

# TIME + MAGIC + LOVE = MOM

*Ahabscribe*

*Son time travels to fall in love with his future mom!*

Incest/Taboo

4.76

14.3k words

*Since I was a teenager, I've loved Robert Heinlein's "Time Enough For Love" and have always wanted to do a incest time travel story. Here is mine. Any mistakes I've made about Woodstock are mine own...I wasn't there, alas, to make that part more factual. Likewise, all the psuedoscience is pure hokum, necessary to move the story along. I think you're going to like it and I look hearing back from y'all on this, be it positive or negative. Enjoy*

As always, all characters within the story are part of my imagination and exist solely within the confines of the story and my mind.

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Maybe it was the fact that it was the waning of the Age of Reagan with all its conservative values and button-down, uber-yuppie pervasiveness that made me decide to volunteer for the experiment with the mad scientist. Maybe it was that I was nineteen and homesick and suddenly unsure that I wanted to be at MIT or if I was even smart enough to be there. Its one thing to be the smartest kid in your high school class in Podunk, Tennessee, and another to discover that you're slightly below average when compared to your classmates at the nation's best engineering school.

The 1988 Spring semester was over and I was subletting a rathole from a grad student who was doing a summer seminar at Berlin Polytechnic, working two crummy jobs as a dishwasher and a short-order fry cook and regretting not going home for the summer, but I was trying to be independent and not rely on Mom for any expenses not already covered by my scholarship. Living in my little hovel on ramen noodles and oxygen, by my figuring would leave me just enough for books come Autumn.

Mom was back in East Tennessee, working as a registered nurse and doing her hippie-dippie health food business on the side -- growing and selling herbs out of a little shed next to our home back, situated in an isolated hollow that only the most dedicated health nuts and aging hippies bothered to truck out to. I missed her terribly -- Mom being the only parent I'd ever had -- she not having a clue who my father was other than that his name was John (she'd named me after him), and that they'd met and loved a lifetime's worth at Woodstock...yeah, that Woodstock. There was no one on the face of the Earth I was closer to.

So anyway, on a rare day off, I was wandering around the student center at MIT, checking my mail and the bulletin board for any extra work when I saw a notice that read:

WANTED!

ENGINEERING STUDENT W/ HISTORY MINOR

FOR

TEMPORAL PHYSICS WORK.

PAYS WELL

INQUIRE AT 555-4356

ASK FOR DOCTOR CRAIG

I raised my eyes at the term temporal physics until I saw who one had to contact. Doctor Craig...Crazy Craig as he was mostly known around campus. Professor Craig, possessor of doctorates in astrophysics and quantum physics and who had lost his tenure and his position after he began mixing physics and mysticism in his lectures.

I started to walk away, but turned around and looked at it again, the words "PAYS WELL," burning into my brain. There had been rumors that Crazy Craig was still around, that he'd used family money to set up an independent laboratory in an old milk pasteurizing plant outside town. I was hesitant, but then there was the thought of a summer doing nothing but washing dishes and singing out, "Order up!" I fished around in my pockets for a dime and went in search of a pay phone.

After a brief interview with the mad scientist himself, I found myself making five hundred bucks a week working with a deranged mind who thought he could build a time machine. In a way, it was a hoot. Craig was brilliant in his own hysterical way...just bullshitting about quantum mechanics during work breaks taught me more about the subject than a years worth of lectures by drier and more unimaginative folk.

My primary job was to construct a machine from his unorthodox diagrams. Construction wasn't hard considering I had no clue as to his power source and that the layout of the construct followed no discernable pattern. It appeared to me that the thing which was a huge circular tube chamber made out of titanium cocooned within an elaborate web of fiber optic cable serving as power couplings, would simply feed back on itself if it was ever hooked up to an actual power source.

Whatever the power source would be, Crazy Craig was distinctly vague about, although he did have me built a hollow container of titanium to hold the power source that was maybe the size of a cigar box. He claimed the entire thing was based on an ancient diagram of "ley lines" of earthpower shared with him by an ancient holy man while traveling in Nepal in the late 1950s and that in ancient times they -- not really sure who "they" were, had used it to time travel.

Okay, he was absolutely nuts, but he paid in cash, including overtime when he had his serious 'mad-on' periods when we'd work around the clock while he spouted gibberish about time being like a river with all of us simply riding the currents and that his machine would allow one to row back upstream against those currents.

It was certainly the most fun I'd ever had since I'd started college. It also wasn't like I had a whole lot else going on. There was no girlfriend. I'm not all that bad looking a guy -- five foot, eleven and one hundred and seventy pounds, a shock of black hair that was unfashionably long in those awfully conservative Reagan days, and in pretty good shape from all the work I'd been doing, but I was as socially awkward as I approached my twentieth birthday as I'd been the first time I had frozen up trying to ask a girl to dance at the Seventh Grade Valentine Social.

The only female...in truth, the only other human I really had any contact with that summer was Mom who I always called (collect, of course), every Sunday afternoon. I made her laugh as I described my work with Crazy Craig, although she admonished me when I would tell her that his time machine would never work.

With the always cheerful optimism that she always possessed -- what I always referred to as her 'Hippy-dippy disposition,' she told me one Sunday in late July, "John, there are mysteries of the universe that are always out there just waiting to be unlocked. Magic and science might simply be the same thing from different points of view!"

I laughed and said, "Sounds deep, Mom. Maybe you can knit a little sampler with that on it...put it right next to the one about "Love is a warm puppy."

Mom chuckled back with better humor than I deserved. "Love is a lot of things, sweetie. Just don't judge him too harshly. You never know...he might be right about all of this."

"Right," I said sarcastically. "Tell you what, Mom, if he lets me take a joyride back in time, I'll look your younger self up and say, 'Hi!'"

There was a long pause and then Mom said in a funny voice, "I think I'd like that."

Mom seemed a bit awkward after that and we finally said goodbye to each other and I walked back to my little roach hotel of an apartment wondering what was up with her. Mom rarely seemed off her game. She was a bright spirit who met each day with enthusiasm...still seeming like the young hippie chick I'd seen pictures of when I was young.

In truth, Mom was a very good looking woman, even now at the ripe old age of forty-one. She still wore her dark brown hair long, often in long braids that hung down her back. She had always fought a close to losing battle with her weight, looking a bit meaty on her five foot, eight foot frame, joking that "I was all tits and ass at eighteen and I'm all tits and ass now!" My friends had always kidded me about my sexy Hippy mom and I knew they were right. Despite favoring old tie-dyed T-shirts and blue jeans whenever she was out of her nurse smocks, she was a good looking woman, breasts often bouncing all over the place, sagging some from going braless as much of the time as possible, but still triggering responses in me that I knew one wasn't supposed to have about one's mom.

I often wondered why she hadn't gotten married, but when I would ask she would just shrug and say that she was waiting for my father to resurface. I sometimes thought she was kidding, but as I got older, the response also seemed to be a little more seriously made. I felt bad for her. I had no particular desire to meet my father other than to get the opportunity to tell him what an asshole he'd been for leaving Mom, even if he'd had no clue that I'd been conceived.

Mom was soon out of my thoughts as Crazy Craig's work kicked into high gear -- I was working twelve and sometimes fourteen hours a day, especially after he'd taken a trip to London towards the end of July. I had no idea how this was going to turn out, but I could sense that I was reaching the end of the construction of his 'time portal' as he called it. He had even started joking about how much he would have to pay me to be his first chrononaut, as he put it. I would just laugh and tell him he didn't have that much money.

As insane as he was, I never expected he would force the issue until the moment that I realized he'd dosed my coffee with something. I'd taken a break when he'd brought in coffee and donuts from the local bakery and had just downed the last of my coffee-heavy on the sugar. My hair started to tingle and then it spread until the weird sensations surrounded my head and then closed in on my brain. I remember standing up and looking at Crazy Craig who looked back at me sheepishly. I managed to say, "What the fuck di..." and everything went black.

I woke up inside the titanium tube chamber, barely able to raise my head, the world appearing to me like I was gazing into one of those carnival mirrors. Beyond my feet, a distorted Craig was attaching power couplings to the small titanium box. "Whazzz the fukkk d-d-did youz dooo?" I said in a slur, somehow proud I finished my last sentence.

Craig looked up from his work and gave me a grin that chilled me to my very core. He looked happy...really happy. "You're going to make history, John!" he exclaimed. "The first chrononaut of the modern age...the first man to time travel in fifteen thousand years!"

"Urrr, not thunk soooo," I groaned. I tried to sit up, but everything below my neck wasn't cooperating.

Craig finished his work and then dug a hand deep into his pants pocket. He pulled out what seemed to be a polished oval stone of some bluish material...jade maybe. I tried to focus my vision and was pleased when the distortion seemed to diminish a little. Simultaneously, I felt my right big toe wiggle and I was able to discern marks etched on the stone.

Craig held it out for my closer observation, seeming to be very pleased with himself. "A Lemurian rune stone...the source of power that probably built the pyramids, man," he cackled. "The very thing the ancients used to power their jaunts through time! It finally came into my hands in London. You wouldn't believe how much it cost me!" He set the stone down carefully into the hollow container. "Allow me to set your destination in the controls and you can be off on the greatest adventure in millennia."

Craig disappeared from my sight and I managed to raise my torso a little, holding out my hand imploringly as I croaked, "Craig, noooo. lzzz d-don't wan' to!"

He reappeared and to my sudden serious fright was carrying a big knife like the ones my childhood friends' fathers would carry when going deer hunting with blades that were long and sharp and fucking scary. Craig grinned at me as he said, "Blood's the key, John. It's what powers the runes. Now just relax. I'm just going to let you take a little trip backwards...not too far. I'm guessing the mid 1950s. If my calculations are correct, you should be gone about six hours."

I managed to pull one knee up and then used my hand to support me as I rose up to a sitting position -- brushing the ceiling of the tube. "Wait, Craig!" I said, my tongue thick in my mouth. "What do you mean...if?"

Craig grinned at me, his madness in full glory as he shouted, "Good luck!" and slashed the knife down on his open palm.

Blood gushed out of the nasty wound, falling into the hollow container as I opened my mouth to scream, "Stop!" but I never got the word out as the machine that I had helped build began to thrum as the first drops of blood fell into the container, presumably onto the rune stone and then the whole machine glowed and my vision was fried as everything turned a brilliant white and then...

My body was gone and I simply consciousness floating in a void and then pain seemed to wrack my bodiless mind, tearing apart my very thoughts until for a brief moment or maybe for all of eternity I was simply one infinitesimal speck within all existence, yet fully aware of the entire universe, seeing and comprehending all only to have all but the frail knowledge of my own meager existence ripped away and I was again a mind joined to my body and there was great pain and a brilliant burst of light and...

I was drowning and rain splashed down on my freezing body, steam rising off me in a suddenly humid world and I swallowed muddy water and choked and pushed myself up out of the water, finding my feet on a muddy surface as my senses screamed at me with all the sudden sensory input, making me stagger and fall to my knees, still in water, but sitting above its surface.

I could hear voices...untold masses -- singing and talking and over that din was the sound of a young woman singing a familiar tune...something from out of the past and then it tumbled into place..."Mister Tambourine Man," and with the noise came the stink, the funk of those untold masses and then beyond me spanning towards a strange structure festooned with lights and speakers and then above me on a gently rising hill and beyond were those masses, tens, maybe hundreds of thousands strong.

I pressed my hands to my ears, trying to drown out the noise that kept shifting on me, feeling as if my ears had to pop due to a change in air pressure and then I staggered to my feet. I sensed movement and saw four people moving towards me -- primitive in appearance, covered in mud, approaching me from a crudely constructed tent on the hillside

Two were men, both shirtless, mud splashed over either cut off blue jeans or khakis. One was tall and lean and the other was short and squat, his chest sporting the hairiest pelt I'd ever seen on a human before. Both had hair down below their shoulders and the tall guy had a beard that anyone in ZZ-Top would have envied.

The other two were women, a short slender woman wearing a mud splattered dress that dragged along the ground despite her best efforts to hold it up over the muck above her shit-kicker boots. Her hair was whitish blonde and hung down her back in a long ponytail. The other woman was short too and naked above the waist -- huge, but firm breasts bouncing as she ran towards me, dark hair in a long, unraveling braid. She wasn't fat, but she was full bodied. A slight roll of youthful fat spilled over her blue jeans. She seemed to be barefoot.

They all approached me, all a little wide-eyed with surprised expressions.

The short, hairy man held out his hands and yelled above the music, "Fuck, Dude -- did you get hit by that bolt of lightning!"

The taller guy grinned at me and said, "Where are your fucking threads, man, or do you always go au' natural?"

I looked down at myself, stunned to see mud and dirty water running down and off my naked body. What the hell had happened to my clothes? The girl with the big breasts came closer and took my hands and I looked into her big, brown eyes that were filled with concern as she said, "Baby, you having a bad trip or what? Are you okay?"

I stared at her for a moment as the crowd roared its approval and the singer's name slipped into my mind...her name was Melanie something and I realized that I knew where I was and who this woman holding my hands was. I wasn't sure if it was shock or an after affect of whatever Crazy Craig had dosed me with, but the world started to slither away again, the only thing anchoring me to reality was the woman's firm grip on my hands. As the world started to go away, I stared into the face of the woman I knew better than anyone in the world, even though it seemed far younger than I could ever remember and said, "Hi, Mom," before everything went black.

I'm doubt there are many better ways than to wake up nuzzling a large, soft, pillow-like breast. Images of Crazy Craig and Woodstock and Melanie singing "Lay Down (Candles in the Rain)," rocketed through my mind, dismissed by a vision of my mother, stark naked and beautiful in all her Reubenesque beauty smiling at me and saying, "No, she wrote that song afterwards, honey."

I was suddenly conscious of my face resting against warm, heavenly softness and a woman humming a song that after a minute or two I recognized as "Coming Back to Me," one of her favorite Jefferson Airplane songs. Arms were holding me firmly and for a moment I had sweet memories of Mom holding me like this when I was sick or feeling blue back when I was little. I felt safe and happy.

"Hey, babe, you're back in the land of the living." It was Mom's voice, sure enough and I opened my eyes and looked into her lovely brown eyes set in a face that was so young, not yet lined with the trials and work of years of parenthood and life's usual trials. I struggled to make sense of it, memories of Crazy Craig drugging me, of his time machine and my journey in it.

I closed my eyes and whispered, "This can't be happening."

Mom giggled and replied, "Well, something's happening. We're here, babe -- the real happening. They say there's half a million people here and more coming every hour. Maybe it's the new Eden and you and me and all the rest are witnesses to the birth of a new age." Her face was glowing with pleasure and hope. She stroked my hair out of my eyes, triggering memories of my mother doing the very same thing a thousand times in my life. "Are you feeling better? You want a drink?" She reached down beside her and brought up a small bottle of Coke. "Not good for you, but it's all I got."

I realized that I was indeed parched and nodded. Mom held the bottle to my lips and I drank, starting at its taste...you forget how things used to taste -- how Coke used to taste...cane sugar having giving way to corn syrup. I choked a little and coughed before wheezing out, "Thanks."

Mom smiled down at me. "My pleasure," she replied before her eyes slid downwards. "Or maybe it's your pleasure. You popping wood for me or for the Coke?"

I glanced downwards, realizing I was absolutely naked and currently sporting an erection. I murmured, "Sorry 'bout that," and I tried to get up, but it felt like all the strings had been cut and I could barely move my arm or shift my leg.

Mom put down the Coke bottle and tightened her grip around me, pressing me closer to her semi-naked body...the realization that I resting my head on her bare pendulous breast making my hard-on throb. "Just relax. You've been on a really bad trip I think...rumor is there's some really ugly acid being passed around. Rest, baby and listen to the music. Sleep peaceful and know you're safe in Momma Chloe's arms." She moved one hand downwards and I felt a finger slightly trail over my hard cock. "This I'll just consider a compliment."

I sighed, suddenly overwhelmed again by exhaustion and even though I fought it, I couldn't keep my eyes open, my last conscious sight being Mom's loving eyes, my last sensation being my lips brushing her soft breast and nuzzling a hard swollen nub while someone sang "Amazing Grace."

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I awoke to the din of a great crowd roaring underneath the louder reedy voice of someone singing the song "Tennessee Stud." I was alone in the makeshift tent but streamers of sunlight were coming

through rents in the canvas. I sat up and yawned. I comprehended for the third time that I was naked and then it all came back to me and sat there for a moment not knowing what to do. Then I noticed a neatly folded pair of the ugliest Bermuda shorts I'd ever seen and beneath them a dingy, but clean T-shirt, lying next to me.

I dressed, happy that whatever Crazy Craig had dosed me with and/or the effects of the time travel seemed to have worn off. I felt good...hungry as a horse, but otherwise, just fine. I stepped out of the tent into a veritable sea of people, dominant among them the four young people that had rescued me the night before...most amazingly of all, Mom.

She had changed clothes...or maybe added some would be the better word. She had on a multicolored and gauzy wraparound skirt, her full, long legs silhouetted whenever the sun peaked out from behind the rolling clouds overhead. She had on a man's blue chambray work shirt, tied up under her breasts, exposing her slightly round tummy and barely containing her large breasts. Her long braid had further deteriorated and helped give her the look of a wild woman as she stood there staring angrily at the short guy from last night.

"What the fuck you doing with him, Chloe? We don't even know who he is or where he came from, man!" he yelled at her. "You spent the whole fucking night holding him in our fucking tent!"

"What the hell is it to you, Grizz?" Mom snapped back. "What do we even know about you other than the fact Billy picked your hitch-hiking ass up on the turnpike?" She looked pissed...a lot like the time I got picked up for shoplifting at the Piggly Wiggly when I was a teenager. "And for your fucking information, you didn't bring the fucking tent, I did, so what makes it OUR fucking tent? You're presuming a hell of a lot about sharing the wealth when the only thing you've shared is couple of joints that are more oregano than maryjane and a case of B.O. that can't be fucking believed."

The guy sputtered, taking a step back under the heat of Mom's wrath. I almost felt sorry for him. Behind Mom, the slender blonde woman and the tall guy with the massive beard whispered into each other's ear and the guy chuckled, both amused at the sight of Mom taking no crap off the guy.

"Well...fuck, you know...you and me were getting it on so well. I figured that we were well you know..." he grinned, trying to be charmingly sheepish, but coming off a bit wolfishly.

Mom rolled her eyes and said, "Who the fuck do you think you are? You cop a few feels of my tits and you figure I'm your old lady?" She poked him in his hairy chest with her finger and said, "Nobody owns me, Grizz, so just piss off." She then flipped him the bird and stalked back towards me, the anger gone in an instant when she saw me standing there, replaced by a brilliant smile of a sort I never really saw on my mother's face before.

"Hey, man...you're awake," Mom exclaimed, all the vitriol in her voice replaced by something akin to motherly love, but more earthy and primal. "I didn't think you were ever waking up!" She hurried up to me, her breasts bouncing wildly under her shirt, threatening to break free of their tenuous bonds. She bounded into my arms and gave me a fierce hug. "Are you feeling better?" she said into my right ear, following her question with a brief kiss on my earlobe.

Maybe because my shock and amazement and yes, delight at having my arms full of a very young and luscious version of my mother, I never saw the fist fly by her smiling face and clip me just below the left eye, but despite my pain as I fell back, off balance, carrying Mom down with me I somehow made sure she landed harmlessly on top of me, I was suddenly aware enough of my surroundings

to see a black cloud of anger filling Grizz's face, fists clenched as he towered over us. He started to reach down to yank Mom off me, but the tall, bearded guy was suddenly pushing him back and then he said something to Grizz in a low voice. Grizz's face turned pale and he spun around and hurried away, quickly lost in the ocean of people that moved around us.

In the meantime, Mom scrambled off my body, absently tucking a meaty breast back into her shirt with one hand and helping me up with the other. "Are you alright, baby?" she cooed, stroking my face and then kissing my burning cheek gently, her lips warm and sweet. When I nodded, she gently touched my cheek again and said, "Sorry about that asshole. That's gonna be a bitch of a bruise."

"Well, I expect ol' Grizz ain't riding back with us afterwards," the tall guy said in a lazy drawl as he turned around and walked up towards us, holding out his hand to the slender woman. "I'm Billy and this here is Daph. You already seem to know Chloe pretty well."

I felt my face blushing as I suddenly another sensory overload. I stammered, "I -- I'm John," as I tried to deal with the sudden realization that I knew these people or at least knew of them. Daph was Daphne Stevens...one of Mom's oldest friends. She'd been killed by a drunk driver in 1977 while crossing a street in downtown Philadelphia. I looked into her face, dirty, unwashed blonde hair in her eyes and saw the smiling and somewhat sad face of a woman from my childhood who would visit us from time to time. I remember thinking that her hair looked so pretty, cut short in that Dorothy Hamill style that was so popular in the late Seventies.

And Billy was...well, I had never met him, but I remembered Mom making a charcoal rubbing of the name William T. Stevens when we had visited the newly opened Vietnam War Memorial four years ago. Billy was killed in action in December of 1970.

I shook his hand and repeated, "I'm John, pleased to meet you."

Daphne came up and kissed me on the cheek and then spared Mom a knowing smile after saying, "Hi, John. Chloe here is going to be disappointed -- she's been calling you Angel."

Mom blushed and looked at me a little shyly. "Well...it did seem like you just fell out of the sky or rode that weird lightning bolt down to the ground."

I felt my skin burn under her interested gaze and tried not to grin like a fool as I said, "Sorry, no Angel here, uh, Chloe. Just plain John."

Mom smiled back and hooked her arm through mine, pressing her breast against me. "Well, I like the sound of John. I like it just fine."

We stood there and grinned at each other, our attention finally diverted by Billy who said as he gave his beard a good scratch, "Sorry 'bout the clothes, man, but that's the best I could do." He eyeballed my saggy shorts. "Man, you kinda look like my old man when he's grilling up burgers and telling me how my generation is flushing the good ol' USA right down the shitter."

We all laughed, me sobering up first as again an image of Mom running the charcoal over the parchment paper on the Wall flashed through my head. I had a sudden desire to scream at him, "Go to fucking Canada now before you lose your deferment!" but our attention was diverted as the entire crowd went nuts as Country Joe began leading the entire population in his notorious FISH cheer.



It was all I could do to keep my cool as I stood there with a young, beautiful and sexy version of my mother kinda-sorta rubbing up against me and listened to Country Joe sing an anti-war song with two people that were both dead before I was ten years old. I glanced at the sky and guessed it had to be early afternoon. Crazy Craig had told me I would be gone around six hours, but if my memory about the Woodstock concert was correct, I had already been here for at least twice that. I had to wonder how long I was staying or if there was even a chance I would be going back. While all this was banging around inside my mind, I had to try and get a grip on the moment and that wasn't easy.

As Country Joe left the stage and a band I had no recollection of began setting up, Mom asked me if I'd care to take a walk and we bid Billy and Daph goodbye and we began winding our way through the fields, my mind boggling at the size of the crowd. Yeah, I've seen the movie and watched the documentaries and heard Mom talk about the experience, but none of it can prepare you for the power and impact of maybe half a million people all generally blissing out in general good harmony and fellowship.

Mom found us a kitchen serving beans and rice and we refueled and kept going, grooving to the music and talking, seeing a free and easy side of my mother that I doubt I could have ever glimpsed otherwise. She tried asking me a few questions about myself, but I kept them vague, telling her I was from Tennessee but was currently a student at MIT. "You're not doing anything like weapon shit, are you, John," she said with a bit of heat in her voice.

"Naw, in truth, I hate the fucking place and I'm thinking of heading back to Tennessee." It sounded like truth as I said it and suddenly I realized that it was truth. I hated attending MIT.

"Yeah?" Mom seemed pleased by my answer and then gave me a playful wink and said, "You got a gal back down there waiting for you?"

I grinned back at her and said, "No...well, just Mom. There's never been...no, there isn't any girlfriend."

I blushed as Mom stopped us in the middle of the milling crowd and threw her arms around my neck. "I'm glad, John," she said with a mischievous grin. Then she stood up on her toes and kissed me, her tongue taking me by surprise and slipping between my lips. It was like a galvanizing shock ripped through me. I had French-kissed a few girls in my nearly twenty years, but none had ever felt like this. My already semi-erect cock stiffened and I felt my heart stop and start what felt like a dozen times as I was literally frozen in place.

My lack of response registered with Mom and she halted and looked up at me quizzically. "I'm sorry...did I read the signals all wrong, John? I thought we had something going on here...like a real spiritual link or something."

"Or something," I murmured, trying to recover my wits. I don't think I've ever been so turned on and every fiber of my body was telling to kiss her back, but this was my mother...even if I wasn't born yet, this was my mother. Then the really big realization crashed in on me. Mom met my father at Woodstock...they made love and conceived me here in the midst of all these people and the glorious music and his name had been John...

I grinned stupidly down at Mom and shrugged my shoulders. "Forgive me, Chloe," I managed to say. "I'm kinda slow with girls, but yeah, I think there's something going on too...like we're connected...like we've always been connected."

Mom seemed pleased by my words even though they sounded like utter bullshit to me. "Right on, then," she said, her hands slowly rubbing my shoulders. "Well, I'm kinda fast with the guys, so between us, maybe we'll find out we're going the same speed." She kissed me again, this one more chaste...more patient and then we continued to thread our way through the crowd, Mom telling me the story of her life...of going to college at Ohio University, working in the Free Clinic in Philadelphia for the last year as a nurse.

We spent what seemed like hours walking through the masses of people, yet we could have been alone in the universe -- like two young people walking through the deserted streets of a city in the wee hours of the morning, completely and totally into each other, absorbing each other through words, through looks and through touches -- holding hands, stroking arms or faces, sometimes pausing in the middle of the press of people to sway slowly together, dancing to the music that bound all us into a greater whole.

We made our way back to her tent, discovering that Billy and Daph were already there, making love loudly and passionately. We moved up the hill, finding a good seat above the tent. As Creedence Clearwater Revival dazzled the crowd, I sat behind my mother and combed the tangles out of her long, luxurious mane and then braided it into a neat French twist.

"Who taught you to braid hair like that," she said laughing as she inspected my work in the illumination of the stage lights, her face glowing and lovely.

I grinned and said truthfully, "My mom," I replied, recalling all the times I had since my youth, combed Mom's long hair out and then under her instruction, learned how to braid it. It had seemed so innocent when I was a kid, slowly becoming something akin to sexual as I got older, making me nervous and slightly embarrassed in my arousal to the point where I had gradually eased away from doing it. My arousal was evident now, I was sure...there was little doubt in my mind that Mom could feel my erection pressing into her back.

Then Janis took the stage and we were spellbound by her passion and energy as she put everything she was into her music...love, sadness, pain, joy, all of it wondrous to me, but bittersweet as well as I knew how little time she had left. Mom sat between my legs, leaning her head back into my chest, my arms around her as we listened to Janis wail her heart out for us.

Then Janis began "Summertime" that bluesy, sexy sweet song that was always one of Mom's favorites and I felt the energy and passion that was bound up in the song surround us, tightening and focusing the intensity of the moment. I suddenly realized that one of my hands had found its way inside Mom's blouse and was cupping her breast, the palm of my hand gently rubbing her swollen nipple. Upon realizing what I was doing, I tensed and started to remove my hand, but Mom dropped her hand onto mine atop her shirt and held me there, slowly leading my hand to keep up its circular motion on her breast. I could feel her heartbeat speeding up, matching my own.

The night was afire with possibility and love as the entire Woodstock population fell under Janis's spell and Mom ducked her head and kissed my wrist above her breast and then she was turning around, now on her knees between my legs and looking up into my eyes, her own ablaze with desire.

"John, make love to me, please. Make love to me right here and now."

"Mo...Chloe, I want to...I really, really want to, but I've...I never have..." I'm not sure what had me more panicked...the fact that a beautiful woman had asked me -- a virgin, to make love to her or the fact that she happened to be my mother...or would be in about nine more months.

Mom grinned lustily. "You're a virgin, John? Then I'll make love to you!" She rose up on her knees and kissed me again and this time I had no reservations -- my sudden desire for my mother sweeping away all doubts. Her tongue was greeted by mine and I heard her give a pleased purr as our tongues intertwined and as Janis's music surrounded us, we kissed passionately for what seemed a lifetime before Mom pushed me down on my back and moved to climb atop me.

"Don't worry, John. I'll be gentle," Mom said teasingly as she undid something on the side of her skirt, allowing it to fall away, revealing her pale, womanly thighs and a surprisingly thick thatch of black bush between her legs. As she straddled my waist and yanked the knot loose in her shirt, my eyes were torn between the entrancing wetness splitting her pussy hair and her large swinging breasts, sloping so beautifully on her chest.

Her hard nipples, the size of bottle caps dragged across my chest as she slid up my body, bringing her lips to mine and whispering, "Well, maybe not too gentle, baby," before kissing me again, her mouth, her lips, her tongue and her whole body setting me ablaze with lust unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

I sensed more than heard, murmurs of approval around us -- we were hardly the first at the festival to make love in public, but I'm sure we were quite the sight, Mom on top of me, her body squirming around, teasing my cock with gentle kisses of her wet pussy lips as my aching erection probed and prodded between her legs until finally, she reached down between us and took hold of my cock and placed it in between her labia and then slowly as our tongues danced and twisted with each other, I felt this incredible hot wetness snuggling tightly around my cock, moving down as I moved up, taking more of me inside her...feeling so right...so perfect while Janis filled our ears with her loving, aching song until finally, I felt Mom come to a rest as her thick, hairy bush became entangled with mine.

Mom broke the kiss with a triumphant moan, rising up and lifting her hands to the sky in what seemed utter jubilation as she sat astride me, my cock buried inside her. She moved slightly, rolling her hips just so and looked down at me with such a perfect expression of love and happiness before she looked to the heavens, biting her lower lip as tears came rolling down her cheeks.

I thought something was wrong...that maybe I had done something and I rose up on my elbows and gasped through the pleasure, "Mo...Chloe, what is it? Did I do something wrong?" I shifted my weight to my left elbow and reached out plaintively with my right hand. "Chloe...are you okay?"

For a moment, Mom didn't move or say anything, just staring up into the cloudy night and then she was coming down, grinding her crotch against mine as her lips found mine and kissed me hungrily, sucking at my lower lip, at my tongue and kissing me again and again before finally whispering, "I've been waiting for you my whole life, John. Everything is fine...oh, more than fine -- everything is perfect." She kissed me again and said in almost a whimper, "You're perfect!"

"I love you," I gasped before I realized what I was saying...knowing it was true, that in many ways it had always been true, but now feeling so much for my mother beyond simply her being the woman who had...or would bear me. But even the geek that I was knew that you just don't start blurting stuff like that out.

Mom wiped tears from her eyes and smiled at me as she slowly began to ride me, her pussy pulsating with the fierce life spirit that was my mother. "Yes, you do, don't you, John? I can hear it in your voice and the truth is..." Mom paused and shook her head in wonder. "I love you too. I've known that since the moment you crawled out of the mud puddle and I looked into your eyes." She

kissed me again and punctuated it with a sultry lick of my lips. "You belong to me...we are of one blood, one heart, one soul, as surely if we were brother and sister...or mother and son."

My mother grinned at the naughty implications of that, but to hear her strike so close to the actual truth was too much for me. Before I knew what was happening, I was cumming, catching us both off guard. I tried to push her off me, but I felt her tighten her cunt muscles around my jerking cock as she spread out on top of me, holding me down as she rode out my climax, accepting willfully and happily my seed spewing into her womb.

Cumming inside my mother was incredible and intuitively I knew it was all the more wonderful for it actually being Mom instead of someone else. All the same, I was upset and embarrassed that it had happened so quickly, but Mom seemed unperturbed. As I tried to apologize for cumming so quickly, Mom kissed me until I stopped trying to talk and then said in a sultry voice, "John, this isn't the end." She licked my lips lasciviously as her pussy pulsed and massaged my cock and I realized that despite having an orgasm, I was remaining erect. "This is just the end of the beginning, sweet boy."

Slowly, Mom began slowly rolling her hips, sliding her clinging lips up and down my throbbing shaft, my semen mixing with her hot juices to lubricate our married loins while we kissed, her breath whistling almost hypnotically and blowing warm on my face as she rode me towards her own orgasm. I was aware that Mom was only twenty-two, but she moved with a knowledge and confidence that I imagined few twenty- two year old women in my time possessed.

She broke the kiss with a gasping, "Oh," and looked down into my eyes with an expression of wonder and maybe fear as we both realized her own orgasm was approaching. I'm not sure if it was totally her idea or if I had a hand in it, but we both groaned with pleasure as we suddenly rolled over and now I was on top and I felt her legs draw up against my thighs, the heels of her mud splattered feet kicking against my ass cheeks as she said, "Fuck me, John. Fuck me with that magic dick, man." Tears were again pooling in her eyes and then running down her cheeks. "Oh, John, it never felt like this before...never. Fuck me, John! Love me and really, really fuck me!"

Instinct melded with lust and I did just that, suddenly thrusting madly into the lovely young woman who would be my mother, sobbing, "I love you, Mom -- Momma Chloe. I love you!" as I felt my cock slip deep inside her, her pussy flesh so incredibly soft and hot and wet, tightening around me in ways I never thought possible. Each thrust came harder and quicker than the one before it and my mouth busily tried to kiss and suck and lick her big, rolling breasts between passionate, tongue-twisting kisses.

Suddenly, Mom went rigid against me, her fingernails, short and ragged, clawing at my back while her legs wrapped around me, pulling me into her, swallowing my cock deeper into her womb, her cunt sucking and claspng it as she bathed in a flood of orgasmic fluids. Seeing my mother's young face twisted in an erotic vision of pure love and carnality as she held me tight was too much for me and I lost it again, cumming deep in her womb.

"YESSSSSSSSSS!" Mom screamed, her cries of ecstasy merging with Janis's cries on stage and it seemed to me that the great crowd around us roared and applauded as much for Mom and me as they did for that sweet, sad, angel-voiced girl on the stage.

Our joined orgasm seemed to just grow and grow until it overwhelmed us both, reshaping our convulsing bodies into one mass of passionate flesh, joined heart, mind and soul, Mom kissing me

after sobbing, "You are the one! My true love!" That sweet kiss went on and on and on allowing us to blissfully descend back to reality and earth from our Olympian climax.

We remained joined for a long time, me rolling us over again so Mom could rest atop me, her breasts spread out on my chest, her heart slowing in time with mine as the music played and we watched silently the clouds and stars appearing overhead. At some point, I slipped out of Mom and she shifted to lie beside me, her head nestled on my chest and one full leg thrown over my thighs.

Despite the music and the crowd, sleep wouldn't be denied and the last thing I remembered before surrendering to slumber was Billy standing over us, gently covering us with a threadbare blanket and saying, "Dude, I've known Chloe since we was Freshmen and I ain't never seen her so happy."

I smiled back and nodded as I mumbled, "Me, either, man. I love her," and then I was gone, my last fleeting thought being I needed to tell him to run. Then I was gone, dreaming mostly of Mom and me, dancing and fucking, alone in that big field at Max Yasgur's farm while the bands played on and on.

I awoke to sunshine and heat and the sweet sensation of Mom's lips gently kissing my face. I rolled over to find her laying there, her head propped up on one elbow, grinning naughtily at me. The blanket had slid down to her waist, revealing to everyone around the glory of her heavy, sloping breasts, her other hand busy under the blanket, stroking my still slightly sticky cock.

A woman on stage said something about "Morning maniacs," and Mom said in response, "It's the Airplane, John. We don't want to miss this."

I pushed myself up on one elbow and kissed my future mother on the lips, our tongues gently and slowly greeting each other as Jefferson Airplane began playing. "Good morning, Chloe," I said with a scratchy voice. "I can't...thank you enough for last night. You were...wow, you were wonderful."

Mom grinned back at me and gave me a little kiss on the tip of the nose, sending a wonderful chill through me as I recalled that she had greeted me every day of my life with that same sweet, goofy kiss. "I think maybe I should be thanking you, John," she said softly back. Her hand let go of my cock and took my hand and put it on her belly. "Lover, if we didn't make a baby last night...nobody ever made love to me and made me feel like you did."

I glowed with pleasure at her words, not only feeling good about my first actual effort at lovemaking, but taking a strange pride in that it was Mom that I had made feel so good. Then I was hit by the realization that my hand rested on the tummy of which inside might be me, just a bunch of cells doing that mitosis dance thing. I grinned and said, "I love you, Chloe." I rubbed her belly gently and added, "Or maybe it should be, I love you, Momma Chloe."

Mom kissed me again and said, "I love you too...Daddy John." She showered my face with little kisses, pausing to nibble on my ear and whisper into my ear, "I hope I am knocked up...then I got everything I'll ever need...my Daddy John and my Baby John."

Her words rocked me and I felt suddenly dizzy with regret and shame that it wouldn't turn out that way...that Mom would go through life alone, raising our baby...raising me all by herself. Then the thought hit me that maybe it would be different this time. I mean, Crazy Craig had said I'd be back in six hours and it had been over an entire day now.

"John, are you okay?" Mom's hand was on my cheek...the tender one that Grizz had punched and I shook off my thoughts and looked at my mother with a loving smile.

"Yeah, I am. I'm happier than I've ever been in my entire life." I kissed Mom again, slowly taking us back down to lie on the dewy grass, savoring her touch, her earthy, sex laced smell, kissing her as I ran my hands over her lush body, taking my time to explore every big, beautiful inch of her, cupping and hefting her meaty breasts, softly caressing her round belly, marveling again that we might have made me in the night and then finally sliding my fingers through her luxurious bush, marveling at that ever so womanly mat of pubic hair before finding her wet lips, already slick and hot, feeling muscles flutter in her lower abdomen as she writhed to my touch.

Our lovemaking was briefly interrupted by Billy and Daph as they strolled up, still dressed in the same clothes as yesterday, looking disheveled and very happy. "You're definitely holding up your end when it comes to making love and not war," drawled Billy as we both looked up at the sound of his voice. "But, sometimes you need to come up for air and food and fluids."

Daph squatted down next to us, holding balanced in her hands, two apples and two muffins. "Morning, lovebirds," she said softly, handing the food to us. She leaned in and kissed first me and then Mom, brushing her tongue against my lips and to my disbelief and arousal, Mom's.

Billy knelt next to her and extended two paper cups. "Kool-Aid," he said, making a face. "Strawberry...best we could come up with." He also leaned in and kissed Mom on the lips and to my surprise, bussed me on the corner of my mouth. Looking like a mad monk, he gave us his blessing when he said, "You two look like you are meant to be. You're all the talk on our patch of this hill."

Daphne giggled and said, "I think some are really pissed -- they were so caught up in watching you two make love last night, they paid more attention to you than to Janis." She winked and said, "You two did look beautiful making love last night!" She took Mom's hand and held it. "He's the one, isn't he, Chloe?"

Between hungry bites of food, Mom nodded and said, "Oh yeah." She patted the ground next to us and said, "Pull up some ground and make yourselves comfortable." She nodded towards the stage. "I think this is going to be special." Finishing her muffin, Mom's hand again slipped beneath our blanket and stroked my semi-hard cock. She grinned naughtily at her friends and said, "Just ignore us if we lose control again."

Billy and Daph made themselves comfortable, Daphne sitting between Billy's legs, resting her head against his chest while he wrapped his arms around her body -- resting his chin on her head, making his thick beard spread out comically around her face.

We watched as Grace and Marty led the Airplane through their set, Mom suddenly smiling with delight as they began the opening chords of "Wooden Ships," obviously enjoying the CSNY song. She curled up against me, both of us sitting up now, both of us bare-chested with the blanket swaddled around our laps, her nipples swelling as our hands fondled each other's sex, the music arousing her maybe as much as my curious, exploring fingers.

Jefferson Airplane really began to get loose as they got into the song, the music soaring across the fields and captivating us all, filling us with a power I scarcely believed possible. I felt Mom shifting beside me, turning and rising to kiss me, her body rising up to climb into my lap as our tongues began to dance again. My cock, now hard and throbbing was trapped between our bodies, her furry muff tickling it wetly as Mom hunched her hips in my lap.

A five minute song extended into what seemed to be infinity as the Airplane began to jam freely on this song. The magic their song was producing seemed to infuse Mom and me, reigniting our passion and desire for each other. Mom rose up on her knees in my lap and her pussy lips kissed

the tip of my cock and then seemed to engulf me, sliding her slick, steaming walls around my cock, slowly impaling herself on my erection as she moaned her pleasure into my lips.

The music and our lovemaking intertwined, the cries of the Airplane's vocalists echoing in our ears and vibrating through our bodies as they improvised lyrics along with the hypnotic music. As Mom rocked in my lap, the song about abandoning war and pain for love and a better world seemed to be realized in our being as our passionate lovemaking became that glorious escape into a new age that promised so much love and peace.

The words 'Ride the music!' resonated in our ears as Mom and I reveled in our abandon, losing ourselves in the sweet friction of our bodies moving as one -- Mom's pussy moving slowly up and down on my cock, her breasts dragging deliciously over my chest and our tongues sliding and swirling around each other as we rode our love towards ecstasy.

The song went on and on for what seemed forever, Mom stiffening in my lap, grinding against me with my cock buried deep in her pussy as she yielded to her first orgasm of the morning. Mom threw her head back in orgasmic triumph, leering up at the sky as her heavy breasts rose, drawn taut in her body's tensing response to being overwhelmed by lustful pleasure. I wrapped my lips around one immense nipple, sucking it hungrily, teeth nipping the rubbery skin and making Mom mewl with increased carnal delight.

Then we were kissing again, Mom hunching against me hard, her hands scrabbling over my arms and shoulders to claw at my back as I cupped her ass cheeks and helped her along, trembling with the effort to forestall my own climax, glorying in the sweet feel of my mother's youthful cunt surrounding my cock with wet heat and slick flesh.

Other moans and cries echoed in our ears, entwining with our sighs of passion and the soaring vocals of Mickey and Grace. A quick glance over at Billy and Daph confirmed that they too were caught up in the moment, Daphne's long legs wrapped around Billy's waist, his narrow, pale butt a blur as they made love passionately. Mom took a quick peek and then grinned at me with a sexy, merry expression as she pushed me down onto my back and rode me with abandon, her breasts bouncing wildly as she bounced up and down on my aching cock, making me feel so big inside her. Mom's braided hair danced in rhythm to her carnal movements as her hands found mine, using them for leverage as she fucked me.

I'm not sure that I heard the finale of "Wooden Ships," because Mom and I were in a finale of our own, my cries rising as I could no longer resist the summons her wondrous pussy was issuing for my seed. Mom gave a loud cry of orgasmic pleasure as I suddenly flung my hips upwards, getting deep within her as my semen exploded in her womb, my orgasm so intense, it nearly hurt. I was cumming harder and more than I would have dreamed possible and we both wept from the sheer joyous and carnal ecstasy of the moment, locked together in a moment of pure love and happiness.

As Mom collapsed atop me, both of us gasping for breath in the hot, humid morning air, I felt that if last night's passion hadn't led to my conception, then this had to have been the moment. As Jefferson Airplane shifted into the next song in their set, I knew I had been as close to touching heaven as any human had ever done.

Mom and I remained cuddled together, wrapped in our blanket for the rest of the Airplane's set, not saying anything...not having to say anything as we simply stared into each other's eyes. Afterwards, we napped a little and then in the long interlude of that wonderful morning, we wandered about, bathing in the nearby stream, still saying little as we washed each other's back and

then each other's hair, wandering back to our original sight with Mom wrapped in the blanket and myself wearing only my ugly Bermuda shorts.

We shared another meal of rice and beans with Billy and Daphne, me struggling to find a way to convince Billy to make a run for Canada and to take Daphne with him. The war inevitably came up as it always did, Billy ruminating on whether or not to go when his deferment expired.

"And the fucking thing will be up soon and I expect to be 1A and get my greetings from the Cobb County draft board," he said.

"Go to Canada, man. Stay safe...don't get involved in this fucking thing," I said, maybe a little more vehemently than I planned to.

Billy looked at me. "Man, I am already involved...we all are. America's involved and if I run, I'm just part of the problem, not part of the solution."

Daphne shot me a grateful smile and Mom squeezed my hand as I said, "But, man, going over there and dying ain't part of the solution. Better to be alive in Canada than just a fucking name on some wall someday."

Billy looked at me a little perplexed by my words and I was afraid I had already said too much. "I think I grok what you're saying, John, but, man, dig this if you can. This war ain't going to end on its own. Maybe me going over there and doing the right thing...whatever the fuck that might be, might help end it sooner."

He gave Daphne a smile, reaching out to stroke her face as a shadow passed over it and I realized she was deathly afraid of what might happen if he went. "Y'know," he began in a thoughtful, almost dreamy voice, "My old man thinks I hate America, that all any of us want to do is piss on the flag and throw shit on the guys over there fighting. I reckon there's some damn fools that think that way, but not me." Billy grinned at me. "Man, I love this country...I love what it has the potential to do, but we can't solve the problem by running away. You want to fix the problem, you got to be in the middle of it all. When my time comes, I'll step up to the plate and take my swings. Who knows, maybe I'll make a difference."

I nodded and looked away, finding Mom's eyes with my own." She smiled solemnly at me as I wiped sudden tears away.

No more was said about Billy and running away and I didn't even have a clue on how to say something to maybe ward Daphne from her own fate so I didn't try. Instead, I simply found comfort in Mom's arms, relishing her embrace until the music began again and then watching as the world finally discovered the truth about Joe Cocker and his music.

It was an electrifying set and when he did his encore of "With a Little Help From My Friends," the entire crowd was on its feet, swaying and singing along with him with the fervor of a revival meeting. As the backup singers repeated again and again the line, "Do you believe in a love at first sight?" and Joe countered with "I believe it happens all the time," Mom and I were dancing slowly, our arms wrapped tight around each other, singing the words to each other as we moved, feeling as if he was singing them directly to us...Mom's words from late last night echoing in my mind and heart of knowing she loved me from the moment I had appeared to her less than two days or an eternity ago. I wasn't sure I could ever be more content.



Then the storm clouds broke...the sky that had been darkening all afternoon unleashing its fury and suddenly we were in a torrential downpour and lightning began to flash all around us. People began scattering for cover or simply hunkering down as the storm raged over us.

Billy pointed to their little tent, still standing in the wake of the storm's wrath and said, "It ain't much, but it's better than nothing." Laughing, we all made a break for it, Mom and I holding hands as we ran down the hill. Mom had just glanced over her shoulder at me, looking lovely as the rain trickled down her face, grinning happily before I slipped and stumbled. I didn't fall, but let go of Mom's hand so as not to drag her down with me if I did. As I recovered, I took a step towards her retreating form and seemed to walk into a bolt of lightning...

...And again existence seemed to come apart at the seams, tearing me into atoms and scattering me along the width and breadth of the universe, each minute part of me conscious of the infinite branches of reality before comprehension disintegrated in a brilliant and painful light that coalesced, vaporized and coalesced again to leave me shivering and steaming in the dank air of an cavernous structure, reeking of blood, ozone and somehow the odor of old, soured milk.

Hands grabbed at my aching flesh, yanking me clear of a metallic tube and then as the face of Crazy Craig loomed in my face, screaming questions at me, realization set in and I clawed at his T-shirt and sobbed, "No, man! Send me back, send me the fuck back, now!" I struggled to break out of his clasp and turned to see the titanium tube, its supernatural glow gradually fading away. I flung out my arms to it, trying to go back...to go back to Mom and then I was falling and the world faded to complete and despairing black.

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I woke up on a cot in a small room once used as an office. It was familiar as I'd used it to take naps on when doing long stretches of work for Crazy Craig, but I wanted to curl up into a ball and will the ugliness of the dingy room away, aching for even the fleetest of remembered sensations of waking up with my head cushioned on Mom's pillow like breasts. For the longest time, I didn't want to uncurl from an almost fetal position, wanting to deny that my reality was again 1988 and that I was a lonely and miserable student at MIT working for a mad scientist.

Finally, the demands of nature insisted and I stumbled out of bed and into the small adjoining washroom. Inside, I found neatly folded on the sink, my jeans and T-shirt. Once I returned, I found my sneakers peeking out from underneath the cot. It wasn't until I was dressed that I noticed that on a small table was an envelope with my name on it. Inside was a single sheet of paper wrapped around ten one hundred dollar bills. Unfolding the sheet, I discovered Craig had written me a letter.

John,

I'm sorry to take my leave of you without a proper goodbye and thank you for your work on my machine. Obviously it works, although my calculations were somewhat off...you were gone a total of three hours although from your ravings upon your return and your muttering and cries while asleep, it was much longer on your part. I hope that it wasn't too unpleasant and despite your battered face, some of your post trip ravings indicate that it is so. I hope the two weeks severance pay will at least in part make up for any pain or ill you suffered.

I am of course, leaving. I have rewired the rune box to work from within the machine and I hope to carry it with me so that I might travel through time at my whim. I think I will visit the ancients first so I can compare their work with mine own. Think of me from time to time and I will do the same for you.

Regards,

Craig

Below his signature was a crude diagram of his rewiring of his machine and something about it punctured my grief and self pity...something wrong. "This won't work," I muttered to myself. "THIS WON'T WORK!" I shouted as I broke into a dead run out of the office, down a long, narrow hallway and then came to an abrupt stop as I entered the main room.

Most of Craig's Time Machine was gone...a spherical area of maybe ten feet in diameter...just empty space ending in a partly collapsed pile of titanium tubing and rubble. I studied it silently for long minutes, wondering if Crazy Craig had successfully made his trip back in time or if he had simply annihilated himself and a great portion of his machine. I felt in my heart with an absolute certainty that I would never know.

Pocketing my money, I walked back to town in an early morning misty rain, feeling as if my world had ended. In my little pest infested room, I surveyed my surroundings and knew that I did not belong here anymore. I packed up a backpack with what little I cared to take with me and then leaving my apartment keys lying on the bed, I closed the door behind me and hiked down to the bus station. It was time to go home.

Riding the Gray Hound home took most of two days, what with all the layovers and waits for connections. It gave me time to think about what happened and to wonder about my future. My heart ached for what had been lost and in the few fitful bouts of sleep I managed to catch during my ride, I was both blessed and cursed with images of a life that might have been -- living the last twenty years with Mom as husband and wife, raising a family, although to think about being my own father, made my head hurt. I was plagued by images of more children...dark headed little boys and girls that Mom and I would never have.

I sat for hours watching America pass by, aching for the pain I had caused Mom, loving her and leaving her in one breathtaking moment, seeing first hand the passion her younger self had had for my father...for me, and finally understanding how that part of her life had gone essentially unfulfilled all these years. Then for the first time since this craziness had begun, the implications of it being incest...at least, kind of -- sort of, began to surface.

I didn't know if Mom knew or how she would feel about it. All these years, I'd never seen an inkling of anything but motherly feelings or emotions from my mom. I wasn't sure how I could even bring it up with her without her thinking that I was nuts and then what if what Craig and I had done was beyond the pale of reality...what if the whole thing had been a massive delusion on my part. The only evidence I had of my entire magical trip was the hellacious bruise on my cheek and that could have come at anytime during the "experiment."

The bus trip seemed to go on forever and even when it was finished, I still had thirty miles to hitchhike into the mountains of East Tennessee. Still, I was lucky as I caught rides that had me in a couple of hours walking up the mile long gravel road that ended in a hollow where our house and Mom's herb business was nestled. I was scared and nervous at my reception. If I confessed the truth of what happened to Mom, would she understand or would she feel violated and betrayed? I couldn't resolve it in my head -- the entangling complications and paradoxes of our relationship becoming entwined with the deeper complexities that time travel represented.

There was the low rumble of far off thunder as I trudged up long the gravel road. A songbird was making a special effort in the trees above me. Finally, I topped the last hill and saw the house I had

grown up in down below, looking peaceful. It was a modified craftsman house, two stories tall with a large, wraparound porch. A battered pickup truck sat in the driveway -- Mom's old Ford truck that we'd traveled to Tennessee in fifteen years ago.

On the bricks at the bottom of the steps, napped my dog, an aged beagle named Mushroom, or Mush for short. As I descended the last sloping hill, maybe a hundred yards out or so, he picked up my scent and raised his head and gave one, short, baleful howl before putting his head back down. I adjusted my backpack strap on my shoulder and continued on down. At least now it wouldn't be a total surprise, Mush being Mom's early warning system.

A moment later, Mom stepped out of the front door. Even at seventy-five yards or so, she made my heart leap and I knew that whatever I had felt three days ago or nearly nineteen years ago, nothing had changed. I could feel my breath begin to increase and a warmth flow through my body, the end result being a hardening of my cock in my blue jeans.

It was still my Mom, as lovely as she'd been at twenty-two. Her dark mahogany hair with little hints of gray was unbraided today and fell across her shoulders and down her back to brush against her plump butt. Yes, in her face maybe there was a few lines here and there...a few added pounds and below her peasant blouse with one shoulder exposed, I imagined her breasts were a little larger and hung a little lower, but it all only enhanced her beauty.

Mom watched me approach, a confused smile on her face as she recognized me...a smile that slowly faded as I got closer. Her eyes squinted as she studied me and she slowly began to back up, withdrawing from the top step of the porch to stand with her back against the screen door by the time I had climbed up the porch steps. We stared at each other, a odd, almost frightened smile barely curving her lips. Thunder rumbled again in the distance, a little louder and a little closer. A storm was about to break and the air held tension and power in it.

"John," Mom said softly, her eyes locked on my face.

"Mom," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

Mom took a tentative step towards me...her soft, stone-washed jeans making a whispery sound as she came closer to me. In bare feet, she was almost silent in her movement. We stood bare inches apart, her breasts jutting out in her blouse almost touching me. She reached out and stroked my face, taking care as she slowly ran her thumb across my bruise.

"Oh, John," Mom breathed. "You finally came back to me." Tears began to run down my mother's face. "What took you so long?"

Again, I didn't have a clue as to what to say to her...or how to explain it all and I never got past, "Mom...I..."

"Your poor cheek...it looks like it just happened yesterday, John."

I nodded as I stepped closer, placing my hands on Mom's plump waist. In a trembling voice, I replied, "For me...it was practically yesterday, Mom." I was crying now too -- feeling Mom's pain at all the years of not knowing...feeling absolutely awful that I had spent the best part of the last three days without her and absolutely horrified at the thought of not having her in my arms for the last twenty years.

Mom bit her lip and nodded and said haltingly, "But you've come back to me...after all this time, you're back to stay?"

I managed to gasp, "Forever," and then we jumped into each other's arms, Mom's lips pressing against mine, her tongue sliding into my mouth, instantly familiar and absolutely right as I held her tight too me, lifting her off the ground as we kissed, relishing the feel of her lush body pressing into mine, her left leg curling around my leg, hugging me fiercely as our tongues renewed their loving relationship.

Things became a bit of a blur as we tugged and pulled at each other's clothes. We parted lips just long enough to yank each other's shirts over our heads, Mom's fingers clawing at my chest while I cupped and squeezed her breasts which were larger than I remembered and sagged more, but which were beautiful in their shape and heft -- the pendulous, sloping breasts of an Earth-mother goddess. I felt her nipples, thick and round, swell between my fingers, her pulse evident against my palms.

Kissing and caressing, we somehow danced our way into the house, stumbling into the screen door along the way and tearing off the upper hinge so it hung precariously, something I noticed absently as I kissed Mom and steered her towards the stairs that led upstairs to her bed. Before we reached the stairs, we'd both shucked jeans and I discovered to my delight that Mom was going commando and that she still had that marvelously hairy bush, still black and wild, still feeling so soft and inviting as I palmed her pussy, feeling the wetness and the heat spreading between her legs.

Then we were stumbling on the stair steps and the bed was forgotten as Mom sat down on the wooden steps and leaned back and spread her legs, her hand wrapped around my cock as she drew me to her and said, "John, I've missed you for so long. Take me, lover...take your Momma Chloe!" And then I was in her and what had been just a few days for me and nearly two decades for her were swept away in the span of a couple of heartbeats as I sank into her hot, slick flesh, coming home forever to my mother...coming home to where I belonged.

My head spun with desire and delight as Mom and I made love, hungrily hunching into each other, savoring each sweet moment my cock was buried deep inside her cunt, relishing every bit of pleasure that was her sopping wet and claspng flesh wrapped around my throbbing erection. Our ravenous kisses were punctuated by Mom's moans and cries each time I broke the kiss to duck my head and wrap my lips around one of her immense and swollen nipples. Mom's legs came up, full and long, to wrap around my hips, her feet crossing as she would constrict her strong thighs and urge me deeper inside her.

We were man and woman, mother and child, soul mates -- all combining to create a higher level of love making, each aspect enriching our pleasure and our love for each other. If anything, our lovemaking now was made greater than it had been at the music festival by the complete and total understanding of each other...the simple acknowledgment that we were mother and son and what our nineteen years together contributed to making our intimacy greater than before.

Mom's cries echoed through our house, filling the absences of all these years alone with a love nearly indescribable. Mom's orgasm swept over her and she clawed my back as she screamed, "YESSSSS! FUCK ME, JOHN! FUCK ME, BABYYYY! CUM IN ME, JOHN, CUM IN ME, CUMMMM IN MOMMA CHLOE, CUMMMMMM HOME TO MOMMA!" while she bucked and squirmed against my thrusting cock.

Mom felt so good, so right and my own climax raced to join hers and as I cried out, "I LOVE YOU, MOM!" I sank deep into my mother's pussy, my pubic hair grinding against her hairy crotch and began shooting my hot seed into her womb -- thick jets of scalding semen that seemed to rekindle her orgasm.

"OHHHH, YESSSSS!" Mom sobbed as she wrapped her arms and legs around me tight, hanging on for dear life itself as we both stiffened and shook with ecstatic delight, keeping my cock buried deep inside her as I filled her cunt with wad after wad of thick sperm.

I remember us kissing then for what seemed an eternity. I don't remember us somehow getting to our feet and making it to Mom's bed. Mom claimed later that I carried her to bed like a groom carries his bride. It all seemed a warm and pleasurable dream that I wound up waking up from under the covers in my mother's bed -- finding her watching me sleep, her long dark hair spread out on the pillows, most of her breasts above the blankets, slowly rising and falling majestically. I could hear songbirds outside the window in the trees and there was the gentle noise of a light rain on the tin roof of our house.

I didn't say anything for a long time, just smiling at Mom who had a radiant smile on her face...one I had seen at Woodstock, but not ever in all the years I was growing up. There wasn't a need to speak -- her smile and mine conveyed almost everything we needed to say...that we each loved the other and that all was right between us.

"How long have you known, Mom?" I finally said, breaking the silence.

Mom snuggled up closer to me, her lips nuzzling mine as she took her time in answering. Finally, "I'm not sure, baby. Part of me wants to say that I've known since the first time I held you in my arms after your birth and saw you looking at me. I looked into your eyes and knew that they were your's...my lover's, I mean." Mom pursed her lips and then giggled. "This time travel stuff makes my head hurt, trying to sort it all out."

I nodded and said, "You have no idea, Mom."

Mom giggled again. "I think I really became suspicious when you reached your teenage years. I remember when you were about sixteen, you unloaded a truck load of organic fertilizer one summer day and your shirt was off and you looked so handsome and so like the boy I made love to at Woodstock." Mom's tongue peeked out and she grinned evilly when she continued. "I think that's when I first had naughty thoughts about you, son."

"Really?" I answered, feeling myself begin to blush.

"Well...I mean, you looked so much like the only man I ever really loved and back then...well, who'd have thought that the man of my heart and the father of my child was actually my child who'd traveled through time to seduce me." Mom grinned evilly at me.

I felt my blush deepening and I could barely keep my eyes on Mom's face as I said, "I never meant to do that...to be your lover."

"Mom reached out and stroked my bed-mussed hair out of my eyes. "But, I don't think you tried real hard to walk away from it, did you, son?"

Taking a deep breath and then slowly letting it out, I replied, "Not from the moment I first saw you. You were...are so beautiful and when we first kissed, I knew that it was meant to be."

Mom nodded and scooched closer to me, her breasts seeming even more voluminous as she lay on her side and mashed them against my chest. "Me too -- I felt the same way. The moment I saw you...despite the weirdness of the moment, despite you actually calling me 'Mom' the first time you spoke to me, I knew that we belonged together. I knew you would be the father of my children and my soul mate for all eternity."

"Children?" I said, playfully, my hands already slipping down to her abdomen, searching for her wild and hairy pussy.

"Mom smiled and said, "Why not? I'm only forty-one." She reached down and wrapped her hand around my cock, gently stroking the already hard and long shaft. "Who knows...I think you knocked me up the first time you fucked me, son." Mom kissed me then, her tongue teasingly rolling over my lips. "Hell, baby, you might have knocked me up again a little while ago on the stairs."

Mom kissed me again, this one lasting much longer as she eased back and gently guided me between her legs. She broke the kiss, breathing heavily as she looked down between us, her hand running the swollen head of my cock up and down the length of her blossoming pussy. "Well, just to be sure...we might want to do it again, Mom," I said. I kissed her as she brought me between her labia and then I whispered softly, "And again and again and again," as I slowly sank into her motherly cunt.

Mom cried out happily and thrust her hips upwards to meet my hard cock as she cried out, "Oh yes, son...forever!"

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It might be a cliché, but it is also true that you could say that we've lived happily ever after. Mom and I have lived as husband and wife for twenty-three years. Mom still runs her herb business and grew it into something quite large and profitable in the internet age. I abandoned engineering and gained a Masters in history and teach in a local community college...my specialty, the 1960s. Last summer we watched with pride as the first of our twins, Daphne graduated from college with a nursing degree. Her brother, Billy will pick up a chemical engineering degree this coming spring. Our youngest, Janis starts college next year and she wants to follow Mom into the herb business.

As for Crazy Craig, I still don't know what happened to him. Maybe he blinked himself and his machine out of existence with his tampering of the design. Maybe he's back there ages ago, hobnobbing with the Ancients. Maybe he's somewhere in the future. I hope he's happy. I still think he was nuts, but I owe him so much. I owe him the life that I lead with the woman I love more dearly than anything.

Mom, at sixty-four years old, is as beautiful as ever, only her silvered hair betraying the years that have passed. Every day with Mom is more magical than the one before, our love growing deeper and richer with each passing day. Working and raising the kids up and life in general has kept us busy day in and day out, but we make sure we have our own, private moments whenever possible.

I'm sure the kids all roll their eyes each time they hear Jefferson Airplane or Janis or Joe coming from the speakers of the sound system in our bedroom and in the forty some years since Woodstock, there has been some great releases of the music performed there -- far beyond what one can see in the movie or original soundtrack. The kids have long known that when the music is playing that they need to give Mom and Dad their privacy. They know we're making love and magic, recreating and returning to the past even as we savor each moment of the present and anxious await the future...they know that this is our own magic time and that time itself is magic.

The End