then as I aimed better, directly onto her tongue -- stroking the last streamers onto her extended digit, letting the thick, white goo to pool there.

I staggered back, the room swirling about me, to lean against the kitchen table, my cock twitching and tingling as I watched my mother frantically using her fingers to scoop and direct my semen into her mouth, smacking her lips and sucking furiously at her fingers as she savored each thick glob of my seed. My cock which had begun to shrink a bit, was suddenly jerking and bouncing as blood engorged it again, the sight of my wanton mother, sluttishly eating my spunk, making my cock so hard, it slapped against my belly.

Our gazes locked again and for a moment we didn't move and then I sprung at my mother like a cat taking its prey -- dragging her to her feet and slinging her towards the kitchen table. As I pushed Mom down onto the table with one hand, I ripped her filmy negligee away, leaving her wearing only those sexy, backless heels. Her legs were straight and quivering as I bent her over, my hands spreading and lifting her asscheeks, revealing her bald cunt -- labia wet, glistening and spread wide, ready for me...ready for her son.

"I'm going to fuck you, Mom," I snarled, my voice tight and urgent. Almost out of control, I thrust at her backside -- my erection sliding up and down her labia.

"Oh yessss, John!" Mom sobbed. "I've been dreaming of this since I came home...since I saw my son wasn't a boy anymore, but a man, a big dicked man!" Mom twisted her hips just slightly and the head of my cock slipped inside her creamy heat. "Fuck me, John, please! Fuck Mommy! Please fuck me and let me show how much I love my son!"

And then I was sliding inside her, sinking my long, hard cock deep into my mother's hot cunt, savoring her silky tightness. My hands went to her waist and like a male dog in rut, I began to frantically hump my cock into Mom's pussy, thrusting hard and fast -- making the kitchen table scoot slightly with each thrust. Mom writhed on the table -- her arms flailing away, knocking the napkin holder and salt and pepper shakers onto the floor, fingernails scraping over the wood surface -- her heels scratching along the surface of the floor as she sought purchase and leverage to fling herself back to meet my thrusts.

I fucked Mom hard, making her squall with pleasure as I buried myself in her again and again, grinding my wiry pubic hair into her bald, wet mound again and again. Then Mom was screaming my name as her cunt walls tightened around my cock and bathed my hard penis in fiery juices as I gave my mother her first son induced orgasm. Her pussy held my cock so tightly in its grip, all I could do was hunch against Mom's hips, making my erection move only minutely inside her, but making her sob with ecstatic.

As her orgasm waned, I started fucking her hard again, Mom sagging back against me as her legs turned rubbery. I stepped back, my cock sliding from Mom's pussy, dripping with her hot juices. Mom wailed plaintively as I withdrew and turned and at the sight of my cream covered cock, again fell to her knees and took me into her mouth as I bumped up against the counter. It was my turn to groan as Mom's tongue slathered up and down my cock, lapping up her own juices.

Then I was pulling Mom back onto her feet, breasts bouncing as I walked her backwards and then lifting her up onto the table and spreading her legs and then yanking her so that she was dangling off the edge of the table and then as she hissed with excitement, I slammed my cock back into her wet and open pussy.

Mom sobbed, "I love you, John! Fuck me hard, son!" as she wrapped her arms around my neck and pressed her lips against mine as I sank my throbbing penis deep into her womb. Mouths open and tongues frantically dancing, I could taste my semen and Mom's pussy as we kissed. Our mingled flavors seemed to fuel our passions and we began fucking feverishly, Mom's legs rising up to wrap around my hips, tightening with each thrust, kicking to urge me a little deeper with each hard thrust.

My experience with sex at age eighteen was pretty limited to a few willing, but equally inexperienced girls I'd dated, but with Mom everything seemed to come to me by instinct. I seemed to know what a certain roll of my hips or the intensity of a thrust would do to Mom, sending her nearly out of control in a paroxysm of ecstatic pleasure. More than even taking a dominant role in our lovemaking...no, our fucking, was the knowledge that this was my mother -- that we were blood kin, sharing flesh and spit and sweat and lust in the most primal of all acts.

In committing incest with my mother, I felt more alive than at any other moment in my life and from the way she was responding, trying to meet my thrusts, her pussy walls gripping at my cock, trying to please me and consume me at the same time, I was positive that she felt the same way. It gave me great pleasure imagining that I was taking my mother to a greater plateau of sexual pleasure and experience than even her kidnapper had. I was fucking my mom and I reveled in it --

already knowing that I would never be able to get enough of her and thrilled that Mom would be devoted to sating my incestuous hungers for the rest of our lives!

Our fucking became more ardent...almost violent in its intensity as we kissed and bit each other -- me leaning Mom onto her back and ducking my head to suck and bite her swollen nipples while her fingernails tore bloody tracks down my back, my pelvis slamming into hers with loud, wet slaps as we fucked ourselves closer to a mutual orgasm. When I lifted my head, we stared at each other, the only noises whimpers and snarls as we fucked. Mom's breasts bounced and rolled and her lower lip hung open in an expression of incestuous rapture while her eyes blazed with a sexual fury that I could feel deep inside me, racing to the very tip of my cock as it burrowed ever deeper into her sodden cunt.

Mom's eyes widened suddenly and she gave out a dog like bark -- a passionate yip and then her body began to convulse in a powerful sexual seizure as her orgasm crashed down on her like a tidal wave. Her sweet, furnace like pussy clamped tight around my deeply buried cock, her cunt flesh rippling and writhing along my shaft and I was past the moment of no return as well and roared, "I fucking love you, Mom!" as I felt my balls bounce and dance as I began to pump fresh, hot semen into her womb.

Our lips found each other again and our tongues engaged in another frenetic dance as we clung together -- my hands firmly gripping Mom's hips and pulling her into me, going as deep inside her motherly cunt as possible. For one almost indescribable moment, it seemed as if our mutual orgasm would never end -- sweet pleasure etched on Mom's face as the intensity of my orgasm almost made me fall to my knees.

As we finally began to come down, Mom burst into tears, hugging me and then showering my face with kisses before sobbing in a voice full of heartfelt love, "I love you, son. Oh, how I needed this!"

At the end -- we burned the casserole, but ate it anyway -- our appetites spurred by the fuck of a lifetime. We sat there, Mom, naked and in my lap as she spoon fed me the pasta and burger combination, laughing and giggling as she squirmed on my lap, legs dangling on either side of me, her bare pussy leaking semen and rubbing so wetly and deliciously against my semi-erect cock until I was once again erect -- my long hard pole sticking up between us, smearing her tummy with precum as she hunched against me.

Food was forgotten as our lust kicked in once again and with her lower lip pooched out in a sexual pout and looking at me with utter lust, Mom rose up and impaled herself on my cock. As her arms came around me, I cupped her ass cheeks and with a grunt, stood up. Mom wrapped her legs tight around my hips and, joined cock and pussy -- I walked us upstairs to her bedroom.

I had been heading towards my room when Mom looked at me with her eyes hooded sluttishly and hissed. "Fuck me in my bed, John. I've waited my entire married life to be given an orgasm in my marriage bed and if my husband can't do it, I know my son can!"

So it was that I came to lay my mother back on the bed she had shared with Dad for nearly two decades and with her legs wrapped around my back, fucked her amidst the wreckage of their marriage -- things he had discarded in his rush to leave lying on the floor and the smell of his old aftershave -- English Leather, still evident on the room and I felt proud that I had taken his place -- all the grief I had felt at Mom's disappearance and my dismay and anger as I saw Dad ignore her obvious need for help being wiped away with every stroke of my cock into Mom's hot and tight pussy.

Each kiss my mother and I shared as our bodies came together in soul shaking thrusts seemed to reshape and rebuild who we were -- redefining our mother and son relationship and expanding it to incorporate the reality that we were lovers, our incestuous lovemaking healing Mom's troubled heart and making mine complete. We writhed and rolled about on the bed, insatiable in our desires to feel and experience each other -- fucking as if we'd been joined cock and pussy for ages, seeming to know each other's needs and desires on an instinctual level -- our relationship as mother and son making our relationship as lovers that much more wonderful.

Mom's screams of orgasm became more cries of pure pleasure and happiness rather than sobs of pure sexual needs. When I began to cum in Mom's pussy again, we were both weeping with absolute joy -- intoxicated in the knowledge that we had in becoming lovers, found our purpose in life...our place in the universe.

As we fell asleep in the aftermath of a wonderful night of incestuous fucking, arms and legs still wrapped tightly around each other, we slipped into slumber feeling utterly safe and loved as we had never felt before.

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We strolled into the office building of Doctor Deschane's offices were, hand in hand, Mom's face holding a glowing smile that made her seem more lovely than might seem possible. I was very much aware that many men's heads turned as we passed, dazzled at the beautiful, sexually radiant woman that was my mother.

It had been a good morning, started with an exquisite bout of sixty-nine that had begun when Mom woke up to discover me licking her pussy and evolved into her climbing atop me, her dripping wet cunt grinding into my face while her lips slid up and down my throbbing cock, her tongue an insanely sweet torture as it writhed around the head of my swollen penis.

It had gotten better when the lawyer my employer, Tony Giatano, had helped us retain, called to report his meeting with Dad and his lawyer had left my father shaking and appalled and conceding defeat on most of his plans to take everything he and Mom had owned. It seems after our lawyer painted a vivid picture of how he'd portray Dad as an unsympathetic bastard who'd refused to help his deeply troubled wife after her awful ordeal, Dad's lawyer threatened to abandon the case unless Dad caved in. Mom didn't want to take Dad to the cleaners, but she did want some security...security she would now have.

We walked into Doctor Deschane's office -- our smiles testifying to how happy we were in taking her advice. Mom's psychiatrist looked as stunning as ever, today wearing a burgundy sweater dress that rode high on her thighs and clung to every curve, emphasizing her luscious breasts and figure. She was wearing her glorious hair down, framing her lovely face -- green eyes almost glowing with pleasure.

Doctor Deschane noted our joined hands and the smiles on our faces and said, "So, I see that John has taken control of the situation and the healing has begun."

Mom blushed as she nodded and said, "My son is a wonderful man. He's a wonderful lover and if might call him so, a wonderful master!"

"I'm so happy for you both," replied Doctor Deschane. She focused on me. "Any guilt or reservations about the role you've taken on as your mother's lover, John?"

I felt my face begin to burn...after all, it wasn't everyday you were able to talk with another person about fucking your mother. "No...still seems almost like a dream, but a great one." I squeezed Mom's hand, my cock stirring as she gave me a motherly, loving smile in return. "Mom's seems so happy and the last few days have been almost heaven."

Doctor Deschane seemed pleased as she responded, "A most therapeutic solution, albeit extreme. Your mother and I had talked at length about her experience and her desires and while she yearned for your father to be understanding and step up and be there for her, there was also her constant referral to you as more understanding and loving and she faced down her fear and confusion as well as all the societal taboos to bravely confess her attraction to her son and how her urges for you were almost as strong a motivator as to continue the sexual pleasure she learned while the captive of Darren Jones." She gave us both a big smile as she said, "Incest isn't the normal avenue for any psychiatric treatment, but in this case, I think it is the correct one."

"Yes!" Mom and I replied together before we all shared a laugh. I leaned over in my chair and kissed Mom, allowing Doctor Deschane to see our obvious love for each other as our tongues darted and danced for several seconds.

When we were finally sitting back in our chairs, our smiles a mixture of embarrassment and happiness, Doctor Deschane studied us for several seconds -- obviously aroused, her breasts heaving enticingly under her sweater dress, - thick and erect nipples pressing boldly against the jersey cotton material. "I confess a bit of envy at your relationship," she began. "And I envy the road that I have faith that you two will travel as we continue to help Cassie recover."

I think I might have looked a little surprised at her statement and the doctor looked at me with a keen and mysterious expression. "Yes, John...your mother's recovery is just beginning. We have much still to cover about what your mother endured in her captivity." She turned her gaze to Mom and said, "Isn't that correct, Cassie?"

Mom licked her lips and said softly, "Oh yes. Where should I begin?"

Doctor Deschane looked down at her notes and then looking up at us both, smiled somewhat evilly and replied, "Why don't you discuss how Darren Jones shared you with some acquaintances?"

That stunned me -- the first time I had had any inkling that in the years she'd been gone, there might have been more than one person involved. Certainly I'd never even heard a hint of it from Dad or the authorities. "Mom?" I asked, the surprise evident in my voice.

Mom shivered, her hand tightening around mine as she began, "I'm not sure how long I'd been Darren's love slave -- many months I guess, but one day he'd had me on the A-Frame and he brought in a woman -- tall and big, like an Amazon, naked, her big breasts like massive gourds sitting upright on her chest and such a hairy pussy. She had a handsome face, so much like that Greek woman reporter on the cable news. Darren said it was time for me to learn to enjoy the touch and taste of a woman." She stopped and shivered, her free hand sliding down between her legs, unthinkingly tugging at her skirt as if she was trying to get to her panty-less pussy.

In the gap of silence that ensued, Doctor Deschane leaned forward, her breasts straining against her thin, jersey list and said huskily, "And did you? Do you enjoy the touch and taste of pussy?"

Mom squeezed my hand and with difficulty, I shifted my gaze from my mother, her hand rubbing her exposed and very wet cunt, to see the hungry gleam in Doctor Deschane's eyes and I realized that the doctor was quite correct. Mom's recovery was just beginning and my part in it was going to

be an exciting journey. I beat my mother's psychiatrist to the punch and said, "Tell me about it, Mom. Tell me everything."

The End?