

THE SHRINE

Ahabscribe

Mom discovers how much her son really cares for her!

Incest/Taboo

4.76

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This was a lot of fun to write - the story came to me in an instant literally fully formed. I hope you like it. As always, this is a work of fiction, all characters exist only within the confines of the story and in my head. Let me hear from you - your opinions are important! Enjoy!

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I looked out the window and saw the city of Chicago beneath me as the plane banked and began its descent into O'Hare Airport. The lights of the city sparkled and glittered, enhanced by the rain that was coming down. I turned my attention back to the lifeless cell phone I cradled in my hands and gave a heavy sigh. It would only be a few minutes before I could turn it back on and see if I had any messages from my son. I hoped he'd gotten my messages, otherwise he was going to be surprised when I showed up at his door.

Once we'd landed and had the stewardess' blessing, I anxiously powered up my phone. My heart leapt as it told me I had four messages and then my heart sank as I saw they were all from my husband...soon to be ex-husband. "Asshole," I muttered as I deleted them unseen.

Once I collected my only bag, a duffel bag with a shoulder strap stuffed with what few clothes I had paused long enough to gather, I tried my son's cell phone again. Again, I was directed to leave a message. Resisting the urge to sigh, I took a deep breath and said, "John, it's Mom again. Like I said earlier, I've left Benny. I'm at O'Hare and hoping I can stay with you for a few days. I'm taking a cab to your place. Hope I see you soon." I paused and then added, "I love you!"

I sat back for the long taxi ride into the city, the driver a sullen young white man with a lot of metal in his face who was dually focused on his loud, bass driven hip-hop music and keeping us on the now slick roads as the rain was slowly changing to ice. I shivered, still dressed for the warmer Florida weather, forgetting how cold it could still get in late March in Chicago. As we moved down the highway, gradually sliding off onto the wet, gleaming streets of the city, I marveled at how my life had changed in less than a day.

Yesterday, I was Cassie Blaylock, wife to Benny, an often unemployed construction worker in Pensacola, Florida and prominent deacon in the city's most conservative church. Benny was lazy, but powerfully religious -- preferring to view his down-time from work as simply God's way of freeing him up to work the church's ministry to our community. Benny was my second husband, my son's father having passed away from cancer when John was only two. Two years later, I remarried, finding solace in religion and for a while, in my new husband.

John and Benny never got along -- fighting from the start with Benny always claiming that John "had the Devil in him." When John defied his wishes to enter a conservative religious college in Tallahassee, choosing instead Northwestern University in Illinois, Benny had all but disowned my son and I hadn't seen my son in nearly six years.

Oh, I'd stayed in touch with letters, phone calls and emails, but Benny had made clear that my son wasn't welcome at home anymore, not that John would have stepped across our threshold. I had been caught in the middle and had seen no other course than to stay with my husband. After all, my son was now a man and getting on with his life. While I was nowhere near as devoted to God and the church as Benny, I felt my place was with him. It didn't make me happy, but that was life.

Two years ago though, things had begun to really spiral out of control. Benny announced that he was devoting himself to being a lay preacher which meant he wasn't going to be working at construction anymore. Oh, he brought in pocket change, performing the occasional funeral or wedding, but it was my job as the cafeteria supervisor at a local junior high school that paid the bills...barely.

That was frustrating enough, but Benny also decided that being more "godly" meant he was to be more celibate, that with our child rearing days behind us, sex was something we didn't need anymore. Maybe at age forty-five, I didn't necessarily need sex anymore, but that didn't mean I wanted to give it up. Our sex life didn't exactly light me on fire, but I had enjoyed the once or twice a week vanilla lovemaking that we'd shared for years and now found myself growing more frustrated as time went on. I remained faithful, although the temptation was always there. I bought myself a short, vibrating friend in secret and kept the edge off with masturbation while Benny was out spreading the word of God.

The straw that broke the camel's back came this morning though, when Benny announced plans to basically sign over the house to the Church. "We can live here through our declining years," he explained to me at the kitchen table as calmly as if he'd bought a new toaster or shovel, "But it will be our tithe to God."

Now, over the years, I'd put up with a lot from Benny -- I knew he loved me and we'd had good times together, albeit less lately and while never as religious in my heart as he was, I'd been raised in an old fashioned Christian home and had been a good and obedient wife, but this had been too much."

"I don't think so," I'd snapped back. "I've worked myself near to death to pay off the mortgage for the last twenty years and now that we own this place free and clear, you're not giving it away!" I don't know what pissed me off more -- that he would try and give our house away or that he would give it away after I, pretty much by myself, had worked and paid for.

Benny's face grew red and he hissed at me, "Remember your place, wife. I'm not asking you -- I'm telling you. I'm the husband, your's is to obey, praise God!"

"You might be the husband, Benny Blaylock, but I'm the one who worked her ass off while you sat on your lazy butt and prayed all day. I paid for this house and you're not giving it to the church!"

The argument got ugly from there, with screams and shouts and Benny quoting scripture until I told him he could take God and the church and shove them up his ass. So he slapped me...hard...hard enough to knock me down. When I picked myself up off the ground, I didn't say a word, but walked away, went upstairs, threw a few clothes and things into an old nylon duffel bag and grabbed my shoulder bag -- my big purse that weighs a ton and holds my wallet and makeup and other assorted things a woman needs.

As I tried to leave the house, Benny tried to stop me. When he growled, "Know your place, woman," and raised his hand to slap me again, I swung my purse hard and left my husband curled up on the ground, his hands cupping his busted balls and praying to God for relief.

I climbed in my old, rusting minivan -- the "Mom-mobile" my son had called it, and drove to the bank where I took out half of what we had in checking and in savings -- not that it was a lot. I called school and made arrangements for a leave. I called a lawyer -- a young man who remembered me from his junior high cafeteria days, who said he'd take care of things about the house and start the divorce proceedings and then I headed to the airport.

I sat in long-term parking for I'm not sure how long before I decided I needed to get away, at least for a few days. My son, John, came to my mind -- being literally all the family I had and I bought a ticket to Chicago and now I was in a taxi pulling up to a large high rise near the downtown area with the rain and ice coming down in buckets.

Paying off the cabbie, I was out the door with my bag just as a doorman in a ornate, yet threadbare uniform came rushing out with an umbrella. Despite his best efforts, I looked like a drowned rat before we both got inside the apartment building, after slipping and sliding across the sidewalk.

I'm sure I looked ridiculous wearing khaki capris and a short sleeved cotton blouse under a light nylon windbreaker in the middle of what appeared to be a late winter event. The doorman folded up his umbrella and eyed me with concern as I stood there, my long black-gray hair in tangles, dripping water on the nice marble floor of his lobby as I shivered with cold. Dark eyes wedged into a roughly hewed Mediterranean face studied me.

"Can I help you, ma'am?" he asked in a tone that indicated that he doubted it. Obviously, he knew all the tenants on sight and he was positive I wasn't amongst them.

"Um...I hope so. I'm uh, Cassandra Blaylock. My son lives here -- his name is John Harper. Could you let him..."

"Yes, Mrs Blaylock!" The doorman suddenly snapped to attention, his tone now filled with respect and deference. "Mr. Harper called, ma'am and asked us to let you into his apartment. He wishes you to know he's been detained in Billings...um, Billings, Montana on business and is having trouble with his cell phone. He will call you later this evening. If you need anything, Mrs. Blaylock, please just let us know."

The doorman went around a table covered in the same marble that was on the floor and retrieved a set of keys. He took my travel bag and gestured towards an elevator. "I'll show you up, ma'am."

A little overwhelmed by his sudden change in attitude, I rode up the elevator, not speaking as he managed to tell me at least three times what a fine young man, my son, Mr. Harper was. John apparently lived on one of the higher floors and the elevator, while very stately, moved slow. As we moved, I paused to consider the one good thing my life seemed to have produced, my son.

As I already said, John never got along with Benny and when given a chance to be adopted by him, refused, saying that even if he didn't really remember his father, it was wrong to change his name. On this, I had stood firm with Benny and supported John. My son never really bought into the whole church thing, preferring to do his praying before circuit boards and computers. He was on the whole, a proud computer nerd, although I preferred the word "whiz." Slightly stocky and plagued with acne all through junior high and high school, he never dated, preferring his ever more complex computers and the small circle of friends who shared his interests.

Oh, he liked girls, judging from the computer porn I would find running on his computer screen sometimes or the girlie magazines he had under the mattress of his bed and I recognized the signs of masturbation on his sheets quite often, but never thought anything of it. Even when he was first

struggling with puberty and snuck a few peeks of me in the shower, I never really worried about it. He was a growing boy and that's what they did.

I had hoped that once he was at college, he'd meet some nice woman, but in our many phone conversations, he'd laugh and tell me, "No, Mom. There's no one here. That's okay, though. You're still my girl, aren't you?"

I would laugh and tell him yes, remembering the little boy I had raised who'd before his teenage years would snuggle with me and giggle before telling me he was my fella. I would hug and kiss on my son and tell him, "And I'm your girl."

I missed him something terrible, but took pride in hearing of his accomplishments, although at times, they seemed a bit surreal. He'd finished his degree in two and a half years and opted to not pursue higher degrees when a data systems company lured him into their employ with what sounded like an unbelievable amount of money for a twenty-year old to be making. All those years preoccupied with computers had paid off. By the time he was twenty-two, he'd developed a couple of patents that he'd sold to his company for a fortune plus future royalties.

With his new found fortune, John had offered to help me out many times, but I knew that whatever he'd send me would somehow be directed right into Benny's church and although I could have kept it secret, I tried to not be dishonest with my husband and so had always told my son no.

My reverie was broken as the elevator came to a halt and the doorman led me into a hallway with only four doors -- two on each side. We paused before one and using the keys, he opened the door, stepped in to set down my bag and then stepped out. "Mr. Harper asked us to make you a set of keys, so you can come and go as you like, Mrs. Blaylock." He dropped them into my open palm and tipped his cap.

As he moved away, I suddenly remembered where I was and reached into my shoulder bag for my wallet, but the doorman shook his head and said, "Mr. Harper takes care of me, ma'am." He tipped his hat again and added, "You need anything, Mrs. Blaylock, call downstairs to the lobby. Ask for Anthony." He smiled, great white teeth splitting his craggy features as he said, "Anything you need, just call, ma'am." Then he was gone and I closed the door behind me, finally after a crazy day, safe in my son's home.

I slowly took in a large living room -- definitely the home of a bachelor with lots of leather and chrome furniture -- Star Wars and Lord of the Rings movie posters adorning two walls -- a big screen television adorning another and a cluttered pile of equipment which I assumed comprised game systems and DVD player. On a glass-topped coffee table were several remote controls lined up in perfect order, flanked by empty soda cans and a pizza box, empty except for a few dried up crusts. A tie was flung over the arm of a leather sofa and I counted at least three pairs of socks scattered about.

I began walking towards the kitchen, spying it past a pony wall, but paused as on one wall was a large framed photograph and I had to smile and warmth washed over me. It was a picture of John and me -- taken the night he graduated from high school, his arm around my shoulders and both of us smiling from ear to ear. It suddenly occurred to me that that might have been the last really happy moment for us as Benny had soon banished my son from our lives. I suddenly ached to see my John and hug him. Talking weekly on the phone didn't take the place of actually being around my only child. How much I had missed him over the last several years washed over me in a wave that was almost staggering.

Eyes tearing up, I tried to divert my thoughts by exploring my son's home. The kitchen was very up to date -- all shining stainless steel appliances, although beyond some canned soups in the cupboard, cokes and the remnants of take out Chinese food in the refrigerator along with some frozen dinners in the freezer, there wasn't much in the way of sustenance.

My tour led me next to the bedroom -- a king size bed centered the room, clothes scattered all about and a slightly messy bathroom beyond it. At least there weren't mushrooms growing behind the toilet or in the bathtub. My John wasn't the best housekeeper but he wasn't a total slob either. I found another bathroom further along the hallway and a second bedroom that John had turned into a small and very functional office.

For work, it appeared that my son kept a very ordered house. I didn't know much about John's work, but I knew he was very talented at setting up and data tracking systems for insurance companies and corporations and keeping them running smoothly -- working out of his employer's offices in downtown Chicago or from home or on the road. Several computer screens and towers were arranged about a massive work desk. I nodded approvingly -- when it came to work, my son was not careless.

I found the last door on the bedroom hallway to be locked and was wondering why when I was startled by the shrill ringing of a phone in both the living room and bedroom. I hurried back to the living room and picked up the receiver. "Hello?" I said tentatively, suddenly realizing that while I hoped it was John, it might well be my asshole husband.

"Mom! Thank God, you made it. Are you all right?" It was my son, his voice warm and filled with concern.

"I managed to reply, "Yes," and then broke into tears.

My son let me cry myself out, offering gentle words of comfort until I was done telling him what had happened and then he said in an understanding, yet firm voice, "Don't worry about anything, Mom. You can stay with me as long as you like. Forever, if you want!" His voice quavered a little at the last, but he continued. "I wish I was there right now, Mom, but we had this big glitch in Billings. I should be back in a few days. Until then, just make yourself at home -- use my bedroom. There are clean sheets and blankets in the bedroom closet."

"Well, I don't want to be a bother -- if you have a spare bedroom, I could use it. The door was locked and..."

John interrupted me, saying, "It's not a bedroom, Mom -- uh, just a bunch of stuff stored in there. Use my bed. It's comfortable. When I get back, we'll -- um, we'll figure out something. Shoot, I usually fall asleep on the sofa anyway." My son voice sounded a bit odd, but it wasn't anything I could put my finger on.

My son and I finished our conversation, John letting me know where he kept a backup debit card and its pin number, insisting I use it for any needs -- "Food, clothes -- anything you need, Mom. Go out shopping and have some fun for a change."

"Oh, that's sweet of you, son," I replied. "But, I've got a few dollars -- you save your money."

My son chuckled and answered, "I do save my money, Mom. You know I make a good living, but most of my expenses are picked up and what little I spend, I spend on games and stuff. I want to spoil you -- you deserve, no, you need to be spoiled. After all, you're still my girl, aren't you?"

John's words almost choked me up, but I managed a weak, but happy, "Yes, I am, son." We finished our call and I felt happier than I had in a long time. Then exhaustion crashed over me. I staggered into my son's bedroom and didn't even bother changing the sheets, simply shrugging off my clothes and falling naked into my son's bed, pulling the deliciously heavy and soft comforter over me. I drifted off to sleep, my son's strongly male scent surrounding me, my last thoughts of how good he smelled and that oddly, there was a faint hint of White Diamonds -- the fragrance I'd used since John was in middle school. I don't remember much about my dreams, but rather I remember just feeling very safe and happy.

I didn't wake up till late morning, feeling better than I thought I would, considering that my marriage was in ashes. As I lay there, I stretched like a big cat, groaning pleasurably as muscles strained -- spreading wide my arms and legs, my son's sheets feeling wonderful. I took a deep breath as I stretched, again taking in the scent of my son and then again detecting the hint of perfume mixed in with it.

Sudden realization struck. I was both elated and a little jealous as I comprehended that there had been a woman in this bed. "That little devil," I murmured as I scrambled out of bed. "He's gone and found himself a girlfriend!" As I made my way to the bathroom to pee and then shower, I made a cursory inspection for other evidence of my son's friend, but found none. No make-up, no left behind pantyhose. I was impressed and very curious. My son had never brought a girl home when he was in high school and I was very curious as to what his type was.

After a long, long hot shower, Itoweled off and paused to consider myself in a full length mirror in his master bathroom. "Are you ready to hit the single scene again, after all these years?" I asked my reflection. Then a terrible realization hit me. I might have to start dating again! I turned and tried to look at myself in the mirror.

I pretty much liked what I saw. I wasn't half bad for a forty-five year old woman. Standing five foot, five and one hundred-fifty pounds, I was a tad plump but it was all in my breasts and my ass. My 38DD tits sagged a little and my butt cheeks jiggled a bit, but my stomach still looked good with just a slight round pot and my skin was clear and just a few crow lines around my eyes. My face was framed by my longish black hair, shot through with threads of gray, which most of the time I wore up in a bun. Now it was tangled from the previous day's travails and a night's sleep, but it kind of looked good. I suspected if I got it cut a bit shorter and more stylish, I could still turn a man's head.

I ran a hand over my breasts, pausing to briefly tease my nipples, watching them stiffen up, resembling the tips of spark plugs when they swelled up. I ran my hands downwards over my stomach and studied my legs, still lean and shapely thanks to staying on my feet day in and day out and slid fingers into the thick forest of black hair nestled between my legs. It had been so long since a man had lusted for my body, I wasn't sure if the really hairy look was "in" anymore.

I quivered a bit as I slipped fingers through my black pelt, finding my labia and spreading myself a little -- recalling John's father as a fan of hairy muffs -- often showing me photo spreads from some of the cheaper girly magazines where the girls spread their legs to show off muffs of wild, unruly hair. Benny had never commented one way or the other and had refused to consider orally pleasing me.

"Well, I've got plenty of time to decide," I told myself, taking one last look at myself in the mirror before trying to get my day in order. A quick assessment of the clothes I'd brought helped me decide to take my son up on his offer of a shopping trip. I got myself presentable in a clean pair of khakis and one of John's sweatshirts and allowed the dayshift doorman to call me a cab.

As I was getting ready to leave, the locked bedroom door caught my eye and I wondered if I should maybe buy some new bedding and fix up his extra bedroom so John wouldn't have to act valiant and sleep on the couch. I let the thought slip from my mind as I went downstairs and climbed into a cab.

It had been a long time since I'd let myself get carried away shopping, but by late that afternoon, I returned laden down with shopping bags and sporting a new 'do, having chopped off several inches of hair and looking a little more stylish, letting a hairdresser add a little curl to my usually straight locks to hint at that "freshly tumbled out of bed" look. Anthony opened the lobby doors at me, tipping his hat as he gave the new me a frank appraisal and felt my face flush slightly as he seemed to nod his approval as he said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Blaylock."

It was all I could do to not giggle, I felt both embarrassed and flattered. As I rode up the elevator, I considered how good a day it had been. I'd bought a couple of dresses, some jeans and blouses and a jacket that I thought would see me into warmer weather. While at lunch, I'd called my lawyer who happily informed me he'd filed an injunction to halt any action regarding the house and that Benny would be served with papers before the next day was over. "I can't promise you the moon, Cassie," he said. "But, I promise the least you'll walk away with is 50% of everything." Later in the early evening, I went out and shopped for food, buying fresh fruit and vegetables and meat so I could fix my son some good home cooked meals.

That night as I sipped at my first Scotch on the rocks in many years, I recounted my day to my son when he called, feeling slightly sheepish as I told him how much I'd spent on clothes and on a new hairdo. John seemed delighted. "I can't wait to see it, Mom. I bet you look beautiful!"

I felt myself blushing again as I murmured, "Well, I don't know. I guess I'm not so bad for a middle-aged broad.

"That's my girl," John chortled. "Don't you realize what a gorgeous woman you are -- that you've always been a beautiful woman? I can't wait to get home and see you, Mom. I'll be home two nights from now, by the way."

"Well, I can't wait to see you, son. What say I have a nice home-cooked meal waiting for you?"

"I have a kitchen?" John deadpanned. "Like a stove and everything?"

"Yes, you do, sweetheart and you also have your girl waiting for you."

There was a long pause and then John said, "I can't wait to see you, Mom," with a funny tone to his voice. "I love you, Mom."

I felt my heart melting as I said, "I love you too, son."

That night I slept soundly again and even though I wasn't exhausted as I'd been the day before, I again passed on changing the sheets, preferring the comforting scent of my son -- somehow associating that with my newly discovered sense of happiness.

In the morning, I set out to make myself useful -- earn my keep, so to speak. I gathered up John's dirty clothes and discovered washer/dryer units down in the basement of the apartment building. I cleaned up the detritus of my son's existence and made his kitchen and bathrooms sparkle. I started to change his bed, but something seemed to hold me back and by the afternoon, I began considering again the locked bedroom. I knew I couldn't impose on my son's good graces forever,

but I could foresee the divorce and all taking a few months to get done and it wouldn't be fair to my son to give up his comfortable bed.

I retrieved the set of keys that Anthony the doorman had given me and on the third key, felt the deadbolt slide back. A strange shiver went through me along with an idle thought of that old story about Bluebeard's closet, but I didn't imagine I'd find anything shocking in the spare bedroom -- no caged women or collection of serial killer trophies. More than likely it was filled with all John's now antiquated computer junk he was too sentimental to throw away. But what I found was beyond my imagination...shocking was too mild a word.

I fumbled for a light switch and flicked it on, brilliant overhead lights flooding the windowless room. In the center of the carpeted room sat a leather recliner, a plush blanket thrown over it and a small end table beside the left arm. My attention was quickly drawn away as beyond it was a huge, framed photograph of a woman in a cheesecake pose in a red bandana halter top and blue bikini swimsuit bottoms. She was sitting on a rock -- a lovely blue lake behind her. The photograph was at least five feet by four feet and crystal clear. For a moment, I felt a tug of recognition and then I realized that this was a massive blowup of a picture of me taken over ten years ago, during a camping trip up into Georgia before Benny had lost interest in me.

Blown up with excruciatingly clear detail, I had not realized how much of me seemed to be exposed with my upper breasts overflowing the halter top. As stunned as I was to see myself, a little part of me wanted to sigh wistfully over the much firmer figure and toner legs of my youth. I shook off those odd, silly thoughts and stepped into the room, wondering what John was doing with a picture like that of me on his wall.

I'd scarcely taken a few more steps before I was stopped in my tracks again and to the right of the photograph and above a big screen television was a large framed painting. I immediately recognized it as similar to the picture of John and me after his graduation, but here he wasn't wearing his graduation gown and I wasn't wearing my favorite green dress. In truth, we weren't wearing anything. The painting had us both nude, John's arm still around me, but now cupping a meaty breast, a thick nipple jutting out between to fingers. I had one arm slipped around my son's waist, but the other reached down so my hand could wrap itself around an erect penis...a very thick and long penis! Whoever had painted the obscene portrait had nailed my thick pubic hair down perfectly, painting a thick, wild thicket of black hair, split apart by glistening labia.

I couldn't help but look at amazement at my son. Still a bit stocky, but if the painting was accurate, he'd muscled up some, losing the baby fat that had plagued him throughout high school. I felt both mortified and a little shocked and a strange feeling begin to build in the pit of my stomach, growing warm and spreading downward between my legs.

The room seemed to tilt just a little. I felt lightheaded and I moved to the recliner and sat down, fearing I might faint. As I plopped into the chair, I discovered that it swiveled and it spun me around -- going from the pornographic portrait of my son, back to my left, past my photograph to pause at the wall to its left and I felt like I'd been punched in the stomach, all the air going out of me as I moaned, "Oh my God!"

On the wall was another large, framed painting that dwarfed the rest...a painting of me. I was naked save for a black bustier and black stiletto heels. I was sitting on a bed -- no, on John's bed. I recognized the distinctive ornate carved headboard. My legs were spread wide, my pussy wet and inviting -- the oils of the painting seeming to perfectly recreate the appearance of utter arousal of slick, glistening flesh surrounding by a wild, black bush. The bustier lifted up my breasts, giving

them the real life look of my meaty tits. My hair was wild and tousled, reminding me of how I looked this morning and on my face was an expression that conveyed many things: love, lust, anticipation and invitation.

Tears rolled down my face as I tried to make this all make sense -- to connect my son to this obscene erotica. I tried to look away, but only came face to face with my younger self, looking so vibrant and alive and somehow, now that I was closer and in context with the pornographic paintings, seeming to be offering myself to whomever was taking the photograph.

Unable to look up at the walls, I looked down, my gaze falling on the small end table and I gasped again. A bottle of White Diamond sat there and beside the perfume bottle rested a pair of panties - - tiger striped bikini panties, faded and worn and it hit me that they were mine as a dim memory of owning them came to mind. I hadn't worn them in ages and if I'd thought of them at all, I'd have assumed that they were buried deep in a dresser drawer of my bedroom.

With my hands shaking, I reached down and picked them up. They felt threadbare and fragile and yet, there were stiffened patches across the gusset and I dropped them in horror as I realized it was dried semen. "Oh, John," I sobbed as I realized my son had masturbated with my panties. A sudden vision of John, stroking that huge erection from the painting came into my mind, my son jerking off while staring at the wicked painting of me with my legs spread wide.

I had to get out of that room. I spun the chair around to face the door and as I came to my feet, I stopped again, gazing at the last wall. When I'd entered the room, my attention had been locked on my photograph, so I had walked right past the large bookcase and antique writing desk and chair situated there. DVDs and Video tapes sat on one shelf while books filled up most of the bookshelf.

As I cautiously approached, I was able to make out titles -- a long series of what I supposed were movies, all entitled Taboo -- most of which were followed by Roman numerals. The books were mostly paperbacks with lurid titles like "Mom Likes It Hard" or "Mommy's Favorite Son," although some were trade paperbacks or hardbacks like, "Garden of Sand" or "The Dreams of the Weeping Woman" and even one I recognized, an old novel called "Flesh and Blood" that I vaguely remembered had an incestuous subplot.

A laptop sat on one side of the writing desk, a few flash-drives scattered around it and lying open on the desk was a moleskin covered journal -- a lovely fountain pen resting below words written in what I recognized as my son's handwriting.

Shivering as if the room's temperature had suddenly plummeted, I slipped into the cushioned seat, casters creaking as I scooted forward and began to read...

March 7,

I talked to Mom tonight. I love her voice...her voice is like liquid velvet to me. I wish I could capture it and wrap myself up in it like a soft, warm blanket. Mom seemed down, but living with that dullard, how could she not be? I marvel at her ability to put up with him. I hate hearing her sound so blue. Mom's voice needs to be filled with joy -- to be hoarse with pleasure, screaming out in ecstasy from being pleased...pleasured by me. I yearn to know the timbre of my mother's voice as she cries out while I sink my hardness deep inside her, making her shake and tremble and scream as I fill her sweet, motherly pussy with my cock. Maybe I'll dream of Mom tonight -- Lord knows that doesn't happen enough, just remembering a wisp of her begging me to fuck her, to fuck my mother hard until she cums...man, I am riding in the clouds for weeks after such dreams. Oh if

there's a God in heaven, please let me dream of Mom asking me to fuck her tonight or even better, God, make it actually come true!

A violent tremor tore through me as I pushed my son's journal away, my mind reeling as I attempted to comprehend what was going on with my son. I tore my gaze away from the page of written incestuous fantasy and saw nestled here and there among the books and DVDs, framed photographs of me and of John and me, spanning all the years since he'd been born. There was a picture of me, holding my baby in my arms -- taken from above with my partly unbuttoned shirt showing off cleavage from my milk laden breasts. There was a Polaroid shot of me acting silly, my lips pursed in an exaggerated kiss on John's cheek -- he being maybe ten years old and a Christmas tree behind us.

Mixed amongst these pictures were shots of me I don't remember being taken. One was of me bent over in my flower garden, shorts bunched up tightly and showing off the imprint of my crotch. Another Polaroid showed me asleep in the bed, nightgown sweaty and pulled up, exposing my legs and thighs, white panties covering my pussy. I looked peaceful and below the picture was a handwritten caption, "My Sleeping Angel."

Then I noticed on a shelf on the crown of the writing desk, a series of books -- most with similar covers to the journal I'd just read from. There were maybe ten or twelve...the first wrapped in a brown faux-leather vinyl cover. A memory stirred within me. Hadn't my son asked for a journal for his birthday one year? He'd been what -- eleven or twelve? Was that the one I'd bought him?

However twisted and bizarre this room was, whatever was wrong in my son's head, I knew I was violating his privacy, but it was so insane. This was my son, the person who I loved more than anything on Earth and I wanted to understand this madness. Half rising from the seat, I reached up and plucked down that first journal. With my heart pounding in my chest, I opened the first page to see a more primitive form of my son's handwriting in faded pen ink...

"I saw Mom naked!!!!!!!!!!!! I saw Mom's tits! I saw Mom's big bush! She's so hairy down there. It was awesome. Mom is so sexy and pretty and she's Mom! I got so hard I had to run to my room and jack off. It was the best yet! I may be a perv but Mom makes me hard just thinking about her. She left her bedroom door open and I saw her coming out of her bathroom after her shower and she was naked and wet. Her tits, man, I knew they were big but these were BIG! I think I'm in love!"

I trembled as I read my son's adolescent ramblings about me. Page after page followed, John detailing how much he loved my body and his efforts to see me naked. I'd thought it was just once or twice, but if he wrote the truth -- he'd caught glimpses of me dozens of times in those early years. I'd been so ignorant. I'd had no idea how many times he'd masturbated after one of our cuddle sessions or after seeing my breasts when I'd inadvertently show them off while serving breakfast in a nightgown that gaped open more than I ever imagined. According to his words, just me walking by and smiling at him made my son hard!

I became lost in reading my son's private words, taking down journal after journal, immersed in the chronology of how I became my son's obsession. He became so adept at peeking at me -- becoming stealthy in his efforts to spy on me while I was showering or sunbathing or slipping into my bedroom to stare at me while I was still asleep when his father was already up and out of the house -- raging that the "lazy bastard" didn't work enough to support us, let alone give him enough opportunities to sneak more looks at me.

There were entire entries devoted to describing various parts of me, especially my breasts and nipples and my hairy bush which he adored and found provocative and sexy even though it meant he was unable to usually see much of my actual pussy. There were entries where he'd write incredibly graphic accounts of making love to me or simply as he put it, "Fucking me senseless!"

Other accounts examined his feelings for me, struggling to understand how he could feel this way about his own mother, but never able to convince himself that it wasn't love -- that the ache for the unfulfilled part of his life came from both being unable to share with me his love and desire for me and from not being able to achieve similar feelings for any other girl or woman. He spent pages describing all the things that he loved about me -- my loving ways as a mother, my "generous and gentle" spirit that he saw me demonstrating with others -- at school, at church, in the neighborhood -- every aspect of my life. He loved my sense of humor, my tastes in movies, food, and food. He loved my body, seeing it as natural beauty, unforced by diet or excessive exercise.

My mind boggled as I slowly began to comprehend the enormity of my son's love and/or obsession with me. My mind whirled in disbelief as I read his lusty thoughts -- his almost primal desire to know me sexually shocking me almost as much as the description of things he wanted us to do together...lengthy entries describing me giving my son a blow job or him parting my thick bush to lick, eat and suck my pussy. I could feel his hunger for me as he described fucking me in so many positions -- some which I'd never done myself -- anal sex, titty-fucking, showering my face with his seed, rimming and tying me down and teasing me until I screamed for release.

In his mind and heart, my John had been carrying on a love affair with his mother for over a decade, evolving from pure adolescent lust to love to something that was both love and lust and something beyond. He grappled with the incestuous aspect of it all, but time and time again, spoke as if it was the true cement that bound his love and desire for me together -- that made it into something holy to be quested for:

"I know that most would consider me a madman or a pervert or both if they knew of the great love that I have for my mother -- that I love her not only as a son, but as a man would love a woman -- his soul mate. It doesn't matter that she's my mother, indeed, I can only imagine that our joining together both body and soul would be that much more intimate because of our bond as son and mother.

Who upon all the earth could I be closer to than Mom -- she who carried me in her womb for nine months, who raised me, cared for me, whom I share more with in both blood and mind than anyone else? When I am near her, I feel an ache to be joined with her once again, joined cock and pussy -- my flesh buried in her most holy of places. I know that if the day ever comes that we are joined in love, our bodies clinging together as we near climax, our eyes locked together, I will see the truths of the universe unfolding."

A shiver went through me as I read those words, written when my son was scarcely eighteen years old. To know he had such yearnings, such terrible passions dwelling within him -- such intense and awful desires for me. As I reread John's words, the phone rang and I let out a terrified shriek. I had no idea how tensed up I had become and as I rose stiffly from the chair, I suddenly realized I'd been sitting there for hours -- the afternoon had come and gone and we were now in the midst of evening.

I left John's secret room and made my way towards the phone in the bedroom. As I moved, beyond the stiff muscles and shakiness from the stress of my discovery, I felt a warmth...a stickiness

between my thighs as if I had been aroused. Not allowing myself to contemplate what this meant, I sat heavily on my son's bed and reached out with a trembling hand to pick up the phone. "Hello?"

"Mom! Just checking in. Is everything okay? Did you have a good day?"

My mouth opened, but nothing came out. I could hear my son's voice, but now there seemed to be even more to it -- the very timbre and enthusiasm in his voice giving his words meaning beyond simple sounds. Finally, I managed to speak, "Um, Hi, John. I...um, yeah, I guess so."

There was a pause at the other end before John replied, concern evident in his voice. "You sure you're okay, Mom? You sound funny."

Part of me wanted to blurt out, "You'd sound funny too if you discovered your son's greatest dream was to fuck you!" but I took a deep breath and said, "Just tired and all. I guess what I've done -- what I'm doing is finally -- really sinking in."

"Well, don't worry about anything, Mom," John replied. "I've got your back. Anything you need, I'll give you, Mom. As far as I'm concerned, you never have to go back. I've got plenty of room in Chicago, you can stay with me forever!"

I could hear his words making me shiver -- "anything I needed," indeed. I was pretty sure I knew what my son thought I needed and he was just dying to deliver it to me. I felt a tear run down my cheek as I said with my voice quavering, "Thank you, sweetheart."

There was an awful silence that followed. I know what I was supposed to say and I knew he was waiting for it. Finally, he said it first. "Mom, I love you." My god, he said it with so much honesty and need and love and although a day ago I would have seen his remark as the innocent response of my beloved son, it was now freighted with so much more meaning. I knew he meant it, but he meant it in a way that was so much more than simply a son's love for his mother. I could almost feel his hands on me as he said it, hungry for me in a way that I had never realized before.

I struggled to keep my voice under control, but could hear the strain in my voice as I murmured, "I...I love you too, John."

Tears were flooding my eyes so I could barely see. I struggled to not break down into a sobbing mess as after another uncomfortable pause, my son said in a soft, caring tone, "It's going to be alright, Mom. I'll be back tomorrow night and I promise I'll take care of you. You're my girl, after all, right?"

"Yes," I whispered. "I'm your girl, son." Part of me was horrified that I would even play along with this madness after my shocking discovery. The sane part of me scolded the rest of me, insisting that I shouldn't be adding fuel to the fire of my son's madness.

John chuckled as he usually did after this exchange, but now I could hear something underneath the humor in his voice. Something hungry...something lustful, a sexual undertone I had never perceived before! After we disconnected, I began to shake so badly I could barely put the phone back into its cradle. Suddenly, I was sobbing hysterically and I fell onto the bed, curling up into ball.

I had no idea what to do. Who do you go to for help in a situation like this? Call your priest or minister? Your best friend? How the hell do you tell someone, "Hey, my son wants to fuck me, what do you think I should do?"

I think I laid there for maybe an hour before I cried myself out. I crawled a bit unsteadily from the bed and noticed through the doorway that I'd left the light on in that other room...that shrine my son had created. I couldn't face the prospect of going back in there to turn off the light and instead retreated to the bathroom, deciding to take a shower.

I peeled off my clothes and was astounded when as I peeled off my panties to discover how sticky they were. I ran a hand down between my legs, feeling the dampness in my thick bush and then further to discover how slick and swollen my labia were. I looked at myself in the mirror, still gently, awkwardly fluttering fingers through my pussy and was astounded to see my nipples absolutely swollen to the point that they ached. I watched as my expression changed from one of puzzlement to one of horror. Did I -- had I gotten a bit aroused by all of my son's fantasies. WAS I ACTUALLY TURNED ON BY THIS MADNESS?

I jumped into the shower, not letting the water heat up and cried out as the cold water hit me as I tried to wake myself up out of this nightmare. I shivered until the water warmed and grew hot and then tried to lose myself in the pulsating torrents. It didn't work as I soaped my body up -- suddenly aware of my own voluptuousness. My hands caressed my large tits, teasing my still swollen nipples before sliding downwards over my round tummy and between my legs. The tensions of the afternoon's shocks came to a head as I spread my labia and jammed several fingers into my suddenly horny pussy.

I found myself leaning against the shower wall and positioning the nozzle to massage my clitoris as I began plunging three fingers in and out of my sodden cunt. No foreplay desired, I sought release, wanting pure pleasure to wash away my stress. Without warning, the image of my son's naked body as portrayed in the painting in the other room snuck into my thoughts, the image of that immense cock dominating my mind's eye as I wondered if it was really that big.

I tried to focus solely on my fingers, trying to bring myself off quickly, but suddenly I had a vision of my son in the shower with me -- between my legs, feeding me that tremendous cock and I cried out as my orgasm washed over me while I wondered how a cock that big would feel inside me.

My legs trembled with effort -- thigh and calf muscles bulging as I struggled to stay upright -- my ass cheeks scratching against the stone of the shower wall as I cried out with sweet pleasure, plunging my fingers inside me as deep as I could, swirling and twisting them in a vain effort to simulate the sensation of being filled with cock. In the end, I slowly slid down the wall and had another good cry as I recovered from the aftermath of my orgasm...feeling both relief and shame at what I had done.

I eventually emerged from the shower and changed into a nightgown, my tension somewhat relieved, but still feeling as if some immense doom hung over my head. I passed by the room I was now thinking madly as the "Shrine," trying to ignore its presence and into the kitchen where I fixed myself something to eat although I had no appetite. Having eaten though, I decided to raid my son's supply of scotch again and for a few minutes sat in the living room, the lights off as evening deepened, sipping at the scotch and wondering what I would do next.

Eventually, as the dark increased around me, the light of the Shrine room drew my attention again. I tried to pretend that the room wasn't there -- that it didn't exist, but it wasn't long before I was up and like a moth drawn to the deadly flame, found myself standing in the middle of the Shrine room staring at the portrait of myself sitting on my son's bed, offering myself lewdly to him -- spread wide and wet.

A tremble went through me as I tried to grapple with the knowledge that my son wanted me sexually -- that he saw me as a desirable woman. Despite my horror at the thought of my son's incestuous desires, I had to confess that as I stood there, I could not help but feel a bit flattered. Being admired by a young man was a boost to this middle-aged, soon to be divorced woman, no matter how perverted it was.

Once again, I felt my nipples hardening under the soft cotton of my gown. I could feel heat and moisture building in my loins, my body betraying my mind which acknowledged how wrong this was. A shiver of delight rippled through me as I walked over to my son's writing desk and picked up the journals of his that I had not yet perused. With my pussy lips sliding deliciously together as I moved, I curled up in the comfortable recliner and began to read again. Perhaps it was my imagination, perhaps not, that as I began to read, I sometimes caught a whiff of what smelled like a man's semen -- something that evoked memories of cleaning my son's room and changing his cum smeared sheets.

As I read my son's musings on becoming a lover, I tried to tell myself that I was simply seeking insight into his obsession and tried to ignore any stimulation it was evoking in me. That I could feel any trickle of warm wetness between my thighs or an ache in a throbbing nipple as it swelled with blood was only the result of the sheer power of John's writing...nothing more. Even the most devout Christian could be aroused by well done pornography -- it was simply human nature.

I sometimes wonder how many men Mom has fucked? I imagine she's only been with Dad and that bastard, Benny. What a shame she's had to be stuck with that dickless wonder all these years. I wonder how many positions she's been in and which is her favorite. No doubt she's familiar with missionary -- probably the only position asshole Benny will use if he can even get it up anymore. Not to say I wouldn't like to fuck Mom missionary style -- feeling her legs wrapped around my waist, tightening and making me drive deeper into her pussy -- so wet and tight and fucking hot, creaming around my cock as I fuck her.

But often when I imagine fucking Mom, it's not in the missionary position. I see Mom riding my cock, maybe squatting over me or kneeling on top, her knees on each side of me. I can see Mom's big, meaty tits flopping and bouncing as she slides up and down my long dick, making me go damn near nuts as she takes me, burying my cock inside her, grinding that hairy bush against my crotch, drool hanging from her lips as she fucks herself into the mother of all orgasms!

Or I see Mom on her hands and knees -- fingers gripping the headboard of my bed until her knuckles are bone white while I take her from behind, burying my cock deep inside her cunt and making her scream with pleasure while my hands are filled with her hanging tits, pinching her thick nipples until she goes damn near insane while I pump my load into her womb.

Sometimes though, my favorite way to see Mom is the two of us in my recliner, her atop me, legs spread wide over the arms, my cock buried in her hot pussy and my hands cupping her breasts and holding her tight as we slowly fuck -- Mom hunching her hips back and forth on my cock as she leans her head back on my shoulder and we kiss slowly and deeply, my tongue fucking her mouth like my cock fucks her pussy!

Suddenly, I seem to be aware that my son's words are coming true. I feel his body beneath mine, muscles tense and strong, sweaty and hot. I am full of my son's cock. It's huge and long inside me, barely moving while I squirm atop him like a child that needs to scratch a terrible itch. My breasts ache with passion as I feel his fingers maul them, squeezing handfuls of my flesh, palms scratching against my swollen nipples, making me even crazier than I already am.

As orgasm begins to swell up inside me, radiating outward from my penis-filled cunt, I arch my back, throwing back my head so I can turn and look at my son's handsome, lovely face -- a childlike smile of utter contentment on his lips that compel me to lean in to kiss, his tongue slipping into my mouth to greet my hungry tongue, twirling together to emulate the joining of our bodies.

I reach down and play fingers along the little bit of exposed cock, feeling my juices making his long, hard shaft so slick. I flex my hips to take all of him into me, feeling his cock head nudging my cervix and then I hear myself screaming as pleasure I never imagined existed rakes over my body -- taking me without mercy and I am devoured by my son's lust and love and I give myself willingly to John -- offering him his mother's love unconditionally! Pleasure takes me like I never imagined...

And I am awake and squirming about in John's recliner in the midst of orgasm, my pussy feeling full and so good. I am calling out my son's name as I hunch over in orgasm and then feel my legs stiffen as I rise up from the cushion -- blanket now askew and as my orgasm peaks, I scream in ecstatic delight, "FUCK ME, JOHN!"

Then I collapsed onto the recliner, my breath heaving and moan softly as I reach down and slowly pull out a long, green cucumber I'd picked up with the other groceries, thinking to make a salad for myself and my son. I am stunned to see it thickly covered with my cunt creams, so thick in places it almost looks like sperm. The blanket below me is soaked with my juices which are still ejaculating from my pussy in little bursts as pleasurable tremors continue to echo through my now naked flesh.

It was several minutes before I was calm enough to consider the situation. I had no recollection of masturbating earlier. I had been reading my son's erotic journals and suddenly found myself living in his fantasies. I had a wisp of a memory of hurrying to the kitchen to retrieve the thick, green vegetable and a sudden need of something to fill my aching pussy.

As I tried to calm down, I found myself again and again considering the lewd and nasty portrait of me, legs spread with an evil, inviting smile on my face. My dream doesn't fade and I began to cry again, wondering how it was possible -- even for a few moments, to allow myself to be that version of myself in that portrait.

Finally, feeling a bit the fool, I stumbled to my feet and left the Shrine Room, turning the light off and locking the door behind me. Naked and with my pussy still throbbing from masturbating, I fell into my son's bed, rolling myself up in his quilt. For a moment, all was peaceful as I tried to push it all out of my mind, but just for a moment. Then I could smell my son's scent again on the comforter and the sheets and now it triggered a new response in me -- more than feeling safe, now I could feel my body returning to its recent aroused state...my nipples growing hard once more and my hands finding their way between my legs -- inhaling the aroma of my son and losing myself in mad, perverse imaginings.

I fell asleep with wicked thoughts of committing incest with my John, fingers keeping me near the edge of orgasm as my dreams overtook me. Mad, sexual images kept my unconscious mind reeling throughout the rest of the night as my son's descriptions of his fantasies came to life in my dreams and I'm sure I tossed and turned like I was possessed as I dreamed of John fucking me in so many different positions and fucking me so hard, making me sob and scream with utter pleasure. I dreamed I was kneeling before my son, sucking his cock slowly and lovingly, taking the immense shaft down my throat -- the thick head tickling my tonsils before erupting in my mouth. My dream self took utmost pleasure in being a talented cocksucker, something I hadn't engaged in since John's father had been alive.

I imagine I mewled like a satisfied cat, writhing in my tangled sheets as my mind created images of my son and I locked together in lust -- naked bodies slick with sweat, sliding against each other as he buried his tool in me again and again, his mouth busy covering my body with kisses and licks and sucks while I relished the taste of his skin, his cock, his tongue and his seed.

When I finally opened my eyes, the sun was shining through the bedroom windows -- the faint noises of the city leaking through, I stretched and then moaned, my mind awirl with conflicting emotions. The bed was damp from sweat and beneath my hips, a huge wet spot existed as my dreamtime orgasms had apparently caused my pussy creams to flood again and again. I held the comforter to my face, smelling sweat, pussy and John to combine into a heady mixture that screamed SEX!

For long minutes I reveled in the slowly fading memories of my erotic dreams, but then slowly reality came intruding back into my thoughts. Sadness and confusion again reigned dominant over me. I finally kicked my way clear of the comforter and the sheets and took a shower, allowing my sexual delights wash away as the water poured over me.

I put on jeans and a T-shirt and made myself a cup of coffee and had some fruit for my breakfast, trying to focus on what I was doing to keep my dilemma at arm's length. I found myself on the couch watching the banal morning talk shows on television, hoping to further distract myself from my problems, but it was no good. I knew my son wanted to fuck me and somehow I had allowed myself to imagine the same and to my horror, discovered that the idea aroused me. I finally admitted to myself that by myself I couldn't find my way out of this terrible problem, so I did as I had been raised to do, I turned to God.

Despite my irritation with Benny's devotion to religion -- not so much his faith bothering me, but his manipulation of the church to ease his own burdens, I have always been religious and it was my faith in God and his plan that have gotten me through many crises.

I turned off the television and got on my knees and began to pray to God for guidance. I poured my heart out to the Lord and confessed my sudden lusts for my own son and prayed that the Almighty would direct me to the proper path. I prayed until my knees ached in discomfort and continued to pray, hoping for divine inspiration. But, as I prayed, my mind kept drifting back to John's journals, a specific passage haunting my thoughts, finally becoming so strong that I stood up and returned to John's Shrine room.

I flipped through his journals, scanning his passionate words about me -- one book and then another and then finally, in the middle of the third book I checked, I found the passage he had written that wouldn't go away as I had prayed.

Even though it's been years since I came clean with myself about my love and my lust for Mom, I still sometimes ruminate over it's taboo nature, knowing that if by some miracle, Mom and I were to become lovers, it would be wrong both legally and by our culture's archaic beliefs, morally -- that we would be crossing one of the great taboo lines of the world. But then I ask myself, how can love be wrong between a man and a woman? How can love be wrong if both people feel that way for each other? And what love can be greater than that between a mother and son?

We are born of our mothers -- intimate in such a unique way for nine months -- being one being. She is our life-bringer and we are her purpose. We are the end all and be all of each other's existence. How can it be wrong if a mother and son both wish to reunite and bring that intimacy back together -- to unite to create that holy union -- sharing bodies and souls? There is no greater

love than that between mother and child and maybe our denial of the ultimate actualization of that love is one of the great tragedies of our so called civilization. If incest were truly an aberration, would not we separated simply by instinct? I think that humankind was meant to evolve to recognize the ultimate expression of love once dangers of interbreeding could be countered.

I think that being able to become my mother's lover -- to realize the power of love on an infinite basis that could only be generated by the joining of a loving mother and son becoming intimate as husband and wife in that wonderful way that God has provided. I love my mother. I love her as a son. I want to love her as her lover and husband, joined together forever in God's sight and with God's blessing. Love in its ultimate expression. How could such a beautiful thing be wrong or sinful?

As I read those words to myself again, a feeling of peace came over me. The guilt and fear and worry of the last twenty-four hours faded from me. I found to my surprise that I was crying again, but these were not tears of anger or shame, but tears of happiness. I had the answer I had sought through prayer. I knew what I needed to do.

I put my son's journals back on the shelf, and before turning out the light and locking up, I took one last long look at the wicked portrait of myself -- lewdly and lustily offering myself to my son. I picked up the phone and called down to the lobby and asked them to get me a cab. "I'll be down in ten minutes," I told Anthony. "I have some shopping to do."

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"Mom! I'm home! Mom, are you here?" I heard the door close behind my son and the sound of a bag being dropped to the floor. Soft footsteps moved towards the kitchen and again I heard my John call out, "Mom, you here? Whatever you've got in the oven smells delicious!"

Footsteps returned to the living room and then began to come closer. "Mom?" John said again. "Is everything okay?" I smiled to myself as his concern warmed my heart. He paused before the door to the Shrine room and I heard him try the door knob, confirming that it was locked. I smiled again as he gave a little relieved sigh, so sure that his secrets were still his alone. I saw my son step into the bedroom doorway, peering into the darkness there. "Mom? You there...are you okay?" he said softly, the concern evident in his voice.

"I'm here, sweetheart. I'm fine," I replied in a husky voice. "Please, son, turn on the light."

I watched him move forward a little, an arm swinging out and then his fingers flipped a switch, illuminating his bedroom. I felt a thrill race through me as my son's eyes found me and began to widen in surprise. My heart pounded in my chest as I watched my son react -- praying that I was doing the right thing.

I was sitting on John's bed, my back resting against the headboard. I wore only a solid black bustier I had bought earlier that afternoon at a Victoria's Secret, my meaty breasts totally exposed, pushed up by the outfit's supporting cups, nipples swollen, engorged with blood, and a pair of black stilettos with four inch heels. My knees were drawn back and spread wide so that my heels met below, allowing my legs to form a diamond shape with my black bush at the uppermost point -- labia spread wide to reveal my glistening, aroused pink pussy. My hair, while shorter than in my son's beloved painting, was painstakingly tousled to create that "fresh out of bed and ready for fucking" look and I hoped that on my face, I was conveying the love and desire that my son had so long dreamed I would have for him.

Six years had changed my son...all for the better. The boy child that had left me for college and a life of his own was a man now -- still stocky, but all of it now muscle. He still wore his hair short, but now sported a beard -- a goatee -- covering his upper lip and his chin. He looked dashing to me -- a bit of a pirate or a rogue.

Fear, joy and lust battled for control of my son's face and even as he took a step forward, all he could do was stammer, "M-Mom? Is this...are you...is this really happening?"

"Am I all you hope I would be, John?" I purred, trying not to let my voice get too shaky. "Am I your dream come true?"

A glance down at the crotch of my son's khakis confirmed that I did in fact arouse him, but his mind was still trying to catch up to his instincts. "Oh, Mom, you...you're beautiful!" Sudden comprehension struck him and fear almost took control as he said, "You...you know. You've seen my...my..."

"Your shrine to your mother?" I finished for him. "I'm sorry if I invaded your privacy, but I'm not sorry I know. I felt like I was being worshipped like a goddess." I smiled as I brazenly rubbed my pussy with one hand, showing him the wetness between my legs while I ran one hand through my hair, hoping it seemed sexy to him. "Am I your goddess, son? Am I your goddess come to life?"

John stood there, stupefied for several moments and then to my surprise, tears began to run down his face and with a voice filled with the delight of a child on Christmas morning, he said, "Is this for real, Mom? Am I dreaming or do you want me too?"

I held out my arms to my only child. "I've seen the light, darling. Yes, your mother wants you as her man -- to be her lover and her son." I licked my lips and waggled my fingers, urging him to come to me. "I want you to fuck me, son. Please come fuck your mother!"

John seemed to leap into bed, coming into my arms as I rose up on my knees and then I was kissing my son, our lips mashing together in a fit of passion and for the first time in my life, I tasted his tongue, rolling mine around his, our thick, slick flesh merging as one even as his hands cupped my breasts, touching what he had so long dreamed of touching.

As we kissed, I worked at John's shirt, tearing it off my son, running my hands over his strong chest before breaking our kiss and lowering my head to tongue his pebbled nipples, making him moan as he ran his fingers through my tangled hair. "Oh, God, Mom -- am I dreaming!"

As I ran my hands down his chest, over his defined abs and then sliding over the khaki material of his slacks to palm his massive hard-on, I sighed, "Maybe, John, but son if we're dreaming, I pray we never wake up." I looked up at my child, grinning as I felt him squeeze my breasts. "I love you, John."

He trembled as he replied, "I love you too, Mom, more than I ever dreamed possible."

I continued to smile up at my son as he played with my tits, my lips parting as I gave little moans of pleasure while he pinched and pulled at my engorged nipples. The entire time I worked at undoing his belt and unzipping his slacks. My heart felt as if it was about to explode as I slipped a hand under the waistband of his briefs, gasping, "Oh, John...you're so...my God, you're beautiful!"

I pushed his pants down, freeing his glorious penis -- bigger even than in our portrait -- thick and long, a monster pulsating in my hand that I could barely wrap my fingers around. Then I was

pushing him onto his back, falling atop him as my mouth found his again, our lower limbs working his clothes free of his body until we lay almost completely naked. I squirmed about on top of my son, my pussy quivering as I felt his immense shaft sliding along my labia. I wanted him to stick that big cock in me right then and there, but somehow I contained myself -- teasing us both while we both ached for the same eventuality.

Suddenly we were both on our knees again and as our kiss ended, a trickle of spittle splattering from our lips onto my breasts, I looked down at my son's erection, almost slapping against his stomach and feeling both brave and shy, I scooted back as I reached out and wrapped my fingers around it again.

I looked back up at my son as I lowered my head, again a bashful smile on my face as I took the head of his cock, the slit dripping with precum and brushed it against my lips. I asked the question with my eyes and John moaned, his body trembling violently as he gasped, "Yes, please, Mom...I've wanted this for so long."

"I'm going to make all your desires come true, sweetheart," I said softly before I ran my tongue out and over the swollen head -- so engorged with blood, it was almost purple! I stretched my lips wide and felt a gush of my own juices spurt out onto my thighs and the sheets beneath us as for the first time in my life I took my son's cock in my mouth. I moaned happily as I tasted flesh, sweat and sperm -- my son's scent that I had become familiar with in the last few days now intoxicatingly potent. I could feel my labia swelling -- blood engorging my flesh as my arousal escalated.

I licked and sucked at John's satiny hard meat, even daring to take several inches of his shaft despite never having tried to deep throat anyone before. With each touch of my son's body, I found myself knowing instinctively how to respond -- what to do as if on some spiritual level, this had always been my destiny.

Slowly, I slid my lips back up John's long pole until only the great plum shaped head remained in my mouth. Staring soulfully into his eyes, I fluttered my tongue and sucked my son's cock until his eyes suddenly widened and he began to convulse, almost pulling away from my lips and then he sobbed, "No -- God, not yet! Mom...cumming, Mom!" My own eyes widened in surprise as I felt John's cock head swell and then a fountain of hot semen was flooding my mouth, tasting salty and clean and so hot. My son came a gusher and I had to pull away or be choked even though it wasn't something I wanted to do.

John slipped from my lips and he splattered my face was another tremendous shower of sperm, splashing me from the bridge of my nose, across my cheekbones and over my mouth and chin. I heard myself laugh with strange joy and then like a woman starving, I closed my mouth around his cock once again and began to suck while my son shot streamer after streamer of his semen against my tongue, filling my mouth with his delicious seed.

My son began to wobble and then he was falling onto his back, me following the whole time, not allowing him to escape a second time, sucking furiously as his ejaculations began to wane. His cries of pleasure filled the air, making me wetter between my legs and I kept up my cocksucking, even as he clawed the sheets and told me it was too good, too much, his hands flailing at my hair, torn between pushing me away and never letting me stop.

He began to apologize, murmuring, "I'm sorry, Mom -- couldn't help my..." but I reached out and pressed two fingers against his lips, gently shaking my head as I kept running my tongue up and around his cockhead, sucking and keeping him hard and swollen.

Finally, confident that my son's lovely erection wasn't going away, I let him slip from my lips again and as I lewdly scooped up rivulets of semen from my face and sucked them from my fingers, I smiled at John and said, "You've nothing to apologize for. Momma was hungry and her handsome son fed her what she wanted." I reached down and stroked his spit covered cock and continued, "Besides, now my son is primed and ready to give his mother the fucking he always wanted to give her...yes?"

I slipped down alongside my son's sweaty body and resting on one elbow, leaned over and kissed him again, unashamedly sharing the taste of his own spunk with him while I stroked his still immense cock. When our kiss ended, I looked into John's eyes with such love it almost burst my heart and said softly, "Don't you think it's time you climbed between your mom's legs and fucked her?"

Again, a smile of childlike joy spread across my son's face and then he was climbing over me as I rolled onto my back, spreading my legs in invitation. My pussy pulsed with hungry anticipation, radiating heat that seemed to spread like wildfire through my body. John raised himself over me -- awkwardly trying to get into position, a drool of cum dropping from the head of his cock onto my stomach.

All sorts of expressions crossed his face as he tried to maneuver his cock against my pussy -- fear, excitement, lust, frustration. I reached down and took hold of his swollen penis and guided the head of his cock between my slippery lips. "Fuck me, so..." I never managed to finish as John thrust forward and drove his cock inside me, driving the breath from my lungs as he spread me open.

"God...Oh, Mom!" John sobbed as he slid about half his cock in me, his body shivering as if he was freezing. He withdrew partway and then eagerly thrust forward again and then again, making me moan with delight I never knew I could feel. His writings, imagining that our coming together would be unique due to our being mother and son...he had no idea. I'd never felt like this with his father or Benny.

Then John withdrew from me again and in his excitement, slipped from me completely. He thrust forward his cock sliding along my labia, leaving a gooey trail of precum and my juices over my pussy lips and lower stomach. He thrust again, sliding his cock over my right inner thigh and then as he tried in vain a third time, his body almost convulsing with frustration, it finally dawned on me that I was my son's first!

I choked back tears from the knowledge that I was being offered my son's virginity and leapt into action. I began stroking John's arms and shoulders, offering little "shhhh, shhhh" noises to calm him down as I might have done when he was a little boy. My son looked down at me with a mixture of misery and frustration, but did give me a weak grin when I gave him my best motherly smile. Reaching down again between us, I again guided his cock to between my labia and said, "Put that big cock in me, son...slowly."

Like the obedient son he was, John gently thrust forward, still making me groan as his cock sank into me -- the thick monster spreading me and filling like never before. Again after having gotten about half of his cock inside my cunt, he paused until I murmured in a strained and excited voice, "All of it, darling. Put all that fine cock in Momma's pussy."

John began to steadily thrust again and inch by inch, his immense penis slid deeper inside my pussy, making me moan as he began to touch places that had never experienced the sensation of cock before. I had to roll my hips and spread myself wider, but finally I felt my son's wiry pubic hair

entangling with mine - our pelvises grinding together. "Oh son, that is soooo good!" I crooned, barely able to get my mind around the fact that my John had his cock buried in his mother to the hilt.

Out of instinct, John then began to withdraw, but I grabbed his butt cheeks with both my hands, digging in my fingernails and forcing him to again cram that big dick into me completely. "Don't move, son," I gasped. "Rest inside Mommy. Doesn't it feel good?"

"Oh Mom...so wonderful. Your pussy -- it's heaven!" John panted. "I love you so much!"

I allowed my hands to slid upwards, over John's tight butt and up his back, finally running one hand through his dark brown hair. "I love you too, John." I pulled his head down to me and we kissed, slowly, lovingly as our bodies trembled with the almost indescribable ecstasy of a fully realized mother and son love.

When our kiss ended, he raised his head enough so that we could stare into each other's eyes. He smiled as he flexed his cock inside me, making me groan with pleasure and then he gasped himself as I tightened my cunt muscles around his thick meat. "I'm your first, aren't I?" I whispered huskily. When John nodded -- his already red face growing darker, I said, "I feel so honored...I can't believe I'm this lucky!"

"I never wanted anyone else." My son shrugged his shoulders and grinned at me -- I'm not sure whether it was the movement or the smile that brought me a step closer to orgasm. "I'm glad I waited. I'm glad I waited for it to be you, Mom!"

I felt my heart swelling with an outpouring of love I never suspected I was capable of. Trying to not allow my voice to crack, I replied, "I'm glad you waited too -- I'm just sorry I didn't know earlier." I reached up and kissed him again -- this time with more passion and need. "I'll try and make our lovemaking everything you dreamed of...and more."

My son and I began a long, long kiss, our tongues dancing with erotic joy. Somewhere in the middle of that lovely kiss, I slowly began to rock against my son. I dropped my hands again to his ass cheeks, keeping him firmly inside me, but slowly undulating my hips against his, taking him even deeper than before and then relaxing just an infinitesimal bit. As the next few minutes passed as we kissed, we gradually began to move more -- both of us rocking at first, then I was allowing him just a little room to move back and forth, permitting him to give me short, powerful thrusts with his cock -- our kisses becoming gasping affairs as we attempted to keep our lips pressed together despite the need to breath and moan with incestuous pleasure.

Gradually, John began to let his instincts take over and he began to fuck me more fully, falling into a rhythm of long, powerful thrusts, never completely leaving my pussy, but making me sob with sweet pleasure as he buried that big cock of his in me again and again. I pulled my knees back and wrapped my legs around his back, squeezing tightly to keep him centered. My son showered me with kisses, sloppily kissing my mouth and cheeks, nuzzling my neck, leaving his teeth prints there, claiming me, marking me as his woman. My breasts bounced and rolled as he slammed into me with greater intensity, a wicked smile on his face as he'd sometimes duck his head to snap teeth at my nipples.

It was my turn to lose control as my orgasm rose up and took me and I screamed with carnal pleasure as my son's wonderful cock made me feel more like a beautiful, sexy woman than I had ever known. The pleasure was so intense, I could feel my toes curling up and clenching even as I

clawed helplessly at John's strong back. His strokes slowed as my pussy muscles tightened around his erection, bathing him in steaming juices, but he never stopped thrusting.

My orgasm peaked and waned, never quite leaving -- remaining a fierce fire just barely under control and even as I wept, sobbing, "I love you, son!" over and over, our bodies began to move with greater intensity and then we were mad fuckers, slamming into each other, seeking to provide each other with new heights of ecstatic pleasure, clawing and licking and kissing for long minutes, sweat flying off our bodies as he buried that wonderfully massive cock in me again and again until I was again screaming as I shed so many awful years of sexual frustration, glorying in the unleashing of my spirit in the throes of being fucked by my child. So many wasted years -- I wanted to fuck my son forever to catch up on our lost years of incest.

My heart seemed about to explode and I could barely breathe as my blood caught fire in our familial lust, my orgasm cleansing me of any doubts or guilt I might have over giving myself to my son sexually. I was reborn in those moments, suspended in a world of utter love and lust -- swearing to God in Heaven that I was now and would be forever my son's lover and then just as I thought I had reached the limits of ecstasy, my beautiful boy buried his cock deep in me with a thrust that left me completely breathless and with a primal growl, began to cum in me!

As steaming semen filled my womb, I had a microsecond of panic -- no protection, but it was swept away in an explosion of utter and complete sexual ecstasy and my only related thought as I screamed my son's name and writhed with orgasmic delight was I'd do anything -- give my son anything so long as I was never deprived his god-like cock!

As I struggled to breath and wondered if I was dying of pure incestuous pleasure, my son and I held each other tight, unwilling to let go of each other as my pussy accepted his sweet gift of his seed. It seemed the universe had opened up for a moment of complete enlightenment -- showing us both the truth of beauty and heaven -- a nirvana that could only be achieved wrapped in each other's arms, our bodies joined cock and pussy and lips to lips.

After an eternity of glorious pleasure, I found myself atop my son -- his arms holding me tight and his still hard cock deep in my pussy. Occasional tremors rippled through us -- his cock seeming to briefly swell and then I would receive a few more precious drops of his semen. Our chests heaved as we gasped for air -- our efforts to breathe contributing to our continuing echoes of our powerful orgasms.

"Never dreamed it could be so good," I panted, nuzzling John's neck. "I think you nearly fucked your mother to death!"

My son laughed and I could hear how pleased he was. "So I take it I'm not bad for a beginner?"

I raised my head slightly to look my son in the eye. "My god -- if it feels this good now -- you might just kill me when you're more experienced!"

John shivered and his hands stroked my body possessively. "No, it will just get better and better. We're forever, Mom."

We kissed, tongues slithering over one another, feeling each other's hearts begin to beat faster again and then my son flexed his hips slightly, forcing the head of his cock to nudge my cervix and it really struck home. "John...you're still hard as a rock!"

My son laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "I know. It feels like it's going to explode, but I can't help it. Just knowing my Mom is here, practically naked with her pussy full of my dick and my cum... Mom I don't know if my erection is ever going to go down!"

I purred as delicious aftershocks of my orgasm continued...or was it the early tingles of my next son-induced climax? Slowly I rose up, sliding my knees forward until I was sitting on top of John, impaled on his tremendous penis. "That sounds like a dare, young man!" Feeling more wicked and happy than I could ever recall, I wiggled my shoulders making my meaty breasts bounce and dance and as I raked fingernails down my son's muscular chest, hissed, "Just sit back while Momma fucks you, baby!"

I tried to show my own nervousness as I began to bounce on my son's erection. It had been a long time since I'd been on top -- a "harlot's position" as my idiot, soon to be ex, would have said. If I was to be a harlot -- a whore, I wanted to be a good one for my loving son!

My mouth hung open in an expression of slack-jacked ecstasy as I slowly slid upwards, leaving John's dick coated with his seed and my seemingly never ceasing juices...my pussy never feeling so hot and wet before. Then slowly I would slide back down, unable to stop from moaning with pleasure as my son's cock spread my cunt wide, filling me as I had never been filled before. "You're so big, darling!" I moaned. "Momma loves your big cock!"

Each time I began to ride him a little faster -- the pleasure building into a frenzy of sexual delight as my body became gleaming with sweat. The aroma of pussy cream, semen and our combined fuck sweat produced something that acted as an aphrodisiac, our nostrils flaring with the distilled scent of carnality and provoking me until I was a wild woman, riding John's cock with abandonment, my breasts rolling and bouncing all about until I cupped one and brought it to my mouth, tonguing and then biting my own engorged nipple as another orgasm exploded within me.

I remember little for minutes after that...I recall flailing about, impaled on the long length of my son's throbbing erection! I think, finally, my heart again threatening to arrest, I collapsed atop my son while his hands caressed my slick flesh. I think I passed out -- his still hard cock buried in me firing off overtaxed nerve endings. At some point I felt myself being jostled and I moaned as I felt my legs being spread as I was somehow being rolled over onto my stomach. John made some muffled grunting noises like a boar in rut and his cock seemed to be slowly rotating inside my cunt -- worming slowly about as I quivered and writhed, feeling like a rutting animal myself -- spitted above a roaring sexual fire.

My son's strong hands slipped under me and raised me up onto my knees -- John's hands then sliding upwards to cup my hanging, swaying breasts, palms scratching my nipples that were so swollen now that they ached with sweet and intense pain. I awoke as John slowly withdrew from my cunt until only the swollen head remained lodged between my battered labia. I mewled unhappily, not wanting to lose the wonderful feel of his hard cock inside me. I woke up fully as John lunged forward and I became fully aware as for the first time in decades, I was fucked doggy style."

"YESSSSS!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, reaching out to grip the polished wood rim of the ornate headboard to brace myself as my son withdrew and then thrust forward again. Again, the fiery joy of orgasm erupted inside me as John began to fuck me hard, the sound of his pelvis slapping against my meaty hips sounding like a sharp shot barely audible above my cries of delight. It was hard to believe that the young man I had guided into lovemaking just a little while before was now mastering his mother with his cock -- fucking me hard, claiming me like a great beast

claims its mate -- driving that cock into me, making me cum and cum until my voice was hoarse from screams of pleasure and tears of pure sexual bliss poured from my eyes.

I pushed back, almost knocking him over in my desire to know my son's cock was going ever deeper inside me, making me feel more like a woman...a man's woman than ever before. Again, as that mammoth cock sawed in and out of me, I felt like my body and soul had been incinerated and then reborn. I was a new woman...my son's woman -- wanton and carnal. My old life was an empty and happily forgotten shell and the rest of my life would be dedicated to pleasing and being pleased my only child...my son...my John!

Orgasm followed orgasm as John plowed his cock into me like a relentless fucking machine -- my pussy afire with pleasure, bathing his massive penis with hot cunt cream as I howled like a banshee being consumed by flames of carnal passion.

My son leaned in, his chest, hot and sweaty and feeling delicious against my slick skin and hugged me to him, thrusting his cock deep into me as he pulled me upright, making me shiver with delight as he kissed my neck and panted, "God, I love fucking you, Mom!"

As I was replying, "I love being fucked by you, son," John thrust upwards and began cumming inside my womb again and my words collapsed into incomprehensible screams of orgasmic delight. An sweet eternity seemed to pass as we were coupled together in the throes of our incestuous passion, his cock filling my cunt with a seemingly endless flood of fiery semen and I had never felt so safe and satisfied as I did wrapped in my son's arms, impaled on his loving cock.

Again, reality seemed to wink in and out as I was transported to a dream world that consisted of John and myself -- a place where everything was simply the totality of our love and desire for each other. At some point, I imagine we collapsed on the bed and fell asleep -- our passions sated for the immediate moment. I might have whimpered in my sleep when John finally softened enough to slip from the grasp of his mother's sperm soaked pussy, but when I awoke in the wee hours in the morning, I was comforted by its still considerable heft nuzzling my still quivering labia.

I must have stirred enough to wake my son because he pulled me tighter against him as we spooned and he sleepily murmured, "You're still my girl, aren't you, Mom?"

I sighed happily and wiggled against my son's warm body and replied, "Oh yes, darling. Momma's your girl forever and ever!" I felt his lips kiss the nape of my neck and I immediately slipped back into wonderful and wicked dreams.

In the morning, we woke both starved for food and for each other. We attended to our bodies' needs -- winding up in the kitchen where we devoured the somewhat burned meatloaf that I'd cooked for him the night before. I sat naked on my son's lap, his cock pulsing between my legs reminding me of last night and of nights to come.

My pussy ached from the wild sex we'd had the night before, reminding me of how tender I'd been when I'd lost my virginity to his father on our honeymoon. It pleased me now to think that I'd again been a virgin of sorts...a virgin bride of incest that had been deflowered by my son.

After we'd eaten, John took me to the room I had dubbed the Shrine Room. My son nodded and said, "That's a good name for it, Mom. It is a shrine to you and all my hopes and dreams and fantasies for us! I always viewed it as a temple where I could come to worship the goddess that holds my heart."

Standing in the middle of the Shrine Room, I ran my arms up and around John's neck and rubbed myself lewdly against him, loving the way his cock stood up proudly between us -- still sticky from our lovemaking. "I like that, son. I like being your goddess."

John kissed me, taking his time and as our tongues danced, so did we, moving slowly to a tune only the two of us could hear. I restrained myself from climbing up my son's muscular body and impaling myself on his cock right then and there -- instead letting him show off his icons of mother-son incest.

The huge blow-up photograph of me in my bikini and halter top he'd swiped from the house long before he'd left home. "I can't tell you how many times I jerked off to that picture when I was a kid," John told me. "Heck, I yanked off the day you came out of the cabin wearing that little number. I'm surprised you didn't notice me walking around all day with a big boner!"

The paintings had both been done by a friend he'd gone to Northwestern with -- a now fairly successful artist who shared some of my son's passions in life. "For Mike, it was...is an aunt of his. He showed me some of his sketches and paintings he'd done of his aunt -- imagining her in the nude. I knew I had to have him try his hand at capturing you in the nude."

"And us together," I said, sidling up beside him and taking his hard cock in my hand while he brought his arm around my shoulder and cupped a breast. "Your friend does good work!" I said as I slowly stroked his cock, making gooseflesh pop up on his flesh.

He showed me his collection of incest pornography -- the professional stuff, some of which I would come to appreciate -- especially seeing my resemblance somewhere between Kay Parker and Honey Wilder. John would come to show me his collection of amateur computer porn -- dozens of videos, mostly American, but many European, depicting mother-son incest and focusing on couples that resembled us. Most were just straight up fictional couplings, but John confided that there more than a few that he believed might be real mother and son couples. "I think there are a lot more guys worshipping their mothers out there than most folks imagine," he said solemnly before grinning down at me and saying, "Some of us take worshipping at the alter of mother love seriously!"

Eventually, we wound up in the recliner, me sitting in John's lap as we fondled and kissed and talked about the future. I made clear to my son that I had closed the door on my old life and that he was now and forever at the center of my new one. We discussed my impending divorce and agreed that there was no need to return to Florida other than to take care of closing out the details of my old life.

As talk faded and we grew closer to the moment of making love again, I did say, "There is something I think we need to do, if it can be arranged."

John raised an eyebrow as his hands teased my wet flesh between my legs, fingering my pussy while a thumb rubbed gently and sweetly over my clit. "Whatever you want, Mom."

I wormed my way around so that we were both facing the same way, rising up and spreading my legs above his cock. I leaned my head back against John's shoulder and slowly impaled myself on his wonderful motherfucker of a cock, letting out a long moan and then once I had taken all of my son's erection inside my pussy, said, "Do, ummm, you think your friend Mike could paint a portrait of us fucking?"

John groaned and teased my ear with his tongue while his hands began squeezing bountiful handfuls of my breasts and replied, "Oh god, yesssss! Mom, It's like I died and went to heaven."

As I slowly worked myself up and down my son's cock, my already sensitive flesh making me quiver with carnal delight, I kissed my son's jaw and said, "No, better than heaven, baby. It's Momma's love and it's Momma's hot pussy!"

I felt the recliner tilt back so we were lying nearly prone, my pelvis working back and forth, allowing my son's huge dick to worm in and out of his mother's lovingly hot and wet cunt and the world become a jumble of images -- my son around me, under me and in me combining with the lewd and lovely painting of us and of me, which blended in with the thick, arousing scent of sex -- pussy juice and sperm and lovemaking sweat which joined our moans and cries of pleasure and built into a crescendo of orgasmic ecstasy that once again left me full of my son's thick semen and gasping for breath.

We remained coupled for what seemed hours -- alternating between fucking and talking -- planning our future together. It hardly seemed possible. Three days before, I was an unhappy wife and mother on the verge of marital disaster and now I was renewed, madly in love with my own child, abandoning all my morals and beliefs for something that outshone anything I ever could have conceived. My future...the future of my son and I together beckoned to us and in the storm of incestuous orgasm, I truly believed anything was possible.

#

And so my new life began. John stood beside me in a Pensacola Courtroom six months later as the judge made final his decree. He found that I was entitled to seventy-five percent of the house and that Benny wasn't entitled to any spousal support. "Trust to the Lord to provide," he told my ex-husband in a wry voice. Benny had been somewhat agog at my appearance -- no more dowdy and modest clothes for me. I was wearing a white silk dress with a diving neckline and a short hemline, showing off my voluptuous breasts and my good legs.

Benny was wide-eyed with disbelief when outside the courthouse, in celebration of my divorce, my son gave me a long and passionate kiss, followed by slipping an engagement ring on my finger. I'm sure my asshole ex still tells people I'm some kind of incestuous whore. What do I care...it's actually kind of the truth.

A month after that, I married my son in a religious ceremony -- not valid in the law's eyes, but I feel safe in believing I have the Lord's blessing. I was happy changing my name back to Harper -- now part of that happily married couple, John and Cassie Harper that live an idyllic life in Chicago, although in private (and sometimes in public), John still calls me Mom and why not? I am before anything else, John's mother.

It thrills me to know that there are folks that know the truth -- that our love runs deeper than most couples -- that we share a familial link that transcends normal love. Even our devoted doorman knows the truth and how could he not? It was only a month or so after my son and I became lovers that we came home from a late dinner and dancing cheek to cheek at a bluesy jazz club, both of us horny and unable to wait for the elevator.

In the elevator alcove, John's hands had scooped my meaty breasts out of the top of my halter dress top, leaning in to kiss me as he pinched and pulled at my nipples. After unleashing my son's cock from his trousers, I squatted down and began to suck John's cock like a woman starved for cum and out of the corner of my eye I saw Anthony pass by, smiling as he tipped his cap to us both.

Thankfully, no other resident passed through or called for the elevator as I couldn't wait and I didn't rise up until my mouth was overflowing with my son's semen. As we finally stepped into the elevator, John's fingers underneath the hem of my dress, fingering my dripping wet pussy, Anthony called out, "Have a lovely night, Mister and Missus Harper." I was scooping a dribble of thick white sperm back into my mouth as I smiled at the doorman before the doors closed.

Later, I asked John whether he worried about the doorman saying something, but my son smiled and informed me that he'd helped Anthony's daughter get into Northwestern and both a niece and cousin now worked for the company thanks to him. "We could fuck on top of the lobby desk and Anthony would just cheer us on."

Another person that knows the truth about this mother and son is the artist, Mike who happily agreed to do another portrait. It took a great deal of time and a lot of posing on our part, but it was time well and enjoyably spent. On the first anniversary of us becoming lovers, we hung a new painting in the Shrine Room. It is the largest of them all and very powerful. John sits on a straight-backed wooden chair and I am sitting in his lap, facing forward, my legs draped over his thighs and my toes rising up off the floor.

My son's immense cock is buried three quarters of the way inside my spread wide pussy and my head is thrown back against his head -- my face a perfect expression of total and complete incestuous ecstasy! Mike's talents are evident in every brush stroke as he made it look so much like the real thing, capturing everything perfectly -- from the glittering of our juices on my unruly black bush to the illusion that my nipples are about to burst in arousal. Most of all, the portrait somehow conveys the love that's between my son and me. Mike said our love for each other radiates off of us and its arousing in its intensity. I take him at his word. For every lovely orgasm we had during the sittings for our portrait, he jacked off an equal amount of times. I say a prayer for him every night -- that he might know our joy with his own aunt.

As for us, we want for nothing, but even if we were reduced to rags, John and I still have each other. Our love sustains us and takes us places I never imagined we'd go. I know it's an uncertain world, but the one thing I will never doubt is my son's love for me. If ever I should, I need only visit the Shrine Room. The truth of the love my son and I share dwells there.

The End