

THE ISLAND OF I CH. 01

Ahabscribe

On a mysterious island, mother & son grow closer.

Incest/Taboo

4.55

15.1k words

Okay, here is the first of a three part story - previewed as Lovecraftian, although on reflection, I'm not sure I stayed completely true to that genre. It starts a little slow, but parts 2 & 3 should make up for the usual carnal carnage you've come to expect from me...lol. I am very keen on getting your comments, be they pro or con.

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters therein are fictional, existing solely within the confines of my imagination (such that it is). Enjoy!

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I cannot honestly say that the first time I set eyes on Isprey Island that I harbored feelings of dismay and horror, although loathing might have been a dominant emotion. I remember that it was green and verdant, a beacon of furious life in a dark, gray and very forbidding ocean. I remember seeing the house for the first time, rising up on the side of the dominant hillside like a great, white fortress. I remember that I had just turned eighteen and that I was eager, ravenous almost to get on with my life and frustrated that instead that I would be spending the summer before university with my parents in this isolated, primitive place.

My father, Thomas Halloran, a professor of literature of rather infamous reputation, had taken a sabbatical from Miskatonic University -- no doubt to the relief of his students and many of his peers in order to do research on a relatively unknown author from early medieval England named William Isprey. My father's academic specialty had been Nordic bards, but near the time of my birth, he had come into possession of a Renaissance era treatise examining the writings of one William Isprey from the late 900s AD, an account of his adventures with a party of Viking adventurers who had established a colony on Isprey Island, some three hundred miles off the coast of Maine.

Most experts had discounted the writings as fiction, an almost quaint tale of adventure and horror that invoked images of worshipping Dark Gods and questing for arcane power, My father, however, had become obsessed with the treatise and had spent most of my life searching for fragments of Isprey's work, particularly a piece my father called, "The Summoning."

For years, Father had sought to gather the means to visit and do work on Isprey Island which had been associated with William Isprey since before the arrival of the Pilgrims in the early 1600s. The happiest I've ever seen my father is when he brought home from a research trip to Saint Petersburg, an ancient map marked with Nordic runes and Latin words and was purported to be a Viking sailing chart dated from the 1100s which clearly marked a tiny island off the coast of North America as Isprey's Island.

Since the time of the arrival of the Puritans, various folk have dwelt on the island, albeit not for long, the island claimed and disinherited in turn by the English, the French, Massachusetts, and Maine. Individuals have built homes there, only to sell or abandon them. The last was a wealthy

recluse who built a substantial Cape Cod house there in the late 1880s and which has been rented out time and time again after his suicide in 1913.

Others have done archaeological research there, confirming that a group of Viking colonists had established a settlement, intermittently maintained between the years 900 -- 1100. Along with artifacts of a Viking outpost was evidence that some Native American groups had been on the island over the centuries with the findings suggesting that it had been a site of some religious significance.

Now, my father hoped to make his contribution to the history of Isprey Island and perhaps find evidence that would lend credence to William Isprey and his work being more than fanciful fiction. On rare occasions, Father would share some of his work with Mother and me, but it held little interest for me -- Father's translations and suppositions making it sound like Isprey was merely a madman, seeking to call upon long forgotten ancient gods he referred to as the Old Ones to grant him power.

I knew that in this summer of Father's research, my purpose was to simply be his slave laborer and that the many shovels and axes and other tools he had gathered and had loaded on our charter boat would be utilized by me to clear away brush or to dig for his proposed evidence. Father had offered vague hints that he was sure of the location of a site where Isprey had actually conducted his rituals and that once uncovered, it would allow him to offer up "incontrovertible" proof of his theories about William Isprey. When my father talked of such things, I knew that in his faraway stares he was seeing himself accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature or some such damn fool thing for all his years of sacrifice and ridicule.

The truth was that it was actually Mother who had borne the sacrifice and ridicule that others heaped on Father's ideas. Father never paid attention to the derision of others. It was Mother that suffered the pains that the sneers and isolation that the academic community inflicted. Father never paid attention to us either. For my entire life, his place in our lives was an almost constant vacuum as he closeted himself off in his office, pouring over old manuscripts or sequestered himself deep in the older vaults of Miskatonic's library, seeking amongst their immense collection for clues or answers to his obsession. Often, when he could find funding, he would be off doing research in Europe or the Middle East.

Mother never complained, but always gave me a sad smile when I complained bitterly about being abandoned by Father, telling me in her always gentle way, "His work is important, John. He loves us in his way and provides for us...in his way and we must love him back as much as we can."

Ah, that was my mother in a nutshell...gentle and loving and never complaining. From my earliest memories, she always seemed beautiful, sad and wan, her golden blonde hair framing her pale face, her skin like flawless porcelain. I remember even now glancing at her as we stood on the prow of the fishing trawler Father had chartered to transport us to Isprey's Island, her long, modest white dress flapping in the sea breeze, her hair streaming behind her in the bracing breeze, a barely hinted expression of dismay on her face as she studied the verdant isle growing larger before us.

Mother noticed me glancing at her and reached out to place her hand over mine, her soft fingers trembling slightly as she did so. "Perhaps we'll enjoy ourselves despite the isolation, John -- our chance to truly get away from it all." Her fingers squeezed my hand wrapped around the safety railing. "And it does give me a last opportunity to spend time with my only child before he ventures off into the world and makes his own mark." She smiled at me lovingly as she always had, the love that was evident in her face tainted by the always lingering sadness.

I tried to smile bravely back and to be encouraging. Realizing it was lame even as I said it, I replied, "I will come home to visit, Mother...as often as I can!" Mother smiled at me, her eyes growing glassy with tears as she knew that my words were a lie. I hoped to put the gloomy, dark world of my father and Meskatonic University behind me forever. In my clothes chest rested my acceptance letter to Stanford and I already knew that once I was in the embrace of California, I would never return.

As we approached the dock, a somewhat disturbing odor alerted me to the nearness of our ship's captain, Horace Waltern, a scruffy, pot-bellied old salt who smelled of cheap wine and sardines at all times. Father had chartered his boat, "The Vulgar Harpy," to carry us out to the Island...a journey of nearly two days. In the next three months, he was to be our only contact with the outside world, bringing in fresh food and supplies every three weeks.

"Just ye look at her...never seen such a green place in this bitch of an ocean before...taint natural." He spoke the words into my ear, making me nauseous with his foul alcohol and fish breath. Even before I turned however, I knew that his eyes would be roaming lasciviously over my mother. He had lingered near her whenever his duties could spare him...even now as we approached the simple dock of the island, he had left the navigation of his boat to his first mate, a sullen Indian who rarely spoke. I suppose it was only natural that men would look at my mother so. Despite being her son, I recognized that Mother was a beautiful woman, tall and very bountifully blessed as it were with what father had once laughingly called an "hour-glass" figure.

Mother ignored his rude stares and said, "It does seem odd, but Thomas tells me that that the island's lush foliage is due to the Gulf Stream and that most years, it flows around the island, its warmth making it green and ripe much as it does England across the sea."

Captain Waltern licked his lips as he stared at the swell of Mother's breasts, barely hinted at her mostly buttoned up dress. "Maybe, ma'am, but it's a wrong place...unnatural and I'll keep you in my prayers every night."

I snorted in derision, knowing that if the captain thought of my mother at night, it would not be in prayer that he would be engaged. His vulgarity made me ache to simply push him into the freezing waters of the Atlantic for thinking such lewd things about my mother. He turned to glare at me, but before he could say anything, Father strode up, already looking impatient and said, "Captain Waltern -- I would appreciate you expediting the transfer of our cargo to the docks as soon as possible. My time on the island will be limited and there is not be a moment to waste."

Father was a formidable looking man, years of reading in dimly lit libraries at faintly scribbled works had left him with a hostile squint that combined with his stocky frame made him look like a brawler in a common tavern. The captain glared at my father for a moment, irritated to be ordered about so, but then nodded and said, "We'll see to it." He gave Mother one last leering glance and stomped away, hollering at his deck hands to see to our gear.

As the engines ceased their roar, the first mate brought us deftly up to the dock where to my surprise a man and woman stood waiting. The man was young and I would have guessed him to be my age or maybe a bit older -- his hair black and curly, a lean wiry frame clothed in a sleeveless T-shirt and faded and frayed workpants. He had one arm wrapped possessively around the woman's shoulders and as I walked down the gangplank, leading Mother by the hand, I could see the woman was much older than the young man -- her long wiry black hair laced with gray and pulled back tightly into a bun with a gleaming silver needle stabbed into it to hold it in place.

She wore a modest servant's dress -- an apron wrapped around her waist. The male in me appreciated her obvious health and solid and womanly appearance. Her legs were thick, but shapely below the hem of her dress, feet in sturdy work shoes while the bodice of her dress swelled from her completely covered but obviously huge breasts. Her skin, like the young man's was of an olive cast, but I was unable to ascertain their ethnicity. Her face was wide and expressive, an anxious smile etched there as she watched Mother and Father and myself approach. Mayhap she wasn't a beauty as reckoned by modern standards, but there was an aura of loveliness about her and a frank and raw sexuality that reminded me of the paintings of Rueben that hung in the art gallery at Meskatonic University.

"Mister Halloran, we've been expecting you," she said with more than a hint of an accent in her voice which sounded pleased and happy, yet nervous.

"Antonia...and young Hector, isn't it? You've grown, lad." Father extended his hand and shook the young man's firmly, then leaned in and kissed the woman on the cheek. "Everything is ready at the house?"

She nodded and said, "Of course, Mister Halloran. You will love it -- it is a grand place. She turned her gaze to me and my mother, waiting several seconds before my father remembered to introduce us.

"Of course...my apologies, dear," he said gruffly to Mother. "Carmen, may I present Antonia Grabelia and her son Hector. She will be our housekeeper during our stay and Hector will work the grounds and be a jack of all trades. Antonia, this is my wife Carmen and our son John."

I took Antonia's hand, a bit startled at the great warmth there, but then distracted and amused as she did an odd little curtsy. "Ma'am," I said simply. Then I shook her son's hand, both of us shaking firmly and taking measure of each other as we made eye contact. He was strong, but I held up my end. We both smiled, finding no fault in each other and nodded in greeting.

"John, I pray you and Hector get along -- I expect to have you both working hard to clear my site.

I nodded and said, "Of course, sir."

I wasn't aware that there was any sarcasm in my voice, but saw Hector catch my gaze, roll his eyes sympathetically and then nod. I felt certain then that we would be friends and that like me, he thought my father to be a pompous ass.

Antonia brushed past me, triggering a bit of a flush as the edge of her large bosom brushed my arm as she moved to take Mother's hands, her breasts jiggling a bit as she reached up on tiptoe and planted kisses on first one cheek and then another. My mother's face flushed with red at the action, unused as she was to close contact. Back at the University, Mother rarely kept company with other faculty wives, pursuing her own solitary interests of painting and working in her garden.

"I'm very pleased to finally meet you," murmured Mother. "Thomas has talked so much about you from his trips to Ankara and Bucharest."

Antonia smiled proudly and said, "It has always been a pleasure to serve your husband. He has been very generous to Hector and myself. We were thrilled to receive his request to work for him here in America."

Mother nodded, an odd, but still sad smile on her face, "Well, close to America at the very least. I hope we can show you the sights of New England after Thomas completes his research here. New England is so lovely in the fall."

Antonia's smile grew larger and she said, "That would be so wonderful, Missus Halloran." She slipped an arm around Mother's waist and steered her up the dock towards the house. "Come, let us get you settled in. I'm sure after staying on that...degenerate's boat for nearly two days, a hot bath is in order."

Mother laughed, her voice a crystalline joy to hear -- laughter never coming to her easily, as she allowed the other woman to guide her along off the water and up a sandy path that led towards the house on the hillside.

One of the boat's deckhands walked up with a heavy box and handed it to me. As I grunted under the weight, quickly adjusting it so it wouldn't slide from my grasp, he snapped, "Make yourself useful, boy."

I glanced at Hector who was glaring at the deck hand until another handed him an equally heavy box and Father said, "Be lively, lads. Carry that lot up to the house and come back for the rest."

We both turned and struggled for the sandy path, not making a sound until we were well out of range of Father at which point, Hector grinned at me and said, "I imagine all things being equal, you'd rather be in California right now."

I rolled my eyes and replied, "California, Florida, even Hell's looking good right now."

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Mother and I quickly discovered we were no longer living in the 20th Century...one might surmise that we'd barely escaped the 19th Century. The house was massive and impressive, constructed by artisans -- every room an architectural delight with exquisite woodwork and moldings, hardwood floors covered by authentic Turkish rugs. The house had electricity, supplied by a fuel oil fed generator that was generally turned off during the day, but lacked a phone or a two-way radio. The stove and water heater were powered by a huge tank of natural gas. A large, antiquated radio sometimes caught a signal from somewhere in Nova Scotia from a station that broadcast mostly in French and favored what I assumed to be polka music.

Still there were some positive aspects of the house. My bedroom alone seemed to be larger than the apartment we'd lived my entire life in. There were at least twenty rooms in the house and every day or two, I seemed to discover another nook or cranny -- once even a "secret passageway" that led from the upstairs hallway down to the "servants quarters" below.

We largely confined ourselves to the upstairs rooms while Antonia and Hector took rooms below -- rooms clearly built as servants' quarters in another day and age. Mother offered them both rooms above, feeling that it was ridiculous to treat them in such a way, but Antonia steadfastly refused and was supported by Father who lectured Mother on maintaining appropriate societal lines. This was emphasized at the evening meal as Antonia refused to allow herself or Hector to sit down and dine with us. Like Mother, I felt awkward being served dinner in the dining room by someone who would then eat her own meal in the more plain kitchen not ten feet away. Lunch and breakfast were more sociable, but were more or less rushed affairs to provide fuel for Hector's and my arduous labors outside.

To our surprise and much to my dismay, behind the house was a large swimming pool, long fallen into disrepair -- extended neglect making it a green slimy pool of algae choked water in which nothing could swim except for the abundance of frogs that would lull us all to sleep at night with their steady and monotonous croaking. Even Mother who as far as I knew had never ventured into the ocean or wore a bathing suit seemed disappointed by the waste of such a potential source of recreation.

We all quickly settled into defined routines. Father turned another upstairs bedroom into his office where he sorted through crates of books and manuscripts and notes that all revolved around his quest to uncover the secrets of William Isprey. When he wasn't prowling about the island, searching for signs and clues, he would isolate himself in his office, quickly taking to sleeping there on a metal cot that Hector and I brought down from the attic -- an action that seemed to deepen the sadness that enveloped my mother.

With Antonia firmly and effectively running the household chores, Mother's routine was a more sedate one. She would take endless walks around the island in search of scenes to paint or she would sit on the balcony that faced the morning sun and practice her art there or would wander the house, carrying a book, seeming sad and lost as she sought a place to read in quiet.

I knew that she was carrying new disappointment in her heart. That Father all but ignored us with his work was nothing new, but I sensed shattered hopes that here in the middle of nowhere amongst only three other people, that he would have paid her a little more attention. Still, she never complained, going about her day often only speaking to me or Antonia...painting or reading or gazing out at the dark and foreboding Atlantic as it never ceased throwing its waves against us.

My life quickly seemed to winnow down to waking up to one of Antonia's huge breakfasts which gave me the fuel to spend the day clearing designated pieces of the estate that had become overgrown with brush and small trees. Hector and I would spend day after day, digging, cutting and dragging off the brush. It was mindless work and we spent hours talking about girls and sports and sports and girls, pausing every so often in surprise as we began to uncover sheets of cut stone laid out in what appeared to be a circular pattern in a thicket of thorny brush to the north of the house.

Each new discovery sent Father into an ecstatic state I'd never witnessed in him before and each one usually resulted in a modification of his instructions on where to clear the brush off next. To my own surprise, the pattern soon became clear to me and Hector and we began anticipating Father's orders, much to his surprise and our secret amusement.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, Hector and I were released from our tasks and we usually cooled down with a quick dip in the ocean before supper. After that, we went our separate ways, Hector taking supper with his mother and then spending the rest of the day with her in their quarters although sometimes I spied them walking hand in hand into the woods on one of the footpaths. My own evenings were generally spent in the company of Mother, both of us reading or playing gin or chess or Mother painting as we conversed -- on rare occasions being joined by Father, he making appearances usually because he had some new insight into his work or had made a new discovery about dreary old William Isprey.

Our one respite from the dreary work was that at Mother's insistence, at noon on Saturday's we could lay our burden down and until Monday morning, Hector and I were free to pursue our own interests which included fishing from the beach, swimming and eventually plotting to resurrect the swimming pool. In the outbuildings near the dock, I had discovered what I believed was the machinery that would pump fresh water into the pool as well as the filtration system that would

keep in clean....there were several containers of chemicals for the pool and chemistry was something I was very good at while Hector was very adept at machinery.

With Father's exasperated blessing, we spent many of our spare hours trying to clean the old pool, draining it bucket by bucket and mopping and scrubbing the interior in a near vain effort to bring it back to life. We also studied and worked to put the primitive machinery back into good working order, progressing slowly by trial and error.

Life as I have said, settled into routine, not exciting, but not unbearable either, but gradually, almost imperceptibly, things begin to go awry. In recalling it now, I know now the moment things began to change.

It was the middle of our third week, nearing lunchtime and Hector and I had taken a break, sitting on newly uncovered stone slabs, odd runic symbols etched into them, barely legible due to their suspected ancient age. Hector had passed me the water jug and as I gulped down the cool, spring water, I noticed him squinting slightly back towards the house. I followed his gaze to see Mother standing on the veranda outside her bedroom, gazing out to sea. The sun overhead shone down on her creating a dark outline of her body underneath her long white dress billowing in the never ceasing breeze.

I handed the jug back to Hector and he smiled at me, hoisting the vessel as if in a toast. "Your mother, John...she is a lovely woman." I frowned, not because of the compliment, but because in his eyes I recognized the same base lust I remembered in Captain Waltern's gaze.

I nodded and replied curtly, "Yes, she is."

Hector smiled and studied my scowling face. "Very lovely." He paused and his smile evolved into a broad grin. "Have you ever seen her naked, John?"

His rude question caught me unawares and I was several seconds processing his words. Finally, mustering a tone of outrage, I said, "I beg your pardon?"

Hector held up his hands in a mocking display of defensiveness. "I mean no disrespect. Your mother is a beautiful woman and I appreciate beauty above all things..." He laughed and added, "Especially a naked, beautiful woman. I would think that to see her naked would be a thrilling and wondrous sight!" He dropped one hand to his crotch and lewdly groped it. "An inspiring sight!"

I wanted to be offended, but inside me was that slight thrill one gets when one encounters something evil...something wrong, but still doesn't turn away. I held my hand out for the water jug, saying as I did so, "That's my mother you are talking about!"

I drank more water, feeling both excited and guilty by his words. I was sure I should've been angry with Hector, but I wasn't. I sat the jug down and stared hard at him and why I said what I did next, I do not know. "Hector, your mother is a lovely woman too."

Hector grinned broadly and nodded, "Yes, Mama is beautiful." His face beamed with undisguised pride.

I couldn't help but ask, "Have you ever seen your mother naked, Hector?"

My friend and coworker laughed and slapped his thighs and then surprised me by bringing fingers to his lips and making a sort of kissing gesture. "Absolutely, John! I have seen Mama's naked body many times...she is magnificent. Mama is a man's woman, my friend...so lush and ripe that any real

man would weep with joy at the sight of her nakedness and die a happy man for having known her body!" He winked at me and laughed, again making that kissing gesture with his fingers and lips.

I was slack-jawed with astonishment. "My god, man...that's your mother you're talking about!"

Hector snorted in contempt. "Am I not a man that my body shouldn't respond to such beauty?" He shook a scolding finger at me. "When you look at your mother, do you not feel a man's desires welling up inside you?"

I felt myself blushing and said hastily back, "Absolutely not. Good God, Hector, that's my mother!"

Hector shook his head at me in disbelief and replied, "Then you, my friend, are a liar or you are missing...what is the Spanish call it? You are missing your cojones!" He again groped his crotch for emphasis.

I started to snap back an answer I am sure I would have regretted, but Father emerged from the wood and yelled for us to get back to work. Under Hector's bemused stare, we picked up our shovels and axes and trudged towards our next target of wild undergrowth. Hector glanced back at my mother who was still standing on the veranda and said to me softly before we resumed our labor, "Take a long look at your mother tonight, John. Look upon her as a man and tell me you feel nothing."

I felt my face blush as I gave him a quick nod and plunged into my work with the silence of a monk, saying virtually nothing for the remainder of the day. After dinner, at which I could scarcely look at my mother or speak to her as Antonia brought in course after course for our meal, Mother seemed a little disconcerted at my silence which because my father was busy studying a moth-eaten, leather bound manuscript between bites of his food and as usual ignored us, left us with an almost unnerving quietness.

After dinner was over, I took a stroll around the house and was preparing to return to the kitchen when I espied Antonia standing out near the pool, looking down into as if she were assessing our meager process of restoring it. "Missus Antonia, is everything alright?" I called out.

She turned quickly, the hem of her dress rising as she did so, revealing shapely calves with prettily dimpled knees. I became suddenly aware that she had changed out of her housekeeper's uniform and was now in a simple white sundress -- spaghetti straps over her shoulders looking strained under the challenge of retaining her large breasts from doing more than overflowing the scooped neck bodice. In the waning light of the setting sun, the darker skin of her breasts contrasted perfectly with her dress and I remembered her son's words, "Mama is a man's woman, my friend...so lush and ripe that any real man would weep with joy at the sight of her nakedness and die a happy man for having known her body!" Certainly I felt myself respond to her frank sensual beauty as my penis began to swell beneath my jeans.

"Oh, John," she said, smiling happily at me. "I am fine, young master. It is going to be a beautiful evening, is it not? I'm waiting for Hector...he is taking me for a walk so that we might enjoy the twilight together."

"That's...that's nice, Missus Antonia. It is a lovely night."

She smiled at me again, folding her arms below her immense bosom, as if to draw attention to them and then she glanced upwards towards the second floor of the house. I followed her gaze and saw a light go on in my parents' bedroom. "Your mother enjoys her walks too, especially along the

beach, I notice." She grinned knowingly at me and said, "She might like some company sometimes too, no?" Her grin faded and she said, "I know your mother gets lonely and your father gets...lost in his work." She shrugged and then smiled at me again, her smile getting broader and more unreadable as the screen door to the kitchen slammed. "Ah, my young man comes...finally. Good night, John."

I nodded to her and replied, "Good night, Missus Antonia."

I turned and headed towards the kitchen steps, Hector pausing as he passed me, stopping me for a moment as he put his hand on my arm. "Don't forget, John. Tonight, look upon your mother as a man." He smiled and patted my back as he moved to join his mother. "We will talk more tomorrow."

I watched him jog towards his mother and then taking her by the hand leading her off past the pool and onto one of the footpaths that led into the woods. The way they moved together, laughing and joking as mother looked happily up at son made me feel as if I was peeking on two people sharing something private and intimate and I confess that it both disturbed me and aroused me. I returned to the house feeling confused and anxious.

Despite Antonia's and Hector's words, I was unable to break the silence that lingered in the air between Mother and me. We settled into the upstairs parlor, both of us reading...me in an overstuffed, leather wingback chair, one leg draped carelessly over an arm and Mother curled up on the matching leather sofa. She was engrossed in what she called a "bodice ripper" with a well muscled, bare-chested man taking a young woman into his arms, her breasts threatening to spill from her torn blouse...books that always drew sneers of contempt from Father, but which Mother seemed to adore. I was working my way through a boxed collection of old Mickey Spillane paperbacks I had discovered in the upstairs library, amused by the antics of the booze-swilling, two fisted detective. In truth, the covers of those paperbacks were as crude as those that Mother was reading.

As the evening deepened, I looked up from my novel to find Mother asleep, her chin dipped down and her eyes closed, her book closed with one finger marking her place. "Look upon your mother as a man," Hector's voice said to me out of the air, making me jump and then laugh. My own imagination had run away from me, making me think that my friend had been standing there beside me. Then the imagined words sank in and I slowly turned my gaze and looked at my mother, trying to look past the sweet, patient loving mother that had been the center of my life and see her as simply a beautiful woman.

I confess that I failed...at least somewhat. I was unable to separate my loving mother from what I knew instinctively was a lovely female. In truth, knowing that she was my mother only seemed to enhance her beauty...her sexuality and in the end, enhanced my suddenly and decisively male response.

Mother had let her hair down from where she had pinned it up earlier, letting it fall in golden cascades below her shoulders, down her back and down her front, the very tips of her blonde locks serving to draw my attention to where more than a hint of cleavage was visible, the porcelain like swells of her breasts slowly moving with her breathing. She was still wearing the dress Hector and I had seen her in earlier and the upper portion seemed to cling to her like a second skin, leaving no doubt as to the shape and heft of her breasts.

Mother sighed in her sleep and turned slightly, allowing me to see her gorgeous figure in profile and allowing her skirt to fall away and reveal a long and shapely leg from her pretty toes all the way

to her upper thigh...creamy, flawless flesh that made me desire to touch it...to kiss it as I lifted the dress away from her body...

I blinked in surprise at such lewd thoughts, then more in surprise as I felt my erection throb angrily in my pants. I was aroused...aroused by my mother! I felt giddy as if I'd been on a carnival ride, yet panicked and horrified that I could think this way about my mother...then stupefied that it had taken me this long to realize how much a woman my mother was...Hector's words haunted me again..."Mother was "a man's woman!" Lastly, I felt anger as it dawned on me that my father in addition to being a pompous ass was also a damned fool, ignoring my mother as he did. I realized more than ever before, Mother was like a lovely flower, left to wither and die from neglect, her beauty never to be appreciated and enjoyed and rewarded for bringing such loveliness into the world.

I was nearly overwhelmed with the desire to take her in my arms and hold her and hug her and kiss her as she deserved, loving her as she should be loved, taking her and laying her down and making... I gasped in horror as my erection throbbed with pleasure at the thought of making love to the woman who had brought me into the world. I gasped aloud, trembling for several seconds, trying to think of other things to push such awful thoughts away.

I found myself on my feet, trembling as I heard a clock somewhere in the house chime solemnly, announcing to one and all that it was nearly midnight. Somewhere down the hall, Father was lost in his studies and I shook my head ruefully. I squelched down my lust and crossed the room to stand over Mother. She looked so lovely and from my height, I had an even better view of her cleavage and I confess I took a long, lingering look at them before I reached down and touched her hand. "Mother, it's growing late," I whispered.

Mother stirred at my touch, her hand rolling over mine and then slowly sliding up my arm, her fingers like downy feathers as they trailed up my arm while she sighed, "Darling." Then Mother opened her beautiful blue eyes, passion roiling in her glazed gaze before she seemed to bring herself into focus and quickly drew her hand back. "John? What...what is it?"

I held out my hand. "It's late, Mother, time for bed. Please allow me to escort you."

Mother's eyes became clearer and her puzzled frown slipped into a small smile. "I must've fallen asleep. Yes, well past our bedtime isn't it?" She took my hand and used it to lever herself to her feet. With her arm through mine, we slowly strolled out of the parlor and down the long hall, almost pausing at Father's office door while Mother looked forlornly at it, then shaking her head slowly, resumed our journey to her door.

Mother opened the door and turned and looked up at me, her sad, loving smile returned. I leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. "Goodnight, Mother. Sleep well -- have wonderful dreams."

Mother blushed with some small pleasure and replied, "Thank you, son." She paused and looked up at me, a curiously odd expression coming over her. "I'm...I'm sorry that you are trapped here this summer...a young man all alone on this island. I know it's difficult."

I shrugged and said, "I'm fine, Mother and I'm not alone. Hector is a good companion and the work helps Father."

Mother's expression grew odd yet amused and she shook her head. "That's not what I meant by being alone, son. Here you are -- a handsome young man and nary a pretty young girl to squire and court." She giggled uncharacteristically. "Of course, Anatonina is single."

A quiver of something naughty and pleasurable coursed through my body, nearly making me shiver. I wondered if I was blushing, but bravely replied. "She's not my type, Mother...besides, my heart, as it has been since I was born, belongs to you, Mother."

Mother did blush and looked away for a moment before smiling up at me again. "You are a good son, John Halloran," she whispered, standing up on tip-toe to kiss me, not on the cheek as she usually did, but on the corner of my mouth. Her smile as she gave me one last glance and said softly, "Good night," made me quiver with delight and my erection which had never fully gone away returned in full strength, aching with the need for release.

Mother closed the door behind her and I staggered off to my bedroom, locking it behind me and once I'd stripped my clothes off, fell into bed naked, and began to furiously masturbate, not quite willing to believe that it was my own mother's image that I was pleasuring myself to. I groaned as my orgasm came quickly, my seed pouring forth as I saw my mother's face smiling lovingly at me, her lips, full and lush opening, telling me to do things to her...things that only a husband and wife should ever do.

I fell asleep wrapped in the shrouds of my own shame and lust, my dreams a strange and misty place which I stumbled blindly through, pursuing the image of my mother which ran gaily from me, daring me to catch her and claim my prize.

The next day was Saturday and the morning found Hector and myself hip deep in clearing thorny underbrush and we worked silently -- me with a sullen expression and Hector with a satisfied smile on his face as if while we carried out our near mindless labor, he was thinking about something much more pleasant.

Finally, we paused for a break and as the day before as we passed the water jug back and forth, our eyes were drawn to the veranda outside my parents' bedroom where Mother, today in a splendid, bright blue wrap that left her shoulders bare and allowed occasional glimpses of her lovely legs in the billowing wind, stared out towards the sea.

Even from a distance, there was something almost indefinably sensual about Mother's bare, pale shoulders...something that enhanced her beauty on a primal level. Finally, Hector broke the silence that hung between us. "I see today, my friend John, you look upon your mother with different eyes...a man's eyes." He leaned over and clapped me on the shoulders good-heartedly.

"Shut up," I snapped back. "You are perverted."

Hector chuckled and shook his head. "Ah, you Americans and your strange views...so prudish. There is nothing wrong with acknowledging that she who gave you birth is a fine, beautiful woman. There is no shame to admit that she arouses you."

I shivered as I remembered moaning with pleasure as I had masturbated to images of my mother. Trying to deflect my own shame, I replied, "I suppose you get erections looking at your mother."

My friend laughed and clapped me on the shoulder again. "Absolutely! My cock swells at the very thought of her...I would defy any man not to get hard if they saw her naked -- glorious in all her beauty." He winked at me. "Be watchful for the chance to see Mama naked...she is not ashamed and would not mind it."

My jaw dropped open and I was amazed that he would say such a thing. I shook my head and said, "That's...that's so perverted, Hector, you should be ashamed."

Hector's smile faded somewhat, becoming sadder as if my words tired him rather than shamed him. "Ah, that's your misunderstanding of your own faith betraying you. Such a fine message of 'love conquering evil' your Jesus preached, but you wrap it all up in prudish judgments and close-minded hate. You declare the naked body and the act of making love as sinful...sinful! The very thing that is the heart of who and what we are...the very element of love that makes us strong, you would hide and be ashamed of."

He took a drink of water and then spat it out on the ground in as close an example of his contempt as I had seen. He shook a finger at me and said, "Be honest with me, John Halloran. Having finally looked upon your mother as a man should look at a woman, do you love her more or less?"

His question took me by surprise as did the answer that dwelled within my soul. I searched for something else to say, but in the end, in a hoarse voice, I grated, "I love Mother more."

Hector clapped his hands together and raised them to the sky. "Gods be praised, he has seen the light." Hector slid over to kneel next to me and grasped my hand. "Congratulations, my friend. You have taken the first step to a greater truth...a truth that many men search their whole lives for and never find despite it being right in front of them the whole time."

I let him shake my hand and then began to laugh as I began to get untangled from him, saying, "You, sir, are mad!"

"Perhaps so, but far better to know the madness of love than to dwell in the cold, loneliness of the sane," he replied as he stood up. As we made our way back to the thorny brush, Hector looked aside at me and said, "Now, were you lucky enough to look with your new eyes upon your mother in her lovely nakedness?"

"Good God, no!" I blurted out...the notion both shocking me and stirring up emotions of arousal that returned me to my lust of the night before.

Hector winked at me and said before returning to our labors, "Ah...then the new love you feel for your mother is but a trickle before the dam breaks. Seize the opportunities as they present themselves, John and have faith...there are always opportunities."

I felt my face blushing and said nothing as we began to cut and hack away at the undergrowth. Only as the noon hour approached did I summon the courage to say, "How did you manage to see your mother naked, Hector?"

My friend paused and leaned on the shovel he'd been using to uproot a thorn bush. "Ah, well, I am fortunate. My mother and I...our people have never had the modesty that your people have. Our faith and traditions make little fuss over nudity." He paused and grinned before adding, "For which I am forever grateful. I honestly cannot recall the first time I saw Mama naked."

He paused and wrinkled his brow before grinning again, "I do recall the first time I was moved as a man by Mama's lovely body." He gave a soft, happy sigh and continued. "We were living in Athens and I was lying on a divan reading and Mama had been in the bath and I suppose I had been too engrossed to hear her calling for a towel and so she strode by me, proud and lovely and naked as the day she was born, her skin wet and shiny, breasts bouncing so...so womanly and between her legs...a thick carpet of hair darker than even that on her head."

Hector grabbed his crotch and made a stroking gesture. "I have been practically always erect since that time!"

I scowled and replied, "You are absolutely sick. Next thing you'll tell me is you dream of making love to her"

He made the lewd gesture with his hand again and said, "Dreams are what we all live for...the dream and the realization of said dream!" He grinned broadly at me and added, "You doubt what your ears hear, friend John. Be watchful and decide for yourself!" He winked at me and returned to our sweaty work, saying nothing more, but smiling at my obvious shock.

I could barely focus on my work as my mind tried to sort through his words -- to separate truth and lies. Hector had all but stated that he had sex with his mother and while on the surface of it, I was nearly a hundred percent certain he was lying to me, I could not ignore the fact that the previous evening had ended with me lying in bed thinking evil, incestuous thoughts about my own mother.

We said little as our work day ended with Antonia calling us to lunch, but his nasty insinuations continued to echo in my mind as his mother hurried around us, serving us our meal. My head felt strange, filled with some strange gas that made me dizzy and intensified my rapidly growing sexual thoughts. Hector's mother seemed more voluptuous than ever -- her modest housekeeper's outfit somehow enhancing her carnal nature. For the first time I really seemed to notice how her body seemed to quiver inside the uniform, barely contained by it.

I also seemed to notice more than ever how close mother and son were, beginning with seemingly innocent kisses on each other's cheeks that seemed to linger while both seemed to press their bodies against each other. Then there were Antonia's little caresses across his shoulder or neck and the loving smiles that passed between them. Again, as it had been the previous evening, I felt as if I was watching something more intimate than simply a mother and son...I felt like I was watching lovers, their passions restrained because they had not the privacy to fully express themselves. It was both arousing and embarrassing.

After lunch, Hector and I repaired to the defunct swimming pool, having managed to drain it of its fetid water and liberated its rather large amphibian population, laughing as many of the frogs thrown into the woods around us, returned to perch on the edges of the pool, seemingly to watch us work and croak their disapproval. We scrubbed and scrapped the algae and filth from the walls, becoming thoroughly filthy in the process.

We worked nearly till dark, stopping only when Antonia appeared, looking a little tensed and said in a scolding tone, "You boys...you work too much. You need time to play and relax." When we looked up, I found myself almost able to see all the way up her housekeeper's dress. She tapped one foot impatiently. "Time enough for this later. Hector, there is a full moon tonight -- a lovely night for a...walk through the woods."

Hector grinned up at his mother and passed me a sly wink. "Mama, that sounds lovely. I would love to...um, take a walk with you." He sat his scrubbing brush down and nodded before hurrying to the far side of the pool which sloped upwards until one could step easily onto the surrounding surface. "Allow me fifteen minutes, Mama, to get cleaned up."

He hurried towards the kitchen door while his mother watched him with a mysterious smile, a finger toying with a strand of her dark hair. She noticed me still looking up at her and her smile broadened. "Hector is a good boy -- always wanting to please his mother. You should stop too, John. Get yourself cleaned up, spend time with your mother. It would please her." As she spoke, she shifted her legs, standing with them wider apart and I felt my jaw drop open in surprise as in the

waning moments of daylight, I was able to see all the way up her stocky, but shapely legs to see a dark mat of dark hair, something wet or shiny glistening from within it.

"You might find, young man, that pleasing one's mother can lead to being pleased oneself." She smiled again at me, a little coyly and perhaps a little lewdly as she allowed me a long look between her thighs before putting her free hand to her lips and blowing me a little kiss, strolled away.

It was a few minutes before I had the presence of mind to put down my tools and leave, walking somewhat stupefied back into the house and into my bedroom. I stripped and showered, amazed that I was erect, my hand feeling fine as I soaped my penis up and stroked it, but somehow unable to take myself to orgasm, feeling as if it wasn't appropriate.

I came out of my room dressed in clean slacks and a clean button down shirt to find Mother at the head of the stairs, looking stunning herself in a billowy red dress that clung to her waist and upper body tightly -- the bodice showing off her trim waist and her prominent bosom, ending in a halter strap that left her shoulders bare and tied behind her neck, the knot hidden by her blonde tresses that cascaded down her back.

She was a little startled by my sudden appearance, but smiled and said, "Antonia has left us supper -- I asked her for something simple -- cheese and bread and some fruit. It's in our parlor. Please help yourself, son. I think I'll take a stroll on the beach."

I nodded and started to turn away towards the parlor, but stopped, my face turning red at the nervousness in my voice as I said, "Mother, would you like some company? A walk in the moonlight sounds...lovely."

Mother's eyes widened slightly in surprise, but her smile told me that she was delighted at my offer. "Are you sure, son? I imagine you have more interesting things to do."

I hurried to her and offered her my arm. "I'm sure I don't, Mother. What could be better than to escort a beautiful woman along a moonlit beach?"

Mother giggled and slipped her arm through mine and we went down the staircase together. I glanced back at the door of Father's study. "Should we let Father know?" I asked and immediately regretted it as the very mention of him cast a shadow over Mother's face.

She sighed and shook her head. "Your father will never know we've gone. He is deep in his studies and you know how he is. The very idea of a romantic walk along a moonlit beach would simply puzzle him."

I nodded and said, "Fair enough...Father's loss is my gain." I leaned over and kissed Mother on the cheek, making it her turn to blush. "I'm sorry I haven't asked you before, Mother. I know how lonely it is here for you...even more than for me. Consider me at your beck and call."

Mother actually giggled at that, her laughter allowing me a glimpse of her as a young girl, happy and gay growing up along the Hudson. "I do rather like that, John. I will certainly take advantage of having a handsome young man at hand." She smiled at me and then put her free hand to her mouth. "My Lord, that sounded awful, the way I put it."

I laughed and said, "Not at all, Mother. I am and always will be yours."

Mother's blush deepened, almost matching the shade of red of her dress and neither of us spoke again until we were out of the house and strolling down the path towards the beach. Looking back,

I thought I caught a flash of yellow from beyond the house at the edge of the woods...thinking I recognized the color as being from one of Antonia's dresses. I smiled at the thought of both Hector and I were squiring our mothers around...my thoughts faltering as I realized that perhaps Hector's and Antonia's evening might be radically different than ours.

Dismissing such awful thoughts from my mind, I led Mother onto the beach, the path clearly visible as the moon hung huge and bright just above the horizon, giving everything a shadow illumination reminiscent of the early moments of dusk. We reached the beach and I kicked off my shoes to lie next to Mother's sandals and we proceeded barefoot across the cooling sands, away from the outbuildings and the dock.

The beach was sandy and wide and we walked slowly along, looking at the moonlit waves as they rolled placidly in, pausing along the way to examine shells now and then, collecting a few that we put inside my shirt after I had doffed it. Mother seemed a little restive as we continued to walk, now glancing at me bare-chested from time to time.

"Are you happy, John?" Mother finally asked, her voice uncertain. "Do you regret that we forced you to come along on this trip?"

"No, I'm glad to have this time to spend with you, Mother and "we" didn't force me to come along...Father was very insistent."

Mother didn't reply for a long moment and then tightening her grip on my arm, replied, "That's not quite how it was, son. I confess that I implored your father to bring you rather than some common worker. I wanted to have this last summer with you, especially once I knew he and I were coming to this desolate rock." She paused and looked up at me, her face anxious as if expecting me to burst into anger.

"Then I am glad you insisted, Mother...for both our sakes. I have enjoyed our quiet evenings together and I am happier walking here with you than anything else I could be doing."

Her anxiousness melted away, leaving a pleased smile and we resumed our stroll, not speaking for a while until I could no longer restrain myself and I asked, "Mother, are you happy?"

She took a moment to answer, not looking at me as she replied, "I am happy at this moment." She tightened her grip on my arm.

"Me too, Mother, but are you happy? Life with Father is a challenge in the best of times and it angers me to see him ignore you as he does now." We had paused again and I had turned towards her, my hands coming up to lightly grip her upper arms. "Are you happy, Mother?"

She looked at me somewhat distraught, her face a struggle of emotions before she turned her face down and leaned into me, her hair brushing my bare shoulder. "There are things we have no control over, John. I love your father although I'm not sure he still loves me or even remembers the love we once shared." I felt something warm and wet against my chest and I suddenly realized that she was crying. "I try to make the best of things. I am happy to have you here with us...with me and when you are gone, I will make the best of what I have. Do not forget your mother...write me often, visit me when you can and I will be as happy as I can possibly be.

I felt my arms go around my mother and I pulled her tight against me even as I felt her arms slip around my waist. For a long time, we stood there on the beach, not saying a word. For my part, while I felt sad for Mother's pain, I was discovering a new sensation, the sinfully delightful feel of my

mother's body pressed tightly against mine. It was a sensation I could have endured for all time. Still, finally, I said in a husky voice. "I apologize, Mother. I did not mean to make you cry."

Mother sniffled and raised her head. "Apologize for nothing. It does my heart so much good to know I have a son who cares for me."

"And who intends to do better by her in the time we have." I gently brushed her cheeks clean of her tears, unable to stop myself from bringing my fingers to my lips to taste the salty remnants of her weeping. "I do love you, Mother, more than anything in the world."

Mother smiled sadly up at me and replied, "I know, son. A mother always knows." She raised herself up, a little off balanced in the sand and in her bare feet, to kiss me on the corner of my mouth, but being off balanced, pressed her lips demurely against my own for an indescribable moment. Realizing that she had kissed me the way she had, Mother looked shyly away and said, "Let us continue," slipping her arm through mine again and guiding us down the beach again.

Her kiss had electrified me, chaste though it had been. I had to restrain myself from looking down at my pants, knowing that there was a prominent bulge there and hoping that the brilliant moon would not betray my condition to my mother although it had been her sweet and unintentional actions that had spurred the growth of my penis.

We had traveled far from the house, the beach now fronting the thick woods that covered most of the island. It was quiet for the most part -- the silence broken only by the soft sound of the waves kissing the shore and the occasional accompaniment of birds or small animals in the forest.

The moon hung high in the sky now, its great light reflected back by the ocean which itself seemed to have been calmed by the great orb above. "So beautiful," murmured Mother, halting us to turn and enjoy the view.

"Would you like to sit for awhile, Mother?" I said. I undid my shirt, setting the shells aside and unfurled the wrinkled cloth, laying it on the sand. I knelt down behind it and offered my mother my hand.

She smiled and knelt down, moving her legs out in front of her and then as I sat down in the sand, leaning back against me, my legs spread out in a 'V' with Mother between them. Mother let out a loud and shuddering sigh as she relaxed against me, as if with that sigh, she released so much pent up tension. She eased her head back to rest on my shoulder, her soft hair brushing my cheek. As her tension eased, mine rose as Mother took my hands and drew them around her upper chest, hugging her to me as the upper swells of her breasts resting under her dress brushed my forearms.

I was astonished by how easy we slipped into such an intimate embrace, words unnecessary or maybe feared...as if the utterance of a single syllable would shatter the exquisiteness of the moment. I felt my penis pulse in my pants, wondering if Mother could feel its insistent throbbing in the small of her back. Time passed by us unheeded as I held her and we savored the beauty of the moonlit ocean.

My imagination ran wild as we sat, allowing me to pretend that we were all alone...not just on the island, but in the world -- that only Mother and I existed and that freed from all of civilization's mores and taboos, I might act upon my newly discovered desires. My fantasy was fueled by accident as Mother would occasionally rub her cheek along my arm and without thinking, would sometimes pluck up my hand and give it a loving kiss before returning it to continue its work of holding her tight.

Suddenly and nearly without any conscious thought, I took a hand and stroked Mother's hair, brushing it with my fingers and sweeping it across one shoulder where the tips of her mane brushed across my arm. I stared at the flawless skin of the back of Mother's neck until without thinking about it, I shifted my head just enough to dip down and gently kiss Mother's exposed skin, my lips barely brushing her skin. In the bright, revealing light of the moon, I saw gooseflesh rise and fall on her neck even as Mother let a quiet moan slip from between her lips.

An unfamiliar thrill of delight shot through me and I knew I had moved into an area of intimacy that far transcended any proper mother and son relationship. An odd little dance of kisses ensued as Mother would occasionally kiss my hand or forearm only to have her gesture returned by me as I would gently kiss the nape of her neck...each light kiss producing a slight murmur of pleasure from her.

Mother took my hand and turned it over and planted a lingering kiss in the palm of my hand and then I responded with another kiss on her soft neck, pushing boundaries as I extended the tip of my tongue and carefully brushed it over her skin, tasting salt and something else...unknown but definable as Mother.

My mother groaned with unfeigned delight, pressing herself more firmly against me, her body squirming slightly as she did so, her upper buttocks sweeping across the large bulge in my pants. Suddenly, Mother stiffened as if awakening from a dream to find herself in a place she was not familiar with.

She broke free from my embrace, coming up onto her knees and then standing up awkwardly in the sand. Mother gazed down at me with an expression I felt was something akin both to desire and fear, her breasts heaving under her dress. A shiver seemed to race through her and she hugged herself, turning to face the moonlit ocean and after a long moment, said just above a whisper. "It's getting late. We should go home, son." The last word had a strange timbre to it as if Mother was reminding herself of who I was.

I clambered to my feet and came to her, reaching out to place my hands on her upper arms. "Mother, I..." There was so much I wanted to say, but I didn't know how. I didn't want the moment to end -- in truth, I wanted it to grow and to become so much more. "Mother," I began again, but Mother smiled and put her fingers to my lips.

"It has been a lovely evening, John...the best I can remember in quite some time, but..." Mother sighed and finished. "It's time we returned home."

I slowly nodded and found myself suddenly marshalling myself to not cry, thinking to myself that a rare moment had passed beyond me. Mother reached out and stroked my face and then stepped into me, her arms going around my neck as she lifted herself up on tiptoe and kissed me on the lips...chaste yet warm and loving and unless I deluded myself, passionate.

When the kiss ended, Mother slipped one arm around my waist and we slowly returned up the beach, following our own footsteps back...each step painful to me as it seemed to say to me that my mother and I were moving backwards away from the sweet moments of intimacy that were closer to that of lovers than of mother and child.

We said nothing to each other until we heard a shriek echoing up out of the trees that made us both jump. We both laughed at our timidity and I said, "I wonder what on Earth that was?"

Mother shrugged and said, "A night bird calling to its mate...or searching for one."

I shook my head and said, "I'm not sure...it sounded more like an animal, but I don't think there is anything big enough to make a noise like that."

Mother said, "I don't know...I've heard some beasts making noise in the brush on my walks...deer perhaps or a wild pig." She shivered again. "Perhaps it is their time for rutting." Again I could hear the young girl that Mother had once been as she tittered at her suggestion.

Before I could reply, another shrill cry echoed across the woods to fade away in the never ceasing waves. Mother shivered again, against me...something in the primal noise triggering some sort of recognition in her. Trying to alleviate the tension of the moment, I said with a laugh, "Maybe monsters walk the woods, Mother."

My attempt at humor feel flat as Mother abruptly turned to face me and said with fearful earnest, "Don't make jokes like that, John, Not here...not on this terrible island." She pushed herself against me and I put an arm around her bare shoulders. "It's getting cold, son. It's time we were home."

We pushed on, not hearing the strange animal or bird cries again, silence walking with us until we were back into the house and upstairs. Inside the lighted house, Mother seemed to recover and managed a smile as we came to her and Father's bedroom door. "Thank you, again, John," Mother said softly, almost shyly. "I had forgotten how nice a night time walk on the beach could be when you're with someone you love." She reached out and held my hand for a moment, running her hands over it as if contemplating all the possible uses she could put it to.

In the awkward silence, I said, "Then we shall do it again and again, Mother...every night we are here if you like."

Mother smiled and nodded. "Perhaps we shall." She looked down and seemed to blush for a moment and then in a rush, blurted, "I love you, John. Goodnight, son!" She let go of my hand and quickly retreated into her room, closing the door behind her without a backward glance.

I slowly retreated to my room, my erection lingering while my testicles ached for release...the words "blue balls" rising up from my memories from detested high school gym classes. I started to undress, the thought of masturbating keen in my mind, but I felt restless and confined and found myself downstairs and standing on the broad porch that wrapped itself around the house. I prowled along the rails until I was facing the woods...silhouetted and shadowy under the now high and bright moon.

Without conscious thought, I found myself moving across the back lawn, skirting the empty pool and slipping into the trees on one of the footpaths -- the sandy soil light, reflecting the cold light of the moon. I moved slowly and cautiously, starting now and again at noise in the brush, recognizing some as bird noises and others as the cacophony of the frogs we liberated from the pool.

After a short while, I heard something different, identifying it quickly as laughter...human laughter. The path suddenly diverged away from the noise and I hesitated for a moment before quietly pressing into the undergrowth -- trying to remain silent myself. I recognized that I was intruding on the privacy of others -- of Hector and Antonia, but I felt compelled to find them and see the source of what I now clearly recognized as the laughing voice of our housekeeper.

I sensed movement directly ahead and stealthily parted the leaves of a bush, trying not to gasp at what I found. In the middle of what appeared to be a blanket of thick green moss was a spring fed pool and in it bobbed the heads of Hector and his mother -- hands appearing now and then to move them or to splash water at each other. Mother and son swam warily around each other,

Antonia laughing joyously every time she managed to splash water into her son's face or when Hector swept water over her. Both were lit with an almost supernatural light from the moon which appeared to stand overhead, the tree branches opening to provide them with illumination.

Abruptly, Antonia moved away from her son towards the shore and then in a sparkling display of water cascading around her, she emerged, a dusky and voluptuous Venus rising from the dark waters and I gasped at her nakedness, so sudden and powerful was the sexuality she seemed to radiate. Hector's words of "Mama is a man's woman," rang again in my ears as I beheld his mother in all her glory.

Water fell away from her olive tinged skin, smooth and without flaw, her huge, meaty breasts rolling with her easy gait as she climbed onto the thick carpet of moss, her black, curly hair hanging wet and limp about her face, brushing her shoulders and back. She turned back to face her son, allowing me a good view of her voluptuous body, a prominent round belly which bid one to look lower down to a wild and massive thatch of black pubic hair, now glittering in the moonlight. Her legs were full and muscular, not ungainly, but shapely.

Gracefully, Antonia went to her knees and gestured to Hector with a 'come hither' motion. Hector, obedient son that he was, moved quickly, rising from the pool, his wiry body as naked as his mother and to my astonishment, sporting an erection of surprising size, long and thick for such a lean body, his penis so hard it seemed to be slapping up against his belly.

Hector came to stand before his mother who knelt before him as a suppliant before an altar. Her dark eyes burned with fierce love and desire as she stared up at her son's face, her right hand coming up slowly as if haltingly touching God. As I watched all agog, Antonia wrapped her fingers around her son's penis, stroking its length and bringing the shaft downwards to meet her rising face. She whispered something to him, me managing only to hear his name, "Hector" spoken reverently. I felt myself harden as she suddenly buried her face in her son's crotch, rubbing her cheeks and lips against his wiry pubic hair and then along his lengthy shaft before opening her mouth and taking him inside herself.

Unbidden, my hand made its way to my crotch and rubbed my aching erection as I watched mother sucking her son's penis...stories again from high school gym lockers and occasional grainy and lewd black and white photographs passed around were recalled as I watched Antonia suck Hector's cock. I was filled with fearful awe as the fact that not only was I actually seeing a woman pleasuring a man orally, but that they were mother and son, crashed down upon me.

Hector smiled down at his mother, his fingers combing through Antonia's wet and tangled hair as she ran her lips over his length, taking his penis into her mouth, somehow able to slide her lips downward until they were brushing his dark, curly hair. I heard him moan, "Mama...so sweet...so right." He rolled his head back, closing his eyes and groaning like an animal in rut as his mother sucked him and sucked him and sucked him.

Finally, Antonia let her son's member slip from her mouth, a streamer of something...saliva perhaps or his seed, extending from the head of his swollen penis to her lushly full lower lip, finally snapping to splatter against her heaving breasts. The mammoth gourds of breast flesh rose up and down with her aroused breath, her nipples larger than I would have imagined possible, seemingly like quarters in diameter and extended in arousal nearly half an inch.

Antonia fell back into the bed of moss and held out her arms even as she spread her legs, revealing pink, glistening flesh splitting her lush, black pelt between her thighs. "It is time again, Hector...love

your mother," she hissed with hunger in her husky voice. "Fuck me, son. Fuck your mother...love me and protect me!"

With a feral growl, Hector fell to his knees, his penis again so erect that it slapped against his flat and muscled stomach. He eased himself down upon his mother, hunching his hips as she reached down between their wet bodies and then they both groaned as she guided him inside her. His toes dug into the soft, earthy moss as he thrust forward, making Antonia cry out as he buried his penis inside her vagina -- "Call it a pussy" a voice in my head whispered, sounding very much like my mother."

I instantly recognized her cry of pleasure as that which Mother and I had heard earlier and without chagrin, I realized that my mother had been closer to the truth than I. I rubbed the bulge in my pants harder as I watched almost trance-like as mother and son made love...no, the proper term for what I was witnessing was the crude word, "fuck." Mother and son were fucking with guiltless abandon.

I watched as Antonia and Hector kissed, their tongues hungrily whirling around each other, licking and sucking at each other's mouths in a mad frenzy. Hector's hands stoked at his mother's body, one moment stroking her thigh as she drew it back, opening herself up more to him, the next squeezing and mauling her fleshy breast, finding the swollen nipple and making Antonia cry out in pleasure all the louder.

Antonia clawed her way down her son's back, leaving faint, bloody trails before her hands cupped his taut buttocks, her fingernails digging into his cheeks as she urged him to bury his erection in her all the more deeply and with more vigor. Her face, between wet and sloppy kisses, was screwed up into an intense display of what seemed to be a blur of ecstasy and pain.

Between kisses, mother and son called out to each other with vulgar demands and endearments, their cries and moans blurring together into a cacophony of "Fuck me son...fuck me harder with your bull cock...Love you, Mama, love your tight pussy -- you make me feel so bigger."

Gradually however, as they settled into an intense rhythm of thrusting into each other, Antonia's words changed into a steady chant, moderated only by the rising and lowering of her voice as her pleasure at being fucked by her son waxed and waned.

The chant was I thought at first, Latin, but I couldn't make it out. It seemed both familiar yet foreign. Her words seemed to fuel her son's lust and even enflamed my own powerful desires and I stroked my cock through my pants with absolute need.

The chant seemed to produce power, unseen, yet tangible, which washed over me in waves that grew steadily in power and intensity. I almost felt linked to the incestuous couple making love before me, sensing their impending orgasms -- Antonia's words turned to passionate and desperate screams arousing me almost as if it was my penis buried inside her, straining to be deeper in her womb before eruption and when their cries of pleasure rose fiercely as first Antonia's and then Hector's orgasm swept over them, I was carried along, driven to my knees by the intensity of my own ejaculations...my seed flooding my underwear and creating a dark stain in my slacks.

The only thing that seemed to truly separate me from the fornicating mother and son before me was that as pleasure exploded between my legs, it was my own mother's face that I could see, her lovely red lips snarling with an orgasm of her own. When her image faded from my sight, I found myself gasping for breath and for a quick moment I feared that I might have betrayed myself with my own cries of pleasure, but I quickly saw that Antonia and Hector were oblivious to anything but

each other, their arms wrapped tightly around each other, their bodies still joined, shiny with sweat from their impassioned coupling.

As I heard them softly murmuring, "I love you," to each other, I suddenly felt very much the intruder...that I was peeking at something that should be private and intimate despite its perversity. Feeling wicked and guilty, I tried to stealthily creep away, eventually staggering from the wood and hurrying to the house where I hoped to creep upstairs while praying that neither Mother or Father would encounter me in such a state.

Still, I was stopped in my tracks as I spied Mother standing at the railing of her veranda. The ocean breeze had picked up, becoming a fierce creature and it billowed her long nightgown about her. Mother stood stock still, the wind whipping about her as her hair danced wildly around her head. I did not know what troubled her, but I could sense deep inside me that she was distressed.

Unmindful of my soiled state, I raced inside and upstairs as quickly as I could. Her bedroom door was thankfully unlocked and I stepped inside, the room in some disarray as her veranda doors stood wide open. I stepped through fluttering sheets of parchment and stationary to go to her side, the wind whistling more fiercely with each passing second.

"Mother...what is wrong? Why are you standing out here like this?" My urgent questions and concerns for my mother fought for my full attention as Mother slowly turned to me and I gaped at her appearance. Mother was wearing a very sheer white nightgown through which her body was almost completely visible. My eyes were drawn quickly to the full and proud globes of her breasts, centered by wide and very dark aureoles, thick, nickel sized nipples pressing hard against the diaphanous silk of her nightgown. My eyes could not help themselves but to gaze lower, washing over her nearly visible belly button which thrilled and delighted me for some perverse reason and then lower between her legs where a dark, ordered patch of darkness appeared.

Only when Mother moaned, "It's here...it's coming," did I break free of my unnatural desires and return to helping her in her distress.

"Mother, what's wrong? What's coming?"

Mother's eyes were wide and unseeing and although she turned towards my voice, it suddenly occurred to me that my mother wasn't actually conscious, but rather sleep-walking! With a trembling tone in her voice that had echoes of fear and desire she moaned, "It's awake and it's hungry...so hungry and it needs to feed."

I was unsure what to do. I seemed to recall that it could be traumatic or even dangerous to wake someone in such a condition. "Mother, it's late. Come, let us get you back in bed."

I took her by the arm and guided us towards the open French doors. Thankfully, Mother complied meekly with me, still moaning, "It is coming...its hunger aches to be quenched." She shuddered though whether from terror or longing, I did not know. My mind was a swirl, my emotions a churning morass of concern, fear and utter and complete lust. I got Mother back inside her bedroom, managing to close the doors and latch them and then guiding her back to the bed that she should have been sharing with Father. I felt a sudden flame of anger -- he should have been here...he shouldn't be neglecting my mother and his wife!

I untangled the wrecked blankets and helped Mother back into bed, her still murmuring that "It is here and it is so terribly hungry." I fluffed her pillows and drew her blankets up over her scarcely concealed body and I confess that I lingered a moment more than I should have, admiring her

nearly naked form, knowing with almost one hundred percent certainty that like Antonia, my mother was indeed a 'man's woman.'

The only other liberty that I took was to whisper, "Sleep mother, have good dreams," and then lean over and kiss her softly on the lips, only to be surprised as she gave a great, excited sigh and pressed her lips firmly against my mouth, her tongue lashing out to roll over my lips before I jerked back in surprise. Mother sighed once more and closed her sleeping eyes and seemed to return to a more normal slumber.

Minutes passed as I watched my mother sleep, studying her beautiful face, imagining the lovely body beneath her blankets, the breasts that rose and fell slowly and steadily. Finally I padded out of my parents' bedroom. I pondered whether to disturb Father about Mother's sleeping misadventure, but in the end, decided to keep it to myself. Perhaps I would discuss it with her at a later date...perhaps I would keep this strange occurrence to myself.

In my bedroom, I washed myself clean of the sticky, drying semen in my crotch on my penis and donned pajama bottoms -- the air having grown more humid as the evening progressed. I considered masturbating as my mind re-examined the night's strange and erotic events, but I was weary and I fell asleep as I was thinking about those perfect moments on the beach with my mother.

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I awoke in shadow, kneeling in a dark, dusty, and narrow corridor, my heart filled with absolute terror and absolute lust. It took a moment to ascertain my surroundings -- I was in a hidden corridor that somehow I knew was adjacent to the bedroom of my parents. Directly before me was a panel that again, I instinctively understood would tilt slightly and allow me to peer into their bedroom. Despite being right handed, I realized my left hand was rising and rolling the panel upwards. I realized why I was using my left hand when I looked down and saw my right hand wrapped around my penis -- "Call it a cock, John!" murmured Antonia's voice...or was it my mother's? I was slowly stroking my enormously swelled member.

I peered through the peep hole and immediately a moan of pleasure escaped my lips. Mother stood in front of her bed and was stark naked, her nightgown rolling across the floor as the doors to her veranda again stood open. Mother looked both angelic and carnal in her nakedness, her golden blonde hair roiling around her head while she held her arms out wide as offering to embrace someone. Mother's large breasts -- two gourd-like mounds of flesh rode high on her chest, impervious to the laws of gravity and between her long and shapely legs was a trimmed 'V' of dark, golden hair above her spread labia, her nether lips swollen and shiny. Her lovely body seemed to be quivering with absolute need and hunger.

My hand raced up and down my erection as I marveled at the sheer sexual beauty that was my mother. There was a rumble of thunder and then the room grew suddenly warmer, evident to even me peering in from the secret corridor and my eyes were momentarily diverted to the open door and I gasped in amazement as something roiled into the room.

What it was, I had no idea. One moment it appeared to be a rapidly changing cloud of vapor or smoke, its color rolling through the spectrum. Parts seemed to become solid and then become mist again. It seemed to make noise, though whether I heard it in my ears or in my mind, I'm not sure. I could however feel its lust, ravenous in its intensity. It approached Mother and while I had no idea

of its intentions, I found myself rooted to the spot I was standing in, my hand unable to stop pleasuring myself.

The entity had no up or down that I could see -- no discernible head or brain, yet I knew when it suddenly took notice of me, turning in roils of mist to study me. For a moment, its appearance seemed to solidify in my mind, but only for a moment and for that I was grateful. I discerned a singular, unnatural eye amidst writhing coils of tentacles -- each ending with mouths with long snake-like tongues, its skin both scaly and slick, oozing blood and fluid. Then the image was gone with only a terrible and rapidly fading memory left behind. My mind gibbered for a moment and then refocused on the pleasure that my hand was producing as I masturbated frantically.

The entity moved towards Mother and I was faintly amazed to not be alarmed. I watched as it swirled around my mother and over her and between her legs before it reformed in front of her -- taking another discernible shape. With a start, I realized it was taking the form of a human and that it gradually took on the appearance of myself -- a smoky apparition of me, my dark doppelganger naked and erect...monstrously erect.

Mother cried out happily at the appearance of my ghostly double, spreading her arms wide as it floated to her, embracing it passionately. Mom cried out, "My John!" as she pressed her lips to its smoky mouth. It wrapped arms around Mother, fingertips becoming elongated and spreading unnaturally over her body -- one hand completely covering her large, meaty breast while another smoky tendril slipped down between her legs, sawing back and forth, making my mother moan lowly and lewdly in a way that nearly made me orgasm.

The entity rose into the air, taking Mother with it, tendrils and wispy hands opening her legs, spreading them widely as its opaque, cloudy penis expanded and rose, reaching out to probe at my mother's sex. Antonia's voice again echoed in my ears, becoming Mother's voice and then the housekeeper's again -- "Call it a pussy...it is what a woman fucks with...cock and pussy...what is more natural?"

The entity's penis-like appendage thrust forward and Mother screamed -- her voice betraying pain and pleasure blended together as her body stiffened in the misty creature's embrace, her nipples swelling as the barely tangible cock disappeared inside her. Her eyes were wide with excitement, her lip curled in a sexual sneer as smoky tendrils caressed her flesh. The tips of tendrils materialized again into clasping mouths, clamping down on Mother's engorged nipples, pulsating as they seemed to bite and suck.

Mother writhed and cried out, "Yes, John!" as the thing carnally assaulted her while my hand fairly flew up and down the shaft of my penis...my throbbing cock. More smoky tendrils uncoiled from the entity's body, the central shaft or penis pulsating with movement, pumping in and out of her wet hole...my mother's pussy, her labia spread wide.

Lips at the end of tendrils reached out and kissed Mother's undulating body, snake-like tongues licking at her flawless flesh while others seemed to be exploring her for other openings. Ghostly hands spread Mother's buttocks and another penis like offshoot emerged what still partly resembled me, changing shape as it moved and Mother cried out again as the appendage grew long and narrow and inserted itself up her anus and although I couldn't see, I somehow knew that once inside Mother's anal passage, the cock like tentacle began to expand and grow.

Mother was lost now in the throes of a tremendous orgasm, any reserved part of her character forgotten as she shrilly screamed, "Fuck me, son! Fuck Mother hard! Fuck all of Mother's holes and

make me cum...cuM...cUM...CUM!"

I groaned as my own pleasure overwhelmed me, making me cry out as I began to ejaculate, spewing immense quantities of semen over my hand and onto the wall where I knelt. Black spots swam in front of my eyes and I had several bad moments where I couldn't breathe and thought I might black out...my world winnowing down to the sight of my mother being molested, assaulted, raped, fucked by a monstrous creature beyond comprehension and that she was lost in the throes of carnal ecstasy as it did so.

Mother's cries of passionate pleasure were cut off as the creature's face...my face moved to kiss her, its smoky lips pressing against hers. I could still hear Mother's garbled moans and her eyes grew wild with lewd delight while her lips hollowed, reminding me of Antonia's fevered sucking of her son's penis earlier. I suddenly perceived that the entity was somehow fucking Mother with a third penis-like tentacle via her mouth and that it was giving her as much pleasure as it was receiving.

My orgasm escalated and I sobbed with painful pleasure as my cock bucked and jerked, impossibly ejaculating with so much force that it hurt. I couldn't take my eyes off Mother lost in her own ghostly rapture and the world seemed to burn away leaving only us and the monstrous deity and as the world filled with the brilliant and beautiful light that was pure sexual ecstasy, it seemed that Mother's eyes turned towards me, acknowledging that somehow we were joined in this terrible, wonderful moment. Despite a mouth of misty cock, Mother's cries of sexual delight surrounded me and embraced me and took me beyond comprehension itself, obliterating me in the depths of her lust and carnal satisfaction...

To be continued...