

MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 10

Ahabscribe

Mom & Son endure tragedy and continue to love each other!

Incest/Taboo

4.75

9.3k words

So here we have my 50th entry to Literotica and perhaps the final chapter of my proudest achievement. I hope you've enjoyed the story of John and Carrie - perhaps more will be told in time. Thanks for all your lovely comments and helpful critiques along the way. I hope you will share your thoughts on this entry as well...as it is your feedback that serves as my greatest inspiration. Enjoy!

Of course, all the usual mutterings about this being a work of fiction and all characters existing only within the confines of my mind.

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I woke to find it was early morning, the light of dawn creeping into our bedroom, filling it with shadow. It had stormed during the night and I could still hear water dripping from the trees -- a pleasing sound to listen to as I stretched luxuriously in our bed. Then as I woke further, I realized why I had awoken so early to begin with.

Mom's hand gently caressed my chest and stomach and in the shadowy light, I saw her face, resting on my shoulder, looking up at me, a sleepy and naughty smile on her face. She cuddled closer, her naked body warm and inviting against my skin. "I was hoping you would wake up, John," she whispered before moving up to kiss me, her heavy breast dragging across my chest as her lips met mine and we kissed.

For thirteen years now, a day hadn't passed that we hadn't kissed each other upon rising in the morning. Each kiss was like the first -- a taste of heaven. As we kissed, Mom's hand drifted further south, sliding through my wiry pubic hair to finally encircle my rapidly swelling cock. With a mother's tenderness and a lover's need, Mom stroked me, masturbating me into a throbbing cockstand while our tongues danced and played.

When I was fully erect, Mom ended the kiss and rose up lithely onto her knees and quickly swung a shapely leg over my body to straddle me -- my cock standing proudly, just brushing the thick mass of her hairy muff, heat and moisture radiating from her already swollen and spread pussy lips. Mom grinned down at me as I said, "I know why you woke me up."

Mom slowly slid down, her cunt expertly capturing the head of my swollen penis and I groaned as I felt her velvet lips massaging my tender flesh -- her pussy clasp hungrily to take me inside her and replied, "Any complaints, son?"

I could only shake my head now as I relished the sweet sensation of my mother and wife slowly enveloping my cock in her wet and fiery cunt. In an idle part of my mind, I wondered how many times we had done this over the years that we'd been married -- one of us waking up with a passionate desire for the other. Of course, the number didn't matter. All that was important was that each time was as good or better than the first time -- that our uniquely intimate bond as both

mother and son and husband and wife transported us to a place close to heaven whenever we made love.

As the dawn progressed, the room became lighter as Mom slowly rode me, her face lovely, transfixed in an expression that conveyed both great love and lust. I marveled at how with each passing day and year, Mom simply seemed to grow more beautiful.

Mom's age of fifty-seven did not betray itself easily. Her luscious body, always on the border of voluptuousness, somehow seemed to almost immune to wrinkles and while there was definitely a little more sag to her huge breasts, the way they sloped down on her chest seemed to add to her beauty, their pendulous form evoking thoughts of an earthy goddess of fertility. Mom's nipples, huge to begin with and thickened from nursing, were swollen with her lust, begging to be squeezed and sucked. Her thighs grow a little meatier with each passing year, but long hikes up and down the hillsides of our home, keep her legs shapely and muscular and there are few sweeter pleasures than feeling Mom's legs wrapped around me as we make love or simply fuck in heated, incestuous passion.

Mom's great mane of hair is in some ways, the great betrayer of her age. Through most of our marriage, Mom has let it grow until it hung far down her back, sometimes flowing freely around her like an erotic veil, like this morning, the very tips brushing my skin when she leaned forward and down to kiss me as she rode my cock and sometimes tied up in a long ponytail or braided. But the deep, rich blackness of Mom's hair has gradually given way to a wondrous shade of gray -- itself going whiter with each passing year. It doesn't actually make her look older, but gives her an incredibly sensuous look that again evoked an earthy goddess.

On this particular morning, Mom and I took our time -- savoring the pure deliciousness of slowly fucking -- of our bodies meshing and becoming as one as Mom's sugar walls tightened around my cock, massaging my flesh slowly, her slick juices surrounding me with a heavenly warmth that gradually took me closer and closer to ecstasy.

Mom sighed as she came the first time, leaning forward so her hands were clenching the old brass rail headboard while her breasts swayed and brushed my face, my tongue darting out to tease her swollen nipples. Mom's cries of pleasure were so familiar and yet always a marvel to me -- reminding me once again of my good fortune to have my mother as my lover and mate.

As Mom reached her second orgasm of the morning, I began thrusting back, meeting her downward motion to bury myself as deep into her sweet womb as I could. Mom fell forward on top of me as she whimpered in the throes of her welling climax, pressing her face against my neck as her soft, meaty tits pillowed against my chest, our joined loins working hard until I too was cumming, thrusting hard and deep into Mom's cunt as I gave her my hot seed.

Our sweaty bodies cooled quickly in the cool morning air, making us shiver a bit as we kissed and whispered tender things to each other. I reached out with a hand and found the light quilt we'd been using as a blanket, one of Mama Polly's old handmade quilts and tugged it over our quivering bodies. Still joined together, we kissed and dozed for a good while, just savoring the joy and love we shared.

In the midst of a sleepy kiss, I heard the downstairs kitchen door open and close, followed by footsteps down the back steps. I opened my eyes and looked at Mom inquiringly.

The serene look that she usually had after making love transformed into a sad smile and she said softly, "Molly."

Comprehension come quickly then and I said, "Today's the day, isn't it?"

Mom nodded, her gaze suddenly a little distant and her smile growing sadder. "Yes. Hard to believe it's been five years."

There was little to say after that and then as we heard the kids stirring about, we reluctantly slipped apart and began our day. By the time Polly and Tommy had finished in the bathroom and were dressed for school, Mom had breakfast cooking and I'd hiked down to the road to retrieve the morning paper. Breakfast was as always, a boisterous affair of chatter, eating, and last minute and allegedly forgotten homework.

Polly, Mom's and my daughter was at age thirteen was already turning into the beautiful, young woman we always knew she would be. Tall and awkward for her age, blonde haired and eager to take on the world, she and Mom reviewed her words for a big spelling test coming that day and I watched proudly as she rattled off each word correctly.

Tommy, the son I had fathered with Molly, was short, dark haired and serious, trying to cope with the trials and tribulations of running smack dab into puberty. We spent most of breakfast commiserating on the lackluster seasons of our favorite baseball teams, neither of which was going to be playing in the post-season, their year done now that October was here. Tommy tried to pin me down on the chances of going up to Cincinnati when the Cubs came to play next April and I just played coy, not wanting to tell him I had already looked up next year's schedule to plan that trip.

As breakfast was squared away and books and backpacks collected for the walk down to the school bus, Tommy looked about and said, "Where's Mom? Is she still asleep?"

An uncomfortable pause followed as Mom and I exchanged glances and then putting her arm around her grandson, Mom said gently, "She's gone up the hill to visit with Mom-Deb. She slipped out while we were all still in bed."

Comprehension dawned in my son's eyes and my heart ached for him as a sad and dark cloud covered his face. "Oh...yeah." He looked up at Mom and then at me. "Is she alright, you think?"

It wasn't the first time I ever felt helpless as a father and I knew it wouldn't be the last. I leaned over and squeezed his shoulder. "Yeah, she'll be alright. She just needs to do this. When you get home this afternoon, you'll see."

Matt gave me a small smile and I was about to suggest we head down to the bus pickup when Polly slipped by me, giving me a quick peck on the cheek and putting her arm around Tommy, said, "C'mon, big brother! We don't want to be late!" Polly and our mother gave each other a look that said much more than words could convey and Mom gave me a silent shake of the head indicating I should let them go on alone.

I stood at the living room window and watched them hiking down the drive towards the highway, Polly, although a few months younger than Tommy, always seeming to be older and wiser and I knew that somehow, she was the one who could find the words that would make him feel better.

I felt Mom's arm slip around my waist as she moved up beside me, watching the kids go off to school. "Think he'll be alright?" I asked Mom, inadvertently repeating my son's words.

"Yes, it's just a bit...hard. Polly will keep an eye on him."

I shook my head, feeling just a bit bewildered. "When the hell did she grow up and become so wise," I asked Mom.

She laughed and standing on tip-toe, gave me a kiss on the cheek. "Never blink, John. Your kids grow up in the blink of an eye." She moved around to face me, wrapping her arms around my neck as she looked up at me lovingly. "I can remember blinking and my wonderful first born son went from a loving child to a handsome young man that I feel head over in heels in love with!"

We kissed then, long and lovingly -- our tongues exploring each other, always delighting in the taste and touch of each other. My hands slipped upwards, under Mom's robe to cup a heavy, meaty breast and Mom laughed and wriggled from my grasp.

"Down, sweetie -- there'll be time for that later." Mom danced away from me and said, "Don't you have some work to do?" pointing towards my office.

I gave Mom a mock pout and said, "Oh, you're no fun!"

Mom rolled her eyes and said, "You didn't say that a couple of hours ago. Now, get in there and make a living and I'll come get you around lunch time and we'll go check on Molly."

I sighed and then made Mom giggle and scream, chasing her around the living room couch until she let herself be caught and we kissed a little more before she gave me my marching orders and I trotted off to work.

I was now three years into being a freelance writer and was making good money. I'd given ten years to the same company as a technical writer before the owner sat me down and told me I should be going out on my own -- that while I was always welcome to work for him, I could be making more on my own. With the internet now out of its infancy, he was right and with a solid reputation as a writer already, I had no problem getting work and have worked steadily since.

The big plus to all this was that I could work out of our home and spend that much more time with my family. My former boss had always been progressive and had been an early pioneer in allowing employees to work from home to begin with. That had allowed me to spend a lot of quality time with my kids as they were growing up.

I worked for the next few hours, my mind wandering occasionally to thoughts of Molly and then Mom was in the doorway of my office, looking lovely in a long, wraparound skirt and one of my shirts tied up and leaving her belly bare, her breasts threatening to burst free of the overworked buttons. She was carrying a basket of fresh picked flowers in one hand and a picnic basket in the other. Mom looked breathtaking.

"Care to take a walk with me, son?" Mom asked, looking at me with such affection that I felt both my cock and my heart swell with the love I held for her.

"I'd follow you anywhere, Mom," I replied, levering myself out of my chair and taking the picnic basket in one hand.

We took a leisurely stroll up the hill, passing through Mom's beloved flower garden where Mom paused long enough to add a few more flowers to her basket. It was a beautiful, sunny fall day with the autumn colors in full riot among the trees and only a few water puddles left as a reminder of the early rain.

My hand found Mom's, our fingers intertwining as we walked along. "Are you okay, Mom? I hadn't asked and I should have."

Mom didn't respond for a bit, the sadness in her face all the evidence necessary for her answer, but finally she responded. "I...miss her. We were always close, even before, well..." Mom smiled up at me and gave my hand a squeeze. "There are times I forget she's gone and I'll think about calling and telling her the latest with Polly and then it hits me."

We emerged from the woods into the clearing where our family cemetery was situated and there sat Molly on a blanket, cross legged and head bowed, hand stretched out and touching the headstone of the great love of her life, Aunt Deb.

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Deb discovered the lump shortly after hers and Molly's seventh wedding anniversary. It was small, but Aunt Deb had always taken care of herself and checked herself regularly. She immediately had it checked out by her physician and by August of that year -- the test results came back that it was indeed breast cancer. A mastectomy followed along with some precautionary chemo treatments...all to no avail. Within six months the cancer was back and spreading like wildfire.

Molly and Deb were resolute in their efforts to combat it, but all treatments simply failed. Mom and I closed down the house and I took a leave of absence and we went to Florida to be with Molly and Deb and little Tommy. Polly was overjoyed to spend time with her brother and going to school there was a new experience and our little seven year old loved new experiences. The joy that brother and sister shared at being together all the time helped a little with the pain and worry we were all feeling.

After several bouts of chemo and radiation therapy, all which failed miserably, Deb finally said enough was enough and came home from the hospital to spend her last weeks with the people she loved most in the world. It was hard for everyone -- Molly because she was losing the great love of her life, Mom, because of the very intimate bond that can only be shared by sisters and for me because I was seeing all the most important women in my life suffer and there was not a damn thing I could do about it. For the first time in my life I understood the despair of feeling impotent.

Molly was utterly crushed as she lost her spouse by inches, painfully and slowly, but she was never more loving and beautiful as she carried the burden of losing her beloved and yet making Deb's last moments on Earth as peaceful as she could.

In the end, Molly was at her side, curled up next to her, gently stroking her pain-filled brow, letting her know that she wasn't alone, whispering to her that she was loved and surrounded by family. At the last, Aunt Deb was beyond the pain and she whispered goodbye to each of us and kissed us for the last time. I've never asked what she said to the younger ones or to Mom or Molly -- I know that it was meant for them alone and honor her memory by not prying.

To me, Aunt Deb grinned and pulled me closer, kissing me softly with dry, chapped lips before whispering in my ear and saying, "This is your family, John. All of them are your responsibility now. Please love my Molly well and take care of her and Tommy and Polly. Love your mother as never before. I love you, John."

Tears cascaded from my eyes as I somehow managed to reply, "I love you too, Deb," without falling apart.

For a moment, the pain cleared from her eyes and I saw a glimpse of the sinful devil she loved playing and she pulled me back to her and said, "Almost forgot. You're a great fuck, nephew!" I loved her for that -- amidst all her own pain and suffering, she still could make me laugh and I will treasure her last words to me for the rest of my life.

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Mom and I slowly went to Molly, quietly kneeling down on each side of her. Mom reached out and covered Molly's hand on the cool marble with her own, their fingers intertwining. We all sat there silent, each of us remembering Aunt Deb in our own way until Molly finally looked up at each of us, taking her free hand and trying to rub the tears out of her red and swollen eyes with her palm.

"I'm not supposed to cry. Deb made me promise n-not to mourn her, but..." Molly let out a great sigh. Tears ran down her face as she continued. "But when this day comes around...I -- I, oh I miss her so much!" She turned and leaned against Mom, her face buried against Mom's chest and began to sob. Mom's arms came up around her and she hugged her tight. I sat there and wiped away tears of my own -- tears for Deb and tears for Molly, knowing only that I doubted I could be as strong as her if I lost Mom and unable to truly fathom the depths of her pain.

Mom made comforting noises as only a mother seems to know, her hands gently stroking Molly's back, helping her cry away her grief and anguish. When finally, Molly's cries began to fade, she pulled loose from Mom's embrace, wiping her tears away with her hands. For a split second, I knew what Molly had looked like as a little girl after a good long cry and my heart ached for her -- her sadness only increasing her beauty.

She sniffed a couple of times and took us both by the hand and said almost in a whisper, "Thank you both. I don't know how I'd ever get through this day or any days without y'all.

I shrugged and replied, "We're family, darling. We'll get each other through any and all hard times. Besides, you're tougher than you think...tougher than I could ever be if..." I left the rest unsaid, looking at Mom who was looking back at me with such a feral grin of love and lust that all but screamed, "NEVER! OUR LOVE IS FOREVER!"

Molly nodded and answered, "I reckon, but there are days...it feels like she' right there and then..." She sniffed again and wiped the new tears in her eyes.

Mom sighed and reaching out, took my free hand in hers so we sat facing each other, all of us holding hands. "I feel the same way." She lifted Molly's hand and after kissing it, said, "And Deb is here, watching over us all along with Daddy and Mama Polly."

Molly laughed then, a breathless chuckle still echoing pain. "I know. Lord knows you're right, Carrie."

Mom grinned then and said, "And I know what she would say to us right here at this very moment."

Her grin was infectious and Molly nodded and looked at Mom expectantly. Mom licked her lips and said, "Deb would just shake her head and say, "For Christ's sake, people, quit your whining and somebody fuck somebody!"

Molly let out a short, cathartic laugh and then grew wide-eyed as she looked at us both and her hands tugged at Mom and I insistently and then we were all in a tight embrace, lips and tongues meeting, joining in a passionate three person kiss.

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Aunt Deb passed away on the first of October -- she and Molly having been married eight years. At Deb's request, she was cremated with the instructions that part of her remains were to be taken back to Kentucky to be placed in the family cemetery with her father's and grandmother's remains. As for the rest, she had made another request.

A few weeks after Deb's funeral, on the beach near her bungalow, we held a memorial service. Even Molly, who had over the years discovered the full extent of Deb's network of friends and former lovers, was surprised by the number of folks that turned up. I stopped counting when I reached a hundred.

Before we began, I wandered through the crowd, hearing men and women talking, reminiscing about Deb. I would pause for a moment, savoring a snippet of a naughty or funny story regarding my aunt. I met a number of men and women who would eagerly, even proudly tell me that Deb had taken their virginity.

I could hear a murmur run through the crowd as Molly and Mom came down to the beach -- Molly's widow's weeds consisting of an almost obscenely short black dress that hovered around her crotch and which as she walked, the black hair of her muff peered out again and again, glistening in the brilliant sun. It had a deeply diving scoop front that exposed most of her breasts. Although her face was pale from lack of sleep and her eyes red from crying, she looked beautiful hand in hand with Mom who had chosen a naughty red dress that barely contained her huge breasts and which failed to conceal that she too was going without panties.

It pleased me to hear the approving tone of the crowd -- comprehending that they were dressed to honor Deb. Several began to shuck coats or unbutton blouses, getting more comfortable and relaxed in the summer heat. I even saw one woman unashamedly step out of her own lace panties and kick them into the sand.

Molly made her way to the center of the crowd. In her hands was a small urn that she held so tightly, her fingers were white with exertion. She turned around and around slowly as if trying to memorize the faces of everyone who had come to say goodbye to her lover and wife. I joined her and Mom, pausing to give her a kiss on the cheek.

Molly opened her mouth to speak and stopped. She shook her head and took a long, shuddery breath. Everyone was perfectly still and quiet. Trying to maintain a smile, she began again. "Deb always said that she'd tried to fuck everyone in Florida, but I never knew how close she came to succeeding."

The wave of laughter that followed washed much of the pain and tension from Molly's face and when folks settled down again, she continued. "Deb only really understood one emotion and that was love. Anger, hate, jealousy confused her and so she avoided it pretty much her whole life. She always said you take love wherever you find it and said that's why she picked me up and brought me home." Molly paused a few seconds amidst nods of approval and understanding. "Deb taught me how it was to love someone completely and without reservation -- to give your heart and soul to someone and get back so much more." She unconsciously stroked the urn in her hands.

"I've met many of you over the years. I love some of you dearly." Molly glanced at Mom and me. "The last thing Deb would have wanted is for us to gather together and grieve. Instead, she wants today to be a day of joy and love...and if you can't find that, at least make a new friend or as Debbie preferred to call her friends -- fuck buddies!"

She then turned and began walking out into the water, many of us followed. When she was waist high in the surf, Molly turned to us and said, "My sweet Deb loved the Gulf, she loved this beach and she loved all of you."

"AS MUCH AND AS OFTEN AS SHE COULD!" a deep, booming voice called out from the crowd, drawing laughter and cheers.

Molly laughed and nodded in agreement. "And she could love a lot as we all can testify," she said. "I know it will please her that part of her will always be a part of this place and I also know that no matter where we go or who we're with, she'll be there with us."

Molly opened the urn and poured the contents into her hand -- a small pile of gray ash. She held her hand up high and let the gentle gulf breeze take it, scattering it into the air and into the sea and to be honest, into us. "I LOVE YOU, DEB!" she cried, both love and loss evident in her voice.

A moment passed as Deb's ashes swirled about and then we all took up the cry, "I LOVE YOU, DEB!" Molly then came into my arms and began to sob and my heart ached in that that was all I could do for her. All of hers and Deb's friends stood with us as she let go of as much of Aunt Deb as she could bear to.

Now, despite being very sexual in nature and having had a few experiences beyond close family, Mom and I and even Molly were not used to seeing or being around sex on a large and massive scale, but that day and into the evening, Mom and I got a more personal glimpse into the life of Deb...at least the pre-Molly days.

Taking Molly's words and Deb's wishes to heart, most of the gathered friends lingered -- at the beach or back at Deb's and Molly's little cottage and I doubt more than a handful remained celibate that day. Alcohol and food flowed freely -- a steady stream of liquor, pizza and Chinese food deliveries coming to their home or delivered directly to the beach. Part wake and I suppose part orgy.

Mom and Molly and I didn't take part, but held court, receiving visitors, hearing how Aunt Deb had touched so many lives -- hearing full details of stories I had just heard snippets of on the beach. Around us, people made love and people fucked. Cries of passion and orgasm mixed with cries of sadness for Deb's passing and through it all, I could all but see her, tall and healthy, proudly naked, breasts riding high on her long, toned body as she walked around, sharing her passion for life, for love, and yes for mind bending sex to those who had come to celebrate her life.

Despite our own pain and loss, it was difficult not to be aroused and as the evening wound down, my cock was erect and aching. Mom sat beside me and quivered with need -- her arousal wafting through the air and making me hornier with each passing moment as I inhaled the sweet fragrance of her wet pussy. Molly was equally aroused -- one hand resting on my thigh, nails digging into my pants as one incredibly erotic story after another was told. When she would open her legs without thinking, I could see her cunt cream glistening on her supple inner thighs.

When late in the evening we finally closed the door on the last of Deb's weary and sated visitors, Molly turned to me and Mom with tears in her eyes and taking us both by the hand, walked us backwards into her and Deb's bedroom.

No words needed to be spoken as she let her dress fall to the floor. Mom and I quickly shucked off our clothes and took Molly into our arms, carrying her to the bed, covering her sweet, compact body with kisses, caressing her, spreading her legs where first Mom and then I made love to her

with our mouths. Molly sobbed and cried and shivered as her orgasm brought her much needed release. She whispered and moaned Deb's name over and over between passionate kisses with me while Mom swirled her tongue about her cunt lips and teased and pleased Molly's swollen clitoris.

As her first orgasm began to wane, Mom and I traded positions, pausing as our faces passed each other to kiss, Mom's lips and tongue sweet with Molly's pussy juices. Mom's eyes were shiny with her own tears. She continued her way up Molly's body, pausing to kiss and nip the younger woman's turgid nipples while I kissed my way down Molly's smooth belly and trail my tongue across her hairless cunt lips, spreading her labia wider and burying my face in her hot, slick pussy.

Mom's earlier loving attentions left Molly close to the edge and within a few minutes she was writhing in ecstasy again, her thighs tight against my ears, holding my face in place, as my tongue probing her sodden, fiery flesh. I felt her muscles flex and flutter against my cheeks and although my ears were muffled, I could still hear Molly cry out to Deb again and again as her orgasm swept her away -- easing her pain and misery and sense of loss, taking her to a place where Deb always was -- a place we three shared within us that Deb in all her glorious, unbridled passion, love and lust still dwelt.

Fingers intertwined in my hair, at first holding me in place as I lapped Molly's slick and delicious flesh and then pulling me upwards till my hardness was probing Molly's pulsating cunt, her tear-filled eyes imploring me to thrust forward and bury myself inside her. "Fuck me, sugar," moaned the mother of my son. "Fuck me now and forever, please, John!"

I flexed my hips and as I sank my aching, erect cock into her tight, wet pussy, feeling Mom's loving eyes on me, I smiled and replied, "Forever and..."

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"...Forever, Molly, my love," I said as I felt Molly's legs come up and wrap around my back, heels digging in at the top of my buttocks. She flung her hips upwards, lifting herself off the blanket, cool and damp from the wet grass to meet my thrust, grunting and grimacing as I buried the full length of my swollen penis inside her luscious and molten cunt.

Mom knelt beside us, glorious in her naked, reubenesque beauty, her meaty tits swinging as she moved back and forth, kissing first Molly and then me, the taste of Molly's sweet pussy thick on her lips, urging us on as Molly and I fucked passionately in our family cemetery, our clothes strewn about as Mom and I had comforted Molly in the sweet comfort of a beautiful fall day.

Between kisses, Mom busied herself biting and sucking on Molly's swollen nipples, tugging on the hard rubbery tips with her teeth until Molly was sobbing with pleasure. In between endearments to Mom and me, Molly called out to Aunt Deb, letting our pleasuring of her aid her in releasing all the pent up pain and sadness that another year without her beloved wife had built up within her heart.

Despite the mildness of the day, our exertions made us slick with sweat, allowing our joined bodies to meld as one, both slick and adhesive at the same time, adding to our joined pleasure as I thrust again and again into the passionate furnace that was Molly's aroused pussy. Finally, the need to cum overwhelmed me and under Mom's proud and pleased stare, I thrust deep into Molly's womb and flooded her with my hot semen.

My orgasm triggered a fresh renewal of Molly's and she screamed out "DEB, I LOVE YOU!" in a voice filled with ecstasy and love and I fed her claspings pussy spurt after spurt of fresh sperm. Finally, I withdrew from her and collapsed beside her with only enough energy to kiss her while Mom seized

her moment as she always did and perpetuated our pleasure by going down on us both, alternating between licking my still mostly erect penis clean and slurping up my semen from Molly's well fucked cunt.

We didn't neglect Mom either, urging her with our hands to straddle our faces, with her knees spread wide while we took turns licking, nibbling and sucking her dripping wet pussy, still tasting of my seed from earlier in the day. We didn't stop until Mom had baptized us both with her own juices, flooding our faces after Molly expertly speared Mom's asshole with a probing index finger while we teased and sucked her elongated and very much aroused clitoris.

Afterwards, we luxuriated in the warm rays of the afternoon sun, sharing the picnic lunch Mom had fixed and sharing favorite reminiscences about Aunt Deb before making our way back to the house before the kids returned home. As Mom folded up the blanket, Molly knelt one last time and kissing her palm, placed it against her lover's stone. We walked hand in hand back down the side of the hill, enjoying the sounds of birds in the trees and the glorious and colorful riot of fall leaves and feeling the spirit of Deb walking along with us.

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After Aunt Deb's passing, Mom and I implored Molly to move in with us, but she declined, not wanting to leave the home where she and Deb had lived for so long, raising Tommy and being a family. Of course, we all traveled back and forth so that scarcely a month passed that we weren't with each other, just as it had been before Deb had fallen ill.

But almost two years after Deb's death, Molly and Tommy had shown up at our door, car packed full and towing a trailer and tearfully asked if they could move in. Even before we lost Aunt Deb, her lovely little Gulf town had begun to change. Big business had been slowly taking over properties and turning that sweet little town into just another bland tourist resort, replete with high rise hotels and condominiums and vacation rentals, accompanied by fast food places and tourist trap attractions.

Molly had come to realize that their home was no longer the home of her memories and each passing day, the region became more and more touristy and worse, more conservative sexually than she or Deb could ever have imagined.

Mom and I and Polly were of course thrilled to have Molly and Tommy with us permanently. We were family...closer than most and if Molly wasn't related to us by blood, she was by love. Polly and Tommy would get to grow up together and were already best friends no longer separated by long miles.

With the renovations we had carried out over the years, we had four bedrooms and an additional bathroom so everything just fell into place. After lengthy discussions between the three adults, we decided to cut a door between Molly's bedroom and ours with Molly afforded all the privacy she wanted and an eternal invitation to join Mom and me in bed whenever she desired.

We were all three at ease with each other sexually and in all the years since, there has never been jealousy or conflict over whom is sleeping with whom. And yes, we have remained very sexually active, despite the presence of two kids in the house. Sometimes we had to be creative to have our intimate moments, but it all works out. I am the luckiest man in the world to have two women in my life and I endure cracks around town and in church about "John and his two wives," with a grin and a shrug. The truth is, Molly is as intimate with Mom as she is with me, maybe more. Even though

Mom and Aunt Deb were physically very different, Molly claims that they both share the same spirit and passion

Polly and Tommy were both at ease with so many parental figures. I was the lucky one. I was Daddy to both. Mom was Mom and Mama Carrie and Molly was Mom and Mama Molly. It got confusing sometimes and the kids would often just call both Mom, but it didn't matter, all we adults were their parents and loved them equally and without reservation.

Of course, eventually we had to sit them down and have the talk...not the "birds and the bees" but to explain the truth of our relationships. They were quite aware from a young age that we were not the normal family group, but accepted it all as quite normal. But as they reached puberty, their questions began and we all had to set down and explain the circumstances. Not too long after Polly turned twelve, we gathered our courage together and had the talk. We were not ashamed of it, but admit it was a very awkward thing to explain to your kids..

Polly and Tommy sat and listened attentively as Mom and I explained everything, with Molly chiming in occasionally. I expected them to be a little more wide-eyed and shocked at the revelation that we were mother and son before becoming husband and wife, but perhaps they had figured it out over the years (after all, I still called Mom "Mom" most of the time). I could see Tommy working it all out in his head while Polly was stone still as she took it all in.

When we finished, I took a deep breath and asked, "So, any questions or comments?"

Tommy kept glancing at his sister and finally, trying to keep a grin off his face said, "So, Dad, doesn't that make Polly your sister?" He had that look of a brother that loved tormenting his sister almost as much as he actually loved her.

Polly glanced over at him, brushing her long blonde hair back over her ear and said in a deadly voice, "Shut up, you doofus. That makes him your cousin too." That only cracked him up more and he began to giggle. To this day, when he's feeling feisty, he likes to refer to me as "Cuz."

Polly listened for a minute more and then politely asked if there were any more new revelations and when we told her no, she excused herself and fled to her room. Molly followed her up in a bit and talked to her, later reassuring us that she was fine with all this. "It just may take her a bit to process it all -- to get it to make sense." Still, I was worried, though Mom kept telling me not to worry.

In any case, Polly basically stayed in her room for the next week or so, avoiding me like the plague and talking to Mom and Molly only when she couldn't avoid doing otherwise. Tommy seemed to go about his business as usual, more concerned with the Cincinnati Reds terrible season than the fact that his father was a professed motherfucker.

A week or so later, on a Saturday evening, Mom and I were cuddled up on the couch, doing a little necking while listening to music. Molly and Tommy had driven up to Lexington to do some shopping when suddenly Polly appeared in front of her mother and me. For a minute or so, she just stared at us, waiting for us to stop kissing and sort of untwine ourselves from each other. When we were slow in doing so, she gave a huffy little sigh and actually started tapping her foot on the floorboards.

Finally, she had our full attention and she said matter of factly, "So, this incest thing...when I turn eighteen, do you guys expect me to do it with Daddy?"

I'm pretty sure my jaw hit the ground, so flabbergasted was I at the question. Yes, I've been around incest most of my life, but I can honestly say, I'd never thought of such a thing with my daughter.

Mom responded immediately, "No, sweetie. We've never even considered it." She reached out and took my hand. "Like we told you, yes, we're mother and son, but we fell in love with each other as adults. Someday, you'll fall in love and understand what that really means...and that's who you'll want to do it with."

Polly studied us both and slowly nodded and replied, "Good." She turned to leave, but looked at us over her shoulder and said, "I do love you guys," and then headed back up to her bedroom.

Mom and I looked at each other for a long minute or two and then she began laughing, saying, "Oh baby, if you could have seen your face! I think that was the last thing you ever expected your daughter to say." Then she was climbing into my lap and kissing me, her tongue swiping across my lips before she whispered, "Well, I guess I better protect my interests in case she ever changes her mind." Mom pressed her lips against mine, my tongue slipping out to greet hers and as we kissed and continued to make out, making me forget all about that moment and reminding me once more as to why I loved Mom so much.

After that, things went pretty much back to normal -- Polly and I had our regular relationship back and I was thrilled, even though there was a little more...distance, I guess I would call it between us. Molly would tell me that it was normal. That almost all fathers and daughters have it as both become aware of the other as a sexual being.

We thought that would be the end of it and for a long time it was. Three years later, one warm summer evening around sunset, Mom and I were strolling back to the house, having taken a walk up to our special glade where we'd made love. Our hair was still sweat drenched and our bodies were still flushed with exuberant exertion and we were grinning as only two people who love each other and have just made passionate love can do. Mom's blouse was still partly undone and her meaty breasts were more than a little visible.

We climbed the steps to the front porch to find Polly sitting on a deck chair, her legs propped up on the railing. At age fifteen, her awkward stage had evolved into a coltish gracefulness and even a father couldn't ignore the fact that she was rapidly becoming a gorgeous woman, developing a figure that Mom suspected would surpass her own -- a figure clearly evident in jean cutoffs and a halter top that looked to be made from a man's red handkerchief.

"Hi honey," I said as we reached the porch, my arm around Mom's shoulder and her arm around my waist.

Polly gave us a small smile and replied, "Do you guys have any idea how loud you are? I mean, it sounded like a couple of jungle animals echoing through the trees."

Mom and I both laughed and I just shrugged while Mom said, "You're just complaining now? It's not like you haven't heard us making love all your life."

It was Polly's turn to laugh and she shrugged her shoulders, doing it just like her father does. We started to walk away, but Polly looked up at us, her face going from amused to serious in the blink of an eye. "So, this incest thing...when I turn eighteen, if I want to do it with Daddy, can I?"

Again I was flabbergasted and struck completely dumb. Not only by the question, but by how she did it -- as if we had just simply picked up the conversation from where we left it three years ago. I

think it even surprised Mom as I heard her gasp and her hand around my waist clenched me to her a little tighter.

A minute passed by as Mom and I looked down at our lovely daughter and she stared back at us, waiting for an answer. I opened my mouth, but didn't have a clue as to what to say. Again, Mom came to the rescue, her voice low and husky as she said, "Polly, come ask your daddy and me again when you are eighteen."

Our daughter came smoothly to her feet, standing in front of us and suddenly I was very aware of her as a young woman...a beautiful, young woman...aware of her physically, standing almost close enough to touch. She looked at us both, still so serious and slowly nodded. "Okay," she replied and then she gave us both a kiss on the cheek and retreated inside, pausing only to look over her shoulder and saying, "I love you, Mom and Dad."

I looked at Mom and said in a hoarse voice, "I think I need to sit down, Mom." I collapsed into the chair that Polly had just vacated, Mom following me down to curl up in my lap.

Mom ran her arms around me and leaned her head forward till our foreheads touched and we were literally eye to eye. "Bet you didn't see that one coming, son?" Mom asked me, both amusement and surprise in her voice.

"Not a fucking clue, Mom. Did you?"

Mom giggled and said, "Noooo, but, let's face it. Incest is in our blood." Mom kissed me then, hard and passionately, our tongues dancing the carnal dance that never grows old. When we both finally came up for air, she asked me, "Would you be interested -- could you love our daughter that way?"

I felt the blood pulse through my head and I said, "Oh god...I've never even entertained the idea. I love you, Mom. I don't think I could..."

I didn't finish as Mom wiggled sinfully in my lap and grinning replied, "Liar. You got hard the moment she asked us the question. She ground herself against me again. "Pretty quick recovery time there, John. Mmmm, maybe Momma found herself something better than one of those new blue pills!"

Mom moved to straddle me in the chair, raising herself up on her knees while her hands were busy undoing the buttons on my jeans. She freed my already stiff as a board cock, still slick with her saliva and traces of her juices. "I think I'm going to like you entertaining the notion of our little girl joining us in a few more years. Molly and I are going to get a lot of benefits from this!"

My mother lifted her skirt and my suddenly very hard and throbbing cock brushed between her thighs, the tip of my cock dragging along her wet and parted pussy lips. I gasped at the sensation of her hot, wet labia and said, "Mom, you're terrible."

Mom grinned at me lewdly, rolling her hips just so and then I was inside her and she was sinking down my long, thick shaft. "No, I'm not, I'm just a very naughty mother," she hissed as she ground herself against me. "Your mother, John. Now fuck me, sweetheart, give me that good cock."

A long, loud moan escaped Mom's lips as she took all of me in, her cunt still sensitive from our afternoon lovemaking back up the hill. I felt the warmth of her pussy, still thick with my semen from earlier, wrapping itself around my shaft, massaging my cock as she rolled her hips around. She pressed her lips against mine and then our tongues danced together, their movements keeping

time with the sweet dance Mom was doing on my lap. My hands slipped into her mostly open blouse to cup and fondle her heavy, sagging breasts, my thumbs tweaking her blood engorged nipples.

Mom ended the kiss as her orgasm primed pussy began to contract around my cock -- her juices bathing my erection with their sweet, searing heat. She began riding me hard, her chin resting on mine, my face pressed against her breasts -- a swollen nipple between my teeth, making her cry out as I gently bit down, adding to her orgasmic pleasure.

We rocked together for a long time, Mom's orgasm taking her higher and higher as her cries grew shriller and shriller. She began to flex and roll her hips, trying to sustain her orgasm or bring on a newer and stronger one, all the time sobbing, "Cum in me, son. Cum in me! Cum, cum, cummmm in Momma's pussy!"

I could feel her pulse quicken as her nipple throbbed between my lips and I surrendered myself to the sweet, incestuous passions of the moment and thrust upwards, pressing deep into my mother's heavenly womb and groaned loudly as I began to cum, filling up Mom's pussy with hot semen.

Mom stiffened in my lap, letting her weight take her down to be even more deeply impaled on my throbbing, ejaculating cock, voicing wordless sobs and moans as her hands scrabbled against my back, fingernails clawing at the fabric of my shirt.

We sat there for a long time, basking in the wondrous afterglow of glorious sex, hearing Polly inside, banging around the kitchen and coming to the screen door once and asking, "I'm making popcorn. Do y'all want some?" and making it obvious that she was staying indoors so long as we were still locked together in various states of undress.

Eventually, we did join her inside and watched a movie. I felt a bit tense, but both Mom and Polly went on as if the earlier conversation hadn't taken place. Later that evening, Mom shared the moment with Molly who laughed uproariously and teased me about the Hamilton women fucking me right into a rest home before they were through and echoing Mom's earlier words. "Sugar, I swear, incest comes right naturally to your family."

I got some measure of satisfaction by replying, "Sweetheart, you better think about what you're saying. Remember, Tommy is a Hamilton too."

That stopped Molly's laughter and her eyes grew wide and then thoughtful. Personally, I don't think it was a coincidence that over the next few months, the sex life that the three of us shared was a little more active and intense than was even usual for us. Fantasies and possibilities kept my cock hard and Mom's and Molly's pussies wet constantly.

The next few years passed quickly...too quickly as we watched Tommy and Polly race through high school. Sometimes it was almost impossible to believe that the children that I'd once bounced on my knee and taught baseball and made them wide-eyed with wonder at my stories of Santa Claus and Peter Rabbit and Johnny Appleseed were suddenly grown up, practically adults.

Looking at Tommy was like looking into a mirror of my younger self with a little of Grandpa Tommy thrown in. Like me, he was a compact, muscular young man who loved sports and had an almost obsessive work ethic. Despite our remote location, from the time he was in his early teens, he'd found jobs. Once he had his license, he talked me into co-signing on an old beat up truck and he went into the lawn care business and I was both amazed and a bit awed at his determination to be successful. As the end of high school approached, he very carefully prepared to go to college and

major in agriculture at a local college. He had several girlfriends during high school, but none serious and none willing to put up with being second best to his work. Mom sometimes worried if perhaps Tommy might have inherited some of my father's traits, but for reasons I can't really mention here, I wasn't in the least worried.

Polly had grown up inheriting her mother's beauty and figure. A buxom blonde with her Aunt Deb's height, she had a mind like a steel trap, and graduated as Valedictorian. She had her share of boyfriends in high school and I had a good time playing the scowling, grumpy father with each and every one of them. Polly won a scholarship to my old school in Chicago that has an excellent law program and Mom and I were both proud as could be, yet heartsick that our little girl was all grown up and ready to leave the nest.

Eighteen came and went and emotionally, Mom and I held our breath, wondering when and if our daughter would come to us and ask THE QUESTION again. We also wondered what our answer would be -- trusting our hearts to make the right decision, but when we left Polly at her dorm in her university, the question had never been asked. Mom and I were fine with that. Whatever was to happen had to be hers to begin.

Time marches on and I have to say we were and are still very happy together. Molly, Mom and I have this three way love that we're very happy with -- not quite a marriage with Molly, but the next closest thing. It has been odd having the children out on their own and the house so empty in some ways. On the positive side, having the house to ourselves most of the time has made us more intimate -- both physically, emotionally and spiritually, especially Mom and I.

At the time I end this part of our story, we'd just celebrated our twentieth anniversary. Mom, in her early sixties, still looked as beautiful as she did that first Christmas, when we were first abandoned conventional morality and became soul-mates and with each passing year, we grow closer in love and lust with each other.

Perhaps I will come to share more of our lives. A few meager chapters of our life cannot begin to tell the story that is the love that this mother and son share. And take comfort in that ours is not the only story -- it is only that perhaps it is not my place to tell it.