

MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 06

Ahabscribe

Mother and Son deal with a shocking turn of events.

Incest/Taboo

4.72

10.3k words

At long last, here is Part Six of this story. It has been the hardest story to get finished, partly for personal reasons and partly, well, I just kept hitting the fabled writer's block. I am not totally happy with it and I will be interested in your take on it. I look forward to your comments.

As always, all characters are fictional and exist only within the confines of the story and in my imagination. Enjoy!

One of the darkest places I think anyone can find themselves is inside an intensive care ward in the early morning hours watching someone die. So it was in late February, at three o'clock on a bitter cold morning that I found myself with my family. The room was silent except for the "fshhing" sounds of machines hooked to my father. Mom was wide awake and watching from a chair across the room, my twin brothers dozing on each side of her while I sat next to my father watching as the numbers on his monitor crept slowly downward. Hooked up the ventilator and God knows how many tubes and wires, Dad looked small and frail, nothing like the large, fierce man I spent most of my life despising.

Somewhere over the Midwest, Aunt Debbie was flying in, but I knew she would never make it before her hated brother in law passed on. Molly, darling Molly was probably asleep in the ICU waiting room, exhausted from sharing our vigil and from the long, late night drive to bring me home to witness the passing of my father.

Dad had been out ice fishing with his buddies, sitting in their little shack, listening to the Bulls on the radio, occasionally pulling a trout out of the icy water and drinking and smoking with little restraint. His best buddy told me that my old man had requested a beer and that by the time he had retrieved one from the cooler that my father had slumped over, face distorted as he fell victim to a massive stroke.

That was almost two days ago. Another stroke had come rushing in on the coattails of the first and Dad had slipped into a coma. The doctors made sympathetic noises and didn't pull any punches when they said it was only a short matter of time.

I wasn't sure what to make of all the emotions churning inside me – perhaps most of all, the realization that for all the hard words over the years, for all the hatred I had inside me for the way he treated Mom and despite the pride I took in claiming his wife and my mother as my own woman, I was amazed to still realize that I loved the old bastard. I was still his son – something I think I had forgotten as the years passed by.

One look at Mom told me that she was struggling with the same feelings. On one hand, she looked at me with such devotion and love it almost burst my heart. On the other hand, I could see the pain in her eyes as she watched him fading away...pain and regret and yes, love.

The monitor began to beep and a nurse came into the room and checked it over, shaking her head as she watched his numbers sink lower by the minute. "It won't be long now," She said to Mom and me. She tried to smile sympathetically and failed miserably. "Probably just a few minutes." The nurse left us to watch the numbers drop and drop.

Dad began to gasp – the nurses had warned us this would be the final sign. Mom roused the twins from their fitful sleep and we gathered around the bed. The twins each had hold of one of our father's hands and tears began to flow. Mom and I stood at the end of the hospital bed, Mom easing against me as I put an arm around her waist. I was surprised to find myself wiping tears out of my eyes.

In a strong voice, Mom called out. "It's time, Frank – let go. Be at rest." My father's monitor numbers flatlined a few seconds later, he let out one last long breath and was silent. Mom sighed and whispered, "Oh, Frank." The twins turned towards Mom and rushed for her. She took them in her arms and let them cry out their pain while I stood behind her, hands on her shoulders, just wanting her to know I was there.

The nurse came back in and quietly shut off the monitors, made note of the time and whispered softly, "Take all the time you need to say your goodbyes." When the twins had cried themselves out, they each went to our father and kissed him on the forehead. Mom leaned over his body and gave him a kiss, lips barely brushing his. I went last, a shuddering sigh washing over me as I reached down and took his cooling hand and kissed it. I felt like I should say something, but in death, so much like life, my father and I had nothing to say to each other.

We were shown to a small room where Mom met with a funeral home worker and arranged for the Old Man to be transported. I took on the responsibility of calling my father's siblings and letting them know he'd passed away.

We then joined Molly outside the ICU. She looked at me, the question in her eyes and I nodded. "Oh, Sugar. I'm sorry." she whispered, embracing me and then Mom and then because they looked like they needed it, the twins. "Anything I can do, please just tell me," Molly whispered, taking my hand as we headed for the elevator.

I squeezed her hand and as we followed Mom, her arms around the boys, replied, "You already are, Molly."

And that was true. When Mom had called me at work to tell me Dad was dying, I'd asked Molly if she'd give me a lift to the Bus Station, knowing Mom would have be too busy with this crisis to come for me. Molly insisted on driving me home and we spent most of last night driving across Illinois in her old, beat up Chevy van. Since then, she'd stood by us, trying to help in any way she could.

When we arrived home, the twins trudged wearily down to their basement bedroom while Molly and I walked with Mom upstairs. We stopped in front of Mom's bedroom door and I asked her, "Mom, are you okay?"

Mom nodded and sighed. "I just feel tired. I can't seem to sleep since this all happened – it all seems surreal, like I sleep walking through some terrible dream." She looked into the bedroom and shook her head. "I can't stay in there tonight." She looked at Molly and me and continued, "I know your bed would be crowded, but can I just lie down with you two, for a while?"

Mom looked up at with such an odd and sad expression on her face and then she just buried her face against my chest and began to cry. Molly came up behind Mom and began rubbing her shoulders and whispered, "No bed is ever too crowded to have you in it, Carrie."

With Mom still crying softly, I led her to my room. When the door was closed, I eased her out of the clothes she was wearing, a sweat suit she'd had on for most of the last two days. I told Molly where to find a clean sweat shirt while I undid Mom's bra and then slid off her panties, leaving her naked and semi-awake and looking more beautiful than ever. Her long black hair was a bit tangled and awry, but just made her look all the more attractive, like a beautiful woman who'd tumbled out of bed after making love. Only the dark circles under her eyes betrayed the weariness I know she was feeling.

I felt a little guilty as my body responded to Mom's naked body. Just looking at her made me fall in love and lust with my mother all over again. Her luscious frame highlighted by her heavy, gourd shaped breasts, capped with thick, meaty nipples, her belly, looking even flatter than it had at Christmas and her long, shapely legs that ended in a jungle of dark hair which hid the gates of heaven. I felt myself harden despite the circumstances.

Mom smiled at me through sleepy eyes – her gaze traveling downwards towards my thickening penis. "I have missed you so much and I wish..."

"Me too, Mom," I replied. "There will be time enough later."

Mom nodded and I knew that like me, she was thinking about how things were about to dramatically change, and although she had planned to leave the Old Man, this way...well, neither of us felt good about it.

I tried to ignore the feelings of lust as Molly and I pulled the sweat shirt over her head to use as a nightshirt. I stripped down till I was naked as did Molly and we led Mom to my bed and cuddled her between us, Mom facing me, my hard-on nestled in her thick thatch of pubic hair and Molly spooning her from behind, her full breasts pressing against Mom's back.

Mom kept sighing, "I'm so tired, but I can't fall asleep." She stirred restlessly while I stroked her arms and gently kissed her. Behind Mom, Molly had an arm up under the oversized sweat shirt, rubbing her back. Despite our best efforts, Mom was too wound up to fall asleep.

Molly finally took matters in her own hands – literally. "Kiss your mother, John," she whispered. While I did so, pressing my lips against Mom's, our tongues gently caressing each other, Molly continued to rub Mom's back, slowly descending until she was gingerly massaging the small of her back. Mom gave a start as she suddenly felt Molly's fingers tracing down along the crack of her ass and then press between her thighs to massage the fleshy folds of her pussy.

Mom gave a little shiver and moved her thighs slightly apart, allowing Molly more access between her legs, sighing into my mouth as her tongue fluttered against mine. Molly rubbed fingers up and down Mom's labia until they began to part, revealing glistening and wet flesh underneath. Mom's arms wrapped around my shoulders and she pulled me tight against her as Molly slipped a finger inside her.

"Yesssss," Mom moaned against my lips as Molly began to touch her secret spots, adding another finger as she probed Mom's slick, wet flesh. Mom shivered and began to kiss me with more passion, her nipples plumping up and pressing against the cotton of the sweatshirt to poke against my chest.

Molly's touch was sure and precise. Resting her chin on Mom's shoulder, Molly smiled at me, giving me that knowing and sexy wink of hers as she fingered Mom. Mom's left leg was drawn up and I could see Molly's fingers working in and out of Mom's pussy, shiny in the dim light of the single lamp on the bedside table. I kept kissing Mom gently and lovingly as Mom's breathing quickened as Molly's fingers found her sweet spots. Molly added a third finger – two thrusting deeper inside Mom while her middle finger probed upward seeking out her G-spot.

Mom's hips began to move in time with Molly's fingers, little gasps escaping her lips as we kissed. I slid my hand downwards as well, the sweatshirt having worked its way upwards, exposing Mom's smooth belly. I could feel her muscles fluttering underneath my fingers, her skin growing warmer as Molly's loving touch brought her closer. I slipped fingers through her thick bush until I met wetness and heat and spread my fingers so as to surround her swollen clitoris and I began to softly tease it, feeling her pulse through the fleshy little nub.

Mom jerked and moaned, her body stiffening as an orgasm rippled through her weary body. "Oh God, I love you both!" she sobbed before her pleasure took her words away. She hunched against our hands until she couldn't handle anymore stimulation and then with a happy whimper, simply faded into unconsciousness and began to softly snore.

Molly sat up then and stared down at us both. "She really needed that, sugar." She whispered, conspicuously licking Mom's juices off her drenched fingers.

"I expect we could all use that right now. Thank you for everything, Molly." I replied, licking Mom's creamy cunt sauce off my own fingers. My cock throbbed for release – Mom's sweet taste, as always, sending me into a higher state of arousal.

"We'll get caught up, sugar – you, your Mom and me...later. Right now, you need your sleep as well – it's going to be a couple of hard days for y'all." Molly paused and gave me a loving smile, reaching over Mom's shoulder and stroking my face. "I'm sorry you lost your dad, John and I know you must be making your insides a messy tangle right now, but, sugar, whatever else – remember that what you and your mother share isn't part of that, so just let that crazy shit go. You love each other – you're in love with each other and you're going to spend the rest of your lives together."

I reached out and took Molly's hand and kissed it. "Thank you," I replied. I kissed her hand again and whispered, "Good night," Molly." She blew me a good night kiss and I reached over and turned out the light. Mom, in her sleep, snuggled up closer to me, making a contented sigh. She felt good in my arms. I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

I woke up several hours later. Mom was still asleep in my arms and she felt wonderful. Even though I couldn't see behind her, I was instantly certain that we were alone. As I came more awake, my opinion was confirmed by the sound of laughter and chatter from downstairs, soon followed by the smell of bacon cooking on the stove. No doubt, Molly was running interference with my brothers, who despite the circumstances of the last few days had been more than dazzled by my sexy fuck buddy. I'm sure I came up several notches in their estimation by returning home with a beautiful woman in hand.

I was hungry, but having Mom in my embrace more than compensated and I was content to just watch her sleep. I tried to study more on what my father's passing entailed, especially concerning Mom and me, but Molly's words kept interrupting and I did try and just let it go. More important was the happiness of the woman I was holding and I knew we were on the verge of making those

last steps to sharing our lives totally and completely. I slipped back into sleep, dreaming of our future together.

I woke up to the sweet sensation of lips and tongue loving up my throbbing cock. Under the blankets a head bobbed repeatedly unseen, although I didn't need to look, knowing Mom's sweet mouth anywhere. I thrust upwards into her mouth, Mom deftly deep-throating me as I pulled the blankets aside. Mom had lost her sweatshirt and was naked between my legs. She looked up at me, saying, "Good morning" and "I love you" silently with her beautiful greenish brown eyes. The weariness and stress of the last few days was apparent, but I think for the moment, she had pushed all of that aside to get lost in pleasuring her son.

I was more than primed and it didn't take too much of her loving and naughty touch to bring my balls to a boil and even though I wished it could have lasted for hours, I didn't even attempt to resist, instead I softly moaned, "Oh, Mom, I'm cumming!" Mom grunted in reply as I began to pump a heavy load of semen into her warm, wet mouth, her tongue probing and licking, urging my cock to feed her more and more of my seed.

When finally I was empty, Mom licked me clean, not having spilt a drop. She crawled up my naked body, her breasts dragging heavily along my suddenly sweaty skin and gave me a kiss, sharing my own taste with me.

"That, sweetheart, was for last night. You wouldn't believe how good that felt!" Mom murmured in my ear before kissing me again.

When our kiss ended, I replied, "Well, I love you for it, but really it was Molly you should thank." I waggled my eyebrows at her. "Perhaps I can provide you some more personal attention right now?" My hand wandered down Mom's back, stopping to squeeze her voluptuous ass cheek.

Mom sighed and shook her head. "I wish, lover, I really do wish we had time." Mom kissed me again, her tongue dancing one more time with mine before she scooted off me and stood beside the bed naked, beautiful and motherly at the same time. "We both need to grab a shower and get cleaned up. The boys will be back shortly."

I frowned and said, "The twins? Where are they?"

"Molly gave them a shopping list and sent them off to the grocery. I think that little minx had taken over my kitchen and is planning to cook up a storm, what with your father's..." Mom choked over the word, swallowed and continued, "With your father's relatives coming in. You and I need to get cleaned up so we and the boys can go to the funeral home and make all the arrangements."

Mom pulled my sweatshirt back on and headed for the door, stopping when I called to her. "Mom? About the Old Man, I, we..."

Mom waved her hand in the air. "Not now, John. This changes nothing between us. I love you with all my heart, but I can't talk about this right now, okay?"

I nodded and said, "I understand, Mom. Sorry. I love you too."

Mom gave me that smile that makes me feel so complete and said, "I know, son. It's what keeps me going." She blew me a kiss and continued, "Now, get a move on. It's going to be a crazy, bad day."

And she was right. From the moment I came down the stairs, freshly showered and dressed in clean clothes, things were insane. The phone rang off the hook with family, friends and Dad's coworkers

and drinking/fishing/hunting/bowling buddies offering condolences.

Molly was the calm at the center of the storm. She had indeed taken over the kitchen and was busily pulling together food for all the people she knew were coming and while frying chicken, baking pies and doing a half a dozen other essential things, manned the phone, being sweet and polite and concise all at the same time.

Mom and I took the twins over to the funeral home and chose a coffin and made the other arrangements, letting the twins take the lead in picking out particular details as we sensed that this meant more to them than to us. There were more tears, but the funeral director was a pro and we left feeling a little better about Dad's final disposition.

We got back home to find Molly chatting animatedly at the table with Aunt Debbie. Mom immediately flew into her sister's arms and there were more tears, but I knew that Debbie being here would help bring Mom a lot more comfort. Debbie, like the force of nature she was, swept around the room, hugging me and then the twins, oohing and aahing over them extravagantly, squeezing muscles and showering them with hugs and kisses. I watched with amusement as the boys gaped at their Aunt Debbie, enjoying their ogling the gorgeous woman. Not that I could blame them.

Aunt Debbie was quite an eyeful. At almost forty-six years old, not quite three years older than Mom, she was a lean five foot, nine inches tall woman with a finely sculpted body – her large breasts still firm and perky thanks to her plastic surgeon. Her bleached blonde hair suited her – giving her an air of elegance and the look of a trailer park whore all rolled into one. Her brilliant blue eyes seem to pierce your soul and make promises to make your every fantasy come true. The twins didn't quite know what to make of her, but they did like what they saw.

As they helped her carry her bags upstairs to Mom's room with Mom and Debbie leading the way, Molly came over and gave me a kiss on the cheek and whispered, "Omigod, John! Your aunt is something else." She smiled at me with that knowing look of hers and said, "Tell me the truth – is she as hot as she looks."

I grinned at her and shrugged my shoulders in reply. "Now, how would I know?"

"John Hamilton, you incestuous motherfucker," Molly hissed in a low voice, poking me in the ribs with her finger, "Now you can't tell me that a horndog like yourself who fucks his own mother is going to pass up a hot, sexy, thang like that!"

"Well, like mother, like son," I said in reply, enjoying the look of shock on Molly's face as my words sank in.

Her face flushed with excitement as she leaned into me and kissed me again. "Oh God, sugar! I do love your family!" A timer went off on the oven and she left me to go check on a casserole. "I want to hear about this!"

I began to tell her about last year's spring break, but was interrupted by a knock at the front door. It was the first of Dad's relatives and once they began to arrive, a steady trickle of them came in all afternoon. Much to Mom's dismay, several announced their need to stay with us and by nightfall, every available space was filled with relatives.

You could tell they were related to the Old Man – their attitudes and expectations of treating everyone else like servants, expecting to be fed and waited upon. Several times, rude comments,

mostly aimed at Mom or Molly sent me into a rage and I began to descend upon one, prepared to kick their asses out, but Molly, interceded, whispering time and again, "Not right now, sugar," and steering me away.

Only Aunt Debbie seemed to intimidate anyone, a few seconds of a withering stare of hers sent one scurrying for cover. The twins were oblivious to the tension that settled in over the house, being happy for the support that that side of the family seemed to offer them. I guess it couldn't be helped. My brothers did, after all, definitely take after the Old Man's side of the family.

With no outlet for my frustrations, I occupied myself with trying to be by Mom's side as much as possible and between Debbie's glare, Molly's southern hospitality and my restrained anger, the Old Man's family got in very little picking at Mom as to the funeral arrangements and the disposition of certain belongings of the Old Man's.

The only really ugly moment of the stay was when one of the Old Man's sisters, Aunt Willa threatened to remove a so called family heirloom from the house whether Mom gave permission or not. The moment was quickly resolved when Debbie stepped between Mom and the Aunt Willa and informed her that should she attempt it without – "Carrie's say so, Frank's funeral won't be the only one we'd have in two days."

Molly stepped in with a plate of cookies and smiling sweetly said, "Cookie?" Mom who was biting her lip in frustration and trying not to smack her sister in law, smiled as the offensive woman beat a hasty retreat while I sat back and laughed my ass off. Debbie spent much of the rest of the evening in Molly's company and in my eyes appeared to be appraising her like a fine piece of jewelry she was considering buying.

After that, there was a lot of tension, but very little conversation between Mom and the Old Man's family. Any remaining criticism was left unspoken...although they did seem happy to keep eating the food Molly kept setting on the table.

Mom and I had virtually no time to ourselves over the next couple of days, the best we could manage was a few quiet minutes at bedtime when she came in my room to say goodnight to Molly and me. Molly discreetly gave us alone time, going back downstairs to finish up some cooking project in the kitchen – often in the company of Aunt Debbie who seemed to be fascinated by the younger version of her sister.

The next day was what we call a 'visitation" day. My father's body was prepared and put on display at the funeral home and we stood along side him from noon till nine that night, receiving condolences from friends and family. If you've ever done it, it is a very surreal experience – hearing stories and remembrances of your lost ones, crying and shaking hands and meeting complete strangers until your head spins.

The day after, we had Dad's funeral service and buried him in a quiet cemetery just outside town. We picked it for its rural scenery, there was a large stand of woods nearby where he had hunted squirrel and rabbit and from his gravesite you could see a pond where he had often drowned worms for hours on end. Mom and I had picked it out and I felt a little strange knowing this was probably one of the few things I had ever done that the Old Man would have probably liked.

Call me a strange, sick fuck if you will, but Mom looked beautiful in widow's weeds – wearing a simple black dress that was in no way sexually suggestive, but somehow seemed to emphasize her sexuality. Aunt Debbie on the other hand, true to her nature, wore a sexy red dress that had

everyone's eyes drawn to her. The service was quick and simple – in truth, the Old Man had little tolerance for religion and probably would have hated listening to our minister's comments.

That was followed by a long reception back at the house for friends and family. Molly, who had skipped the funeral to prepare, had mountains of fried chicken and mashed potatoes and rolls and sandwich meats and desserts prepared as well as lots of beer and soda and people came and went all afternoon and evening. By the end of the day, Mom and I and my brothers were dead on our feet. I barely remember kissing Mom goodnight inside my bedroom before Aunt Debbie led her away and Molly tucked me in.

Mom again looked exhausted – Aunt Debbie had already told me she still wasn't sleeping well, despite Debbie's personal ministrations – the sheer crush of meeting and talking with so many folks had her worn out. The next morning, the house still seemed packed with people as friends and neighbors brought by food and stayed to chat and the Old Man's family almost seemed to ready to put down permanent roots. Mom seemed to be swaying on her feet, ready to collapse.

Around midmorning, Aunt Debbie took me aside and said, "Honey, your mother needs a break. You're going to take her on a long drive and get her away from all this."

"I am?" I said, maybe a little more eagerly than I should have.

"Yes, John. You two hop in the car and drive awhile, maybe over to the next town. Take a long walk, go see a movie or maybe find a motel and take a nap or something."

"Or something?" I repeated, grinning.

Aunt Debbie playfully slapped me on the side of the head. "Or something. Get going...your Mom needs some quality time with her son. And don't worry about things here. Molly and I can hold the fort." She glanced at the kitchen table where some of the Old Man's relative's were devouring food. "Maybe we can get rid of some of the riff-raff too."

I went and found Mom and I saw a ghost of her smile flit across her face when I told her of Debbie's marching orders. "Give me twenty minutes," she whispered to me. Twenty minutes later, Mom, looking fine in a red turtleneck sweater that clung to her heavy breasts like a second skin and blue jeans was ready to go. We worked the mom mobile out of the maze of cars around the house and I headed for the outskirts of town.

As we left our town and everything else behind us, Mom let out a long, drawn out sigh and quickly scooted over next to me, laying her head on my shoulder and softly saying, "I love you, son." Her hand came down and rested on my thigh.

I took one hand off the steering wheel and placed it on top of Mom's hand and said, "I love you, Mom." We drove in silence for a long while, just content to be by ourselves and enjoying the wintry landscape of Western Illinois – the fields covered with snow, everything looking like an old fashioned Currier & Ives print.

We drove close to thirty miles and were reaching the city limits of a neighboring town when we saw a sign for a motel ahead – one that mostly catered to visitors to a nearby lake during summer. "There, John – let's stop there," Mom said with a hint of urgency in her voice.

I pulled in and got us registered as Mister and Mrs. John Hamilton and drove us around to our room, the place nearly empty. Inside, Mom paused and looked around. It was your standard motel

room – I'd asked for a room with a king sized bed and that's what we got. It was clean and Mom nodded her approval as we shed our coats.

Mom and I stared at each other silently for a moment and then we rushed into each other's arms, kissing passionately as we embraced. It was a different kind of kiss than I was used to – passion and love and need like normal, but more – I sensed impatience and anger in it as our tongues danced and dueled.

When it ended, I looked at Mom and with the concern evident in my voice I asked, "Mom, are you okay!"

To my surprise, Mom exploded. "No, I am not fucking okay! I'm pissed off – I'm angry as hell. That stupid son of a bitch – pissing his life away – wasting the love that was always his for the taking! I loved your father for so long and it meant nothing to him. NOTHING!"

My expression must have been one of shock or horror because Mom pulled me tight and as tears ran down her face, said, "I don't regret what has happened. I know this is how its meant to be – I love you, I've always loved you – it just pisses me off to know your father was such an idiot, that if not with me, with someone else he could have felt the way I feel about you, John, that he could have loved and been loved in return."

Mom kissed me again and there was need and hunger in the way she pressed her soft lips to mine and in the way her tongue hungrily danced with my tongue. She paused and whispered, "I'm tired of all this anger and the ugly thoughts, all this death and mourning. I want to live and breath and make love to my son and forget that people don't know how to love. I want to feel love! Make love to me, John. I want you inside me, making me cum, loving me like only you can, fucking me like only you can. Love me, John, please!"

I think I was crying now as I hugged Mom to me and sobbed, "I love you, Mom!" We began to tear at each other's clothes, quickly finding ourselves naked – hands roaming hungrily over each other's bodies, kissing and licking and sucking – my cock as hard as it had ever been, Mom's pussy wet and meaty nipples swollen. Mom somehow climbed up me like I was a tree and with her legs encircling my waist, I carried her over to the big bed and sat us down, both of us scooting upwards, me between Mom's now widespread legs and then I was inside Mom's hot, wet sex, thrusting deep into the womb of my birth.

"OHHHH, YESSSSS, JOHNNNN!" Mom screamed as I sank my hard cock inside her. She bucked upwards to meet my thrust, her large, heavy breasts bouncing on her chest. I buried myself in her, feeling my crotch grind into hers as I settled my weight on top of her, nipples scratching across my chest before we again kissed as lovers only can. For a long, sweet moment, we both reveled in the deliciousness of being joined together, my cock wrapped in the silky wet heat of Mom's motherly cunt, as we kissed and stared into each other's eyes.

I'm sure it was only minutes at best, although in some ways it was a wonderful eternity of remaining motionless, savoring the completeness of becoming one incestuous entity and then almost imperceptibly I began to move, slowly shifting back and forth and with each moment withdrawing further only to plunge back into Mom's snug pussy, her cunt muscles welcoming, clinging to my cock as I moved. Each moment brought a little sigh, each one louder than the previous one. Mom began to roll her hips in rhythm, meeting my thrusts as we began to fuck in earnest.

As I have thought every time since we first made love, there is nothing to compare to the sweet pleasure of making incestuous love to my mother. Mom's long black hair spread out around her

like a dark halo, framing her beautiful face which with each thrust began to contort with naughty delight. "I love you so much, Mom!" I whispered in her ear before kissing and nuzzling my way down her lovely neck, kissing and then sucking on her motherly nipples.

Mom drew her knees back and then straightened her legs and wrapped them around my butt, trying to open herself to get one more sweet fraction of an inch of my cock inside her. I could feel her heart begin to race, her skin becoming more flushed and heated as we made love. The heady aroma of her mature cunt began to fill the room, announcing her arousal, her pleasure, her delight in having her son fuck her. My cock throbbed in response to the thick and hot wetness of her cunt cream as it coated my erect penis as I thrust into Mom again and again.

Mom's entire body seemed to burn with desire and need. We both began to sweat, the steamy, humid sweat that only lovers in the throes of passion can produce. Our bodies slapped noisily together, the sweat lubricating our skin, allowing a delicious friction to build as our bodies slid back and forth. "Oh God, yes, John! I love you, sweetheart!" Mom crooned as she arched her back, her heels digging into my ass cheeks as her first orgasm began to swell inside her. "Fuck me, son. Fuck me lover, Fuck all the bad stuff away, make me feel loved!"

And I did, we slammed into each other with feverish delight, making hot, passionate love and our pleasure was somehow increased with the knowledge that the world was forever changing, about to close one door and open another that would end with us being openly and forever more than mother and son, but husband and wife in every way that mattered!

"You are loved, Mom – I will love you forever! You are my life, my soul, my mother and my wife," I gasped as I thrust deeply into my mother's womb.

Mom writhed underneath me, her eyes wild and hot with the understanding and love that came with my words. "I – oh God, I love you, John! Fuck me, son! Fuck Mommy hard – show me how much you love me! Don't – oh YESSSSSS! Don't STOP LOVING ME, JOHNNNN!"

Mom's luscious thighs squeezed me tight, trying to lock my cock deep in her womb while her arms wrapped around my back. Mom lifted her head and kissed me hard, her tongue seeking out mine while her cunt muscles milked my aching cock, demanding my seed. Her body strained against mine as we kissed, her moans of orgasm building against my mouth until she flung her head back and screamed, "I LOVE YOU, MAKING ME CCU-CUMMMMM! LOVE YOU, SONNNNN!"

I could hold out no longer and pressed myself hard, trying to get a little deeper into Mom's holy womb and then I bellowed, "I LOVE YOU, MOMMMM!" as I began to cum, flooding Mom's womb with thick jets of hot semen. We were one at that moment and I could barely stand the intense pleasure of emptying my seed in the sweet, warmth of Mom's pussy.

It ended with loud gasps for air and heaving sobs as Mom and I held each other and kissed away each others tears. "I do love you so much, John," Mom sighed, her breath catching in hitches. She hugged me tighter, not shying away from my weight on her body. Her heart pounded wildly against my chest, matching my own racing heart beat for beat.

"I love you, Mom...always." I gasped back, shivers running through my body as Mom's cunt contracted and massaged my still swollen cock. Mom sniffled again and hugged me tighter against her and for the moment at least, the rest of the world just vanished and nothing mattered except that we were in each others arms.

With Mom feeling warm and soft in my embrace, I said, "It all changes now, doesn't it, Mom? All the things we've talked about, we're there, aren't we?"

Mom sighed and said, "Yes. Once the twins have left, there is nothing left for me here. I'm going home – we're going home to Kentucky. There's some fixing up to do, but we should be able to move in before the end of summer."

I smiled and kissed my lovely mother and replied, "Sounds good, Mom. Then we can make some other plans." I could feel my cock began to recover as I realized what I wanted to do now.

Mom mewled happily as she felt my penis harden and begin to lengthen inside her. "Mmmmm, what other plans, lover?" She opened her mouth as I pressed my lips to hers and our tongues met and danced, we began to slowly rock together again.

As our kiss ended, I looked into Mom's beautiful eyes and said, "Something we promised each other. Mom, once we get settled in, I was thinking that we should give Reverend Simmons a call and see about arranging a wedding in that pretty little church you grew up in."

Mom's eyes widened at my words and maybe from the long, hard thrust of my now very hard cock. "Wedding, John – you mean..."

"I mean what we've talked about for so long. Mom, I already consider you my wife, but I want to make it all perfect. Mom, I'm saying...Mom, will you marry me?"

Mom tried to giggle and sob all at the same time. She nodded quickly and replied, "Oh, yes, John. Yes, son, I will marry you!" Mom's arms wrapped around my neck and pulled me against her and she whispered, "I love you so much, John."

I kissed her again and said, "I'm thinking an October wedding – it should be beautiful in Kentucky that time of year." I thrust slowly into Mom's steamy and slick pussy as I saw her eyes light up with the possibilities of my idea.

"Oh, son, it is so beautiful in the fall – it's the loveliest time of the year. I love you, John!" Mom flung her pelvis upwards to meet my thrusts and drew her knees up high to welcome me deeper. "I love you so much, son!"

"I love you to, Mom," I said, my state of arousal heightened by the echo of Mom's words and the thrill of knowing I was before God, going to completely claim my mother as my wife. My hands ran along her soft, smooth thighs, urging her shapely legs higher until they were draped over my shoulders, allowing me to drive my aching cock into her motherly womb.

Mom threw her head back, biting her lip as I slammed myself into her body, touching her as deep as possible. She began to claw at the sheets as I thrust deep, her scalding sugar walls lovingly caresses and squeezing my thick, long cock as I fucked my mother. My head seemed to spin just a bit as I gazed down at my mother, writhing with pleasure under me – soon this would become our everyday life – no more sneaking around – just living our lives as mother and son and husband and wife. I felt myself begin to lose control and I leaned down and nuzzled Mom's ear as the semen boiled up out of my balls.

As I came, I moaned into Mom's ear, "I'm going to marry you, Mom and then we're going to make a baby – our baby, Mom!"

Mom's cunt slammed down around my cock, milking me for all my cum as my words and my hot semen triggered her own orgasm and we clung together, moaning and crying with the incestuous pleasure of the moment and all the promises of pleasure and love that the future beckoned to us.

We spent the rest of the afternoon and early evening talking and making love, Mom seeming more like her happy and wonderful self with each stroke of my cock inside her and with every loving lick of her pussy. By the time we drove home, she looked and acted like she'd had a week's vacation.

It was late when we got back home and to our wonderment we walked into what appeared to be an empty house. "Where in the world did everyone go?" Mom said, holding my hand as we came into the kitchen.

On the kitchen table, we found most of a pizza in a box with a note on top. I picked it up and read it. I let out a laugh and said, "Here, this will explain everything." The note read:

"My darlings,

Well, Molly and I decided it was time for Frank's family to move on and leave their grief behind. It wasn't easy and I'm afraid they probably won't be talking to us for several years...I know you'll be broken-hearted. Anyway's they're gone. I hope you and your son had a nice day. The twins have gone to the district tournament game and won't be back till early morning. They didn't want to go 'cause they thought it wouldn't be right, but I convinced them it was perfectly fine, that their daddy would have wanted them to.

Now don't be worrying about me and Molly. I'm sure we can keep ourselves occupied!

Love,

Deb

Mom laughed and said, "Wow! I can only imagine what Debbie said to those people!" She turned and put her arms around my neck and gave me a long, wet kiss, our tongues lashing out at each other, a sexy, nasty kiss. "I guess we're all alone, sweetie." Mom flipped up the pizza box – most of a supreme was inside. "Want to have something to eat?"

I grinned and ran a palm over Mom's sweet jean covered ass and slipped it around to palm Mom's crotch. Even through all that thick denim, I could feel her ever present heat. "I'm hungry, Mom, but for something a lot sweeter than pizza!" I waggled my eyebrows at her like the pervert I am.

Mom laughed and taking my hand pulled me towards the stairs. "I was hoping you would say that!" We went up the stairs playing grab ass with each other, pausing in the hallway to kiss again, Mom pushing me against the wall and as our tongues flirted and danced, ground herself against me. Despite an afternoon of making love, I found myself as hard as I have ever been. Somehow we managed to work our way down the hallway, reaching Mom's bedroom first. We were still kissing when I worked the door open and swung it open just in time to hear Debbie let loose with a loud moan.

We broke our kiss and Mom spun around and we both stood wide-eyed at the erotic scene before us.

Mom's statuesque sister, all five feet, nine inches of her was spread out on the bed, naked as the day she was born, her enhanced breasts quivering, nipples swollen to bursting as she clawed the

sheets with one hand and yanked anxiously at the head of black hair between her legs. Aunt Debbie's toned and tanned body was drenched in sweat and the aroma of cunt was thick in the air.

Molly was giving Debbie the pussy licking of her life, her tongue working with expertise through Debbie's drenched folds of cunt flesh, nibbling at Debbie's aroused and erect clitoris while she wormed her middle finger into Debbie's puckered asshole, already two knuckles deep. Molly's face was absolutely drenched with pussy cream and I had no doubt she'd had as much of her face into Debbie's cunt as she could have possibly managed.

"Ohhhh, Goddddd yesss, little girl, my little Molly girl, don't stop, don't oHHHH EVERRR STOPPP! OHHHH EAT ME FUCK ME NEVER NEVER STOP, MOLLYYY!" Aunt Debbie moaned, her tongue rolling over her lips. She flung her head back and forth as waves of pleasure washed over her, taking her higher and higher until we could see her leg muscles swell, even her toes clench as orgasm took her. In the midst of her ecstasy, Debbie's eyes opened to see us standing there amazed and awestruck. My aunt gave us the most incredible smile filled with love and lust and pure carnal joy and opened her mouth, but all she could manage was a wordless wail of utter pleasure.

Mom smiled back and blew her sister a kiss. She put her finger to her lips and smiled again and we slowly backed out the door and left the lovers alone. "Oh my God, John, that was beautiful." Mom looked up at me with her love shining in her eyes and continued, "It must be – that must be what you and I look like when we're making love! They were absolutely glowing!"

"Well, I suppose we should have seen it coming," I chuckled, aware that Mom was once again rubbing herself up against me like a cat in heat. "Maybe it's love!"

Mom moaned softly and I felt her hand caress my denim covered crotch. "They should be so lucky!" She pressed her hand firmly against my jeans and looked up at me and with a voice that would give a ninety year old man an erection said, "Son, if this big dick isn't inside of me immediately I am going to scream."

Mom's hot, full lips were on mine then, her tongue slipping past my lips and the next couple of minutes were kind of a blur but when my head cleared, Mom was naked and on her knees on my bed, her meaty tits swinging as she looked over her shoulder at me as I spread her cheeks and rubbed my throbbing erection up and down her semen flecked labia, her thick lips almost quivering with need and desire.

"God, I love you, Mom!" I sighed as I shoved my cock deep into her pussy, making Mom cry out with pain and pleasure – her cunt sensitive and sore from our afternoon love tryst.

My hands roamed over Mom's flawless skin, savoring the heat and smoothness of her body, squeezing the cheeks of her voluptuous ass and then up her back, kneading her shoulders as I drove in and out of her furnace hot pussy, Mom using her cunt muscles to squeeze and grasp at my cock as I moved.

"I love you, John," Mom moaned as she thrust back to meet me, splaying her knees wider, her feet drawing up over my ankles. "I love your cock, baby – your fine, hard cock!" She shivered with delight as I kissed her neck, brushing her hair back and up, savoring the delicious mix of her jasmine scent and aroused pussy juices that filled my nostrils.

I slipped my hands down her waist, over her stomach and then up to cup her bountiful breasts, pulling her against me, Mom slipping down to rest on her elbows and me following her, still thrusting relentlessly. I can feel her thighs drawing up and tightening on my thighs as she lifted her

feet, her heels almost rubbing my ass. We are one body one soul as we fuck. Mom twists her head and her lips find mine, barely able to kiss at this angle, but still lips press and our tongue extend to dance and curl around each other.

My bed is rocking hard with my thrusts and the wonderful, incestuous dance seems to go on almost forever, our world winnowed down to our bodies joined in this dance of love, the almost unbearable sweetness of my flesh inside hers, creating friction that serves to simply inflame our need for each other. Then too soon, I feel the flutter of Mom's muscles rippling along my throbbing penis just before they clamp down on me and Mom arches her body against mine and begins to cry out as her orgasm takes her – then her cries become screams as I again flood her motherly womb with white hot semen, cumming hard and fast and furious!

Mom's knees give way and I follow her all the way down, the impact driving me delicious fraction deeper into her cunt as we ride out our mutual orgasm together, both of us occasionally moving a bit to keep the orgasm going. Finally, both of us covered in fuck sweat and gasping for air, roll over onto our sides, spooning still, my cock still inside Mom as we try and recover from another wonderful mother and son fuck!

Long minutes after, Mom gives a small sigh as my cock slips from her well fucked pussy and still spooning, we fall asleep, the only noise besides our own breathing being the occasional moans and cries coming from down the hall...sounds that will drift in and out of our dreams all night.

Mom and I woke up after the best night's sleep that either of us has had in quite a while, Mom absolutely glowing with the look that only a well loved and well fucked woman can manage. We kissed and necked for a while before realizing we could hear several voices downstairs and knew we needed to drag ourselves out of bed.

Mom slipped out my door and into her own bedroom while I found some sweats to put on. Mom came back wearing that flannel robe that despite being ratty and old is something I to this day find sexy.

"Well, I think everyone's downstairs." Mom licked her lips and added, "My bedroom smells like someone soaked it in pussy juice. I don't know whether to be happy or jealous."

I took Mom into my arms and kissed her. "Well, maybe later, I can do a little pussy licking of my own and try and make up for what you might be missing."

Mom purred at my words and kissed me back. I swear, I will never get tired of kissing my mother – everything about her, her lips, her tongue, her skin and the fiery treasure between her legs tastes so sweet!

Finally, we made our way downstairs to find the twins and Aunt Debbie sitting around the kitchen table finishing up breakfast. Molly stood at the stove and smiled at us, winking to us in lieu of asking if we had a good night.

"Well, about time you sleepyheads got up," Molly said, her voice full of good cheer. "Sit down and I'll have you some eggs and bacon fixed up in no time."

"Where in the world did everyone else go?" asked Mom, the relief of not finding her in-laws still here, evident in her voice.

One of the twins, spoke up with a snort. "Aunt Deb tossed them out. They were giving Molly here shit for not cooking enough for supper and Aunt Debbie just lit into them."

The other twin added. "Yeah, I don't know what she said to Aunt Willa, but she got pale as a ghost and her and her family was gone in about 15 minutes. Uncle Phil and his bunch headed out about an hour later." Both boys looked admiringly at their aunt and for the first time in a long time, I thought maybe there was hope for the little peckerheads, despite taking after Dad.

Aunt Debbie preened in their praise and I noticed even Molly looking more than a little love struck. She walked over out and put her hand over Debbie's. "Your aunt is really something," she said, an awed tinge to her voice.

Mom came around and hugged Debbie from behind, her hands under her breasts making them bulge upwards more prominently from the low cut sweater Debbie was wearing. "Yes, she's always been my wonderful big sister!" and she bussed her affectionately on the cheek.

Maybe it was seeing a bit more of Aunt Debbie than they were used to or maybe it was the almost blatant sexual tension between the two sisters, but my brothers blushed slightly and quickly excused themselves from the table. They told us they were off to play basketball with some buddies and had to be going and beat a hasty retreat down to the basement and as the rest of us chatted, we heard them take off in the Old Man's old pickup.

"So," began Aunt Debbie. "How are things with you two?"

Mom came around and sat in my lap and kissed my cheek. "Never better." She looked at me and with her eyes asked a question. I nodded in agreement. "You both need to clear your schedule for this coming October, though. John and I are getting married!"

Aunt Debbie laughed and clapped her hands and Molly smiled happily at me. Mom blushed like a happy bride-to-be should and continued. "We already consider ourselves husband and wife and by fall we should be settled in nicely back at the home place in Kentucky. I'm sure we can talk Reverend Simmons into performing the ceremony. Deb, I'll need a maid of honor."

Debbie got up, her eyes misting and came around and kissed first Mom and then me on the mouth, her tongue tasting sweet and hot as she always did. "I don't know about being a maiden, but I'll be proud to be your slut of honor," she said, trying not to giggle or cry.

"And Molly, I want you to stand with me – be my best...er, woman," I said.

Molly did cry. As she stood up, she wiped tears out of her eyes and said, "My lord, I really love this family! I've never seen more love than I've seen here." She came around and gave me a tongue lashing kiss and then turned to Mom and did the same. "I will be proud to stand with you, sugar!"

She hugged us both to her and then Aunt Debbie joined us and all four of us embraced. Mom and I were showered with another round of warm, passionate kisses from both women and then Molly and Aunt Debbie came face to face with each other, each smiling happily at each other and then they came together and embraced.

Debbie leaned in and taking Molly's face between her hands, pressed her lips against Molly's. Molly sighed as her arms came up around Aunt Debbie's waist and pulled her tighter against herself. The two women kissed wetly while Mom and I looked at each other and grinned.

"I reckon tossing all the in-laws out isn't all that's been going on," Mom said teasingly.

Molly and Debbie ended their kiss and turned their heads to look at us, cheeks pressed together. "I swear, Sis, I ain't never met anyone – man or woman that makes me feel like Molly here does, although you come the closest," giggled Debbie.

Mom snorted and said, "Well, she surely had you feeling good last night!"

Molly gasped and for one of the few times I've known her, blushed. "Y'all saw us last night? Oh my lord!"

"You were beautiful, sweetheart," Mom said. "I don't know when I've ever seen my sister looking happier."

"Or hornier!" I added, giving Molly a wink.

Molly looked for all the world like a schoolgirl caught admitting her first serious crush. "I know this was supposed to be a sad time and all and this sounds terrible, but I am so glad I was here – Deb is..." She looked up at Debbie and sighed. "Your aunt is wonderful!"

Then it was like Mom and I weren't even there as Debbie and Molly resumed kissing. Instead of feeling ignored, Mom and I did likewise, me drawing Mom into my lap and kissing her, feeling her squirm around on the hard-on in my lap.

Eventually, we all found our way back upstairs, an unspoken agreement between us to retire to separate bedrooms where we could each make love with our lover. Molly and I both gave each other one last glance before closing our respective bedroom doors and our smiles communicated a promise that soon we would all join together and have wicked fun, but for now – we would explore our worlds separately, Mom and me and Aunt Debbie and Molly.

That day, as well as the next, was spent gorging ourselves with love making, stopping only when the twins were around or when the last sympathy callers visited. I'm sure Molly and Debbie heard our cries and moans of passion and love as often as we heard theirs, both spurring the other couple on. Even when the twins were around, by unspoken agreement, one couple would keep the boys occupied while the others snuck upstairs for a little alone time. Those last few days, there were a lot of secret smiles being shared back and forth.

It was obvious to Mom and me that this thing between Molly and Debbie was more than a simple fling – I saw the same thunder stuck look on Molly's face that I have whenever I see Mom. They made a good match in any case – young woman and mature woman, short, compact Molly and the long and lithe Debbie – they complemented each other. It was obvious to us that this was a good thing.

Alas, that these last wonderful days had to come to an end. Molly and I needed to get back to school before we fell too far behind and so grudgingly we finally packed our bags to leave. There were lots of tears between Mom and me – I barely able to let her go. My only consolation was that I knew for another week or two, Mom wouldn't be alone – that Debbie planned to stay for awhile. There were tears between Molly and Debbie too, tempered by Molly's solemn vow to visit Debbie during our Spring Break.

There was one last long and sweet kiss with Mom and with the taste of her on my lips, I climbed into Molly's van and we left, watching Mom and Aunt Debbie, arm in arm, waving at us in the side view mirrors. Molly was red-eyed and sniffling, but she had a happy smile on her face and we were

barely out of sight when she said to me, "I might be crazy, sugar, but I think I'm in love with your aunt!"

I just smiled at her and said softly, "I know – I knew it the moment Mom and I saw you two making love."

At my request, we took a slight detour as we left town. Molly drove me out to the little cemetery where we had buried the Old Man. Alone, I walked to his grave site and looked down on his resting place. I wasn't sure why I needed to come back. Maybe I felt I owed it to him. After all, I had stolen his wife away from him. Finally, I spoke aloud. "Don't worry. I'll make Mom happy – happier than she ever was with you. We'll have a good life, Dad. I just wanted you to know. Goodbye and for what it's worth, I love you." I turned around and walked away. To this day, I have never gone back.

Climbing back into the van, I looked at Molly and said, "Thanks, we're done here. It's over."

Molly put the van in gear and as we moved out, looked over at me and gave me that sexy wink of hers. "No sugar, it's just beginning."

To be continued...