

# GOING HOME

**Ahabscribe**

*After Nuclear War, son seeks his family & finds much more!*

Incest/Taboo

4.72

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*This is likely to be viewed as a return to my darker side - it certainly turned out much differently than I initially conceived it. I will be keenly interested in your feedback. As always, it is a work of fiction and all characters exist only within the confines of the story and my head. Enjoy!*

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The doorman cradled a sawed-off double barrel in his arms, swinging it my way as I approached the entrance. His eyes swept warily over me, not liking what he was seeing -- not the least being, I was armed...heavily armed and that he was assuming -- quite correctly -- that I was new in town. The rusty and begrimed barrels swung in my direction. "You got money?" he said in a gruff voice.

I nodded and slowly reached into a haversack on my shoulder. Just as slowly, I pulled out a can of beans -- the label still un-faded and clean. His eyes went wide as I said, "I have more than just one."

He nodded as he lowered the shotgun, saying with a little more respect. "No trouble now...we run a nice, respectable place here." I nodded, feeling his eyes on me as I went through the entrance, down a long dark corridor and emerged into a dim, smoke-filled room where in front of me a woman was bent over a table and a large, fat man was angrily thrusting his erect cock into her cunt. She was moaning in response, though if it was pleasure or pain, I couldn't tell.

The part of me that hadn't been with a woman since last winter on the high plains of Wyoming roamed appreciatively over the parts of her I could see -- large, meaty breasts flattening out against the dirty surface of the table and long, well shaped legs and the moons of a firm ass. I tore my gaze away from the exhibition and focused on reconnoitering the room.

Most of the room's light came from dozens of rows of old Christmas lights that spelled out the words, "The Step Right Inn" hanging on the wall above the long, authentic bar that ran along the far wall. Behind the bar was maybe the greasiest man I'd ever seen -- his very skin seemed to gleam and his hair almost seemed to drip with grease. He had it combed back into what my granddaddy would have called a "D.A." He frowned at me as he cleaned a glass with a rag almost as dirty as he was.

Several men were scattered about the room -- sitting two and three at a table. In the corner I would have liked to have placed myself -- the one with the best field of fire and sitting in shadow, smoke emerged and the glint off something metal, like a shirt button or the end of a pistol barrel. I opted for the best table I could find against a wall and no one sitting closer than five feet away. Still too close for comfort, but one doesn't always get one's way.

The bartender stared sullenly at me for a moment, apparently disappointed that I didn't come to the bar. Some of the crowd stared my way for a bit, but then turned back to their own business or eyed the couple fucking with a mix of amusement and envy. The woman's face was shrouded by thick and tangled locks of peppered hair. Her ragged fingernails clawed the tabletop as she

moaned while the fat man sweated profusely -- his anger replaced by a blissful, almost idiotic look on his face.

To spur some service, I reached into my haversack again...moving slowly, and drew out that can of beans again and then a larger one of sweet potatoes. The bartender's eyes widened but he made no move to come take my order. Instead he turned and glowered at the couple fucking, finally yelling in a high pitched voice, "Goddammit, bitch -- make that dumb farmer cum already. You got customers to wait on!"

Several of the other men in the room chuckled at that, their laughter abruptly stopping as a deep, edgy voice rumbled from the shadowed corner, "Get your own ass in gear, Howard. You're making a paying customer wait and the bitch has two more to take care of after Wilbur there. Besides...you know how much Alice looks forward to Wilbur's big cock each month -- don't be hurrying her."

Greasy Howard paled at the man's words and scurried around the bar and came to me. "Whatcha want?" he said, his hand hesitantly reaching out for the cans and then pulling back.

"Whiskey if you have it and food -- cooked and clean," I replied.

"We got moonshine up from Tennessee -- smooth stuff," he replied, "And we make a mean rabbit stew -- raise 'em right out back," Howard replied. He turned and looked at the shadows, "Got beans and sweet taters, Boss," he said. He raised a hand and I heard the calm tick of a hand held Geiger counter. "They's clean, too."

The dark voice seemed to mellow as he said, "Pays for all the whiskey you can drink tonight and supper and breakfast. You got another clean can -- you can have a woman for the evening too...all to yourself."

I nodded and pushed the cans towards Howard and said, "Fair deal on this...I'll think awhile on the woman." I heard a grunt of assent from the shadows and the bartender scooped the cans up and hurried away. He came back in a moment with a dirty glass filled with an almost clear liquid. After I took a sip, I wasn't worried about the dirt -- nothing was going to live in that white lightning.

While I waited for my food, the fat man -- Wilbur began huffing and puffing -- increasing his thrusts while the woman keened with what sounded to me like pleasure. Certainly, she was now thrusting back to meet his cock. Several men began betting on how long it would take him to cum. I felt a tightening in my pants as my own cock began responding to the woman's deep moans. Something in her plaintive and clearly carnal moans touched me in a way I couldn't define. The table began scraping along the floor as the fat farmer really began throwing his meat into the woman's pussy and then both screamed as he began to cum and she threw her head back, hair still covering most of her face, but unable to conceal the sneer of pleasure on her lips.

Several of the other men clapped or slapped their tables with their palms and a few chinks of metal -- mostly bullets were passed to an older man who grinned and held them up to the shadows across from me. A minute or two went by before Farmer Wilbur stepped back, making the woman groan as he withdrew what turned out to be a sizable chunk of flesh from her pussy with a very audible noise of sucking wetness -- his slowly shrinking shaft dripping with their combined juices. A minute more and the woman staggered up and wobbled to the bar -- moving with slightly bowlegged movements and I imagined that Wilbur's big dick wasn't the first she'd had today or would be the last.

She took a sip from a glass offered by Howard and then wiping her mouth, turned and gazed around the room through thick strands of black and gray hair, displaying unashamedly, a mature and fine looking body to everyone in the bar. Large, pendulous breasts hung with some sagging on her chest -- thick nipples protruding prominently from wide aureoles. Her stomach revealed some age -- a few faint stretch marks over a mostly flat stomach -- showing off that small pooch that most women never shake after childbirth. Nice legs traveled upwards to end in a thick patch of black bush, currently split wide by swollen labia -- Wilbur's seed spattered and leaking from her spread open pussy. My cock lurched in my pants and I began to consider that maybe I could spare a can of food after all. She was a bit dirty -- like everyone here, including me, a bath would have done her good. Her hair was a mare's nest of tangles, hanging down over her face, obscuring her looks. And again, something about her seemed to speak to something deep within me.

"Nick's next, bitch," the voice in the shadows barked, making her jump slightly.

She nodded and in a voice almost too soft to be heard, replied, "Yes, Master." The woman walked to the table where the old man who'd won the bet was waiting, his cock already out. "How may I please you?" she murmured...both dread and anticipation in her voice.

"I'd appreciate a good blowjob," the old man said, his voice rising with excitement. The woman nodded and slowly went to her knees and with movements born of long experience took him into her mouth -- slowly and luxuriously began to suck his semi-erect penis. They were both in profile to me and I inwardly groaned as I leaned more and more towards giving up another can of my precious supply.

Even as my attention was mostly on the woman, I sensed movement from the shadows and out of the darkness emerged a lean, tall man with black hair and a wild, black beard. He was wearing biker's leathers over a T-shirt and jeans, a length of chain wrapped around his waist that didn't appear to be for looks and a holstered Glock automatic on his hip. He moved my way like a cat easing up on his prey. Unlike the rest of the men in the room, he was relatively clean.

"You look like a man that appreciates a fine piece of pussy," he said, a toothy grin splitting his beard. "Mind if I join you?"

I gestured towards another chair at my table, willing myself to relax even as I studied him for any sign of trouble. That's simply become a normal survival trait these last few years. He looked towards the woman on her knees, her heavy breasts moving ever so slightly as her head bobbed up and down on what was now a proud erection. The old man's face resembled the blissful look of Farmer Wilbur. The black bearded man sighed appreciatively and said, "Ayup, that bitch of mine is one fine fuck and she can about suck the life from a man. She's a natural born whore." He turned his gaze back on mine. "Offer still goes -- you want a woman all night -- cost you just a can of food. You can even have Alice there if you don't mind your pussy a mite used."

I smiled and said, "Is that her name, Alice?"

He laughed harshly and said, "Hell no, I don't bother remembering my bitches names -- they's all Alice to me...well, excepting one." He winked and said, "I got one that's special...maybe you'll see her before the evening's out."

"Oh yeah? How much for the special one?"

He snorted and said, "More than you can afford, stranger...less'n you want to part with that artillery there," gesturing towards the rifle slung over my shoulder -- one quick movement from resting in

my arm and dealing more destruction than these folk could dream. "That's one of those M-142s, ain't it? I got checked out on them when I was in the Army."

"Yeah, it is and no, I'm not looking to part with it. Maybe I'll just settle for Alice there," I replied. The older woman was now slowly deep-throating the old's man's cock, making him giggle like a kid as she tickled his dick with her tonsils.

"Well, no harm in asking," the black bearded man replied, looking wistfully at my rifle. "So was you Army?"

I shook my head and replied, "Navy."

His eyebrows went up. "Oh yeah? Where was you when it all went to hell?"

I sighed and said, "On a sub off the coast of China. The USS George Custer...a missile boat." Memories of our boat shuddering as each of its twenty-four MIRV missiles launched -- likely doing nothing more than adding millions more to the millions, maybe billions already dead, flashed through my mind -- Commander Vance's face pale and drawn as he ordered each missile's launch.

"Goddamn -- reckon you did your part then." I wasn't sure if that was a compliment or an accusation. "So, do you know who started the whole clusterfuck?"

Shaking my head, I replied, "Not really. We got intelligence that it was Pakistan and India exchanging nukes and then Iran and Israel blew each other to hell and then maybe either the Russians or the Chinese got nervous and said, 'What the fuck,' and took out our eastern seaboard. After that, it was just a race to see who could hit the other guys the hardest."

"And after," the black bearded man asked, leaning in, eyes full of interest.

I shrugged. "We went silent and deep for a long time during the long winter as per orders. We had to sink three other subs that attacked us...a Russian for sure, a Chinese sub maybe and what we thought was a French submarine. It was almost two years later we made radio contact with the R.U.S."

"H'mmph. I heard about that so called "Reconstituted United States." You think they're for real?" His eyes gleamed, anxious for knowledge.

"Yeah -- they have control of the West Coast from Northern Mexico up past British Columbia and west into Idaho. Doubt if they get this far for decades though."

He nodded, satisfied. "You come out from there?"

"Yeah, Seattle. Five us started out together after we were discharged -- all of us wanting to find family." I sighed. "Been working our way east for nearly two years."

Black Beard squinted and glanced around. "Is there more of you?" He tensed a little.

I shook my head and replied, "Not anymore. Tomas died of a strange fever -- ugly, bleeding black boils erupting all over his skin, the fever burning his brain out -- he was singing nursery school songs at the end. We burned his body on the plains of Nebraska as a mixed herd cattle and buffalo watched us."

Black Beard grunted and said, "Yeah, they call it Black Betty -- some said it was a souped-up version of that Bubonic Plague."

"We lost Luchessi in a firefight with a raider gang near Sioux City. They got Luchessi at the outset when we walked into their ambush...afterwards, we left none alive. We didn't want to after we saw evidence that among their other sins, they'd reverted to cannibalism." My table guest frowned at that.

"Understand -- we weren't walking the land as heroes meting out justice like some fucking movie. We tried to follow the credo live and let live. We...I saw a lot of things that made my blood boil -- abuse and rape and slavery..." I glanced over at the woman on her knees -- the old man's prominent adam's apple bobbing as he was approaching his climax. "But, it aint the old world, is it? We were all just trying to get home -- find our families." The dark man nodded and relaxed a bit.

"Winer committed suicide when we reached the remains of Saint Paul -- just shucked his gear and jumped off a bluff into the Mississippi River. We'd known what we'd find -- folks along the way had told us the mushroom clouds had sprouted over Minneapolis-Saint Paul, but Winer insisted he'd find his family -- his eyes getting crazier ever day we got closer until the truth reared up to bite him on the ass.

"I said goodbye to Nate Rafelson on the banks of the Wabash River -- up north of here. I planned to follow it south to home and he was going north into Ohio before striking further east towards Pittsburgh. I reckon I'll never see him again." I stopped then, not telling the black bearded fellow about giving Nate a copy of the directions to Vance's old vacation retreat and telling him I'd see him there hopefully in a year or two.

We'd shook hands, Nate and I -- knowing we'd likely never see each other again. Parting from that tall, lean African American was tough -- of all our party, he'd been the most level-headed and reliable. After over a year and half on the road, I knew how to survive...with a little bit of luck, but I did miss my old crewmate and friend watching my back.

"Goddamn, that's sure as hell something...walking all the way here to southern Indiana from Seattle," he said, sliding his chair back and standing up. "Hell, I'm gonna let you have Alice there for free tonight! Least I can do for a serviceman."

We both turned to look at Alice as we heard her gobbling as the old man began to moan. A long string of jism dribbled from her mouth as he shot his load -- her throat working to swallow his sperm. She rose up as he finished, the dribble of semen running down her chin to splatter on her huge breasts -- nipples swollen like fat, ripe cherries ready to burst. Again, I felt my cock throb achingly between my legs.

I looked up at the black bearded man and held out a can of tuna I'd palmed during our talk. "I appreciate that, but I like to pay my own way."

He didn't take offense at my words -- instead he seemed to be on the verge of drooling as he eyed the still fresh looking can of fish meat. He reached out and took it from me, his hand trembling slightly. "Fuck me...for that you can have Alice all night long and tomorrow night too. I'll even have her take a bath first, get all the filth and jism off of her."

The can disappeared into a vest pocket and he grinned down at me. He held out his hand and said, "Stranger, what be your name?"

I took his hand and we both demonstrated we could give and take a hard squeeze. "I'm John," I replied.

"Pleased to meet you, John. I'm Tom...Tom Johnson, but most folks call me Black Tom." I tried not to tense up at the name, but I reckon my eyes betrayed me or maybe my grip tightened up a bit too much. He grinned and said, "You heard of me?"

As he released my hand, I replied. "Been hearing about Black Tom for weeks now. They say you rule everything around these parts."

Black Tom rolled his eyes and said, "Well, maybe everything between what used to be Louisville and Cincinnati -- they're both just burned out ruins now. Mostly folks just know not to fuck with Black Tom. Remember that and we'll get along fine." He took pride in saying the words, you could tell he liked saying them, but it was also a warning to me.

Very evenly, without a trace of hate in my voice, I replied, "I'm sure we'll get along just fine, Black Tom."

We smiled at each other like two predatory sharks in the water and he nodded again and moved off, pausing to reach down and jerk Alice to her feet by her hair and whisper something to her. She turned her head my way and then whispered something back and then slowly shuffled towards a door behind the bar her voluptuous ass swinging enticingly while Black Tom bellowed at his bartender, "Go get Alice -- we still owe Chicken Al a fuck!"

A middle aged fellow with streaked denim overalls turned at his name and grinned toothlessly at Black Tom while Howard looked at his boss with confusion for a moment, glancing at Alice as she passed by him before asking, "Um, which Alice, Boss?"

Black Tom picked an empty glass off a table and slung it at Howard, narrowly missing him and snapped back, "Fuck, I don't care -- a cunt is a cunt -- get Red-headed Alice off her ass." Howard scurried out of the room while Black Tom joined another group of men and began playing cards.

In a few minutes, a skinny young red-headed woman, naked as the day she was born, except for a pair of fire-engine red high heeled shoes, strutted out into the room and after being pointed towards Chicken Al, proceeded to go over and skin his dungarees off and mount his small erect cock. She was loud and vocal and unlike the earlier Alice, not completely convincing.

Time passed. Howard brought me a large bowl of stew with some actually tasty meat and some vegetables floating in the thick broth, accompanied by a bowl of home-made biscuits. It was all I could do to not eat it greedily, savoring each bite and watching for signs of being tampered with. No matter what else might happen, I was glad it wasn't...it was the best meal I'd had since my friends and I had wintered in Eastern Wyoming in a village of folk that claimed to be a mix of Cheyenne and Sioux -- led by a black man who called himself Crazy Horse II. That had seemed so long ago, before Tomas had gotten ill and we'd lost him and Winer and Luchessi. It was hard to imagine that it had only been about eighteen months or so.

People, all men came and went -- I gathered that most were locals who came to barter goods with Black Tom, some taking alcohol, others trading for sex or gambling capital. Over the next hour or so -- a few more Alices emerged from the back -- one was older than the first Alice -- short, brown hair and skinnier than the redhead. Another was a short, chunky girl -- maybe eighteen or nineteen -- about as old as my sister would be now if she was alive, with eyes that looked ten times as old.

My heart ached to think about Pammy -- a bright, pretty teenager-- looking forward to high school when she and my folks had seen me off at the beginning of what was my last cruise.

"Hey sugar, looking for a good time?" I looked up to see a naked black woman swaying slowly in front of me, dancing to some unheard music, an intelligent fire in her eyes. Large pert breasts bounced slightly and her long, lithe and muscled body almost gleamed with health, despite several scars on her shoulders and arms. She looked to be in her mid twenties and reminded me of a singer who'd been popular before it all went to hell.

"Knock it off, Alice," roared Black Tom. "I done got Alice soaking in a tub for him. Go peddle that black ass elsewhere."

Alice nodded and said back, "Yes, master!" She turned back to me and said, "Oh baby, you got THE Alice tonight...that gal can outfuck anything on the planet" She wrinkled her nose at me and laughed as she strutted away. "You are one lucky motherfucker!"

In a bit, Black Tom strolled back over and sat down as I finished the last of my stew. "Hope you don't mind waiting. I told Alice to get good and clean for you." He leaned in and said in a low, conspiratorial voice, "You're in for a treat. When I found her, she was a tight-assed housewife, but by the time my crew got through gangbanging her the first time, she was screaming for more. She may be past prime to some, but she's a MILF...you remember that term? My Alice was born to be a cockslut whore!" He reared back his head and laughed like it was the biggest joke in the world.

He called for more drinks at my table and I let him talk -- mostly bragging about his setup. For a stretch of maybe seventy or eighty miles along the Ohio River he was the king man -- not much different from those butchers that had killed Luchessi. He told me how he'd been a bartender in a rough bar in Cincinnati before the end of things and when the government collapsed, he'd organized some of the lowlifes that hung out with him into a gang of raiders and thugs. "Like a fucking Viking raiding party, we was!" he proudly proclaimed.

Now Black Tom had several establishments like this strung out over his domain, a combination king and pimp. Strongmen kept his peace and continued to raze the countryside -- capturing new women for his prostitution racket and for his personal pleasure, as well as anything of value. Locals mostly farmed or raised livestock -- paying tribute to him to be left alone or to feed their various needs for vice.

Part of me wanted to lean over and pull my K-Bar from its scabbard and cut his fucking throat while part of me anxiously awaited the arrival of Alice -- I found my gaze often drifting towards the door behind the bar.

A commotion came from outside and I felt him begin to tense, noting that Howard's hands dropped below the bar and then six really nasty looking customers came in, hauling large sacks with them and two weary looking teenage girls on leashes, their blonde hair stringy and dirty and running nearly down to their waists. Both wore torn and ragged dresses -- torn to reveal nearly identical small and pert tits. This group unlike the grungy customers so far, looked downright dangerous...as dangerous as the man sitting next to me. They appeared to be road weary, but very pleased with themselves.

"Hot goddamn," crowed Black Tom. "Them's my boys -- my best crew back from the road -- went down to Tennessee for a spell!" He stood up and said, "I'll introduce you later, John. And I'll get a fire lit under Alice's ass -- not that she'll need much of one -- got a pussy hotter than hell!"

Off he went, roaring a greeting to his comrades, giving each one a bear hug and then roaring with delight as they pulled various prizes from their bags. I saw electronic parts and canned foods and the whole place went silent when their leader, a swarthy looking fellow with a broken nose, pulled two full pints of Jack Daniels from a sack -- prompting Black Tom to order the African American Alice to give him a blowjob on the spot.

Moments later, Black Tom's voice rocked the rafters as he exclaimed, "Really are fucking twins?" He was like a child on Christmas as he examined the new girls, ripping the remnants of their dresses from them and laughing as they blushed from head to toe while a couple of dozen men ogled their nubile bodies. Finally, he had Howard lead them away, pausing to slap on of them on the ass, making her cry out fearfully which led to an amused laugh from most of the crowd.

Black Tom's face was animated as he moved among his crew before he announced to the entire room, "By God, I'm proud of my boys! Tonight, each gets a turn with my special little pretty!" He eyed me and called out to me, "Hell, John, I might let you have a taste too if Alice ain't enough for you!"

The room cheered and as they cheered, his crew each cast eyes my way, sizing me up appraisingly - their leader studying me closely as a grinning Black Tom whispered in his ear. I began to feel trouble peeking over my shoulder. Not for the first time in the last few weeks, I wished I had Rafelson here to watch my back.

As the hubbub died down, with Howard busy serving drinks and the Alices working hard, my Alice came slowly strutting out of the back. She looked a lot cleaner -- her body lush and glowing with sexuality. Black Tom stepped up and talked to her, his hands idly wandering over her hairy pussy -- not so much because she aroused him, but because he wanted to remind her of who owned her. Her hair had been washed and some of the tangles combed out, but it was still an immense mane of peppered black hair obscuring most of her face.

She nodded as he talked and then he returned to his crew and she began walking my way -- no longer so bow legged, but confidently strutting up to me as a hunting cat stalks up towards its prey. Her large breasts swayed hypnotically, nipples growing larger as if the prospect of fucking me truly excited her. My eyes couldn't help but be drawn downwards to her thick bush, already divided by a wide gash of pink, her labia flowering from her boss's attention and perhaps more.

Alice strolled up to me, tongue rolling over lush, full lips and said in a voice that touched me deep inside. "Hi, sweetie -- they told me your name is John. Everyone calls me Alice, but you can call me Carol if you want to." As she spoke, her hands moved to brush her wild hair back, revealing her lovely face and I found myself looking into the clear, blue eyes of my mother.

#

Two days after we docked in Seattle, I went to Commander Vance and told him I was going home. The man -- not more than forty-five years old but who's once black hair was now a shock of white and who looked twice his age nodded and said, "Son, you're not the first to come ask me. Are you sure? All the reports say it's all gone insane out there."

I nodded and replied, "Yes, sir. Whatever else...I have to know. If Mom and Dad are..." I paused, my voice choking a bit. "If my family's dead, I can deal with that, but I cannot stand not knowing...at least without trying to find out."



I don't think a moment since the war had begun had I had a true moment of peace of mind. I was haunted by the faces of my mother and father and my kid sister. We had always been a pretty close knit family even though through my teenage years my father and I had been pretty much on the outs. After the Pakistan Incursion, I'd given up my plans to attend college on a football scholarship, desiring to enlist and defend my country, barely able to agree to wait until I'd turned eighteen.

For Dad, it was a bitter pill. He'd worked hard in a sawmill in our southern Indiana town his whole life, never having reached high school. He was a weary and worn man by the time I was a teenager and me passing up the chance to go to college to go fight in an unpopular war just about killed him.

Mom had been my greatest supporter, carrying on a tradition that seemed to go back to childhood. I was truly Mom's favorite and as I'd grown into a teenager I'd become a surrogate husband in many ways. It was I who sat with Mom during church services -- Dad being an avowed agnostic. Mom dragged me to many functions in his place when he complained of work tiring him too much to go out. Mom was fairly religious and went to many workshops and church sponsored concerts and lectures and I went with her -- not caring about where or what we were doing, but just happy to be spending time with my mother.

In truth, I'd had a bit of a crush on my mother -- she was, after all, the best looking mom on Exeter Street -- the fantasy of most of my friends who unanimously voted her their favorite MILF of all time. Long black hair, often wound up in a pony tail or a thick bun, those brilliant blue eyes and a body that even her dreary, conservative dresses could not disguise as being anything but awesome. It was no wonder I enjoyed spending time with her...on those 'dates' as she called them, I could pretend that I was her boyfriend or even her husband and I cherished those moments more than anything else.

I sometimes felt guilty, lying sweaty in my bed at night having masturbated about my mother, but I couldn't stop. It wasn't until I was in the Navy and had seen much of the world and lost my cherry (and for a while, my heart), to a little Filipino hooker, that I was able to get past my lewd thoughts for my mom.

Commander Vance took my file out of a file cabinet behind him in his tiny office and opened it. He read silently for a moment. "Well, if anyone can survive, you're as likely a candidate as any. I'll assume Gantry taught you well?"

I smiled and said, "Yes sir. I'm not a SEAL, but I'm the next best thing or at least Bosun Gantry says so." My job in the old days was electrical systems repair. I'd performed maintenance on those nasty looking tall missiles. Once we'd launched them, I'd been reassigned duty under the meanest son of a bitch on the boat -- Bosun's Mate Leo Gantry -- a death dealing SEAL team leader. Over the next two years, he'd trained many of us in as many skills of the commando profession as possible. It had helped to pass the time those long months at sea and it had been Commander Vance's hope to hone us into instruments that could survive whatever challenges lay ahead..

Vance sighed and said, "Consider yourself discharged, son. We'll equip you as best we can and who knows, maybe your people are fine. I'll give you the firepower to give yourself a chance to find out." He stood and shook my hand. His voice was thick with emotion and pride. "Good luck, sailor."

Two days later, I was outfitted and ready to go. I wouldn't be leaving alone. There were five of us that were determined to get back to our families. As he had promised, Commander Vance's had Boson's Mate Gantry equip us with everything possible to help us get home.

The evening before I left, Gantry laid out my equipment -- lightweight, but highly nutritional rations, a Colt 45, K-Bar knife and, "My favorite toy from the late and great Department of Defense," growled Gantry -- a short and wiry man in his thirties -- head shaved bald, choosing not to hide the scar from the Pakistan Incursion of 2018. "The M-142 Plasma rifle." He handed me the compact and lightweight rifle and grinned at me as he added, "Or as I like to call it -- 'The Finger of God.'"

It had been in use for three years before the war -- to be honest, I'm not sure of the physics -- all I knew was that it fired short bursts -- bullets if you will, of high energy plasma akin to lightning that at short range could tear lethally through a man and at longer distances, injure and paralyze him long enough to deal with him with more conventional methods. Best of all -- it used a solar charger to work -- no ammo required. I would be carrying two chargers with me as I headed East.

Gantry also handed me a satchel of "party favors" as he called them. Small, lightweight mines and explosive packs that while appearing tiny, packed massive punches. He hefted a small block of C-19 that he could comfortably in his palm. "This shit can take out a large building -- set a trip wire up to a detonator and you gotcha a A-1 deterrent to anyone following you!" He grinned evilly as he packed three small blocks into the satchel.

Going east with me were Marine Sergeant Tomas who'd left a wife and three daughters down near Austin, Texas, Winer and Luchessi, both from Minnesota and Rafelson who's wife had given birth to their son three weeks before we began our last cruise -- he was hellbent on returning to Pittsburgh to find them.

The morning we were to leave -- heading east with a R.U.S. patrol to the borders of their domain, Commander Vance took me aside and handed me a map wrapped in heavy plastic. "You can use this, sailor...John, isn't it? Or you can throw it away or give it to the others."

I looked at it curiously, turning it over. It appeared to be a roadmap with handwriting in black marker. "Sir?"

Vance looked down at it and said, "When the wife and I first started out, she inherited from her grandfather a hunting camp in the western part of West Virginia, way the hell back in the middle of nowhere -- a cabin with a natural spring underneath. It was already pretty formidable as a hideout retreat and we built it up some into a decent vacation home and as a place, well, just in case we ever got stupid enough to do what we did." He looked at me with eyes that had known terrible knowledge for far too long. "It has its own solar power generator and enough dry/can goods to feed an army. If...you find your family or even if you don't, it'll make a hell of a place to live and maybe start over..." He left the rest unsaid.

I was nearly speechless and stammered, "Sir...I can't. Maybe your family is there, maybe they got out."

Vance held up his hand to silence me. "I spoke to Jenny when we surfaced that last time just before it suddenly went to hell. She was in our house in Baltimore two hours before D.C. got taken out." He made a pushing motion with his hand. "Put that map someplace safe and use it if you can. I won't ever go back. I'll try and get on with my life here if I can." He looked off away past the dock where the Custer was tied up and suddenly I realized how fragile his own hold on life was...how heavily things must be weighing on him.

He looked back at me and shook my hand. In a thick voice, he murmured, "Good luck, sailor. Find your family." He turned and walked away, heading for the gangplank. I never saw him again. With the others, we climbed aboard a Hummer Mark 9 and with several other vehicles started out on a

long range R.U.S. patrol. We rode with them as far as Lewiston on the Washington-Idaho border and then struck east on foot across the Bitterroot Mountains, working our way across neglected mountain roads towards our fates never imagining the losses we would take.

After parting ways with Rafelson, I made my south, following the Wabash until it emptied into the Ohio on the border of Illinois and Indiana. I turned east then and began to follow it upstream. Although it teemed with wildlife -- waterfowl and more fish than I could ever remember, the great river looked haunted -- rarely walking the span of more than a mile without seeing the ruins of some great river barge jammed against a bank or hung up on a sand bar or seeing the broken wreckage of a highway or train bridge, severing the link between Indiana and Kentucky.

Two weeks later I finally came home. What was once a small town of maybe three thousand was now a mostly burned out ghost town. Sticking close to shadows, I worked my way across town -- abandoned cars and debris littering the streets. My stomach tightened as I came across more than a dozen skeletons on the steps of what had been my high school -- badges gleaming on the ragged cloth of two skeletons. My eyes widened as I read a nameplate, Claus. Frederick Claus had been the chief of police here longer than I'd been alive. My eyes skittered across the signs of a nasty firefight...the limestone steps scarred with gouges from bullets.

With growing dread, I made my way down Exeter Street where my family had lived. A prickling sense on my neck hinted that I wasn't alone -- that there was at least one set of eyes peering at me as I walked along, my M-142 at the ready. I sensed that they weren't a threat, but simply watching me to see what I would do.

I reached my house, my heart beating anxiously even though I cannot say I was shocked to see it looking abandoned -- front door broken -- still hanging from the lower hinge. I walked up the sidewalk, the yard's grass was knee high and choked with weeds -- a ball of pain lodged in my throat as I recalled countless days mowing the yard while Mom worked on her hands and knees in her flower beds -- conjuring feelings of nostalgia and a little horniness as I recalled Mom's lush butt weaving in the air.

As I reached the front porch I could see the remnants of sandbags up in front of the bay windows framing the door. A skeletal arm reaching from inside the house was draped over one pile of sandbags. My blood ran cold as I looked around the porch noting all the bullet holes in the wood siding around the windows.

Taking a deep breath I stepped inside to find my once familiar living room looking like both a bomb had gone off and a refuge for wild animals...animal scat littering the room. To emphasize its new status, a huge yellow tom-cat looked up from a mildewed cushion from the old sofa and hissed at me before springing up and out through a window.

I found myself alone with the rest of the skeleton -- remnants of an old chambray shirt and paint splattered trousers fluttering around the bones -- many of which were broken or shattered. Next to the skull which was partially caved in were a broken pair of eyeglasses and I gave a soft moan of pain as I spotted one earpiece wrapped in weathered duct tape. I'd found my father. Mastering my despair, I slowly searched the house, finding it looted and wrecked from top to bottom -- some furniture smashed -- some missing -- clothes now scattered and rotting across the floors. A larger version of the family portrait I still carried in a waterproof pocket had been slashed to ribbons. There was no sign of the rest of my family.

I admit, I huddled in my old bedroom for a while, sitting against the wall on the ruined remnants of a mattress and cried for a bit. Finally, I wiped my face and got up and got on with what I knew I had to do. I found an old, stained blanket and went downstairs and gently moved my father's remains into it. I carried them outside to the back yard -- once his meticulously tended pride and joy and now a riot of weeds and wildflowers. I found a shovel with a broken handle and dug him a grave, spending most of the afternoon providing him a final and proper resting place.

Afterwards, I knelt there for lord knows how long...considering my father and myself. We'd never been friends. We'd never been close. Maybe it was because he'd thrown himself into his work or it was the generational differences...he and his Generation X bullshit. Maybe it was simply I'd been closer to my mother, preferring her loving company over his gruff, practical ways. All I knew was that he was dead and any chance I'd had of saying anything to him -- of making things right, was gone.

"He went down fighting, you know. You'd of been proud of him." I was rolling and coming up with the Colt in my hand before he'd finished the second sentence. I was shocked by my complacency -- stunned that I'd allowed someone to catch me with my guard down.

It was an old man, standing near the corner of the house -- rail thin body swimming in ragged and dirty overalls. He was carrying a piece of wood with three nails pounded through it, but he held it low, his other hand raised in a gesture of peace. "Yes sir...Don gave them raiders a good fight, must've killed five before they shot him and bashed his head in." The old man -- hair gray and stringy with milky blue eyes seemed to stare right through me as if he was reliving the fight. "You'd of been proud of your father."

His words hit home. "Do you know me?" I blurted out, slowly lowering my firearm.

The old man grinned, showing me a mouthful of rotted and broken teeth. "Course I do -- had you in my algebra class...almost twice 'cause you about failed, mooning over Diane Foreman."

Sudden recognition was followed by sudden shock as I realized that this burned out husk of a man was my high school algebra teacher -- Mister Williams. I rushed him, almost panicking him as I wrapped him in a bear hug -- glad simply that there was someone alive from my own life.

I spent two days with him, hearing his story as he wandered in and out of lucidity. He was vague on whether anyone else was still in town. He survived on crops growing wild and the occasional cat he managed to kill with his improvised weapon. He offered me both hope and anguish in his rambling words.

"It was about a year after the bombs fell that they came. We'd managed to survive the winter...those who stuck with the town, your mother and father and sister amongst them. We pooled resources and fought off the occasional bandits before, but then came this bunch. They had guns and were organized and hit us without warning. Most folk holed up in their houses like your family did -- a bunch made a last stand at the high school. We killed a bunch, but there must have been at least a hundred of them and they were vicious. Your daddy was one of the last to fall. He took five of them with him before he got hit. He was wounded...bad, but they took their time beating him to death."

"Did they have a leader -- was there a name? Did their leader kill my dad?" I'd asked as I'd turned a skewered cat over, roasting over a low fire in my camp.

Mister Williams looked embarrassed and replied, "No -- never caught his name -- evil looking fella -- even more than the rest -- big, black beard like those Civil War re-enactors used to have. He was

too busy with your mother and your sister. Stripped them naked and made Pammy watch while his men raped your mother over and over again." Huge tears ran down his face. "I was watching from the shadows...I'm sorry I couldn't do nothing -- your mother moaning and Pammy sobbing like a baby on that bearded bastard's knee, him laughing to beat the band. Come morning, they put them both on leashes like dogs and led them out along with all the goods they could carry." My old teacher leaned over and patted my leg. "I'm sorry, John. I always hoped they didn't suffer too long before they died."

We didn't say much more that night. I sat watching and feeding the fire until dawn broke. I packed up and asked Mister Williams, "Any idea where they might have gone -- especially the bearded one?"

Mister Williams paled. East, up the river -- there's a big bunch of raiders running things. Don't go messing with that black bearded son of a bitch, son. He's a mean one...the devil himself."

I rucked up my pack and slung my rifle on my shoulder and patted the old man on the shoulder. "That's alright. I've met the devil a few times already. He's the one that should worry." I sat out upriver and never saw Mr. Williams again.

I slowly worked my way east, running into others as I went -- hearing and seeing about the efforts of raider gangs as I went. I started to hear one name over and over -- the strong man who made a lot of survivors afraid...his name was Black Tom. I made no trouble, but kept an eye out for Mom and Pammy. Black Tom had a penchant for female slaves for prostitution and as I made my way through settlements, I kept a sharp eye out for the survivors of my family even though I kept hearing that his slaves tended not to last all that long. I wasn't worried though -- he was a dead man, living only on borrowed time if I found out he'd taken my mother and sister.

#

For a moment, I could only gawk, trying to keep the surprise from my face even as my mother's eyes widened as she somehow recognized me through the dirt and grime and my scruffy beard. I think, given another moment or two, I'd have pulled my M-142 and opened up on Black Tom and the others, but Mom, moving swiftly, was in my lap, straddling me and mashing her mouth against mine while her arms went round my neck and firmly held me in place.

I opened my mouth in surprise and was even more surprised when Mom thrust her tongue between my lips and any noise of shock or dismay was squelched before they came out. I heard vague chucking from the bar and Black Tom roared, "Don't fuck him to death, Alice. I like this boy!"

Mom gave a great laugh as she broke the kiss and hunching against me, pressed my face against her immense breasts. As my mind tried to process all this, a part of me noted that I still had a hard-on, my body reacting to the luscious naked body atop me. Mom's lips pressed against my ear and in a whisper, she said, "Don't do anything, John -- not yet. You'll get us all killed."

Mom returned to kissing me, feeding me her tongue and I couldn't help but respond, my tongue dancing with hers, feeling thrills I'd never experienced with other women. It was wrong, but goddamnit, it felt so good! Mom broke the kiss and again hugged me to her lush body, her lips kissing their way from my neck to my ears.

Her voice whispered harshly, "I'm your bought and paid for whore, so be touching me, son! Don't do anything to make them suspicious." When I didn't respond, Mom tightened her hips against my thighs and softly hissed, "Grab my tits, John! Play with my fucking breasts!"

Slowly, like a man drugged, I brought my hands up and grabbed hold of huge handfuls of soft breast flesh. Her nipples throbbed madly against my palms and she moaned in response, "God yes, baby, Suck my titties -- make Momma feel good!" My mind reeled as I heard my mother use such language -- I'd never even heard her say 'hell' or 'damn' when I was a kid.

I moaned as she pressed my head down to one of her huge, quivering breasts, the nipple looking so thick and meaty itself as I opened my mouth and took it inside, running my tongue over it. Mom hunched against me, her hands slipping into my shirt, ragged nails sliding over my dirty skin, shivering as I suckled at my mother's breast for the first time since I was a baby.

Finally, she pulled my head back up and tilted her neck back, rolling her head as my tongue fluttered across her skin, finding its way up to her ear. "Mom, I can take you away."

Mom moaned as if those words pleased her. "Yes, you can fuck Momma all night, baby," she said loudly as she dry humped my crotch. In my ear, she whispered, "You do know they're going to try and kill you?"

I nodded as I nuzzled her breasts again. As I mouthed her other nipple, I said softly, "What's the plan?" My face was once again pressed into her deep cleavage and I caught a whiff of something that took me back to my childhood -- maybe to a moment when in pain or upset, my mother had held me to her bosom in my youth.

"I'm to hold off fucking you for a bit, then start sucking your cock while they get into position. They figure between my mouth and Pammy, you'll be distracted and they'll cut your throat or blow your head off -- taking you while I make you cum. I've -- they've done it before." Mom kissed me again and then lifted her ass up and rotated so she was sitting in my lap facing the others.

I kneaded my mother's tits while she gave me an incestuous lap dance -- her full ass cheeks rubbing deliciously against the bulge in my pants while my lips nuzzled her ear and whispered, "Pammy...Pammy's alive and here?"

Mom leaned her head back, exposing her neck to my love bites and barely moving her lips, replying, "She's Black Tom's special toy...she's...oh God, it's hard to explain."

As I fondled and kissed my mother's body, allowing her to take my hand and lead it to between her legs, I studied the crowd nonchalantly -- some staring at us with envy and avarice, others busy with Alices of their own and some of Black Tom's ravager crew slowing moving into place around us. I could feel Black Tom's eyes studying us intently, but dared not look even as I slid two fingers into Mom's pussy -- finding her wet and steaming hot as I made her moan while I sucked on her neck. Mom suddenly tensed up and I imagined that she'd been given a signal from Black Tom because she slithered from my lap onto her knees and began undoing the fly of my pants.

I spared a glance towards Black Tom only to see him disappearing into the back and then Mom was fishing my cock out, her hands feeling incredible as she stroked it and breathed, "Oh God...so big and lovely," before opening her mouth wide and sliding her lips over the head. I clamped my jaws together -- a moan of delight hissing between clenched teeth as I glanced down to see my mother slowly slide her lips down my shaft -- her tongue maddeningly swirling over my erect member -- almost too distracting as I tried to keep track of the five men now sitting at tables just a few feet away.

My attention was partially diverted as the entire bar broke into applause as Black Tom returned, leading a young woman inside by a leather leash. She too was naked -- like all the other women,

wearing a glittering, silver pair of high heels, accentuating the curve and shapeliness of her long legs. Long and clean blonde hair the color of straw, cascaded down her back, parted in the middle and framing her lean face and electric blue eyes that seemed to energize as the crowd hooted and crowed. She was tall and lean with high, full breasts, capped with hard nipples pierced and joined by a thin gold chain. She preened and turned to let all see her shapely, firm buttocks and her obviously aroused pussy, bare as the day she was born. Her tongue peeked out as she turned and grinned and winked at everyone as Black Tom led her out from behind the bar and into the room proper.

She exuded sheer sexuality on a level I'd never seen in a woman and I could feel a moment's insane lust flare within me despite that in this carnal creature I recognized the innocent little sister I'd last seen maybe five years before. Men reached out and caressed her -- copping feels of tits and ass as she was paraded around the room by Black Tom. He approached us and yanked her forward to show her off to me.

"Did I lie, John?" He said laughingly. "My offer's still good -- her for a night...hell, three nights in exchange for your rifle." He jerked the leash and added, "Give him a little taste, there, Pammy."

My head swirled as if I'd been on a weeklong drunk as I watched my sister lean forward, cupping her tits as if offering them to me while all along Mom continued to show me that she'd become an accomplished and talented cocksucker. Then Pammy was squatting down and touching Mom on the shoulder and I thought my cock would explode in the suddenly cool air as Mom let me slip from her mouth and she turned and gave her daughter a soul kiss, tongues swirling madly for a moment before Pammy ducked in and licked the tip of my cock, drawing off a stringer of precum that she immediately shared with Mom before Black Tom yanked my sister back onto her feet with a flick of his wrist.

"What'ya say, John? Hell, I'll give you Pammy and the Alice of your choice for those three days and you can fuck yourself blind."

It took me several seconds to have the wherewithal to shake my head, as Mom resumed giving me the most soulful head of my life and reply, "Mo-um, Alice is more than I can take as is...gotta, oh, God, pass!"

Black Tom grinned and shrugged and I watched as a look passed between him and his crew as he turned and led my sister back towards the bar. All were tensing up -- their attention divided between watching Mom fellate me and Black Tom leading Pammie back to the front of the room, where she climbed atop a table and spread her legs. The leader of his ravaging crew grinned and dropped his pants to the floor and with my little sister undulating her hips in anticipation, he climbed atop her and began to brutally fuck her.

As Pammy's wails of pleasure wafted through the air, Mom's efforts in sucking my cock increased in intensity, her eyes gazing up at me with a mixture of fear and lust and pure excitement, her tongue rolling madly over the head of my cock as her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked me harder, making me squirm and roll in my seat while those watching us were literally on the edge of their seats.

I spared a glance to Pammy, almost in shock as she gleefully and skillfully rolled her hips around, meeting the thrusts of the hairy, skinny man atop her, her moans spurring him on. Before returning my full attention to Mom, I shot a glance towards Black Tom whose attention was divided between enjoying his man fucking Pammy and watching Mom suck me. I was twitching and moaning in my

chair as Mom bobbed up and down on my cock, slobbering saliva and precum down her chin, drawing amused chuckles from onlookers. I took a gamble and as I shook with pleasure, surreptitiously keyed the power switch on the M-142. Mom helped distract my actions by moaning loudly with a mouthful of cock while her hands clawed upwards on my chest.

I could feel the pressure building in my cock and balls, my moans growing louder -- my head swimming with so many emotions and needs -- trying to accept that this was my mother sucking my dick -- that my sister was moaning like a cock-filled slut some twenty five feet away and that five men were rising to attack me. I cried out as I felt myself begin to cum and the world became a series of simultaneous events being experienced in minute flashes.

\*Mom's eyes widened as I shot my load into her mouth...

\*Five men moved as one -- handguns and long, wicked knives rising in their hands...

\*A flicker of my right arm brought my M-142 into play, my finger tightening on the trigger as I swung it in a wide arc around me...

\*Bringing a forty-five revolver to bear -- a man's head exploded as a bullet of plasma intersected it, spraying blood everywhere...

\*Mom's mouth slipped away from my cock as my second or third burst of hot semen splattered across her face as she fell back and down...

\*A man fell back on a table, collapsing it as he wrapped his arms around his stomach, trying to hold his fried guts from spilling out from another plasma bullet...

\*A line of fire streaked across my cheek as a bullet narrowly missed removing my head...

\*Black Tom raised his Glock, fire leaping from the barrel as he squeezed the trigger...

\*Another shot of semen shot from my cock to splatter on Mom's face and breasts as she fell towards the ground...

\*I began a return sweep of fire, catching a third man in the face with a plasma bullet just as he began a downward stroke with a long knife...

\*I heard a yell of triumph and looked to see a man begin to squeeze off a round from another forty-five automatic when he was thrown back as bullets exploded against his chest and realized Mom had somehow undone the holster for my Colt and had stolen my pistol...

I was standing now, Mom kneeling at my feet -- cock still jerking as I shot the last of my wad. No one was standing around me and I brought my rifle to bear on Black Tom only to feel like someone hit me in my right arm with a ball bat. My hand flexed as if I'd been shocked and I dropped my rifle as I was knocked back against the wall.

Laughing, Black Tom picked up the M-142 and aimed it at me. "Motherfucker, you did a lot more damage than I'd expected, but it's worth this. He lowered the barrel towards my crotch. "Wonder what one of them plasma things would do to a man's business."

The world slowed to a crawl -- people squalling and vacating the building in slow motion. I tried flexing my fingers, but they didn't work. I wasn't wounded -- the Kevlar fabric saw to that, but my arm was nearly numb from the impact -- painful tingles rippling up and down my arm. I glanced at



Mom -- now covered in my semen and the blood of others. Pammy was screaming wordlessly as the man who'd been fucking her, climbed off and began walking my way with a large K-Bar knife in hand, face glowering as I supposed he was pissed at losing so many people.

Black Tom raised the barrel back to my chest and shook his head. "Naw -- I like you too much. You get it fair and square while you're looking." He glanced at Mom who looked up at us both horrified, her fingers pulling the trigger of an empty weapon. "Now, Alice -- I might just jam this thing up her twat and see how she likes it, but first you..." Black Tom pulled the trigger but nothing happened as I stepped up to him, drawing my own blade with my working hand, as I moved.

As I drove my K-Bar into his chest, I said, "Thought you got checked out on them, asshole -- palm-print trigger lock, remember?" I twisted the knife, tearing through heart muscle while catching my rifle with tingling fingers as Black Tom fell, bringing it up to aim at the approaching raider, a part of me amused as hell that we were both ready to kill each other with our cocks hanging out. "Fuck you, too," I muttered as I pulled the trigger and sent him to join the rest of his comrades.

I scanned the room for additional trouble but only dead or wounded or those trying to crawl out were visible. The big doorman peeked through, his scattergun at the ready, but I pointed my rifle at him and said, "Do you want to be dead or the new owner of this shithole?" and he faded quickly back down the hallway.

I rushed to Mom and pulled her to her feet, crushing her mouth for a brief and passionate kiss, not caring that I could taste my own seed in her mouth. "Go see to Pammy," I said and Mom stared up vacantly for a moment and then nodded wordlessly and turned to go hug her daughter.

Robotically, I moved around the room, making sure everyone was dead -- trying not to think as I slit the throats of three of Black Tom's henchmen including Howard, draped stunned over the bar. I tried not to allow myself to notice both the redheaded Alice and African American Alice lying dead -- caught in the crossfire.

Mom had Pammy sitting up -- my sister's face etched with horror as she stared around the room. I could hear voices outside -- cries of curiosity and alarm and knew we wouldn't have much time. "Get dressed -- get some clothes on Pammy -- we're got to move."

Mom turned to look at me -- the shock of the last few minutes finally sinking in. "Go...go where? Do what?" She began to shake and as she began to lose it, my sister seemed to be absorbing her fear and began a low keening.

I was on them in a second, my sister cowering in fear -- not recognizing me which made my heart ache. I reached out and stroked Mom's cheek and said, "Go get dressed -- dress for hiking a long ways -- boots and warm clothes -- strip the dead if you have to, but get going." I gave Mom a shove and when she and Pammy still hesitated, I reached out and slapped Mom hard on the ass -- making the sudden quietness of the room ring with the sound of flesh striking flesh. That got Mom moving and while she dragged Pammy through the door behind the bar, I checked the dead for anything of value. Black Tom's Glock and ammo went into my haversack and after a moment's contemplation, so did the bottles of Jack Daniels, Black Tom's crew had brought in. Another Glock and a bandalero of shotgun shells went into my bag as well.

I moved into the rooms behind the bar -- pausing to look through a broken window that faced some woods. I caught just a glimpse of the twin girls brought in by the raiders, a wad of clothes in their hands, disappearing into the woods. I wished them well and moved on. Black Tom had small, dank cells in back for his Alices, all reeking of semen and sweat.

Mom was struggling to put some boots on Pammy -- both now wearing ill fitting dresses -- too small and too thin to be of much use even though the weather for September had been warm and humid. A set of steps led me upstairs to what had to be Black Tom's residence -- lushly provided for with clean furniture and a host of clothes and food and drink. I found a large backpack and filled it with canned goods, another Colt automatic and ammo and grabbed two heavy coats from a closet. Another room held a lush, round bed adorned with rings for chains or cuffs and more sex toys than I'd ever seen outside a place in Tijuana on shore leave from several years back. I knew I was seeing my sister's home of the last few years.

Downstairs, I found Mom stuffing a canvas bag with more canned goods and I told her it was time to go. Leading the way, I emerged cautiously into the early evening of late September. A crowd of locals were standing off a ways -- the doorman with the shotgun nowhere in sight. A scrawny old man with a huge beard stepped forward and said, "Did you really kill Black Tom?" When I briefly nodded, he said, "Well, Little Timmy done hauled ass down the road to some of Black Tom's people over in Tylerville. You might want to be elsewhere before he gets back."

I smiled then and looking at the poor, dirty and hungry faces around me said, "There's food and weapons inside -- help yourself." I barely managed to step out of the way before they rushed the place. I looked to my mother, holding hands with my sister -- a blank expression on her face and smiled. "We need to go, Mom."

#

Lightning flashed illuminating my mother as thunder followed. For a woman who had been forced to march miles with little rest for three days, Mom looked beautiful -- still wearing that tight dress from Black Tom's. A warm front had moved through, bringing rain and we were holed up somewhere in Northern Kentucky in an old campground, using an ancient, but dry cabin for shelter -- grateful to have found a still working fireplace so we could get warm and dry. Pammy was curled up before the fire, sound asleep and I tried real hard not to notice how her shapely body threatened to explode from her dress.

Fortunately, that was easy because I couldn't keep my eyes off of Mom and the way her large breasts seemed to stretch the seams holding her dress together. She was sitting not far from Pammy, an expression of concern on her face. My sister hadn't said a word since the fire. She ate when given food, drank when given water and walked when told to -- all with a vacant look in her eyes.

We'd had little time for conversation -- fleeing pursuit of Black Tom's cronies, most of which I thought were dead. After the fight, we'd made our way to a river landing where Black Tom kept a little flotilla of boats -- a motley collection of small boats with outboard motors, a speedboat and an ancient looking pontoon boat. We took the speedboat after using my rifle to wreck the rest of the little fleet and moved upriver towards what Mom said was the only passable bridge within sixty miles. There I'd booby trapped the bridge using some of Gantry's toys..

The bridge was an old railroad bridge looking surprisingly solid, but littered with the wreckage of box cars abandoned on the tracks. I set up several mines -- both pressure mines and trip wired and made my way back to the boat and on across the river where I holed the hull of the speedboat and we made our way up the southern bluffs overlooking the river.

A few hours later, as Mom and Pammy rested, a large group appeared at the bridge on the Indiana side, arriving in a smoking hulk of an old school bus. Through binoculars I watched as a nasty

looking and heavily armed group of maybe fifty men began to wind their way across the bridge. One stepped on a pressure mine and blew three off the bridge. The others panicked and one must have tripped the ambush wire -- hooked into a pound of C-19 and a sixty foot section of the bridge pretty much vaporized along with the entire band of raiders, the explosion rocking me back on my heels nearly a mile away and echoing up and down the river as debris and body parts fell into the water.

Just to be sure we'd gotten safely away, I'd hard marched Mom and Pammy on for another day -- saying little as I scanned Commander Vance's old map and an old Road Atlas I'd found in the wreckage of a supermarket somewhere in Minnesota -- going South and East. Late this last afternoon, I could see the storm clouds building up to the west and followed the barely legible signs that once had directed tourists to a cheesy old campground and this old cabin.

"Is she...do you think she'll be alright, Mom?" I asked Mom as I got up to feed the fire with some old seasoned logs I'd found in a wood box outside.

Mom didn't answer for a long time -- her eyes studying Pammy's sleeping form. "I don't know...I doubt she's been right since your father was killed and Black Tom took us." Mom shivered and hugged herself tight, inadvertently offering me a brilliant display of her cleavage. "I didn't see her for nearly six months after...after. I know Black Tom did things -- fucked with her head and her body I guess and when he finally brought her down from his place, she was like...his complete and utter slut." Mom sighed. "No, she's not right -- I reckon neither of us is right." Mom looked up at me with tears in her eyes. "I guess nothing is right anymore."

I knelt at Mom's feet and reached up and took her hands in mine. "We're back together, Mom -- we're family again. Things will get better."

Mom stared down at me for a long time, tears making tracks down her begrimed face. She finally looked up towards the ragged ceiling and blew out air -- her face reddening. "Not exactly the same is it?" She looked down again, staring at our joined hands in her lap. "Guess you never thought you'd see your old mom acting like I did, did you, son? Never imagined our reunion would start with Mom sucking your big peter?"

I felt myself blushing as I shrugged my shoulders and said, "It couldn't be helped...things can be better now -- you're done with that place and all that happened."

Mom blinked her eyes and looked away again, unable to look me in the eye as she replied, "Maybe, but what happened isn't done with me, John."

What do you mean, Mom?"

Still avoiding my gaze, Mom said, "These last years have been bad in many ways, son, but in some ways, I've been more alive than ever before." She paused and licked her lips and then she turned her eyes to look me in the face and I was almost bowed over by the sheer intensity of her gaze.

"When Black Tom and his men shot your father, I about died...I would have been happy if they'd have shot me dead on the spot too. But, Black Tom gave me to his men and they put me on our old oak dining room table and fucked me and fucked me -- raping me...at least at first, taking turns sticking their dicks in me while the others held my arms and kept my legs spread wide."

Mom's face was now beet red as she swallowed and continued, "I loved your father and I never cheated on him, but his idea of lovemaking was two or three times a month and even then it was

'Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am,' and I doubt I ever had more than a dozen orgasms with Joe in all the years we were married, but I did fantasize about sex -- I used to imagine big cocks making me scream for hours and hours..."

Mom took a deep breath and slowly let it out. Her nipples, already hard from the night air grew visibly larger as she spoke. "I mean no disrespect to your father, but by the time Black Tom's men finished with me, I'd lost count how many times I'd cum and as sore and crazy as I was, I wanted more. All those nasty men on top of me, their cocks filling me up with hot cum and making me moan like a common whore -- God help me, but I loved it!. When they were done, I cried for more and son, they laughed at me and then they did oblige me and Black Tom said 'I'd get along fine -- that he wished he could find more cock hungry sluts like me."

She glanced over at Pammy lying asleep in front of the fire. "I used to tell myself I did it because it gave me a chance to stay near Pammy, but the truth is, I loved being a slut whore for Black Tom. I doubt a day's gone by these last years that I didn't have several cocks in me or fall asleep with men's seed dripping out of me. I reveled in being the best whore on Black Tom's string -- one man at a time or two, or even three. I was never happier than when I was being fucked."

Mom's hands tightened around mine. "Even right now I'm missing all that cock I got everyday. Right now, I'm getting wet remembering sucking your cock, son and thinking how good that lump in your pants felt against my pussy."

"Mom...I..." My mouth was dry and I was at a total loss for words. I tried to reconcile the mother I remembered...the mother who dressed conservatively and taught little ones in Sunday School, who'd been so prim and proper with the mother sitting before me...the mother I'd seen fucking and sucking men like a wanton whore and who'd so eagerly it seemed, had sucked my cock only a few minutes after we'd been reunited.

"Son, I need to be fucked. I need to be fucked by you. I don't care that you're my son...I think it makes me want it more. I know you must think I'm awful...just a cumslut whore, but I want you, John. Please..." Mom whispered, her hands pressing my hands against her lap, spreading her legs slightly and hunching her hips upward.

As she opened her legs, her already short dress was dragged upwards towards her waist and her thick, hairy pussy was revealed -- sure enough, her labia had flowered and I could see a wide expanse of glistening, pink flesh. I suddenly smelled her pussy -- wet and aroused and with a sudden growl, I thrust my face into Mom's hot cunt, marveling at the heat of her flesh as I mashed my head between her thighs, my mouth open and tongue spearing her sopping wet pussy flesh.

Mom let out a plaintive cry as she threw her legs over my shoulders and flexed her hips up, tightening her thighs to hold my face captive against her sodden, hairy pussy. My head swam like I was drunk as I inhaled her strong scent -- spurring my incestuous lust on as I began licking her pussy like a dog dying of thirst, rolling my tongue up and down her quivering, glistening flesh, lapping her juices and smearing them over my sparsely bearded face.

Mom moaned, hunching her groin against my face as I looked up at her while my tongue swirled around her wet box. I gazed in wonder at the woman that was both my mother and a crazed slut, her hands squeezing her breasts and then jerking her summer dress over her head so she could get better access to her swollen nipples, lifting one heavy breast up so she could tongue her own engorged nub.

Suddenly we were atop my old and worn sleeping bag, kissing feverishly -- Mom's tongue slathering over my pussy juice drenched face while she was tearing at my clothes. Her hands found my cock, then her lips were on me, reminding me of how well my mother could suck cock, her tongue an insane dervish of warm, moist flesh and then Mom was straddling me, her need intent on her face. "Fuck me, John," Mom sobbed. "I need your big cock!"

I could feel the intense heat of her sodden pussy long before her pussy lips kissed the head of my erect and throbbing penis and I groaned, "I love you, Mom!" as she slowly lowered herself onto me -- her lips sneering with carnal bliss as she impaled herself on her son's long, hard cock. Mom let out a strange, happy crooning noise I'd never heard from a woman before -- a sound that was both the epitome of carnality and of happiness.

Squatting over me, hands on my chest and leaning slightly forward so her large, meaty breasts dragged over my sweaty skin, Mom began to bounce on my dick, torturously fucking me as she contracted her cunt muscles, her cunt flesh clinging stubbornly to my shaft as she fucked me. "I love cock!" Mom cried out as she took all of me into her, squirming with delight as my cock was buried in her womb.

Mom suddenly stiffened and I felt a hot flood of her creams bathe my cock as she rose up on me, her body stiffening as she bit her lower lip -- orgasmic pleasure sweeping her away, her leg muscles bulging dangerously as a spasm of pleasure tore through her and taking my breath away as I witnessed for the first time an expression of sheer carnal delight on my mother's face...her breasts quaking as she shuddered from the joy of having her son's cock filling her womb.

Mom collapsed on top of me and I rolled us over and while Mom moaned in approval, I draped her legs over my shoulders and began to fuck her like a man gone mad. I gave her no respite from her orgasm, sending her crashing headlong into another as I brutally rammed my cock into her sweet furnace of a pussy again and again.

Mom whipped her head back and forth -- her wild and tangled mane of hair concealing her face until I reached out and smoothed her hair back, not willing to lose sight of my mother's expressions of incestuous bliss while she grunted and moaned with each hard thrust of my cock into her motherly cunt. Mom's breasts bounced wildly over her chest, nipples so swollen, they resembled overripe cherries that would burst if bitten.

I thrust hard, stretching to kiss Mom and curling her up into a ball of aroused woman as I thrust my tongue into her mouth, delighted when she feverishly sucked it as she had sucked my cock before. Mom's brilliant blue eyes were wide with excitement and love as I buried my stiff penis into her silky and steaming flesh again and again.

Her ragged nails clawed against my shoulders and arms as her pleasure grew and grew and then she bucked hard up into me, meeting my downward thrust and gave a muffled squeal against my lips as she came again, cunt clamping hard around my cock and doing things I never imagined a woman could control with her pussy -- milking me -- conveying her need for my hot sperm to take her all the way to heaven.

I went deep into her tightening womb and sobbed, "I love you!" as my cock jerked in her satiny grasp and began flooding her pussy with hot semen. I came and came and came as if I had been saving it for years -- filling Mom up with my seed -- cumming so hard, it almost hurt as it shot from my cock. I felt pleasure as I had never felt it before -- knowing it was my mother's pussy I was deep inside simply making it all the more sweet.

Mom's legs fell off my shoulders as I collapsed on top of her, still buried inside her to the root, her heaving breasts like soft pillows that I could rest my weary head on while she sighed and moaned in the lovely aftermath of our lovemaking. It was a few minutes before I realized that Mom was holding me with just one arm, fingers slowly tracing little circles on my back.

I turned to look at her and saw her other arm extended off to my right -- her hand locked around Pammy's hand. My sister was looking at us both, a huge, happy smile on her face -- her eyes shiny with excitement. Her other arm was between her thighs, slightly moving and I realized that Pammy was rubbing her own pussy. I felt Mom move slightly and knew we were both looking at my little sister. Both embarrassment and amazement washed over me as I realized that Pammy had watched her brother and mother fuck like wild animals and from her expression, had enjoyed it greatly.

I'm not sure how long we all three simply stared at each other before my sister's face scrunched up in an expression of orgasmic release, her body stiffening under the coat. Pammy finally let Mom's hand go and with a contented sigh, rolled over and went back to sleep.

I looked upwards at Mom, using my arms to raise up a bit so that we were face to face. Mom smiled at me. "I think that's a good sign, don't you think?"

I grinned and said, "I just fucked my mother -- pretty hard to think beyond that, Mom."

Mom nodded, her legs shakily coming to drape over the back of my legs as if preparing to trap me between her thighs if I was having second thoughts. "Are you sorry, John?"

Shaking my head, I replied, "No...just can't believe I've just made a teenage fantasy a reality. You wouldn't believe how many times I masturbated thinking about this before I left home."

Mom raised her head and gave me a gentle kiss before she said, "I suppose I sort of knew how you felt -- we were almost a couple even when you were a kid and I used to daydream about you when I would find all your cum stained shorts and towels." Mom stretched herself under me like a big, lazy cat sunning herself -- her hard nipples dragging across my chest as her meaty breasts rolled. "Maybe this was all meant to be -- everything I've done -- that happened was to prepare me to be able to love you...to be able and willing to spread my legs and fuck my son."

Mom got a funny look in her eyes and somehow I knew the words that were coming -- words I'd heard many times as a child when she would shake her head while watching the news and the awful things going on all over. In a quiet voice, Mom said, "God's will."

We both went silent for a moment and then I nodded, "Maybe, Mom, maybe. God's will or not, I have you now. I crossed through hell for you and I'm not about to let you go now."

Mom nodded and said, "Black Tom took me away from your father and you took me from Black Tom. You're my man now." Mom flexed her cunt muscles around my semi-hard cock and whispered, "I belong to you now, son."

I'm not sure why, but Mom's words aroused me and I felt my cock begin to harden again -- Mom groaning happily as I swelled inside her. We began to fuck again -- this time more slowly and gently -- making love as the storm raged outside -- oblivious to the savage world's many dangers, feeling, at least for the moment, safe in each other's arms.

In the morning, Pammy had reverted to her almost catatonic state, although I felt she seemed to be a little more aware -- sometimes catching her watching me after we broke camp and moved out. We moved steadily east now, sticking to secondary roads, making relatively good time across the mostly flat lands of the bluegrass of Northern Kentucky. Each night we would find an abandoned house to shelter in and Mom and I would make love after Pammy would at least pretend to go to sleep.

Most nights however as I fucked Mom, relishing her lush body underneath me, savoring the feel of my cock deep inside her making her heart pound, Pammy would roll over and watch Mom and I together, a lewd smile coming over her face as she stared at her brother fucking her mother, eventually extending an arm out to take Mom's hand and holding tightly onto it as Mom and I would work our way to orgasm.

Usually, Pammy would begin to masturbate as well, sometimes blatantly, her covers kicked off and her hand squirming madly around her pussy which slowly was becoming covered with a soft downy blonde muff. In many ways it was as if she was participating in our incestuous lovemaking and I guess in her own way, she was.

As we approached the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains, in the middle of nowhere, we found an ancient hunting supply and general store that looked like it had been around since the early twentieth century. I was shocked to find it was completely intact -- its goods never plundered. Inside, we were able to outfit Mom and Pammy in some jeans and flannel shirts and some decent hiking boots. Even better were cold weather coats that fit them both. We found some lightweight but insulated sleeping bags and a nylon tent that when rolled up only seemed to weigh a little over a pound.

Mom and Pammy both found their new clothes a little difficult to get used to and Pammy emerged slightly from her catatonic state to whine unhappily at having such heavy clothing on her body, but as October overtook us, the weather was beginning to cool rapidly and the nights were getting chillier. Still, as Mom observed, "Honest to God, I don't think I've had clothes on more than five or six times -- this will take some getting used to." Black Tom had treated them as little better than animals -- when they did accompany him in public, they had been naked except for perhaps shoes and the leash and collar they had been led around with.

The going was slower now, all roads seemed to be mostly uphill, but Mom and my sister were getting used to walking -- Mom even seemed to have shed a bit of weight -- doing nothing but enhancing her mature beauty. I can still recall Mom taking a shower under a small waterfall, shivering from the cold water, but looking magnificent in all her naked glory, black and gray hair wet and slicked back from her face -- water running off her huge, sloping breasts -- nipples swollen in the chill water and her stomach -- still with a small pooch of a woman in her early middle years, but sexy in a way that only a mature woman can be and her wild and unruly thatch of black pubic hair nestled between thighs that had toned up with the many miles of hiking from the last few weeks.

My cock throbbed with the image of my mother, her skin slick and glistening, all that day, not quite going down until that evening when we made camp and we made love with all the passion and energy of newlyweds. As always, as I fucked Mom, my sister, made her presence known, holding onto Mom's hand as she watched and masturbated -- my attention wandering back and forth between Mom's ripe and luscious body and Pammy's young and tight form -- her hands wetly sliding over her wispy blonde-haired pussy.

There were days I thought Pammy might be coming out of her silent, catatonic-like state. Days when she would smile and point at a small stand of deer, grazing in a meadow overrun with crops gone wild or when she would gaze with rapt attention at songbirds in the trees or smile contentedly as Mom brushed the tangles out of her long blonde hair with a ivory brush she'd found in an abandoned house or when she would offer Mom and me a happy, leering smile as we exploded in orgasm, but she did not speak.

We were getting close to Commander Vance's retreat -- I was thinking maybe two or three days. Mom and I had made love at the end of the day, cocooned warmly in our insulated tent, a glowstick dimly illuminating us. Mom on top at the end as we reached climax, Mom sitting erect atop my throbbing and gushing cock, sobbing with pleasure as she ran one hand through her pepper-colored hair while the other squeezed Pammy's hand as she avidly watched. Finally, Mom collapsed on top of me, her soft, meaty breasts flattening out atop me and she moaned her love for me and after watching my sister sigh contentedly and falling asleep, we both let slumber overtake us.

I awoke suddenly out of deep sleep, feeling a bit disorientated, instinct telling me something was out of sorts -- Mom was curled up against my left side, her face nuzzling my neck. As I reached for my Colt under my pack that I used for a head rest when I realized what woke me up -- a pair of soft lips and a tongue tasting my cock. In the dim light offered by the glow stick, I was shocked to see Pammy kneeling next to me, her hair not quite obscuring her face, tenderly licking my cock, still sticky with Mom's juices.

I didn't want to spook her -- she tended to act skittish around me most of the time anyway -- so I simply whispered, "Pammy -- stop, go back to sleep, honey." My sister stiffened a little at my voice, but didn't stop -- taking my cock in her mouth and sucking on the head as she turned and looked up at me -- her blue eyes looking so innocent and child-like. I asked her again, keeping my voice soft and gentle, "Pammy -- I'm your brother -- you need to stop -- we can't do this."

Pammy responded by taking more of me into her mouth -- expertly deep-throating me like a seasoned pro as she made little, contented, slurping noises. Trying not to wake Mom up, I eased myself up, running a hand through my sister's long blonde tresses as I gently applied pressure to ease her off my cock. Even as I tried to do the right thing, part of me was aroused by this girl almost out of her teens -- her body firm and ripe and my semi-erect cock stiffening between her lips. Part of me was even thinking that how could it be any worse than fucking my own mother.

Pammy whined in protest as her lips let my hardening penis slip from her mouth and she turned and moved on me and I heard my sister speak for the first time since I'd sailed off years ago -- a soft, husky voice saying, "Please." Pammy moved upwards, swinging a long, shapely leg across my thighs and straddling me just below my now wet and hard cock.

Pammy scooted forward till my erection was being kissed by her sparsely haired vulva -- labia already flowering to embrace the length of my shaft while she ran her hands up her front, cupping her firm and full breasts, fingers sliding over long and erect nipples as she moaned, "Please...I need it. It's so hard and big...I need it, please let me have your cock!"

She wiggled against me, her wetness kissing my saliva smeared cock and resisting the desire to give in, I began to rise up, my hand moving to push her away when Mom reached out and laying her hand on my chest, pushed me down onto my back. "No, John...don't stop her," Mom said softly.

I whipped my head around to see Mom now in a sitting position -- one hand on my chest, the other stroking Pammy's bare arm. "Mom...I can't...she's -- she's my sister."



Mom smiled as if amused and shook her head. "I think we're past that now, son. Do this for her...she needs it, she needs your love."

Part of me yearned to abandon all restraint and take my sister...part of me throbbed with incestuous need, but part of me still resisted. "It's not right, Mom. Pammy isn't -- she's not all...dammit, she's all messed up!"

As I argued with Mom, Pammy continued to squirm in my lap, rolling her hips and running her spread labia up and down my shaft, her juices sweetly hot -- so aroused I could smell her wet cunt - her need wafting in my nostrils. Mom leaned in and kissed me on the lips, her tongue rolling gently across them before she said, "Son, ain't none of us really right...the world isn't right, but it is what it is. You've made things good for me, now make them good for your sister."

Pammy moaned as she hunched against me, almost panting with need as she moaned, "Fuck meeeeeeee, please! I want your cock!" Her brilliant blue eyes, so much like our mother's stared imploringly down at me as she wiggled atop me, her hands squeezing and mauling her own breasts, angrily pinching her swollen nipples.

Mom came up onto her knees, wrapping an arm around Pammy, kissing her tenderly on the cheek and then more passionately as her daughter turned, mouth open and tongue extending and found Mom's lips. As their sloppy kiss ended, Mom looked down at me, her eyes imploring me just as my sister's were. "John, your sister needs you -- she needs you to give her peace and your love." Tears pooled in Mom's eyes and ran down her cheeks. "You've done so much for me -- made fucking part of love again. Make it good for Pammie too...please, son, do it for her...do it for me."

I let all doubts fall away and I sat up and wrapped my arms around my baby sister, pulling her to me and kissing her, thrusting my tongue into her mouth as she moaned happily -- her tongue a whirling dervish teasing and flirting with my tongue. She tasted different than Mom -- not better, but different.

With a groan, I rolled us over, laying Pammy down on her back as I stayed between her legs. She squealed in delight as she felt the length of my cock sliding up and down her splayed lips, drawing her knees back and spreading them with long learned experience -- anticipating the first thrust of my cock."

"I -- I love you, Pammy," I said in a ragged voice as I lifted my hips and nestled the head of my cock against her clasp opening.

Mom's hand stroked my back and buttocks as she moaned, "Fuck your baby sister like you'd fuck me, son!" I felt her fingers press into my flesh, urging me on as I thrust my cock into Pammy's welcoming pussy!"

Whatever sweetness and innocence I sensed in my sister before instantly evaporated as she screamed in desperate triumph, flinging her pelvis upwards to meet my cock even as she flung her legs around my lower back, legs crossing as she tightened her hold on me, becoming in seconds a sexual wildcat beneath me.

I was instantly caught up in a storm of lust as I struggled against her tight embrace to withdraw and thrust again -- intent on sinking my aching hard-on deep into her molten pussy -- intent on fucking my sister as hard as I could. Pammy's arms, wrapped around my neck, pulled my head down so we could kiss, her tongue slathering over mine, furious and starving for me. When it ended, as I trip hammered my cock into her tight pussy, she flung her head back and screamed again -- letting

everything inside her out -- purging at least for the moment, all her demons and surrendering herself to carnal pleasure -- letting ecstasy cleanse her soul of all pain as she writhed beneath me, letting my cock plunge deep and bring her pleasure and relief.

"FUCK MEEEEEE, YESSSSS! FUCK ME HARDER!" Pammy screamed as her fingers clawed at my back and she moved her body in ways I didn't know were possible and made her pussy contract and pulse in ways that were wonderfully obscene. On and on, I fucked my sister, savoring the sweet sensation of her cunt flesh sliding along my shaft, massaging me, kissing my cock with wetness and heat that were made even more delicious knowing that I was committing incest with my mother's youngest child.

Pammy began to orgasm, her body losing control as if in an epileptic fit -- her furnace-like cunt clamping down on my erect penis. I tried to remain motionless, struggling not to cum as I remained deep inside her womb, riding out her raging pleasure until her orgasm ebbed and she began to relax and then I began fucking her hard again, making my sister sob with pleasure, building her back up towards climax again.

"YESSSS, LOVE IT, LOVE TO BE FUCKED, FUCKED, FUCKED HARD!" Pammy chanted as I slammed my cock into her sodden pussy again and again, her thighs and legs churning as she tried to again wrap herself around me, but exhaustion and pleasure were too much for her and she mostly allowed me to brutally fuck her as she sobbed with pleasure. Then as her eyes widened as if surprised by yet another orgasm, she whimpered softly, "Fuck me!" and then began to writhe madly beneath me as ecstasy tore through her young body while her pussy clamped down on me, milking me as I drove deep one last time and with a roar of bestial pleasure, began to cum in my sister's womb.

My heavy load of hot semen was like flame to the gasoline of her orgasm and Pammy exploded under me, becoming a squalling, clawing wildcat as we became one in carnal delight, our mutual orgasm raging as I mashed my lips on hers and our tongues were two wild animals caught up in their own frenzy of sexual delight. We kissed as I seemed to shoot my seed for what seemed forever, but finally as I felt my sister begin to calm, her ravenous cunt slowly relaxing around my aching cock, I felt myself drained and gently disengaged, making Pammy moan in an utterly lewd way as I slowly withdrew from her sperm filled pussy.

On shaky arms above her, I kissed my sister one last time, shivering as her still moving vulva brushed my cum covered cock. I carefully moved off her and shifted over to her right only to have Mom push me back as she dived for my cock -- lust and love struggling for control of her face. Like a starving woman, Mom began licking my semi-erect cock, lapping up streamers of my semen mixed in with a heavy coating of Pammie's cunt cream.

As Mom finished making me quiver as she sucked and cleaned my sensitive cock, we both turned as Pammy moaned, "Please...more. I need it." We both saw my sister lying there, still trembling in the throes of her receding orgasmic bliss, barely able to control her movements, but somehow undulating her pelvis, spreading her legs as she looked back and forth between Mom and me as she begged, "Fuck me...make me cum...please!"

Mom and I exchanged glances and after taking a look at my cock, barely semi-erect and still recovering, Mom grinned evilly at me and said, "My turn, son!" As I watched in complete shock and awe, Mom moved on her hands and knees, meaty breasts swaying, between her daughter's sprawled legs. "Shhhhhh, Mommy's here, baby. Mommy will make you feel all better."

Pammy's eyes glowed with excitement as Mom approached and she laughed like an excited child as Mom began kissing her way up her thighs, shifting from one leg to the other as she showered her child's body with soft licks and kisses. Mom finally paused -- her face scant inches above my sister's wide open pussy -- my seed beginning to ooze out. "Mommy loves you, sweetheart," Mom said huskily and then she pressed her mouth against Pammy's pussy and began licking her daughter's cum filled pussy!

My sister moaned in utter delight, flinging her hips upward against Mom's lips and tongue while entangling her fingers into Mom's graying mane of hair, pressing Mom's face more firmly against her crotch. I felt my heart beating faster as I watched Mom lap and suck at her daughter's pussy -- tongue rolling over her swollen labia before stiffening and driving into Pammy's pink meat, emerging with a blob of my hot semen, mixed with pussy cream. Mom's face quickly became covered with a whitish, frothy coating of her children's juices as she tongued Pammy towards another orgasm.

Pammy squirmed and sighed under Mom's knowledgeable mouth, her blue eyes shining brighter and brighter as she was swept up in incestuous bliss -- a lewd grin on her face as she would look at me lovingly and then return her gaze to our mother looking back at her as her head bobbed between Pammy's thighs.

As my sister moaned as Mom's tongue brought her to another climax, Mom raised her head up and as sperm and cunt juice dripped from her face, moaned, "Fuck me, son. Fuck me now!"

I suddenly awoke from being entranced by my mother's and sister's sapphic lovemaking and was aware of my own arousal -- cock hard and aching stiff. I tore my eyes away from the erotic sight of Mom tonguing Pammy's pussy to see my mother's ass wiggling in anticipation and found myself swept up in incestuous lust. With a growl, I climbed to my knees behind Mom and grabbed hold of her full, but toned ass cheeks. Spreading her firm cheeks apart, I thrust hard into Mom's cunt -- her labia already flowered open, revealing pink and glistening flesh.

Mom stiffened beneath me, a muffled groan coming from her lips as I buried my cock in her in one swift motion. I leaned over Mom, kissing her neck as my hands swept under her to cup her heavy swinging breasts, finger digging deep into her soft, pillow-like flesh as I hunched my hips forward to get deeper inside my mother.

Soon noise filled the tent -- Pammy's loud screams of ecstasy mixing with Mom's pussy muffled moans as I quick fucked her from behind, not withdrawing far, but slamming into her pussy with short, intense thrusts. As I fucked Mom, my hands busily milked her huge breasts, fingers pinching and pulling at her thick, blood engorged nipples.

As I nibbled and kissed at Mom's neck and shoulders, I saw her fingers contributing to my sister's pleasure, sliding through Pammy's slick flesh and then gradually inserting one finger and then another inside her daughter's pussy. Pammy's cries became more intense as she demanded, "More! Fuck me, give me more!"

My sister suddenly screamed as Mom inserted her entire hand into Pammy's pussy and then as I saw the muscles in Mom's wrist flex, I somehow understood that she had made a fist inside her daughter's cunt. Slowly, Mom began working her fist back and forth inside Pammy -- fist-fucking her with a familiarity which both shocked and aroused me. I began to fuck Mom harder as well, making her cry with pleasure as she ran her tongue over Pammy's pink folds, teasing and loving my sister's swollen clitoris, fully emerged from its hood, pulsating as Mom fisted her and tongued her.

Gasps and moans and screams of pleasure filled the tent as mother, son and daughter were joined in incestuous union, creating an intimacy, carnal and more erotic than I ever dreamed could exist. Mom's pussy was like a vise as she squeezed her thighs together and constricted her pussy muscles as I shoved my cock into her motherly womb again and again while she fist fucked Pammy, working her fist around inside her, making sudden, short thrusts with her curled fingers against my sister's cervix, making her sob with pleasure.

The pleasure grew so great to me that it seemed to border on pain and while Mom and Pammy seemed to be skating that same edge, neither ever begged for it to halt, Mom occasionally lifting her pussy cream covered face to cry out, "I love you, son. Fuck me, fuck Mommy!" while Pammy simply screamed with pleasure, her sweaty body squirming under Mom's never ceasing fisting.

As my sister erupted in an orgasm that nearly had her levitating, Mom erupted in an equally intense orgasm, partly caused by my cock thrusting deep inside her and partly from the sheer carnal performance of her daughter writhing -- impaled on Mom's ever probing hand. I had no choice but to join them, the need to cum again overwhelming as my hot seed raced through my shaft and exploded in Mom's pussy once more -- shocking me with the intensity and volume of my third load of semen in such a short time. Our three-way mutual orgasm seemed to go on and on, Pammy screaming herself hoarse before Mom gingerly pulled her hand out of my sister's cunt -- her hand thickly coated with pussy cream.

As I ground myself into Mom's pussy, allowing her to milk the last few drops of semen from my cock, I reached down and took Mom's wrist and leaning over her shoulder, licked my sister's juices from Mom's fingers, only to have my tongue greeted by Mom's tongue as we both greedily lapped at the sweet cream of Pammy's pussy.

Mom, her body shaking, moved to Pammy's right side, my sister immediately turning to cuddle up against Mom and whispering, "I like to fuck," before slipping into a deep sleep, softly snoring while her head rested on Mom's breast. I moved to bracket Mom from the other side, trapping her between her children's bodies, kissing her gently as we caught our breath -- tasting both myself and Pammy on her cum covered face.

As we all cuddled and watched Pammy sleep, Mom whispered, "Thank you, John. For me and for your sister, thank you."

I sighed happily and said, "My pleasure...more than you'll ever know. Do you think it will help? Do you think she'll ever come back to us?"

Mom didn't reply for a long time. "I just don't know, John. I don't know all of what Black Tom did to her. He kept her isolated for a long time, even though I begged to see her. When he did bring her out...she was like a trained animal -- living for pleasure, only really connecting with the world when she was fucking or sucking or licking someone. Sometimes she knows me, sometimes not."

I recalled her familiarity with her daughter and said, "You've made love to her before?"

Mom nodded. "Many times. Black Tom would sometimes bring me up to his quarters and have Pammy and me perform for him...making us sixty-nine each other or use a strap-on dildo on each other...sometimes a double cock." Mom let out a heavy, sort of wistful sigh. "Sometimes he just wanted to see a mother and daughter commit incest, other times I don't think he even recollected I was his 'pretty one's' mother -- he just wanted to fuck one of us and watch the other eat his jizz out of their pussy." Mom shivered as she remembered -- her nipples swelling again as she talked.

"I guess that makes me an awful mother, but I did it willingly from the start. Part of me was eager to be with my daughter, but part of me reveled in the sheer lewdness of it. Until I met Black Tom, I'd never even kissed a woman before except friendly like on the cheek. Before he debuted Pammy, he'd had me do things with other women and I loved it. The first time Pammy slipped her tongue into my mouth I had an orgasm.

"The first time Black Tom ordered me to lick her pussy, I was happy to do it -- thrilled...I remember him laughing cause I was leaving a puddle of pussy cream between my legs, I was so aroused." Mom paused and I could see her eyes clouding at the edge of madness. "Did that make me evil...or crazy?"

"You were doing what you had to do to survive, Mom." I said softly.

Mom sighed and said, "I don't know...yes, in part to just stay alive another day and as sex crazed as Pammy seemed, I was so glad she was surviving too, but there's a part of me I cannot deny...a part of me was glorying in what I was doing, even with Pammy that first time...and every time after." Mom pressed her head against my chest, her arms coming around me to hold me tight. "Am I bad, son? Am I evil or crazy?"

I sighed and kissed the top of Mom's head. "It doesn't matter now, Mom. It's a new world, new rules and we just have to live it day by day, finding comfort and happiness where we can. You love me and I love you and we both will love Pammy as much and however she'll let us." I paused and Mom's old refrain came to my lips, "God's will." Mom and I fell asleep in each other's arms.

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It was snowing when we finally reached Commander Vance's vacation retreat -- a wet, heavy snow. The house was nestled up against a cliff, surrounded -- almost hidden in the trees of a holler deep between high ridges. It stood untouched by the war -- partly old timber and partly old stone. Mom was in tears as we trudged up the old rock steps to the front porch -- a red squirrel scolding us from one side, sitting on a thick wooden rail.

Pammy was staring vacantly and quietly around, pausing to look at the little bushy-tailed animal with a slowly growing smile. She'd returned to her silent, almost catatonic state, occasionally gifting Mom and me with a shy, gentle smile -- but not a word had she spoken in the three days since we'd made love. The last two nights, she'd watched Mom and I fuck as she always did, but then had sighed and rolled over and went to sleep.

I fumbled with the carefully hoarded pack that Commander Vance had given me -- finding instructions to first find the keypad hidden in the outer wall that would allow me to punch in the code to allow us access. We all stared almost in awe as the lights went green and the front door slowly sighed open. Made to look like old wood, when I pushed on it, I realized that the wood was a disguise and that it must have had a thick, steel inner core.

We were home and a day never went by since that I haven't thanked Commander Vance for his gift. He and his wife had truly been prepared for the end of it all. Shielded electric components still allowed the solar powered generator to work -- we had heat, refrigeration and a powered water pump for clean water deep below ground. There was an extension back into the cliff that contained shelter and a huge room full of dry and canned foods. There was survival gear and medical supplies and seeds for crops. Later I found a diary belonging to Mrs. Vance and I discovered that her family had long harbored paranoia regarding a final war...although in retrospect, I guess we can't call it

paranoia, can we? Her family had wealth and money and it had been her doing that had made this place what it was...a place to survive and begin again.

Nate Rafelson showed up at the end of the next spring. He'd lost an eye in a bad firefight somewhere in Southern Pennsylvania. His wife and child were lost without a clue -- Pittsburgh dead from a widespread epidemic of "Black Betty." Nate didn't show up alone -- he had his new wives...two young Amish girls he'd freed from a raider gang in the fight where he'd lost his eye. Anna and Hilda had nursed him back to health and somewhere in the process, had fallen in love with him. For their part, I think they'd revived a part of him I'd seen die after we'd launched the Custer's missiles. There was pain when he spoke of his lost wife and child, but joy as his lovely young farm girl brides -- a blonde and a brunette, showered him with love and attention. The girls were a great help to us all when we began working our own crops -- helping us past our ignorance as new farmers.

We have been here at what we call Vance's Station now for five years. Life is good...we grow our own crops, more than enough to survive on, especially now with game so abundant in our mountain valley. We trade our excess with a tiny town twenty miles south of us that rode out the war pretty much intact. Nate and I came to their aid the only time they were hit by a raider gang. None of the bastards ever returned to their lair beyond our mountains. We are accepted by the townsfolk -- none seeing anything wrong with either of our unconventional lives...many taboos and customs having fallen to the wayside in the aftermath of war. Mom and I aren't the only incestuous couple I know of and Nate is hardly the only man with two or more wives.

We get news now and again from strangers passing through the region. The Reconstituted United States has splintered apart with the Canadian and Washington region separating off from the rest. Some suspect they will be the continent's great power in another fifty or sixty years...maybe.

Mom and I live as husband and wife. Mom is almost fifty and still beautiful, her hair now a great silver mane. We are still as passionate with each other as we were the day we first became lovers. Pammy is...better. She talks now at least a bit -- more with Anna and Hilda and Mom of course. She adores the little ones -- Hilda's three year old twin boys and Anna's two year old daughter.

She is shy around Nate and to a lesser extent, myself. She is mine and Mom's lover when she has the desire which comes and goes according to some internal and irregular schedule and most nights shares our bed in any case. Life is good although we really don't have a clue what will happen tomorrow. The only thing we know is that we are together and we're happy...as God wills.

The End