

# MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 09

**Ahabscribe**

*Mother and Son finally have their wishes fulfilled!*

Incest/Taboo

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*Finally, here is the next installment of this story. Apologies for taking so long and apologies if you think I lost my touch...I'm not completely happy with it either, but I hope you will enjoy! Please let me know what you think about it - pro or con!*

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Maybe it's my romantic nature, but I think I could go on and on about the incredible beauty that is a woman in pregnancy. Truly there is something almost indefinable in the exquisite loveliness of a woman carrying a new life inside her...especially when the woman that's carrying your child is your mother and wife.

With each passing day of her pregnancy, Mom just grew more beautiful -- a glow worthy of angels seemed to envelop her and my heart swelled each time she caught me staring at her like a love sick puppy, a smile breaking out on her face, full of love for me and for our child inside her. It was as if in making our child of incest, we had brought forth into the world even more love and happiness than existed before. I confess I wasn't prepared for all the new love I discovered I could have for my mother and for our unborn child.

I was equally surprised by the sheer carnal appetite that grew in Mom and in myself as her pregnancy progressed. Mom is a lusty person by nature, but being pregnant brought out a hunger even greater than our usual appetite for each other. Mom was swept up in hormonal storms of sexual desire that came close to wearing me out -- sudden demands for extended bouts of lovemaking or naked, lusty fucking that left me exhausted, but smiling at the memory of Mom demanding cock again and again.

And perhaps it was perverse, but there was something erotic in knowing that inside her -- as Mom's swelling belly pressed against my stomach as she rode my cock or brushed against my forehead as I ate her pussy -- there was a life that we created from our love and lust, linking Mom and me together as never before.

Even at rest, our time together seemed enchanted. To this day I recall the wonderful evenings that ended with Mom and me in bed, spooning -- Mom's butt cheeks wedged against my crotch, my cock (usually hard), nestled between her fleshy globes of flesh, my arms around her -- one cupping a milk filled breast and the other one her swollen belly, feeling the life within stirring, growing, readying to come into the world and join our family. There was a certain sweet intimacy we shared in those moments as sleep overtook us.

And then there was Molly. Impending motherhood took her pretty features and raised them to a whole new level. She was like an erotic Madonna portrait by Raphael, offering a preview of what lay ahead for Mom and I. From the swelling of her breasts to her impossibly increased sex drive, Molly led the way to show us what wonders lay in store in the months ahead. And perhaps even more

than Mom, Molly seemed to revel in the process of becoming a mother -- always a beatific smile on her face as if in motherhood, she had discovered a great and wonderful secret.

Aunt Deb and Molly spent a great deal of time in our remote Kentucky home -- allowing Mom and I to share in the glory of watching Molly's and my child grow inside her. In between their visits to us, Mom and I made several trips to Florida. My love for Molly grew as did our baby inside her. There was no reservations in all our feelings for each other -- no resentments or fears from Mom or Aunt Deb over the fact that I was about to be father to babies from two different women. We all seemed to understand that all traditional viewpoints had to be thrown away. We were as Aunt Deb put often put it -- simply family. Mom's and Molly's unborn children were to have four loving parents who would love them both equally and unreservedly.

Oh, and that I am the luckiest son of a bitch on the planet doesn't even have to be mentioned. That was no more in evidence than on a fine, warm day in February as we all played in the warm waters of the Gulf coast, many male passerby casting envious and lustful glances at me and the three women surrounding me. Molly, at seven months, was wearing a white bikini that contrasted wonderfully with her tanned skin and barely contained her rapidly growing breasts, swollen now with milk. Her belly was swollen and distended and both her stomach and her breasts seemed to keep her buoyant as she swam and floated in the warm water.

Resting on a beach blanket, Mom struck a gorgeous pose in a very skimpy red string bikini, her baby bump clearly defined now at four months, her heavy, pendulous breasts beginning to show signs of more growth with each passing week, breast flesh overflowing and threatening to escape the little bits of fabric that passed for her swimsuit. Mom's figure had grown a little more full and lush, but did nothing but deepen her Ruebenesque loveliness. Mom's black hair, hints of gray shining in the Florida sun, hung down past her shoulders, framing her lovely face.

Aunt Deb, her long and tight body clad only in a whisper of green fabric that almost covered her nipples and cunt, was pulling me into the water, her right hand tucked into my swim trunks, leading me by my cock to where Molly was relaxing. The fact that anyone walking down the beach could see that she was masturbating me didn't seem to inhibit her at all.

Molly pushed in closer to shore as we waded out to meet her, coming into our embrace as we stood in the warm waters of the Gulf nearly chest high. Molly met us with soft wet kisses -- first kissing her spouse, Deb, their tongues dancing and darting as they kissed, wet bodies sliding against each other as they made love to each other with their kisses.

Then Molly turned to me, one arm coming around my neck to help her float in the water while her other hand slipped below the surface to slide into my swim trunks and join Deb's hand in stroking my cock. Her tongue whipped hungrily around mine, salty and sweet and it teased and taunted my tongue.

"I was just thinking I needed a good fucking, Sugar," she murmured when our kiss ended -- her tanned chest darkening with arousal as she looked up at me with those merry blue eyes. "Touch me, John. Feel how I badly I need a hard cock!" She whispered as she pulled herself closer to me, her heavy, milk-swollen tits rubbing against my bare chest. Her legs came up on either side of me, scissoring around my waist as Aunt Deb, after tugging my trunks down, moved with practiced ease behind Molly to support her, hands reaching around to cup her lover's breasts, one nipple escaping her small bikini top, revealing her arousal with its swollen condition.

Underwater, I reached out and palmed Molly's crotch, her heat and wetness evident even in the balmy water. "My pleasure, darling," I murmured, my voice growing thick with lust as I tugged the skimpy swatch of fabric covering her bald cunt aside, slipping a finger into the slick heat of her womb. I can only report on what I've experienced with Mom and Molly, but pregnancy must make a woman's pussy even hotter than normal. Molly felt like she was on fire. My cock throbbed at the prospect of sinking into that molten heat.

I cupped Molly's ass cheeks in my hand, tilting her slightly as I carefully moved, toes sliding through the soft sand. My erect cock brushed her thigh and then I groaned as I made the transition from warm, salty water to hot, slick flesh, burying my cock in Molly's tight cunt. I slid in deep until my pubic hairs were mashing against her naked flesh and then held on, cock deep in her -- enjoying the look of sheer bliss on Molly's face.

Molly sighed and shuddered, the only movement our subtle shifting to maintain balance as the gently waves rolled in from the Gulf of Mexico -- each swell making the pregnant woman moan with pleasure. After a few minutes, I began to thrust -- slowly at first, enjoying the grasp of her furnace-like pussy. "Yessssss," moaned Molly as she flexed her hips and dug her heels into my backside, trying to get me deeper inside her. "Fuck me lover -- fuck me like only a motherfucker can!"

Adding to Molly's pleasure, Aunt Deb's hands squeezed and massaged Molly's swollen tits, lifting them from the bikini top, fingers gliding knowing across the full mounds of flesh to seek out and taunt her swollen nipples, pinching and pulling them in ways that made Molly quake with pleasure.

Deb's eyes glowed with naughtiness and desire, shifting from my face to just below the surface where Molly and I were joined, cock and pussy and then to Molly's face -- slack jawed with overwhelming pleasure one moment and then etched with a silly, lusty grin the next. I increased the tempo -- never fucking Molly violently, but thrusting into her with long, steady strokes, pausing only to grind my crotch against hers, straining to touch her swollen, baby filled womb, somehow achieving in our carnal act a level of intimacy beyond anything I would have imagined ever happening.

Suddenly, arms were wrapping themselves around me from behind, then I felt Mom's heavy breasts pillowing against my back, her skin hot and damp. I felt Mom's warm breath against my neck just before she kissed me, her tongue darting out to lick my skin there, making me shiver with delight as I continued to fuck Molly. Mom seemed to just mold her body against mine, her fingers trailing deliciously over my body.

Then Mom began to swim and float around us, pausing to kiss me, her eyes full of pride and love as our tongues made love. Large, thick nubs pressed out against the wet, red fabric of her bikini as her nipples betrayed her arousal of the sight before her. From me, Mom floated over and kissed Molly, whispering words into my lover's ear that made her groan and blush even more, her nipples somehow swelling more between Aunt Deb's fingers. Mom moved on to her sister, giving her a long, lingering kiss while her hands roamed over Deb's body, slipping inside her suit to pinch a nipple and then seek out her pussy.

Mom giggled and said, "Poor big sister. You're getting neglected while we cock hungry mommies get satisfied -- that's not fair." Mom floated on around behind Aunt Deb, showering her shoulder, back and neck with kisses while her hands disappeared into the water. I watched Mom with interest as she gave me an evil smile from over my aunt's shoulder.

Aunt Deb gave a almost startled jerk and then moaned as Mom giggled. "Too much, big sister? Three fingers too much for you these days, Deb?"

Aunt Deb moaned and shook her head, moaning, "No, Carrie. Just um...please, more. MORE!" I realized Mom had without any real foreplay, thrust three fingers into Deb's pussy. Aunt Deb began to bob up and down as Mom placed her left hand on her sister's shoulder and made a thrusting motion with her right.

Deb's big blue eyes popped wide open and she let out a loud cry that sent a few gulls floating nearby into the air with surprised squawks. My aunt's hands clamped down almost involuntarily around her lover's breasts, drawing a similar cry from Molly -- her pussy clamping down around my cock in reflexive response, making me groan again from the incredibly pleasure. Mom laughed and continued her thrusting motion. "Ohhhh yes, my big sister likes to get fisted, doesn't she?"

I felt my cock swell even more -- just the image of my mother shoving her whole hand up her sister's cunt made my cock throb. I picked up the tempo of my thrusts, being as gentle as I could muster, resisting the urge to madly fuck Molly's wet and claspig cunt. Aunt Deb tried to stay quiet, biting her lip until I thought it was going to bleed and then letting loose with joyful screams of, "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK ME, CARRIEEEE!"

I'm sure we were probably being watched from shore and that despite being chest high in the water, there would be little doubt as to what we were doing -- not that it would have made a lick of difference in those days. It sent evil shivers of delight through me knowing I was standing here with my mother and aunt and Molly, fucking and pleasuring each other in broad daylight.

Molly began squealing with erotic joy as her orgasm swept over her -- her heavy, milk filled breasts flopping wildly, pelvis thrusting back and forth as I held her to me with one hand on her ass and one hand stroking her large round belly, little driblets of milky white leaking from her nipples as Deb pinched them while quivering in climax from Mom's fist buried inside her pussy.

Mom locked her gaze on me even as she nibbled on her sister's neck, the hunger evident in her eyes and after running her tongue along Aunt Deb's shoulder, she hissed, "Don't you dare cum, John! Momma needs cock!"

Somehow I managed to hold off despite the silky tight vice grip of Molly's hot pussy, the pleasure so intense in my cock I thought I would explode, but somehow I rode through my pregnant lover's orgasm without cumming.

Molly weakly kicked her legs and slid free of my cock, the shock of the cooler water after being buried in her scalding cunt almost sending me over the edge. She swam to her spouse and clung to Aunt Deb who somehow managed to keep her footing after Mom slipped her hand out of her pussy, wincing with both pain and pleasure as Mom exited. With an unsteady voice, Deb stammered, "Fuck his brains out, little sister!" Then Aunt Deb's attention was diverted as Molly hauled her in for a passionate kiss, bodies sliding and grinding against each other in the calm waters.

Mom was already on the move, diving underwater only to emerge like some kind of lusty goddess from antiquity in front of me, rising up with her skin glistening, bikini abandoned and her heavy, hanging breasts sliding along my mostly naked body and then wrapping her arms around my neck as she levered herself higher, legs encircling my hips as she raised her hips and impaled herself on my cock! It registered somewhere in my mind that Mom was now completely naked and a part of my heart swelled at the sight of her lusty courage.

Mom's growing stomach wasn't an impediment yet, but again, I felt that new level of intimacy as Mom and I were joined carnally with a new life beating between us. If Molly's pussy was a furnace, Mom's hot wet cunt was a raging inferno, surrounding my now aching cock with liquid fire and molten flesh, corkscrewing down around my cock.

"I love you, son," Mom moaned in that lust filled voice that always rocks me to my core -- a voice full of love and desire that knows no limits and gets what it always demands. Mom's hard nipples dragged across my chest as she ground her hairy twat against my crotch. Mom's arms and legs held me tightly as she rode me, my hands squeezing and spreading her ass cheeks, helping her piston up and down on my stiff penis. We kissed, our tongues rolling slowly over each other, feeling swollen in their own right, swollen with the arousal that seemed to permeate both our bodies.

Mom's fingernails clawed at my back as orgasm quickly overtook her. Then we were joined by Molly and Aunt Deb, their hot, slick flesh pressing into ours, hands stroking and bodies rubbing against us. More tongues joined our incestuous kiss as they touched and urged us to climax. Fingers brushed against mine and then slipped between Mom's ass cheeks and she jerked in pleasurable surprise as someone pressed a finger against her asshole. More fingers fluttered against my buttocks and then into my asscrack to begin probing against my butthole.

My kiss into Mom's mouth became more frantic as a long finger eased through my sphincter and found my prostate and pressed and I growled against Mom's lips as my orgasm overwhelmed me and I went up on my toes as Mom slid down my erection, burying myself as deep as I could before I began to erupt, emptying a heavy load of hot semen into Mom's pussy!

The twin sensations of steaming sperm and a finger up her asshole sent Mom over the edge and she groaned into my mouth as she shimmied and shook on my cock, bathing it anew in her sweet, fiery juices as she massaged my cock for all the semen hidden inside.

It was lucky for us that we brought blankets with us to the beach. Mom's bikini we never found and somehow Molly's top was lost somewhere between my fucking her and then Mom. We emerged from the water to a smattering of applause from some of the locals and a few slack-jawed tourists and who could blame them. Again, Mom reminded me of some erotic goddess -- the very epitome of Venus emerging naked and unashamed from the surf, her heavy breasts bouncing and her hairy bush glistening wetly from the water and other things. As several beachcombers watched, Mom grinned and met their hungry, amazed glances -- enjoying her rare opportunity to let her exhibitionist side run free.

Finally, wrapping blankets around our two mothers to be, Aunt Deb and I proudly walked our spouses home. Naps and an afternoon snack loomed ahead for us until our expectant mothers regained their energy and could demand some more loving -- loving both Aunt Deb and I would be thrilled to give.

Molly didn't give up fucking until the middle of her eighth month and was receiving and giving oral love almost to the minute she went into labor. Bless her heart, it was a long and difficult labor, lasting almost fourteen hours but in the middle of April, she and Aunt Deb gave birth to a beautiful nine pound baby boy while Mom and I stood by -- in awe of this lovely young woman producing the first member of the next generation of our family.

I know I am repeating myself when I say I was not prepared for the reality of all this new love we had created and brought into the world. Appearing weary and pissed, the first time my son looked at me with my own brown eyes, I broke down and wept -- overwhelmed with the intense love that

only a parent can know. In the end, it gave me an even better perspective on Mom's love for me and makes me love her back all the more.

With everyone's blessing, Molly and Deb named him Matthew Thomas, after Molly's grandfather and my grandfather Tom. We would call him Matthew, but when he was about four years old, he announced that he was Tommy and that's what we call him to this day.

It was tough not to be there every day -- not being able to watch him grow and experience his world. With every picture I received from Molly and Deb, it seemed Tommy grew by leaps and bounds. Because of geography -- I would miss his first step and the arrival of his first tooth, but Mom and I were visiting when he said his first word, "momma" and we were all always together at birthdays and Christmas. I hated being apart but I was at peace knowing that he was raised day in and day out by two of the most loving people in the world and with the exception of Mom and myself, I knew no one else who were so much in love as Molly and Aunt Deb.

Holding my and Molly's son in my arms made me yearn even more for the day when I would be holding the baby that Mom and I made. In some ways, those next few months flew by, my heart filled with wonder and awe as our child grew inside Mom. In some ways, those days seemed to last forever -- an almost eternal celebration of the love my mother and I shared -- creating memories that I cherish to this day.

Mom and I would talk long into the night about our hopes and dreams for our unborn child, wondering where our unusual lives would take us, but knowing that we would love and embrace every moment of the journey. I would race home from work in Lexington each night, eager to see Mom and hear how her day went and to kneel down and kiss her belly and tell our baby how much we both loved him or her. Often it seemed as if in response to my voice, the baby would kick, letting us know that it too eagerly awaited the day it would come into our lives.

Just thinking about those times makes my head swim with good memories. Sure, there were hard times too. Mom could get very emotional as hormones raged within her and at age forty-four, her pregnancy was more of a physical strain than it had been for Molly. Despite her best efforts, Mom put back on some of the weight she had worked hard for so long to take off. To me, this simply made Mom all the more beautiful. She was always destined to be a full-figured beauty and I had always loved her lush figure -- a few more pounds now just made her even more attractive and although it was perhaps little comfort to her, her weight gain truly meant to be that there was just that much more to love!

One of my favorite memories of that time occurred in early June, just as Mom was entering her eighth month. It was a lovely day -- the temperature perfect and no humidity. Despite having a great swollen belly and little stamina and to hear her tell it, all the grace of a billy-goat on skates, Mom had wanted to take a walk up the hill to visit Grandpa Tom's grave. We carried some fresh flowers for his stone and a picnic lunch, planning to enjoy a quiet and intimate afternoon together as we had some many times before.

Mom was wearing a skimpy halter-top, fitting more snugly than ever as her breasts had grown heavier -- swollen with milk, making her bountiful breasts overflow the meager top. Mom was also wearing a loose, wraparound skirt that did nothing to hide the enormity of her swollen belly. By the time we reached the family cemetery, Mom was pretty winded, her face flushed with exertion. While I tended to Grandpa Tom's plot, Mom rested atop her father's gravestone and brought him up to speed on the latest happenings.

"...and I swear, Daddy -- little Matthew Thomas looks more like John everyday! And he has your eyes too, Daddy...just like John does." Mom smiled down at me, her hand resting on her stomach, toes dangling just above the grass around the stone. Her eyes widened suddenly in surprise and she let out a long whoosh of air. "And this one, Daddy -- I swear your next grandchild must be a football player the way it kicks!"

With her other hand, Mom stroked the smooth marble of her father's tombstone and said, "I wish you could be here, Daddy and see how wonderful things are -- to see how good my son treats me and loves me. You'd be proud of him, Daddy -- proud of him and me and the way we love each other." Mom let go a wistful sigh and continued, "I wish you could be here and be a part of us -- a family that loves each other more than anything -- that loves like you and Mama Polly loved each other."

Mom's gaze went off into nowhere for a moment and I knew she was thinking of her own youth and the few precious loving moments she and her father had shared. A new shade of red colored Mom's face -- blushing not from exertion, but from arousal as she recollected making love to her father. Through these wonderful and exciting months of Mom's pregnancy, I had come to anticipate Mom's urges and I wasn't surprised when she emerged from her reverie, eyes gleaming with need and a sexual flush spreading quickly from her face to her chest.

"Son," Mom said softly as she reached down and did something to her dress that made it fall away, revealing her full and shapely legs. "John, I need you!" Mom whispered as she slowly spread her legs, her wild and unruly bush revealed in the shadow of her swollen belly, barely hinting at the wet and pink flesh of her motherly cunt.

I moved to knee between her widespread legs, looking over her large stomach to smile up at her as I said, "I love you too, Mom!" I trailed fingers up Mom's ankle, making her quiver as I tickled her knee and then teased the sensitive skin of her inner thigh. Mom let her head fall back and her lips curl in a pleased sneer as I slid my fingers into her bush, slipping into the split of her labia and spreading her slick lips apart to reveal the hot and slick flesh hidden there. I marveled at the wonder that was and is my mother's vagina. I could not recall a single time during her entire pregnancy when I had touched her and she wasn't soaking wet and seemingly on fire.

I eased my middle finger into Mom's sopping cunt, slowly rotating it as I sought out Mom's secret spots, making her squirm as I probed and massaged her inner flesh. I inhaled her strong scent as it wafted through the air, my nostrils flaring as I breathed in her intoxicating aroma -- my cock hardening already in my jeans.

Like a man dying of thirst, I pressed my face into Mom's wet, hairy pussy, sucking up her sexual nectar as my tongue began to roam over her slick aroused flesh. I could feel her blood pulsing through her labia as they swelled and blossomed wider and Mom's taste was sweet and vibrant as never before as if filled with the same energy and life as she was carrying deep in her womb.

Mom's legs came awkwardly up to hang over my shoulders and I was wedged between her luscious thighs and her fertile belly and as I licked her delicious pussy, sending tremors of pleasure racing through her body, I could feel our child kicking -- somehow joining in on our happiness in its own way.

"Eat me, John," Mom moaned in a keening voice that in her ecstasy threatened to fall apart into simple babble. I made love to my mother with my mouth and fingers, seeking out her G-spot and

discovering her erect clitoris, swollen and throbbing, teasing with my tongue. "Lick Momma's pussy -- make Momma cummmmm!" she cried as she wiggled on her marble seat.

Mom's thighs tightened against the sides of my face while her fingers curled up in my hair -- getting a grip to hold onto as I lapped her cunt towards orgasm. With my free hand, I reached around to support Mom in the small of the back -- a tricky thing to do with all the twisting and scooting around she was doing atop her father's tombstone.

"See, Daddy? See how good your grandson loves his mother," Mom moaned. "See how he makes your little girl cummmmm!" A torrent of pussy cream flowed from Mom's cunt -- pouring over my face faster than I could lick it up, rivulets running down my chin, dripping from my cheeks, her scent making me almost dizzy with desire

Mom let out a scream that echoed through the green hills as I simultaneously found her G-spot and began gently and steadily sucking on her stiff clitoris. Her legs fell away from my face as she lost control of her limbs. Mom seemed to be trying to push my entire head back into the womb as she quivered and rocked against my face -- a gusher of cum -- hot streamers of pussy juice sprayed my face.

Finally, unable to take it anymore, Mom pushed me away, gasping desperately for breath and I fell back to a sitting position, staring happily at my mother, legs spread wide, thighs gleaming with her juices, jerking as little waves of orgasmic aftershocks rippled through her blossoming body, punctuated by little spurts of cunt cream splashing onto Grandpa Tom's headstone. Mom was the epitome of erotic motherhood as she sat there, an incestuous mother lost in rapture, pussy juice gleaming wetly on the marble stonework. Somewhere during my making love to her, she had opened her halter top and her heavy, hanging breasts were heaving -- nipples huge and distended, thick drop of milky fluid dripping from them.

I heaved myself to my feet and came to her, letting her shaky arms go around my shoulders as I kissed my mother hard and long, my tongue snaking into her mouth to share her own taste with her -- Mom pausing to lick her cream from my cheeks and then share it with me, her son and husband. One hand dropped and busied itself with my belt and then I was flat on the ground in front of Grandpa Tom's stone, Mom facing away from me, leaning forward, bracing her hands against her father's headstone while resting her huge belly on my legs as she took my erection inside her and began to fuck me with as much vigor as an eight months pregnant woman could muster.

I could only moan with happiness as I felt Mom's tender and fiery flesh move up and down on my cock, hearing her whimper with pleasure as she told her father over and over what a fine motherfucker her son was. Somehow I levered myself up, wrapping an arm around Mom's soft and sweaty body to caress her belly while the other played with her milk laden tits, feeling the warm, life-giving liquid flow through my fingers as I massaged and pinched her heavy breasts.

Too soon for me, I lost it and began to cum inside Mom's wonderful pussy, savoring her sobs of pleasure as my hot semen began her orgasm anew, her hot flesh milking my seed. We wound up with Mom lying atop me, her pregnant belly rising to the sky as I slipped out of her, holding her tight in my embrace, both of us basking in the warmth of the sun and the intensity of our incestuous love.

Mom's obstetrician had pegged July 15 as her due date, but we were in for a surprise. The evening of July 3, we had retired relatively early. Now in her ninth month, Mom tired very easily and was in



some serious discomfort. To help her relax in the evenings, I would usually gently lick her pussy to orgasm which seemed to help her sleep better. That night, Mom wanted us to sixty-nine and so we wound up in bed lying on our sides -- me happily running my tongue over Mom's wet pussy, tenderly nibbling at her clitoris and licking the sweet cunt cream from her wet flesh. Mom was hungrily sucking on my cock, her tongue a maddening dervish swirling around the head of my cock.

Nestled between us, her swollen belly felt almost feverish with new life and I would stroke it softly as it seemed to bring Mom some comfort. I tried to control my orgasm, but once a delicious flood of her juices washed over my mouth and lips and I heard her happy sighs of a languorous orgasm wafting in my ears, I couldn't resist any longer and with my face pressed to her delicious cunt, began to cum as I gave a muffled moan of pleasure. Mom eagerly drank my hot sperm, relishing the taste of her own son's semen.

We went to sleep soon after, me rubbing Mom's aching back, sharing a last goodnight kiss, the taste of my seed still on my mother's lips. Then in the early morning hours of July 4, Mom woke up me up to let me know it was time -- that her water had broken. I don't remember much of the drive from our home deep in the hills to the local hospital, just Mom sitting serenely in the passenger seat urging me to stay calm and that she loved me very, very much.

Despite any concerns the doctor had about Mom having a baby at her age, her labor was short and without complications -- in the pain of delivery, she only called me a motherfucker three times, much to the amusement of the doctor and nurses present, most of whom were oblivious to our familial relationship.

At 8:30 in the morning on the Fourth of July, Mom gave birth to a healthy seven pound daughter that we named Polly after Mom's grandmother, Mama Polly. Forgive me if I am prejudiced, but Polly was the loveliest baby I had or ever will see. The nurses would tell you it was probably gas or something, but I swear when I first held my daughter and spoke to her that she smiled up at me.

That evening, as Mom slept, our daughter in her arms, I watched them as the sky outside lit up with fireworks and I felt a sense of rightness greater than I had ever felt before. Over the past few years, as Mom and I had realized our love for each other, with each step we had taken to become a couple, it had simply felt...right. Now I felt as if all the pieces had fallen into place. The woman who had bore me and loved me both as a son and as a man, now wore my ring and we had made a child together. Our love was only strengthened and increased by our deep feelings for Deb and Molly and the life that we had all four truly brought into this world and that was a part of the rightness I felt now.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Mom whispered, her voice weary, but happy. I glanced up from our baby in her arms and Mom's eyes were gleaming, tears of joy threatening to fall.

I leaned over and kissed Mom gently and stroked her face. "She's the loveliest thing I've ever seen, Mom," I replied. "You did good."

"No, son, we did good -- together, we took our love and made something more wonderful than I ever thought possible." The tears began to flow as she kissed me again and then said softly, "I love you, John. We've made a baby together. I can't believe all that we've hoped for has happened. It feels like I'm living out a fairy tale -- my greatest dreams come to life."

I kissed away her tears, "It's not a dream, Mom, it's our life and I promise you, we'll live happily ever after." Mom smiled up happily at me, her eyes growing glassy as exhaustion overtook her. I whispered, "I love you, Mom," and kissed her on the forehead and then kissed our daughter

likewise. Both made little satisfied sighs and slept while I continued to sit there and watch them -- love for them both overflowing from my heart.

At some point that evening I went down on my knees and thanked God for all my blessings and I asked him for the strength to continue to be the son and husband and now father that I needed to be and even though the future was unknown to me, I knew the rightness of the path I was following and that the journey would be wonderful.

Once we were back home and settled in, it seemed even more right. Yes, our lives changed radically from the moment we brought Polly home -- how could it not, but it was all change for the better. We might bitch about the dirty diapers and the occasional all night fussiness and the sometimes seemingly endless exhaustion that comes with raising a baby, but that all seemed inconsequential as the very act of being parents seemed to bring a new level of intimacy between my mother and I. We found an even deeper sense of oneness that seemed to increase our love and yes, our lust for each other.

True, we probably slowed down a little in our lovemaking -- at least during Polly's first couple of years, but we were still passionate with each other and any loss of physical contact just made us that much hungrier for each other -- a hunger we sated with a vengeance whenever opportunity came knocking.

Mom once asked me if I ever regretted us having a child or at least having one so soon after we married. "With a child in the house, we had to give up all that wild sex in every room of the house, you know," Mom said teasingly.

"Well, I don't know about that, Mom," I replied. "I thought we just tried to plan our wild sex a little bit in advance. If I wanted to fuck you on the kitchen table, we just had to wait until Polly went to sleep or off to school...same if we were making love in front of the fireplace and all those times we got caught..." I shrugged and added, "We always taught her that sex was something natural and beautiful that two people in love shared, not something dirty. Polly never seemed to be bothered by that."

Mom laughed and said, "Well, she really didn't like it the first time she caught us under the Christmas tree."

I winced and shook my head as I recalled that. It must have been Polly's fourth or fifth Christmas and she'd gotten up to see if Santa had visited yet and found her mother and me under the Christmas tree making love -- our favorite Christmas tradition. Mom was underneath me, her filmy gown spread out around her and I was naked, buried deep inside her.

Polly just stared at us disapprovingly and said we really should do that in bed. She turned around and stomped back to her bedroom. The next morning when we came down, we found all of Polly's presents carefully stacked on the far side of the tree -- as far away from the site of our naughty deed as possible...a new Christmas tradition that she continued for years.

No, we didn't carry on like naked sex crazed maniacs in front of our daughter, but we never tried to disguise our passion for each other either. Mom and I have been and always will be very openly affectionate in public. We tried to raise Polly to be accepting and open minded and though sometimes that was a bit complicated like explaining why her brother had a different Mommy and another Mommy too, Polly never dwelt on the details, but accepted it all serenely as simply the way things were. We knew that it would be a bit tougher explaining how her mother and father could

also be mother and son, but that would wait until later years when she would be mature enough to understand it all.

We were blessed, especially in those early years, watching our beautiful golden haired daughter grow and explore the world around her, fascinated by even the smallest discoveries the world had to offer and helped us regain our own sense of wonder in so many ways. I defy anyone to not be changed in watching a young girl's awed face the first time she watches a butterfly emerge from its cocoon. With each day she has been in our lives, she has been a blessing, making a truly wonderful life even better. When you add to that the additional joys that Tommy brought into our lives, we could truly believe in the possibility of living "happily ever after."

Of course, life doesn't truly work that way and while mostly life was and is wonderful, there have been some dark and terrible moments. In those early and heady years of raising our family, none of us dreamed that tragedy was as near to us as it was.

*To be continued...*