

THE MANY ROOMS OF HEAVEN

Ahabscribe

Mother and Son lovers reunite in Heaven.

Incest/Taboo

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Merry Christmas everyone - this is my present to you (although it will likely arrive a bit late). I suspect you'll either love it or want to come after me with pitchforks and torches...lol. It is a bit different. I really look forward to your feedback on this one.

All characters are fictional, existing only within the confines of this story and my mind. Enjoy!

In the end, one realizes there is still so much left to do and to say and even as weary as I am, my heart failing in ever increasing increments, I feel regret. My daughter leans over me as beautiful as ever at age fifty-five – our son and daughter flanking her on each side, each trying to hold back their emotions and put a brave face on things. I reach out and touch my daughter's hand, feeling her fingers close around my shaky digits, squeezing hard as if to will her own life force into my frail and fading body.

"Sally, it's alright," I say in a raspy voice, my throat dry from the constant flow of oxygen. "Don't mourn, my darling. We've – I've had a good life." I feel her wedding ring rub against mine – we've worn them now for twenty years, ever since our mother passed away and she took Mom's place in my bed.

"I love you, Daddy," my girl replies. "I don't want you to go!" She blinks back tears and glances at our son and daughter, barely out of their teens. "None of us want to lose you."

"I love you too, Sally. I love you all." I look into each of our children's eyes – at Megan's sweet face, her grandmother's eyes staring back at me, glowing with the special love that a woman has for her first lover. Images of our first night together pass through my mind – her long lithe body wrapped around mine as my blood flecked erection brings her to her first cock induced orgasm.

I look at Jack's face, his love evident in that face that looks so much like a younger version of myself – love and understanding of his place now – his destiny to take my place in his mother's bed, husband and lover to Sally and to his sister. Again, I am almost swept away with the memories of my daughter and our son coming together as lovers for the first time, Sally's rapturous expression as with legs spread wide, she accepted her son's magnificent cock into her pussy for the first time.

I feel an old and familiar sensation and I almost laugh. Imagine at age eighty with a failing heart, getting a woody on one's death bed. Mom would find this hilarious. I can almost hear her say, "That's my John! That's my horny loving son!"

Images of my mother come to mind – doing nothing to abate the sudden burgeoning erection between my legs. My mother – my greatest love, gone now for a score of years and even as her memories press down on me – of Mom riding my cock, her great and heavy breasts bouncing as we fuck with complete abandon, exciting me, so does the heaviness of breathing. The monitors begin to make warning noises – sounds I am so tired of hearing and I know that I'm done.

"Please, Daddy, don't leave me," Sally begs, her hand tightening around mine. It should be painful, but sensation is fading.

I try and squeeze back, whispering, "Its time, my love – I'm tired and I miss our mother. It's time for me to go to her." Each word is harder to speak than the word before it.

Sally's tears fall on my face as she leans down and kisses me, her lips and tongue brushing my dry and chapped lips. "I love you so much, Daddy," I hear her say as things begin to rapidly fade around me. "Go to her, Daddy. Give Mom our love. I love you so much!" It is the last thing I hear and then I feel my daughter's lips brushing mine one last time as...

I am ELSEWHERE. Streams of light of every color in the spectrum and colors unimagined pass through me or I pass through them. I am BODYLESS – without form and substance. I am in MOTION and I am at REST. I am EVERYTHING and NOTHING. I am nothing but the summary of a lifetime of MEMORY.

I am SOMEWHERE! It is beautiful, a cathedral of light, reinforced by unearthly music so lovely I want to weep. From wisps of illuminated ether emerges a figure, almost too great to behold, his form too perfect to be truly human, great feathered wings spreading wide from his back. Eyes blaze with the same brilliant fire that wreathes the great sword in his hand.

Despite my lack of form, he or it looks deep into my being and intones, "John Heller, you stand before your Lord God. I am the archangel Michael. Prepare to be judged."

From nowhere and everywhere, a light that is truly too beautiful to be truly beheld manifests and I quail before its purity that assaults all my senses. "OPEN YOUR HEART, MY CHILD, SHOW ME WHAT YOU ARE!"

I feel transparent and all that I am – all that I have been, is revealed. "The heart of John Heller – what do you find, Almighty God?" intones the angel, Michael.

"I FIND LOVE IN THIS CHILD," replies the VOICE that would make the finest singer in the world weep with envy.

"And do you find hate, Lord God?"

"NAY! HIS HEART IS PURE – LOVE BURNS AWAY ALL BASE EMOTION!"

"What be the judgment of the Almighty upon John Heller?" asks the Angel Michael, raising his flaming sword in readiness.

"I FIND JOHN HELLER WORTHY. TAKE HIM TO HEAVEN TO DWELL IN MY HOUSE FOREVER!"

The Angel bows in obedience and replies, "As the Father of us all commands." Michael turns and wings spreading wide, says with complete solemnity, "John Heller, you have been judged and your soul found commendable. Come now and dwell in the house of the Lord."

He approaches and even though on some deep level, I know what has happened is good, he is still a fearsome, imposing figure. As he reaches for me, the holy light that has enveloped me increases a million fold and as what I am seems to disintegrate in its joyous intensity, I hear the VOICE once more, "BE BLESSED, MY SON." I am torn from the presence of that glorious light and I want to weep and then I am...

...sitting on what appears to be a park bench. A series of jarring events of comprehension follow. I am in a massive garden on what appears to be the perfect spring day with blue skies, sunshine and a gentle breeze that is keeping the temperature perfect. With sudden delight, I realize the weight of old age is gone and that I feel like I am eighteen again. Then simultaneously, I am aware of two more things. My very erect cock is being sucked and there is a man sitting next to me.

I glance down. I am naked and I marvel for a moment as I realize my body is that of a young man and I am hugely erect and there is a woman kneeling between my legs, her tongue working me over with enthusiasm. Short, curly platinum blonde hair bobs as her lips slide up and down my shaft. Heavy, voluptuous breasts sway enticingly as she sucks my dick.

I turn and look at the man sitting next to me. He has long, wiry dark hair and a dark olive complexion. From above a prominent, hawkish nose, he looks at me with the kindest eyes I have ever seen and gives me a gentle smile. "Good morning," he says in a soft voice. He turns slightly and offers me his hand.

"Good morning," I reply as I shake his hand. Then he takes his hand back and it comes to rest between his legs, atop the head of a dark haired woman who is sucking his very large cock. I look at his face again and although he looks nothing like the countless images I've seen all my life, another look into those eyes is all I need to know who he is. "You...you're..."

He grins and then laughs before replying, "Jesus aka Jesus Christ aka the Savior aka Son of God – blah, blah, blah! Yes, but let's keep it simple, okay. I'm Jesus and you're John and we're a couple of lucky guys getting great blowjobs. Welcome to Heaven."

I look around me. The gardens or park seems right out of a heavenly setting and a short distance away, I see an immense palace of great beauty. I am reminded of the palace at Versailles. Mom and I had taken an anniversary trip there almost thirty years ago and we both thought it was the most beautiful place on earth. This is better.

I start to speak, but nothing comes out. I might just babble nonsense, but the woman sucking me keeps me distracted as her luscious tongue swirls around and around the head of my cock. Jesus again reaches over, patting my shoulder as he says, "I know – not quite what you expected."

"Well..." I reply. "I always figured if there was a god and a heaven, my life choices would – um, disqualify me." I felt myself blushing.

Jesus rolls his eyes. "You mean because you're a motherfucker? Oh and a daughter/sister/granddaughter fucker too? You were all consenting adults and all your family relationships did was to bring pleasure and love into the world. That's no sin in HIS eyes. What you folks had was the blessing of sex that GOD always intended sex to be."

He sighs and strokes the dark hair of the woman orally pleasing him. "It always amazes me – all those preachers talking about the rewards of Heaven and never once mentioning a good blowjob!" He shakes his head and says, "Did you know they even twisted my words around to say there's no sex at all in heaven! Everyone is supposed to just walk around praising GOD and being happy!"

Jesus laughs and adds, "John, every time you shoved your cock into your mother's cunt, you were singing great praises to GOD. The pleasure and love two or more people bring to each other is the greatest act of worship there is!" A look of bliss comes over his face and his hips begin to thrust up into the dark haired woman's mouth. "GOD be praised, this girl is good."

Sensing his approaching climax, the dark haired woman begins to suck harder, her mouth making lewd and wet smacking noises as she pleasures Jesus. As if trying to compete with her, the blonde sucking my cock increases her effort, taking me deep, lips sucking hard, as her tongue roils over my shaft and cock head, making me groan with pleasure. Like Jesus, my hips begin to rise in response, thrusting deep into her warm, wet mouth.

"Oh yeah!" murmurs Jesus as he bucks his hips against the dark haired woman's mouth.

"Remember, John – every cry of pleasure...every scream of orgasm is a song of praise to our FATHER! Yessss...that's it sweetie! Take it – eat my spunk, you sweet cocksucker!" He lets out a long cry of pleasure that echoes through the garden.

My blonde cocksucker flutters her tongue over my piss hole and I find myself unable to hold out any longer as my cockhead swells against her loving tongue and pleasure explodes between my legs even as my sperm erupts from my penis. There is a muffled squeal of delight from her pleasing lips as I buck and twist, cumming harder than I can recall in recent memory. Thick streamers of semen gush into her mouth and she looks up at me as she continues to suck on my dick, her brilliant green eyes looking at me lovingly. She seems hauntingly familiar as her pert nose wrinkles with amusement and her cheeks hollow out as she sucks hard on my penis.

Then it is over and both Jesus and I are sitting back as the women finish coaxing the last drops of sperm from our cocks. Jesus chuckles and says. I hope you enjoyed that. It's only been the last hundred years or so that I've convinced HIM that this is a great way to welcome folks to Heaven. I think it helps everyone calm down after the Archangels do their thing." He grins and adds, "It was Michael today, wasn't it? He loves freaking out the new arrivals with that big-assed flaming sword of his."

I manage to nod weakly, remembering it well and feeling delightfully wrung out from Blondie's attentions. I feel her lips slip off my still throbbing member and I look down to see Marilyn Monroe smiling back up at me, a trickle of my semen running down her chin. She giggles and says in that breathy voice that exudes sex, "I loved this nice man's big sword! You're delicious!"

I again open my mouth and nothing comes out. Jesus laughs and responds, "Oh yeah, Norma Jean is real popular with newcomers!"

The other woman lets Jesus' penis slip from her mouth and she says, "As always, Jesus, you taste marvelous!" She beams up at him and then turns my way giving me a happy, cum filled grin. She looks very familiar – fair skinned and long limbed and heavy breasted, with black hair hanging down her back to brush at her buttocks. She can't be more than eighteen and I feel a momentary sensation of homesickness as I realize that she suddenly reminds me of my granddaughter, Megan.

Her brown eyes sparkle with delight and she winks at me, tugging at my memories more before she moves towards Marilyn and the two of them share a wet, sloppy kiss, swapping the sperm of Jesus and myself back and forth. Marilyn's sizable but pert breasts mash into the other woman's slightly meatier breasts and their hands stroke each other's fair skin before coming to cup each other's tight young ass cheeks.

"Praise GOD, but isn't that a sight you'd only see in Heaven!" crows Jesus, his cock already perking up. To my surprise, my cock has yet to go down and it slaps wetly against my stomach. Despite the delicious lesbian kiss in front of me, my attention is almost drawn away by the fact that for the first time in decades, I have a sustained erection despite just having ejaculated.

Jesus stands up and I follow along. We watch as the two women end their kiss, thick streamers of divine semen stretching between their lips. The strings break and splatter against Marilyn Monroe's impressive breasts, and the other woman quickly ducks down and licks them up. "Waste not, want not!" intones Jesus in a mock serious voice.

Turning to me, he again shakes my hand. "Well, gotta go. I'm taking Marilyn to welcome more new arrivals. She does love to suck cock." He leans in and in a sotto voce voice whispers, "She's a great fuck too, but I think Jayne Mansfield has a shade tighter pussy!"

Marilyn whirls around and gives him a love tap on the arm. "Does not! Jayne's got a fine little beaver, but I'm like greased silk!" She turns to me and standing up on tip toe, gives me a long wet kiss while her hand finds mine and draws it between her legs. She has a little tuft of brownish pubic hair and it tickles as I pass through it and then my fingers are in her and its like liquid fire, her flesh pulsating against my fingers. "You come visit me sometime, John Heller and I'll show you some seriously heavenly pussy." She giggles again in that special way that can almost make a man cum just listening to it and then lets Jesus take her by the arm.

Jesus gestures to the dark haired girl and says, "Now this little angel has agreed to show you around and explain things a little more. I'm sure we'll be seeing more of each other soon. Maybe you can stop by and meet Mom. I know she'd love to meet you." He grins and pointedly looks down at my erection, "And she'd love to meet that thing too!" He gives us a little wave and he and Marilyn stroll off deeper into the gardens.

"Wow," I say. Then I realize how stupid that sounds and look sheepishly at the young teenager next to me. "Is this really Heaven or am I dreaming."

She laughs and slips her arm around my waist, her body molding against mine as if we were made for each other. She steers us towards the great palace. "It's really Heaven, John," she replies. "Just remember that all the rules of Earth don't apply here. Heaven can be anything you want it to be."

I sigh and say, "Is it magic?"

"No...maybe. Mostly, it's just HIM. HE adores love above all else – not for HIMSELF, but HE revels in our sharing love with each other. Back on Earth, they got so much of it wrong. Here, sex is something to cherish and celebrate." She pauses and rolls her eyes before adding, "Not that Heaven is simply Playboy fantasy #412. People have all sorts of pursuits – not just fucking. Art, music, cooking, writing – anything we enjoyed on Earth, we enjoy here. But love in all its forms is our single greatest pursuit. No hatred, no hang-ups. HE wanted this to be our reward for embracing love in our earlier lives and now we revel in its glory for all eternity.

Suddenly we seem to be entering the immense palace even though just a moment before we were hundreds of feet away. I glance down at the young woman, the question evident in my face. She laughs and says, "Like I said, the rules of Earth don't apply here – physics is just a concept – not always reality."

I nod to show I understand even though I don't and then try not to stand in complete and utter awe at the beauty of the palace – seemingly made of crystal and light and sound. Great doors leading to many rooms adorn hallways that seemed to stretch on towards infinity. Music plays all around us and I hear what I think is the voice of John Lennon, although I don't recognize the song. "Is that...?"

My escort nods enthusiastically. "Yes, that's John – I think his work has gotten even better now that George has arrived. They never really were collaborators, but now they are inseparable. Lord knows how good it will get when the rest arrive."

I shake my head in disbelief. I wave an arm, gesturing at all the doors. "Who lives here?"

She laughs and says, "Everyone in Heaven, sweetie." She gestures to a door to our right. "Just approach a door and think of whom you'd like to see. If they are in Heaven, the door will open to take you to them. If it won't open, they have opted for some privacy...just try again later." She grins at me and says, "Go ahead and try."

"Okay, how about Michelangelo?" I said, saying the first historical person to come off the top of my head.

The teenaged girl nods and then motions towards the door. I open it and we step inside...to find ourselves in a room filled with sunlight from great windows and a middle-aged man standing on a railed platform some ten feet off the ground – an immense unfinished painting before him. I am struck by the beauty and grandeur of it, obviously the work of the great Renaissance artist. I am also struck by the graphicness of the sex it portrays. Then he looks down to the side and in a patient tone says, "Gwen, turn your head a little towards me – Jack, make her feel you inside her!"

I turn my head to see who he is speaking to only to discover four people, naked and fucking. I look on with interest, admiring the shapely bodies of the two women before it hits me that I recognize one of them. A young slender brunette woman, her brown eyes alit with orgasmic pleasure is being fucked from behind by a tall, well muscled man, his light blonde hair hanging down around his shoulders. I feel her give us a sidelong glance and I feel my cock throb as Jackie Kennedy gives us a playful wink. Jackie is licking the spread wide labia of a honey haired pussy stuffed with cock, drawing moans from the buxom blonde woman riding the swollen penis of Jack Kennedy. The blonde's face screwed up in immense pleasure, pussy cream coating Jack's long, hard cock.

"He's calling it, "Sharing Camelot,"" whispers my guide, her warm breath pleasant in my ear, her hand casually stroking my cock.

It takes me a minute to let the title's meaning sink in and then as I continue to stare with aroused amazement at the carnal scene in front of me, I reply, "You mean Jack and Jackie Kennedy are fucking..."

She giggles and finished for me. "Yep, they're fucking King Arthur and his queen, Guinevere." We both give a little sigh as Arthur Pendragon's queen screams with pleasure, followed quickly by groans from Jack Kennedy as he pumps a load of sperm into her tight, hot cunt. Jackie gives a squeal of joy and begins lapping up semen and pussy juice as it coats her husband's cock.

"The four of them have been an item for years," my young lady tells me. "And when Gwen and Jackie are really feeling horny, they invite Lancelot and Bobby over to join them." She wiggles her eyebrows at me and said, "You can hear Jackie screaming all over Heaven."

I am reluctant to leave, but my young lady lets me know that Michelangelo gets a little cranky around spectators and we exit through the door we came in, returning to the hallways of the immense palace. I can only look at her in amazement and say, "Wow!"

"Would you like to try again?" she asks. "It doesn't have to be someone famous. It could be anyone from your past." She licks her lips and says, "Who was your favorite teacher?"

Despite it having been over sixty years since I had been in school, without hesitation, I replied, "Mrs. Anderson!" My cock throbbed at the memory of my high school English teacher. A tall, lithe redhead – her carrot colored hair usually tied into a tight bun, her athletic figure mostly concealed in tight fitting dress suits, her hemlines so achingly high – all topped off with cat's eye glasses. Mrs. Anderson was the late night fantasy of many high school boys.

The teenaged girl nods and we again open another door, immediately stepping into a brightly lit room, filled with candles and pillows and long silk curtains, filled with a woman's sobs and moans. Before us is a mass of roiling flesh that as it shifts and moves, reveals a naked Mrs. Anderson – her breasts – small cupcake sized tits with long swollen nipples. She is impaled both cunt and ass, her red bush split wide by an immense cock. She is swarmed by young men – scarcely older than I was when I had her for English. Cocks rub up and down her body, exchanging places with the cocks buried deep in her. Swollen cockheads compete for her full and luscious lips.

My young guide leans against me, her firm and heavy breast brushing against, again triggering familiar feelings as she whispers, "It seems you horndogs weren't the only ones with fantasies. Debbie Anderson's been perpetually stuffed with young cock since she arrived some twenty years ago." My cock throbs as I watch her writhe in orgasm as one of her young men cums in her cunt. As he falls away, another young stud takes his place, making her moan anew as he begins to violently fuck her. Mrs. Anderson's cat's eye glasses hang askew on her face as she eagerly twists about in order to lick clean the cock that just filled her pussy with hot semen.

"There's a bit of a waiting list, but Debbie makes exceptions for her old students, John," my young lady purrs as she reaches out and gives my erection a slow and loving stroke, again evoking vague memories.

She leads me out the door again into the vast hallway. The plaintive wail of Janis Joplin now fills the air, a bluesy number I'm not familiar with. When I look at my guide again, she grins and nodding her head, says, "HE really enjoys music from all eras."

We stroll down the hallway, soaking up that sweet whiskey voice for a few moments before my guide asks, "So, John, who would you like to see next?"

I hesitate before speaking, nervous in preparing to ask for that that I want most to see. "I really would like to see my mother."

My guide grins and guides us through a door. The room appears to be constructed of light with a vast bed sitting in what seems to be clouds. The room is empty except for us and I turn to my guide for an explanation only to find her crawling up into the immense bed.

"We were going to see my Mom?" I ask as she begins to smile, easing back on the immense pillows and spreading her legs slowly, stretching out like a sleek feline, her breasts rising as they are pulled taut. Luscious, thick pubic hair is quickly split by fresh pink flesh that glistens.

"Really, John. Has it been that long, sweetheart?" She holds out her hands in a gesture that is as familiar to me as breathing, her fingers beckoning me to come hither.

I feel a salty sting in my eyes as I say in a raspy voice, "Mom?" Memories of years ago – of coming home from a long day at high school my senior year and walking into my bedroom to find Mom naked, her legs spread wide on my bed, beckoning to me, making what I had thought were simply my most secret fantasies come true, came back to me now.

Looking at the young girl on the bed, I see Mom now...Mom as she had been as a teenager and her resemblance to Megan, my granddaughter...Mom's great granddaughter or granddaughter depending on your point of view, become obvious. I quickly move to the bed, almost oblivious to the urgent erection slapping against my stomach, so great is the need to simply be in Mom's arms again.

As I climb on the bed, Mom's appearance seems to magically transform, into the forty-three year old beauty that took my virginity and became the love of my life – slivers of silver in Mom's hair, her breasts a bit larger and heftier, her thighs a little fuller and softer, but her smile just as brilliant.

Then I am lying between her legs, my erection lying between her swollen labia, luxuriating in her heat and wetness. My chest is cushioned by her pillow like breasts as our lips touch and I kiss my mother for the first time in what seems an eternity. As our tongues curl around each other, becoming reacquainted, my tears run down my cheeks to fall and mingle with Mom's tears as we cry and kiss and hug each other tightly.

"I love you, Mom," I whisper as our first kiss ends and I look at the loveliest face in the world. "I've missed you so much!"

Mom smiles up at me and as she wiggles her pelvis against my erection, says, "I can tell, honey!" Her smile makes my heart swell and my cock throb – as it had always been, it was part motherly affection and frank, womanly lust; a sexier expression I have never witnessed. "I love you too, John. I'm glad we're together again and this time, forever!"

The thought of that is almost overwhelming and I kiss Mom again, more forcefully this time which brings a muffled sigh of contentment from her as our tongues dance together once more. I try to take Mom in with all my senses – the taste of her mouth, the hint of jasmine in her hair, the sound of her breathing as we kiss, the loveliness of her face and then, as we both roll our hips just so, the sweet, sweet feeling of Mom's slick, fiery pussy as I slide my hard cock into her.

"Oh GOD, yes!" Mom cries out, flinging her hips upward to meet my thrust, taking my long length into her womb, feeling so familiar and so right. Her cunt, both yielding and tight, closes around my cock, creating sweet, slippery friction as Mom and I begin to move and fuck, halting our passionate kisses only to gasp for air and to cry out our pleasure – both for ourselves and for HIM.

Thirty-seven years of making love to my mother come back to me in an instance – knowing Mom's body better than my own, recalling what made her moan and what made her MOAN! And now, as Mom and I fuck, cock and pussy joined while tongues writhe, I become aware that we are now even more than what we were. It is almost indescribable – the awareness we have for each other and the sheer freedom. It comes to me that now in heaven, all doubts and fears – no matter how small and petty, are vanquished. With HIS blessing, we are completely ourselves and willing to surrender all that we are to each other to become something more.

Mom shivers with ecstasy as I plunge again and again into her pussy – her nipples throbbing against my chest as our bodies slide against each other, slick with the sweat of fucking and passion. As it had been in our old life, each of the countless times we made love or simply fucked somehow was better than the time before. Images of Mom at different times in our life pass before me – at forty-three when we made love for the first time, at forty-five and pregnant with our daughter, Mom's lustrous black hair becoming a mixture of salt and pepper and then a beautiful sheen of pure silver, and as the years mounted, our love never diminishing, always growing stronger.

I groan as Mom's legs wrap around my ass, crossing to lock me to her, flinging her pelvis up to meet my cock's thrusts, our bodies slapping together loudly and wetly as I bury my hard penis into Mom's pussy again and again. Our cries of pleasure rise and seem to become music – a music that celebrates and proclaims the love we shared...before and now!

Mom screams and her body stiffens and I am roaring and we both begin to cum – hot torrents of semen bathing Mom's womb while her cunt clamped down around my shaft, holds me deep inside her as we are lost in the throes of orgasm. I weep from the sheer pleasure, the sheer rightness of being joined with Mom again – linked by familial bonds and by those of wedded bliss. My mother, my wife, my lover, my companion, now and forever!

Then I roll us over, my cock still deep inside Mom, jerking as the last of my load spurts into her cum filled cunt. We are gasping for breath and crying and laughing, Mom's legs splayed out on either side of me as she rests on my cock, her head in the hollow of my neck, panting.

"I – I will..." Mom pauses to gasp for breath. "I will never get tired of that. GOD be praised, but I love you, son!"

I kiss Mom again, savoring being able to taste her sweet lips once again before I reply, "I love you too, Mom!"

We lay there for a bit, Mom on top of me as she had been so many times before. Amazingly, my cock despite having ejaculated twice in a short time is still hard and I revel in the sensation of feeling my penis enveloped in the pulsating sweetness of Mom's inner flesh. It is as if Mom reads my mind (and maybe she does), because she says after a bit, "A bonus of Heaven is that certain limitations of the flesh are um...well, they don't exist here." Mom grins evilly down at me, raising her eyebrows to convey the no doubt lewd thoughts in her mind.

Silence follows as we enjoy simply being together. Finally, I speak up. "I can't believe I didn't recognize you right away."

Mom giggles and says, "Well – arriving here is such a shock to begin with and you didn't know me when I was eighteen, you weren't even born yet! And we weren't lovers for another twenty-five years." Mom giggles again and adds, "And I doubt you were expecting to find your mother going down on Jesus Christ!"

I let out a bark of a laugh and then the enormity of what she had said and my sudden recollection sweep over me. "Omigod! Mom, you sucked Jesus' cock!"

Mom wiggles delightfully on top of me, her pussy muscles massaging my dick as she replies, "Oh, I've done more than that to him since I got here!" Mom leans in and licks my lips lasciviously. "The possibilities here are more than you can ever imagine!"

I nod, both understanding what she meant and also realizing that I might not ever be able to fathom the enormity of what she is saying. One concern rose in my mind. "How does that affect us?"

Mom strokes my cheek with one hand, lovingly and softly as she has done since I was a child. "We are one, my love. We are Mother and Son, Husband and Wife, Soul-mates... forever. Still, here in Heaven there is much more love to share. You'll find that jealousy and possessiveness just don't exist." Mom gives me a kiss, her teeth gently teasing and pulling on my lower lip. "So, I won't mind if you fuck Mrs. Anderson or anyone else."

"And I won't mind when you're with someone else, will I?" I ask, knowing that it is true even as I say it.

"No, you won't, Mom answers. "It's all love here and the more we share love, the more there is...all for HIS glory."

I nod, thinking and hoping I understand. "I'm still sorry I didn't recognize you when I...arrived. I know I've seen pictures of you...not naked of course, before and you reminded me of Megan, but I still didn't..." I reach out and caress her back, gently trailing fingers down her spine, making her shiver.

"Well, I confess I was entertaining a fantasy I've had since you were a teenager," Mom says, wrinkling her nose at me.

"Oh yeah? What?"

Mom kisses me again and then as her breasts rub against me as she wiggles on my body, slowly working her cunt up and down on my cock, says, "I used to imagine meeting you when I was in high school – you just a sexy young stud and me being the slut that would rock your world." Mom rises up to a sitting position, once again the teenager I'd watched sucking the cock of Jesus. Her breasts are more pert and prominent, no sag – no signs of aging, the lines of experience that one accumulates over time.

My hands go upwards out of instinct – Mom's tits both familiar and different. As I maul her tits, playing with her hard nipples – not yet thickened from nursing, she lithely works herself up and down on my erect pole, the pussy juices, hot and thick, almost pouring from her aroused vagina. "Let Momma fulfill a fantasy, John. Let Momma fuck you!"

I'm not about to argue, rather I just sit back and enjoy myself, watching a young version of my mother ride me like the wanton slut she had always been when she possessed my cock. Exquisite pleasure sweeps me up as I feel her tight cunt grasp me and massage me and slide slowly up and down – her sugar walls clinging to my flesh as she begins to piston on my hard cock, a knowing grin on her face.

In some ways it is the best of all possible worlds – a sleek, perfectly shaped eighteen year old girl fucking me and better yet, fucking me with the knowledge of a woman with at least sixty years of experience plus whatever she had learned in heaven, plus the sweet incestuous ecstasy that only a mother and son could share.

Before long, the fuck sweat is streaming off Mom as she exerts herself without reservation, shifting into a squatting position as she rides slow then fast then slow again on my hard, throbbing cock, her magnificent breasts rolling and bouncing wildly, her wet hair flying wildly around her as she lets herself go – fucking my cock until she screams – announcing her orgasm and somehow maintaining just enough control to never stop moving.

On and on my young Mom fucks me, her fingernails clawing my chest as she looks lustily down at me, her mouth gaping open, slack-jawed as orgasms wax and wane, an experienced and lusty woman inside a young girl's body. Little by little, I feel myself moving towards climax and my need spurring me to begin moving in time with Mom, thrusting upwards to meet her downward motion, feeling her hairy beaver grind against my groin, pubic hair entangling and offering a sweet sting as we move apart and do it all over again. "Gonna cum, Mom!" I gasp, pinching her nipples hard as

she writhes on top of me – her legs giving out on her, sliding akimbo as she comes down hard, burying me deep in her womb.

"Oh YESSSSSSSS!" Mom sobs. "I want your cum, John. Oh GOD, I want my son's seed in me!" Like a wet and slick velvet glove, Mom's pussy clamps down tight, her pulsating flesh milking me and I yield to the pleasure and we both sing praises to HIM as I flood Mom's cunt with hot semen, sending her headlong into another wild orgasm – Mom's body shaking as if she is having a seizure before she collapses exhausted on top of me.

I feel tears of joy falling on my chest and Mom's quivering voice saying over and over, "Oh yes, John. You've come home to me...thanks be to GOD that my sweet, loving son is with me again."

Slowly we come down from our ecstatic heights, both of us whispering loving endearments to each other as we had for some many years and for the first time in oh so long, Mom and I fall asleep in each other's arms, still joined cock to pussy.

#

I can't say Mom and I woke up in the morning because time has no real meaning...there is no determined night and day, you simply are. Sleep isn't a necessity as I soon found out, but we still do it. Maybe for most humans it is simply that sleep following sex has its own sort of peace and tranquility and Heaven is a place where one pursues what one enjoys.

I awake to Mom's kisses, opening my eyes to find her as she was when she first took me as her lover. "Someone wants you to come visit, baby," Mom says once I am up and about.

"Oh yeah and who is that?" I say, taking Mom in my arms.

Mom kisses me long and slowly before looking at me with mischief in her eyes. "Eve," she says.

I pause and consider. After a moment, I shrug and say, "I don't remember any Eve. Was she a friend of yours way back when?"

Mom laughs and rolls her eyes. "No, silly...Eve. The Eve!"

I look at Mom in confusion for a moment then feel my eyes go real wide. "Um, you mean Eve as in 'Adam and Eve?'"

Mom giggles and climbing from the bed, holds out her hand. "That's right, son. Now come on, one doesn't want to keep the Mother of us all waiting."

Feeling rather pole-axed, I take Mom's hand and we leave our room. Once again we find ourselves walking through the great and infinite mansion from before. Sweet, bluesy jazz echoes in our ears – a duel of sorts between trumpet and piano and I cock an eye at Mom and ask, "Louis Armstrong?"

"Yep and Charlie 'Bird' Parker – I never followed jazz when I was alive, but can't get enough of it now."

We pass along the wide hallways, occasionally passing other folk who smiled and nodded or called greetings or welcome – no one I recognized, but some seemed to know Mom and when I look at her, she blushes, grins and shrugs her shoulders. When I grin and call her a slut, she winks and says, "You bet your ass, son!"

We leave the palace at times, crossing great swaths of green under heavenly light – once passing by a ball field where I pause in stunned amazement. I'm not sure what surprised me more – to see so many great ballplayers on the field...Ruth, Gerhig, Mantle and Clemente to name a few, or to see their opposition led by a tall, thin lanky fellow with a distinctive beard – the stovepipe hat is missing, replaced by a ball cap. He stands on the mound, peering at the plate where Jackie Robinson crouches with his bat.

I point at him, looking at Mom for confirmation. That's...that's..."

Mom grins and says, "Yes, that's Abe Lincoln. He's got a wicked fastball that'd make Randy Johnson green with envy. Turns out, most of the Presidents love baseball. Washington bats cleanup! They say he swings a big bat...in more ways than one." Mom giggles, adding, "I haven't discovered if that's true...yet."

Part of me wants to stay and watch, but Mom reminds me we have all of eternity and that right now, Eve...the Eve is waiting for us. We travel on, finally entering a dense, overgrown area of gardens and then step into a growth of foliage through a long, vine wrapped trellis and exit into another place – humid and as green as anything I have ever seen. Birds sing and butterflies flutter amongst great trees that seem to go up forever, fruit laden branches spread out to shade it, yet somehow illuminated still by the brilliant, almost tangible light.

"Ah, Cora...you have come and your son, too! HE be praised." A voice, womanly and deep that struck a chord in me that makes my pulse quicken and my cock pulse, echoes all around us. Then, almost as she comes out of a tree herself, appears Eve and I feel my breath slip from me.

Eve is tall, almost matching my height of six feet and dark of skin, almost that of milk chocolate with long, curly, almost wiry hair of burnished reds and browns that seems to cascade down to her ankles. She is voluptuous, carrying what some might consider too much weight, but which does nothing but emphasize her sheer womanliness. Huge, magnificent breasts, capped with long thick nipples, a full and rounded stomach above a thick and wild bush of pubic hair which matches her reddish brown mane, itself framed by lush thighs that screamed motherhood. Her eyes are green with hints of brown and blue and yellow and as she holds out her arms to us and smiles, it is if I see all of humanity in her features – all races or ethnicities reflected in her somehow. Mom's words echo back to me and under my breath I whisper, "The Mother of us all."

I can't help myself. I sink to one knee and bow to her.

Eve laughs and is upon us, saying, "No, no, no, my son. We are all equal in HIS eyes. Do not humble yourself so," as she reaches out with one hand and with surprising strength raises me back to my feet. She pulls Mom and me into a powerful embrace and kisses us both, startling me as I feel her tongue, full and thick slide into my mouth. I feel a wonderful shock ripple through my body as I realize I am French kissing the first woman on Earth.

When our kisses are done, a string of saliva hanging between Mom's lips and Eve's splattering upon Eve's huge breasts, she gazes at us both with such love and says, "So at last, Cora – united with your mate. Is there anything more wondrous?"

Mom smiles in response. "Nothing in Heaven or on Earth."

Eve laughs, her breasts heaving up and down as her earthy voice touches me deep inside. "Yes, it is true – you have discovered the secret so many are blind to." I think I looked puzzled because she

laughs again and says, "You know it too, John, son of Cora – you just don't know you know." She steps up, pressing her lush body against mine, trapping my erection against her soft stomach.

"The forbidden fruit was not an apple or other fruit, son and it was not sin, no matter what the priests and shamans claim," she whispers into my ear, her tongue flickering out to tease my lobe. "It was carnality," she says softly as she rubs herself against me. "It was physical desire, lust, sex, fucking and in the end, the ultimate physical expression of LOVE." I tremble with desire in her arms as she wraps them around me and holds me close, her heavy, enormous breasts dragging across my chest. "And as I later would teach my sons, the sweetest form of the forbidden fruit was family love."

Eve kisses me then, deeper and more passionately than before and somehow seems to open herself up to me, sharing with me her memories and experiences, making me a witness to the beginnings. I kiss her back, holding her now in my arms too and I see...

Eve unchanged, yet young as the world was young, in the garden, enraptured and encircled by something that was both serpent and angel – a flickering forked tongue dancing about, tasting, teasing over hardening nipples and moist lips both above and below, firm and dry scaly skin crawling, rubbing, stroking and squeezing her voluptuous flesh and Eve begging for more and then the serpent's head becoming more, reshaping itself into a mighty phallus and then as its coils spread her legs on the soft mossy grass, piercing her, spilling virginal blood for the first time upon the Earth, driving deep, drawing forth screams of orgasm that echo for the first time across the planet...

Eve lying with her son Abel, sharing with him her knowledge and bringing incest into the world, both discovering together the most intimate form of love is that shared by mother and son, her realization of that culminating in her screams of incestuous orgasm – orgasm that dwarfs anything she has known before...

Eve guiding hers and Abel's daughter, Lilith as the young woman offers herself as Abel's life mate, holding the cock of her son, guiding him to their daughter's maidenhead as Angels proclaim the glory of love honoring the CREATOR as Lilith orgasms for the first time. Eve adding her own voice to the chorus as Lilith tongues her, tasting the seed of her brother and father and that of Adam as well...

Eve presiding over her ever growing brood – generation after generation of children all celebrating the wondrous joy that is family love – revering and keeping sacred the sweet knowledge of incestuous love, ever expanding as does the human race with all its potential, blind only to the sin of jealousy that lurks in her other son who craved her only for himself and who in time will cloud men's judgment and make that which is holiest, taboo for untold generations to come...

I see Eve, her time on Earth done called home by HIM, but a part of her – her spirit and her love, HE leaves behind to dwell within her children for all time, passing from generation to generation – sometimes, alas, not often, but sometimes, finding purchase in the hearts of her descendants as mother and son, father and daughter, brother and sister and so many others discover for themselves the sweetest forbidden fruit of all and its rewards...

I see Eve or at least a part of her hovering over a young man, hopelessly in love with his mother and Eve's spirit opening the eyes of his mother and her heart so that she might recognize her true soul-mate. It is the spirit of Eve that guides her to find the strength to take herself naked to her son's

bed and await his arrival, holding up her arms in supplication and wagging her fingers in an invitation to join her forever in holy, incestuous bliss...

Eve is on her back, lying in the soft, mossy grass much as she was the first time, her legs are thrown wide as I thrust into her, my cock throbbing with such need and desire, hungering for her as much as my lips hunger for her taste, wrapped around a thick nipple and drinking the milk of life from her bountiful breasts. Her voice is raised in wordless praise to HIM as I fuck the Mother of us all, my heart aching to please her as a gift of thanks for beginning this...for Mom and me and for all that came before and all that will come after. She is steaming silk flesh, massaging and caressing my cock within her womb and her hands touch and urge me on, making me take her harder, faster until we are fucking like animals, lost in the glory of orgasmic bliss until together we cum, me offering my seed to the first Mother as she writhes below me, an expression of perfect Heavenly bliss on her face as she moans and sobs her pleasure.

After long minutes of rest, savoring the feel of her furnace like cunt around my cock, I kiss her and ease off of her as she says, "Truly, John, you are the son of my flesh – a true child of Eve...as is your mother."

I follow her glance to see Mom sitting against an immense tree, her legs spread wide and a hand firmly shoved up inside her. Her breasts heave and glisten with sweat, her face glowing in the aftermath of self-pleasure, smiling and aroused at the carnal scene of Eve and myself. In a voice thick with lust, Eve murmurs, "Come daughter, feed upon the seed of life to HIS glory," spreading open her legs, her furry cunt dripping with my semen.

With a cry of joy, Mom crawls on hands and knees across the grass and buries her face in Eve's cunt, making the first woman quiver with pleasure as her freshly fucked pussy receives a tongue lashing from an expert. Eve's hands run through Mom's hair as Mom rolls her tongue over her pink, sperm coated flesh, lapping of thick strands of my seed before pausing to swallow and then tease Eve's clitoris as she bucks and twists under Mom's oral love. Again she sends up cries of pleasure to honor HIM as Mom eats her clean of my semen and makes her cum again and again.

Almost reluctantly we come to find its time to leave, sensing others approaching. A young black man and woman, faces sharing distinct traits approach, seeming awed and delighted at the sight of the gloriously naked Eve. Eve gives us farewell hugs and kisses and says, "Come to me again, John and Cora. It makes my heart glad to have you here, to know my love has survived and triumphed and continues even now in the hearts of your children."

It is with some subdued awe that we leave Eve, pausing only deep in the leafy tunnel while Mom drops to her knees and licks my cum covered cock clean. I look at my mother, thinking not for the first time how lucky and privileged I am to have her as my lover and wife. After Mom rises and kisses me, sharing the taste of my own seed and that of Eve's motherly pussy, we continue on our way, silent for a bit – both of us simply savoring the glory of being together.

We stroll again towards the palace of GOD, smiling at others we encounter. Most are naked and we all unashamedly stare at each other, garnering smiles of interest and sometimes meaningful nods promising a rendezvous someday. I see people make love, read books, throw a Frisbee around, have picnics, debate and so much more. Everyone is happy including myself, although a million questions race through my mind.

I decide to ask Mom the hardest question first. "Mom, is Dad here?" I'm not sure how she'll take it since he left us when I was just a little kid. We'd gotten word many years into our marriage that he'd

died in an apartment house fire on the other side of the country.

Mom smiles at me gently, squeezing my hand as we walk along. "No – he didn't make it." "But all your grandparents are here! I know they are looking forward to seeing you."

"Really?" I reply. "And they know about us?"

"Oh yes, and they approve, son." Mom smiles upwards into the heavenly light that shines down on us and says, "There's something about Heaven...about HIM, that all our prejudices and misgivings are washed away. Love is always the way and here we celebrate it in all forms."

Mom gave me another naughty wink, "And here, we are free to discover the glory of all its forms with whoever wishes it."

Raising an eyebrow, I asked, "Mom, have you and Grandpa..."

"Oh, praise HIM, yes...fuck yes," Mom gushes back at me. "Now I know where you get some of your um, attributes. Daddy's a wonderful, tender lover and..." Mom licked her lips. "So is your Grandmother!"

I stop, looking at Mom in amazement. "You fucked Grandpa and Grandma!" I say, a big goofy grin on my face, trying to imagine that as well enjoying the throbbing the thoughts produce in my erect penis.

"Oh yeah. In fact, Daddy spends most of his time with his Mom now, your great-granny Sally and Mom, well...Mom has spent the last years exploring her lesbian side!"

As we resume walking, I try and assimilate this new knowledge. As I do, I realize another person has fallen into step with us. I glance over and smile. "Jesus! Good to see you."

He reaches out his hand and shakes mine, smiling at me. "So, getting used to Heaven, John? Your mom showing you the ropes?" Jesus winks at Mom and says, "Forgive me for going along with your mother's little joke?"

I shrug and grin. "I'm just glad I'm with her again." I reply.

He laughs and says, "I'll say...we could hear her screaming all over Heaven!" He nudges me and says, "You have no idea how much that pleases HIM."

Together, Mom and I reply, "It's our pleasure," before we all bust out laughing.

Finally, Jesus says, "Look, I was going over to have dinner with Mother. I know she'd love to see you both. Why don't you both come with me?"

I look at Mom and when she nods, I reply, "We'd love to...if she doesn't mind intruders."

Jesus gives a barking laugh and says, "Mind? The blessed, Saint of all Saints, Mary, mother of GOD on Earth with a heart as big as all outdoors? Please and I know she's going to love you, John."

As we approach an entrance to the glorious mansion a thought occurs to me. "So do we need food in Heaven, Jesus?"

"Oh no, of course not. Here in Heaven you never need physical sustenance again if you so choose, but..." Jesus waggles his eyebrows at us and says, "Wouldn't life be boring without a little bit of

good wine and good food now and again!" He nudges me in the elbow and adds, "My mother makes the best curried lamb and rice dish you'll ever eat!"

With that we reach the palace of GOD and enter and Jesus swings open a door and we step into a dimly lit dwelling from another age – a pot stewing over an open fire with something delicious smelling inside it. "Mother, I'm home," calls out Jesus. "I've brought friends!" I feel a tingle of excitement in my belly as I realize I'm about to meet the mother of Jesus...the revered Virgin Mary.

From another room appears a small woman, appearing scarcely old enough to bear children, olive skinned and with long, dark hair. I see a resemblance, especially as she smiles and holds out her arms. "Jesus, my love and friends, be welcomed to our home!" She approaches and I realize with a bit of surprise that she is clothed in a simple shift that leaves one dusky shoulder bare and sandals on her feet that strap up to her ankles.

Mary kisses her son first – a loving kiss on the lips and I feel a strange tingle within my cock as I am sure I see them touch tongues. Then she turns and embraces Mom, saying, "Cora! It has been too long! You must come by more often!" They kiss as well, Mary pulling Mom to her in a tight embrace as they kiss deeply and lovingly.

Jesus' mother then turns to me, her eyes big and brown and so kind and I easily surrender to her embrace as she rises up on tip toe to hug me and kiss me, her tongue sliding inside my mouth to greet my tongue. She takes her time as if somehow assessing me as our tongues dance and play. When she is done, her eyes have a lusty sheen overlying the love I can see there and she says, "Cora missed you so much. It is good you are here with us now, John. It is good you are with your mother." Mary strokes my cheek much like Mom has done a million times. "You two are a blessing to HIM and to us all."

I fumble awkwardly for something to say and settle for a softly spoken, "Thank you," before she shoos us out of her kitchen and into the next room, directing us to a low sitting wooden table, beautiful in its intricate craftsmanship where we settle on lush pillows strewn along the floor. "This is lovely," I say, stroking the finely polished wood.

Jesus beams and says, "We'll pass your compliments on to Joseph. He lives for his craft...you can barely pry him loose from his shop."

I nod until I realize that he's talking about his mother's husband...his stepfather? The 'Joseph'! I shake my head in wonder and speculate if I will ever get used to Heaven. My reverie is interrupted by the arrival of dinner and Jesus did not exaggerate – his mother's curried lamb and rice is, forgive me, heavenly. The four of us sit around and eat until we are stuffed and then we sit back and talk like any two couples sitting down to a good meal.

We talk a great deal about our visit with Eve and Jesus looking just a bit sad laments again on how badly we screwed up the concepts of love on Earth with narrow minded folk down through the ages sealing away the truth and hiding the evidence of a belief that love between any two folks was a wondrous thing, but that love between two family members is a singularly precious experience.

"You know how there's this huge gap in my life according to the scriptures and you're missing all my teenage and early years of manhood?" said Jesus. "Well, mostly it's because I spent a lot of time fucking my mother – blessed be HIS name. I ask you, spending long hours with your cock inside your mother...is there a better way to commune with GOD?"

Mary sighs, a pleased and loving expression on her face as she looks at her son. She looks bashfully at us and shyly says, "And my son liked to commune with HIM a lot." She leans into him and rises up off the cushions to say, "And I think he just likes fucking his mother too!" Suddenly she stands up and with a quick motion, undoes her shift and it falls away, revealing her lovely nakedness. Her skin has a flawless olive complexion, slightly darker than her sons with small, upright breasts more at home on a teenage girl than on a mother with a grown son – such are the blessings of Heaven. Between her thighs is nestled a small, unruly bush of black hair that she runs a hand through quickly, revealing long thin labia parting eagerly to reveal her glistening arousal.

"And in truth, his mother loves fucking him too!" she says softly as she climbs into his lap, still facing us, her short legs dangling on either side of him, Jesus' hands coming up to cup her smallish breasts as she leans back into him and lowers herself onto his now turgid cock. Mother Mary groans as she takes him inside herself. "To fuck my son is to fuck GOD!" she moans. The small woman slides all the way down his lengthy erection until she has him all and she throes her head back against his shoulder, allowing him to nuzzle her neck as she quivers in the grasp of a small orgasm.

Jesus groans as his mother grinds herself down on him, her arms clawing at thin air. After nibbling on Mary's ear, he glances over at us and smiles and says, "Please, join us in our prayers to FATHER."

Mom is already on the move, settling herself into my lap, her hand guiding my cock into her pussy and I feel a thrill as Mom's hot, soaking wet cunt slides down, engulfing my erect penis with her wonderful, insatiable flesh. "I love you, son," Mom cries softly, guiding my hands to her bountiful breasts, pressing my fingers deep into her pillow like flesh and leaning back to turn her head, mouth open and tongue at the ready. I kiss Mom as she impales herself on my cock, steadily descending until I am completely buried in her womb.

Sighs, cries, moans and sobs fill the room as mothers and sons celebrate their love, the scent of pussy spreading, making both Jesus and I breathe deep at the most wonderful fragrance in the universe. I lock eyes with Jesus and we share a moment – an understanding that few are privileged to know – the knowledge that they have the complete and unreserved love of their mother.

I see Mary rouse herself from her orgasmic bliss – her eyes opening and a carnal grin spreading across her face as she sees Mom astride my cock. "It is a good thing and always has been. Since the beginning with Eve, mother and son have understood. So it is with you, Cora and your child." Mary works herself up and down her son's cock, showing Jesus' shaft thickly coated with her juices. "So it has been with Jesus since the beginning. The night HE sent Jesus to me and placed him in my belly – I came so hard, I screamed and sobbed with pleasure for hours afterwards...my parents did not understand."

Mary lets out a guttural laugh, fueled by her next impending orgasm. "They thought their little girl had lost her mind – I was in a constant state of bliss bordering rapture as my son grew inside me and even the pain of childbirth was overshadowed by Heavenly ecstasy."

"My pleasure, Mother," sighs Jesus as he levers Mary up and down on his cock.

"Nooooo, my pleasure," croons Mary, her voice getting higher as her pleasure builds. "I lived my life in constant pleasure as he grew up and even though we never spoke of it – we both knew, we could see it in each others eyes that we could not long be parted. Our flesh was one and could not be denied and when the time was right. OHHHHH praise HIM!"

"And when the time was right, I came to my mother and claimed her and our flesh was made one again!" Jesus says through clenched teeth as Mary bounces on his cock, her long, dark hair flying and whipping about his shoulders.

"OOOHHHH YESSSS, AS WE ARE NOWWWWW! PRAISE GOD, PRAISE HIM!" Mary screams as she is swept away by orgasm, dropping her body downward, taking her son completely inside her – belly muscles fluttering as she is swept away in incestuous delight.

I feel Mom's cunt contracting and now she too is exploding and between the searing pleasure of Mom's pulsing pussy and the sight of Mary orgasming on her son's cock is too much. My hands dig deep into Mom's meaty tits for purchase and I slam her hard down on my cock, feeling my throbbing cockhead push against her cervix as I begin to shoot my seed in her and I cry out, "Cumming, MOM. Praise GOD, I'm cumming!"

Mom's orgasm is ignited by my gushing hot semen and she begins to flail mindlessly in my lap, convulsing as incestuous pleasure steals all bodily control from her. I see Jesus' eyes widen with excitement as he witnesses another son and mother locked in the throes of carnal ecstasy and he cries out, "Praise YOU, FATHER!" and Mary's screams of orgasm become something greater as he cums inside his mother's holy cunt.

The air is full of our praises as we voice our pleasure in both words and the babble and groans of people overwhelmed with carnal delight. This is followed by long minutes of heavy panting, a few snuffles and a few laughs as we all catch our breaths, mothers leaning back on sons and admiring each other's naked and sweaty bodies.

I felt myself blush as I felt Mother Mary's eyes roam over my and Mom's flesh, her eyes lingering at our joined crotches where my still erect and throbbing cock was buried inside Mom's pussy, the exposed parts of our flesh dripping with mixed cunt juice and sperm. Mary lifts her eyes and smiles at me, her eyes reflecting lusty merriment.

Mary leans back against her son and reclines her head so she can whisper in her son's ear. Jesus grins and then shakes his head and replies softly to her and I can barely make out a few of the words, "...can't do that, Mother. That's showing off." Mary whispers again into Jesus' ear, following it with a none too subtle sucking of his earlobe. Jesus answers with a just audible, "Oh, all right!"

There is a just noticeable burst of brilliant light and as my eyes clear, I feel a noticeable change in the weight on my lap and then I am looking into the dark brown eyes of Mary, mother of Jesus as I feel her small and tight cunt clamp down around my cock. Her pussy feels hot and slick and oh so wet and I realize I am experiencing Jesus' sperm freshly deposited inside his mother.

Mary gives a little "Ohhh," and her eyes roll back in her head for a moment and then she recovers, sighing, "You're longer than I thought, John!" She wriggles on my cock for a moment and then leans in to kiss me, saying softly in a sing-song voice, "I like your cock. You must make your mother so happy," and then we are kissing – her tongue sweet and agile.

Beyond her, I can see Mom sitting now facing Jesus, riding his cock, her labia spread wide by his cock and I am aroused to see her being pleased by another man – even more knowing it is the son of God making her cream. Then I am devoting my attentions to Mary who guides me with her body to lay her down, my hands cupping her taut butt cheeks as she wraps her legs around my waist, her pelvis grinding against me, taking me as deep as I can possible get and trying for more. I am atop her small body, her skin feverish and slick against my sweaty flesh and I begin to fuck her, fuck Mary, mother of Jesus and she is like a dervish underneath me, her hips rolling madly, flexing

and contracting as she demonstrates millennia of experience in making love...millennia of experience in carnality immersed fucking.

Mary's eyes gleam with desire and pleasure and something more – a love, a satisfaction, a knowledge that only a mother can know – a mother who has tasted and gloried in joys denied to the less brave and the less willing. Her nipples are like small, turgid rocks that scrape pleasingly against my chest as I press into her, using my legs to drive into her molten cunt hard. She flings her mound upwards to meet my thrusts, trying to keep me buried inside her at all times as her cunt flesh tries to cling to my shaft, massaging me, milking me, devouring me.

I spare a glance to see Mom and Jesus fucking madly. Mom is on her hands and knees, her mouth gaping open in absolute ecstasy as Jesus fucks her from behind. He has one hand wrapped around the tresses of her dark hair, pulling her head up and back, using her mane for leverage as he brutally fucks his cock into her again and again. Mom's tits, full, heavy udders swing wildly beneath her, nipples rigid like overripe berries about to burst. Jesus grins at me and gives me a lewd wink as we fuck each other's mothers.

As we all fuck, we seem to be scooting across the pillows towards each other. Between Mom's and Mary's moans of pleasure, I can even hear Jesus' body slap against Mom's meaty ass and the wet, sucking noise of a big cock working in and out of my mother's cum filled pussy.

They get close enough so that I can feel Mom's hot breath on my face as she pants wildly with each thrust of Jesus' cock. I end a tongue wrenching kiss with Mary and raise up to see Mom's lust stricken face scant inches from my own and as I thrust deep inside Mary's creamy pussy, I lean forward and kiss my mother, feeling the impact and following tremors that rip through Mom each time Jesus plunges his erection into her cunt.

Nails claw down my back as I feel Mary begin to quiver and rock beneath me, her pussy juices flooding around my dick as she begins to cum. I end the kiss with Mom, stringers of spit drooling from her mouth as she sobs with pleasure and then Jesus releases Mom's long hair and she drops to press her lips against Mary's mouth and they begin to kiss.

Jesus and I share a lusty grin and we begin to match our thrusts into each other's mother, making them quiver and shake with ecstasy at the same time. By unspoken agreement, we begin to fuck Mary and Mom harder, still matching pace and rhythm until we mutually begin roaring like two old bulls and drive deep one last time and as one begin cumming into the wombs of each other's mother.

Mom and Mary break their kiss as they raise their voices to GOD in screams of heavenly erotic bliss, praising HIM in wordless, but undeniably ecstatic pleasure as Jesus and I hold them tight and continue to empty our seed into their motherly cunts.

The afterglow of orgasm seems to go on for an eternity and perhaps it does. It is a long time before I slip reluctantly from the loving grasp of Mary's cunt, my still hard cock slipping free with a wet plop. My penis is covered in thick coats of semen and pussy cream and while I'm still gasping for air, Mary, her face darkened by sexual flush somehow finds the strength to go to her knees even as she pushes me onto my back and dives between my legs and I groan as my sensitive cock head is tongue lashed before Mary sucks all of me into her mouth, her eyes conveying her delight in eating the mixed sperm of Jesus and me and the taste of her own juices and Mom's underneath everything else.

I feel her tense up and look to see Mom, still on her hand and knees, press her face into Mary's pussy from behind, moans of contentment emerging between long licks of her tongue into Mary's sperm filled cunt. Behind Mom, still buried deep inside her always hungry pussy, Jesus smiles approvingly at the carnal scene before him – occasionally giving Mom a naughty thrust to make her sob with pleasure against his mother's pussy.

Finally, Mary lets me slip from her mouth, moaning in the throes of another orgasm born from my mother's tongue and she turns to kiss Mom who's face is smeared with juices from Mary's well fucked cunt. Then it is Jesus' turn as he slips free from Mom and he and I watch Mom spin and go down on his sloppy, cum covered cock and Mary spins as well, mashing her face against Mom's swollen, semen filled pussy and I watch in awe and amazement and Jesus, my mother and Mother Mary are locked in an erotic display of carnality that could only be realized in heaven. As if he can read my mind and no doubt he can, Jesus grins at me and nods before saying over the slurping noises of our mothers, "Oh yeah, it doesn't get better than this, John – you are definitely in HEAVEN.

Afterwards, Mom crawls back into my arms, kissing me passionately and sharing the taste of pussy and cock while Mary and her son do the same. We are all still aroused, but succumb to the sweet sleep that comes with mind-blowing sex, my last memories being of Mom as she nuzzles my chest, her eyes closed, looking as peaceful and as happy as a person can be.

We wake up back in our own room, Heavenly light streaming through windows, Mom's body warm and soft, intertwined with mine. For a while I watch Mom sleep, my heart swelling with the love I hold for the woman who gave birth to me until I think I might explode. I think about the scant time I have spent in Heaven and the wonders I have already witnessed and experienced – my mind boggling at what might be in store for us today and tomorrow and on and on.

Mom begins to move and then I am looking into her loving eyes, feeling her cuddle closer against me. "Good morning, Son," Mom murmurs, reaching up to kiss me, her tongue tasting fresh and sweet.

"Good morning, Mom," I reply once her lips release my tongue. "What would you like to do today?"

Mom grins at me – a deadly sexy grin that promises all sorts of carnal delights and before she kisses me again, her already wet pussy sliding lewdly against my stiff cock, replied, "All that Heaven allows."

The End