

# All the Best Laid Plans

Turniphead

I watched her Jeep pull out of the drive and ease into traffic. I could see the silhouette of his head in the passenger window and wondered at the wisdom of what I was allowing to happen.

I smiled inwardly and thought to myself that the chuckleheads were never going to take that leap if they never had opportunity.

Even though I was intentionally providing the opportunity I couldn't help but feel my stomach turning as the Cherokee turned east on Independence Avenue and disappeared from view. I stepped away from the window and started putting a light lunch together and mulled over whether to head up to the cabin that very night or stick to my plan and wait for an extra day or two.

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I've long suspected my son of harboring dark urges towards his mother. It was there in the way he looked at her. It was

there in the fawning attention he paid her; helping her with her daily chores, giving her foot and back massages, calling her every single night when he wasn't home. His infatuation for my wife was as plain as the nose on my face.

I once tried to talk to Sharon about Jason and his seeming unnatural obsession but she just shook her head and smiled wistfully.

"He just loves his mother." She dismissed me with an odd little look. "There is nothing unnatural or unhealthy about it and I won't have you suggesting otherwise."

To my way of thinking she was delusional and I had a couple of reasons to believe so. One, Jason was a chip off the ol' block, so to speak, and, two, I had carried my own oedipal complex for the last 40 years or so. I still carried it years after Mom died unexpectedly from a heart attack while working in her garden.

I was fairly confident my suspicions were based in reality but I had nobody I could talk to about them. My wife didn't want to listen. I couldn't very well tell my law partner - a very religious and judgmental Mormon - that I believed my only son was interested in schtupping my wife. I certainly couldn't talk about it to either of my two older sisters, and even if our Dad wasn't ensconced in a nursing home in the advancing stages of dementia, it wouldn't have been a subject I could broach with him, either.

Besides, I had no proof so in the end I did nothing and watched from a distance as Sharon and Jason grew ever closer.

And I saw enough.

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In preparation for his senior prom Sharon taught Jason to dance. He learned well and three years later they were still dancing. They often slow danced to old love songs or classical pieces by Debussy, Gluck, or Mozart.

One evening while working late in my home office I stepped out for a bite to eat and walked past the entry to the living room and saw them swaying slowly to the too syrupy sweet sounds of The Righteous Brothers. I stood for quite awhile watching them and was struck by how natural they looked together.

The lights were dimmed and they were holding each other close; Sharon's face rested against his broad chest, her eyes closed, Jason's head was turned sideways away from me and rested on top of hers. They were completely oblivious to everything and looked lost in love.

The song ended and they slowly lifted their faces to stare at each other. Jason dipped his head and lightly and lingeringly kissed his mother's lips. Another song began playing and they resumed their gentle swaying.

A sharp pang pierced my heart as I watched two people in love for a long minute before silently retreating back to my office.

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Another afternoon a week or so later I walked into the kitchen and interrupted them while they were laughing like they were in high school. Sharon was sitting on Jason's lap and they were both wearing only their swimsuits. Sharon's suit was a sensible one-piece, to be sure, but it was still form fitting and displayed all her best attributes. She was running her fingers through his tousled brown hair and I saw his hand lightly rested on her bare upper thigh.

Sharon jumped up when they noticed me and they both blushed as if they had been caught with their hands in the cookie jar. When Jason stood to head back out to the pool his equipment was clearly limned by his Speedo and it was evident he was at least semi-aroused.

It was also evident that he was at least as big as dear old Dad in that department and maybe larger

Sharon slipped up to our bedroom without saying a word and I watched Jason from the window.

Jason's mother looked a lot like a leggy Debbie Reynolds circa 1965 and I didn't blame my son - or any man - for finding her irresistibly attractive.

Jason was built almost exactly like me. Well, I suppose exactly as I had been, once. At 6'1" and roughly 190 pounds he cut an imposing figure in his bright blue trunks. His physique was chiseled and lean with broad shoulders, narrow hips, and finely muscled arms and legs. Jason was tanned and healthy and reminded me of myself when I was 21.

I watched with a father's pride and maybe just a little envy as his legs bent and he knifed cleanly into the aquamarine water. He was just about perfect.

I wanted to go to him and tell him I understood. To tell him it was okay. To tell him my own story.

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Although I felt a little ashamed by doing so, a few evenings later as I arrived home late from work, I surreptitiously watched them from the other side of the very same window. Sharon was at the stove preparing the evening meal when Jason entered the kitchen and slipped up behind her. They were both certainly dressed appropriately. He said something and she laughed. I could see her face as he stepped up behind her and slipped his arms around her waist and pulled her into an affectionate hug. The look on her face said more than any words ever could. She looked happy and content and when she tilted her head to the side and he began nuzzling the side of her neck with what looked like burning, open mouthed kisses, her happy look turned to excitement.

In the brightly lit kitchen I could see her nipples dent out her bra and light tee shirt as she welcomed his touch and through the darkness outside I could see her color rising on her cheeks. I was watching love growing and as Jason molded his body to hers and nibbled on her earlobe, I decided on the spot that I would give them space to find their own way.

I resolved then and there I would concoct a plan that would take me out of the picture and allow them the opportunity to be together if that's what they genuinely wanted. Knowing my own experience with my own mother, what else could I do?

That opportunity serendipitously presented itself a few short months later in the guise of our annual trip to our cabin.

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Don't misunderstand. I loved both my wife and son dearly. I would have cheerfully given my life for their happiness but I wasn't foolish enough to stand in the way of an unstoppable

force. And I knew it was unstoppable because of what happened between Mom and me the spring I turned 19.

I didn't give Sharon and Jason space because I wanted anything to happen. I gave them space because I knew that my relationship with my mom had been the most wonderful relationship I had ever had, and if my wife and my son could find that kind of joy with each other I wanted them to be able to find it without fear of me discovering them. I wanted them to feel safe to let their feelings fly free.

For all I knew Sharon and Jason may have already bedded each other before I sent them off to the cabin without me. I didn't believe that was the case, but I really didn't know for sure. How could I? I wasn't able to be at home 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

When I told them I wouldn't be able to go to Colorado with because of a sticky situation at the office Jason became almost giddy and Sharon could scarcely contain her glee when she

commiserated with me and urged me to drive down when I could.

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The next day was torturous. I went to the office to try to keep my mind occupied but wound up leaving at noon because it wasn't working. I kept wondering what Sharon and Jason were doing.

At two I gave up, packed an overnight bag and threw it into my Mercedes ML500 and headed south until I connected with Interstate 70 and pointed the SUV east toward Colorado.

It was a drive I had driven many, many times, most of them in the company of my mom. I knew the route by heart. East to Grand Junction, south and east to Montrose and then east again for eight miles to the Forest Service access road to the Rio Grande National Forest. South once more to the edge of the preserve and then west along an old logging road for three miles until it abruptly stopped at the eastern shore of a small

alpine lake that Mom and I had unofficially named Cami Lake - a combination of our names, Cathy and Michael.

Officially, the lake was christened Greenstone Lake, and the cabin that sat in the shelter of a copse of aspen about 30 feet from shore had been built in the 1920s by a lumber consortium who deeded it over to the law firm Dad worked for as payment for services rendered in the 1950s when they were going through bankruptcy.

PRL&C used the place mainly as a perk for senior employees and their families until, in a cost cutting move, the firm sold the place to my father in the late sixties. Dad, coincidentally, had the year before risen to become senior partner. Whether that had anything to do with him obtaining the cabin and the land surrounding the lake I am not privy to, but it couldn't have hurt.

It was already growing dark by the time I pulled my vehicle off the road about 500 yards from the cabin and got out. For a long time, I leaned against the driver's side door

contemplating whether I was being inane by driving up at all. If what I suspected was happening or not I wasn't going to announce my presence. So, what was I doing there? What was I hoping to prove?

I already knew that they loved each other and if Sharon and our son were already lovers, I really didn't have a problem with it so why was I going to violate their privacy and spy on them?

The erection in my pants answered my questions as I reached back into the Mercedes to retrieve my dark blue hoodie and pulled it on. I just had to know.

I set out walking on the edge of the ruts that doubled as a road and made a mental note to make sure I mowed the weeds in the center later that summer. The cabin held too many precious memories for me to lose it to a fire caused by weeds coming in contact with the hot undercarriage of the rare passing vehicle.

I was ready to dive into concealment at the first sign that either Sharon or Jason was coming then decided that was just stupid. Even if they didn't see me, they'd know my vehicle without even seeing the 'Bush/Cheney '04'bumper sticker or the sizeable dent in the rear quarter panel.

As I drew closer to the lake my pace slowed until, by the time I could see the quarter moon's reflection on Cami Lake I was hardly moving at all. As I drew nearer the cabin I was trying to come up with plausible reasons why I was there were I discovered.

The 'cabin' was only a cabin in the sense that it was made of logs. In reality it was a sprawling four bedroom, two bath structure that was as elegant as it was rustic. The north side was dominated a huge stone fire place and chimney. Lights blazed from the three windows that faced out toward the lake and smoke billowed from the chimney. Sharon's Jeep was parked on an angle in front.

When Dad acquired the place he began making upgrades; indoor plumbing made the little brown shack out back obsolete and eliminated the need to carry water from the lake. A 15 kilowatt generator provided electricity and as I crept up onto the porch I could hear its muted humming coming from the shed in back.

Through two open windows and over the hum of the generator I could hear Mozart and over Mozart I could hear them laughing. My heart seized when the front door suddenly opened and they came out.

Fortunately they were too engrossed with each other to notice a shadowy figure leap from the deck and scurry around the edge of the building. 007 would have been proud of my prowess.

I held my breath and waited until my heart resumed beating and then pushed my head up just high enough to see them. My initial assessment that they were naked was incorrect - they were just going swimming.

In the rectangle of white light that sprawled from the front door and illuminated their path almost all the way to the shore I could see Jason had on his blue Speedo. My wife was wearing a skimpy white bikini I had never seen before.

I didn't blame Jason for having his arm around her waist and holding her close. If I had been in his position I would have done exactly the same thing. She was utterly gorgeous.

Sharon was 42 - ten years my junior - and easily looked ten years younger. She was slim and trim with an hourglass figure and long, shapely legs that met at a still delectable heart-shaped ass. Like her son, Sharon didn't allow fat to reside anywhere on her frame. She had been 125 pounds when I married her and two plus decades later she was still 125. At 5'6" inches tall, she was taut and perfectly proportioned.

She wore her yellow-blond hair back in a pony tail; a style both Jason and I adored.

They paused at the water's edge and tentatively dipped their toes.

Even over Mozart's "A Little Night Music" I could hear their voices echoing in the stillness of the night.

"It's too cold!" She recoiled and tried to back away.

Jason laughed as he caught her arm and swept her up into his own muscular arms and proceeded to wade out from the small patch of white sand I had brought in by dump truck when Jason was eight. I could see the weeds encroaching on the 'beach' as well and again I made a mental note to take care of them in the near future.

Sharon yelled at Jason when he paused with the water lapping around his own waist. "You wouldn't dare, mister!" She shrieked but I could hear the happy in her voice.

He did dare and unceremoniously dropped her into the water that on its warmest day was still too chilly for my liking. I bit back a laugh as she jumped up and tried to pummel him with her balled little fists but he was already gone. She sputtered and fumed futilely as Jason leisurely swam away from his mother.

"I hate you!" She yelled at him but I could still hear her laughter.

"You know you don't," Jason called back, rolling over onto his back and idly doing the backstroke. "You love me, Mom."

She dove after him and though he undoubtedly could have escaped her faux wrath, it soon became evident he wanted to be caught.

Even from where I watched I could hear her soft response when she wrapped her arms around his neck, "I love you more than anything else in my life."

I felt a shooting pain in my heart when her words reached me.

They were standing in about four feet of water. Jason wrapped her in his arms and pulled her close. I felt like a voyeur as I watched her pull his mouth down to hers and kiss him. From the distance I was at I couldn't discern if there was tongue or not, but if I had to bet I'd bet on 'yes.'

Their kiss went on and on and I knew by the way they behaved it wasn't their first kiss of passion. I mused that it had been some time since Sharon had kissed me so enthusiastically.

When they broke apart and stood there in the water just looking at each other, panting and unsure, I fought the urge to step out and yell at them to just get on with it.

And then I heard Jason and loved him even more than I already did.

"What are we going to do about Dad?" He asked pointedly.

"What about him?" My wife responded. "You and I have nothing to do with your father."

"I love him, Mom." I wanted to cheer. "I don't want to make him a c...cuckold. I don't want him to be hurt."

The cold was making his teeth chatter.

Sharon lifted her mouth to kiss his chin. "I don't either, my darling. Despite what you may think, I do love him, also. But I love you more. I love everything about you. I want you in every way a woman can want a man and your father has nothing to do with it."

I wanted to cheer Sharon, too.

"B...But..." He stammered.

Sharon brought her left hand from around his neck and put her forefinger against his lips. "Hush, darling. Let this time be about you and me. Don't think about your f...father. This is the first time we've ever really had opportunity to be alone together without having to look over our shoulders. Tonight and tomorrow we are finally free to take our relationship...further. I promise you, your father will never know anything that happens between you and me, tonight or ever."

I bit my lip to keep from laughing, which would have been disastrous. Jason again tried to say something but his mother again cut him off.

I could hear her teeth chattering. "I don't know about you b...but my legs are numb. Why don't we take this conversation back inside? I'll make us a c...couple of drinks and we can lounge by the fireplace."

Jason nodded, "Make mine a rum and coke, Mom. You aren't alone. My legs are numb, also."

I watched them walk out of the water and stride into the rectangle of light afforded by the still open front door of the cabin. They walked with their arms comfortably around each other's waist. I noted simultaneously that the cold water had done a number on Jason's penis and that Sharon's nipples were erect and prominent. They jutted out from the tiny twin triangles of white fabric that doubled as a bikini top. Her firm breasts threatened to spill out with every step.

I wondered when she had purchased the sexy getup.

I ducked back down beneath the edge of the porch as they approached and thrilled at the sounds of their flirtatious laughter. I dared breathing again after they entered the cabin and the door closed leaving me alone in the dark.

For many long minutes I waited where I crouched. Even though there was an open window only fifteen feet from

where I was, I couldn't hear their words clearly. I wrestled with the urge to just leave. I didn't need to see anymore than I already had, did I? Did I really want to see what I was sure was soon to be happening in the same room I had first bedded my own mother?

My penis answered in the affirmative and I silently crept back up onto the porch.

I crawled toward the open window and cautiously pushed up on my arms until I could see over the sill. The vantage point was perfect to watch them.

I watched as my wife walked over to where Jason was lounging back on the bear skin rug in front of the sprawling fireplace. Someone had put a down comforter down over the bristly fur and a half dozen throw pillows were strewn behind him.

My heart hurt a bit when I watched Sharon walk up to him and hand him a tumbler full of dark liquid. I had been

married to her for nearly 23 years and I had never seen her look so sexy and beautiful. Her camel toe was prominent and wisps of her dark pubic hair curled around the edges of the narrow triangle that covered her groin. That she was in love leaked from her smile and eyes.

Jason drank deep and sputtered a bit, setting his drink aside. "Wow! A bit strong, Mom." He complained mildly.

She tittered and sank down onto her knees next to him. "Just trying to get you to loosen up, my love. You're so tense."

Jason wrinkled his nose at her and pushed up onto his own knees to face her. "I'm not ashamed to admit I'm more terrified than I've ever been in my life."

My wife leaned forward and lightly kissed my son. "Don't be afraid, my darling. This is what you want...what we both want. It is time. I have loved making out with you...frenching you...our heavy petting...the feeling of your hands touching me...driving me wild. Tonight we are going to take the leap. Together."

"Mom..." He breathed huskily, reaching for his drink and swallowing quickly.

Sharon seemed to have a golden glow around her. She smiled softly at him and wrinkled her nose. "You and I knew this was going to happen as soon as your father bowed out. We talked about it often enough, my love. We've been dancing around the edges of our love for years; it is time to dive in head first."

"But Mom..."

"No buts, my darling." She ordered kindly, placing her index finger against his lips. "Unless you don't want...me...like I think you do...and I know you want me...I have felt your penis growing hard against me when we hug...when we dance. I know you want me as badly as I want you..."

"God, Mom!" Jason blurted. "I want you more than I want my next breath. I guess I'm just a chicken shit, Mom. I thought I'd be confident and sure, but I'm not...I'm not at all..."

"Don't be afraid, my darling," My wife crooned leaning toward him and raised her face to him, "Just take my hand and I'll show you the way. Forget all your misgivings and fears and let me take you to paradise."

Jason, chip off the ol' block that he was, slipped his hands over her shoulders and pulled her close. I watched his open mouth cover hers and could clearly see that she was eagerly sucking on his tongue. I felt my dick surge even harder as Sharon's left hand slipped down and gripped Jason's ass and pulled him tight.

I felt I was losing my mind. I could see images of me and my Mom trading places with Sharon and our son. My mother had never worn anything so risqué as the swimsuit my wife was wearing but I could recall reaching up to unfasten her heavy

duty bra as Jason gently pulled on the ties of his mother's bikini top.

First was the skimpy strings that looped around her neck and then the string that was tied in a bow around her back followed. I watched him reach between their bodies to gently clasp her damp top and pull it from between them. I choked off an almost audible gasp as I watched my wife's bare breasts mash against our son's chest.

There was no objection from Sharon.

Sharon could kiss better than any woman I'd ever been with, excepting perhaps Mom. She used her whole mouth and tongue to drive a man wild as she was doing to Jason. Even from where I crouched spying on them I could see her body seize when Jason stroked his hands down her back and dipped his hands into her swimsuit bottom and begin kneading her asscheeks.

Either the drink had been extremely strong or he wasn't as afraid as he had let on.

Sharon peeled her mouth from his and threw her head back as our son molested her.

It was plain to hear she was in the throes of ecstasy. "Oh honey...oh my love..." She cooed as he groped her ass.

If she had opened her eyes and tilted her head at just the right angle she would have seen me but she was lost in her lust. Jason mouthed her neck and pushed her back slightly. I unzipped my fly as he kissed her throat and then dipped his head to capture her right nipple between his lips. I felt what he felt; her hard rubbery texture against his tongue and lips, the softness of her warm, willing flesh in his mouth, the almost violent way she wrapped her arms around his head and pushed her tit up into his suckling mouth.

"Oh Jason...oh baby...oh Jason..." She panted as he nursed at her perfect C cup breast and methodically squeezed her ass with his hands.

He apparently was single-minded because after several minutes of sucking on her right tit she had to redirect him to its equally lovely and very lonely twin.

Sharon's face was twisted in a mask of pure pleasure. Her face was lifted to the ceiling and her eyes were clenched. The blood was high on her cheeks and her nostrils were flared.

"Oooohhhh my dear Lord..." I heard her breathe as her fingers stroked through Jason's hair while he sucked at her bosom.

I then watched her reach her boiling point and clasp his hair and tenderly pull his head up and back. The almost imperceptible popping sound of her nipple pulling from his mouth reached my ears.

"Lay back, my darling." I heard her whisper. "You're too excited. Let m...me give you some relief..."

Jason sluggishly nodded and lay down atop the comforter. I saw in a moment he was much bigger than I was. Fully erect, Jason's cock jutted up and out from his swimsuit. My cockhead was the size of a golf ball; Jason's was easily twice as large. Erect my dick fell inches short of my navel; Jason's cock nearly touched his belly button.

Kneeling by his side, Sharon looked down at him and moaned. She hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of his trunks and as he lifted his hips she stripped them down his legs. I don't know if that was the first time my wife had seen our son's penis or not, but judging from her reaction I'd have to say it was.

"Oh. Dear. God." She whimpered as she beheld him in all his glory.

He may have been a chip of the ol' block but Jason had gotten his penis from one of my forbearers - or maybe one of Sharon's. He sure didn't get it from me.

Long and thick, his cock jutted from his groin like a battering ram. Easily eight inches long and as thick as his wrist, Jason's erection made the penis I was fisting seem small.

Maybe I was a little jealous. Penis envy. Whatever.

When my wife reached down with a shaking hand and curled her slender fingers around him I couldn't stop it and came all over the porch where I squatted. I bit my inner lip to keep from crying out as over and over my body seized and I emptied my testicles.

It was so unbelievably hot watching her pull his erection upward until it was perpendicular and pointed toward the ceiling. Visions of Mom doing the same to me floated across my mind and I knew what was next.

I wasn't at all disappointed when Sharon bent at the waist and administered a long, wet kiss to Jason's helmet.

"It is so beautiful." I heard her murmur as she rose up slightly.  
"So long...so thick..."

Jason reached up and cupped the back of her head and pulled her back down. "Take it in your mouth, Mom. Suck me off. I know you want to..."

My own dick never went soft. Excepting the first time Mom and I fucked, I had never been so excited. I didn't know what that said about me at that point. That I was a sick pervert was perhaps a given. Watching my son and my wife tiptoeing into their own illicit relationship was at least as thrilling as when I entered mine with Mom.

Sharon lightly stroked his heated flesh with her fingers. My penis was maybe an inch and a half across fully engorged;

Jason's was at least a half inch thicker if I was any judge and he was so much longer than me. Thick, looping veins roped his manhood in bias relief. His helmet looked like a very large and very ripe plum. Even from where I watched I could see clear pre-come pulsing from the large slit at his tip.

When my wife again bent at the knees and pressed her luscious lips to his cockhead I almost came again. I felt my eyes bugging out as she parted her lips and allowed him to slowly slide into her mouth. It didn't take any genius on my part to see that her mouth was as wide as she was able to get it as she ever so slowly took as much of him into her oral cavity as she could.

Jason just watched in abject wonder as his mother sucked his cock deeper and deeper into her ravenous mouth. He seemed to flinch a time or two - I only imagined it was a result of her teeth scraping against him.

She paused with four or five inches of his meat in her mouth and then tightened her lips, reached beneath him to grasp his

taut buttocks and began energetically bobbing her head up and down. It was clear that she had created a vacuum with her mouth and was sucking for all she was worth.

I recalled many nights when Sharon and I were amorous how she loved to give head. She was a certified expert in the art of fellatio and the years she had spent practicing with me were being lovingly bestowed on our son.

I watched Jason's cock sliding in and out of his mother's mouth and watched her reach between his legs to - I assumed - cradle his balls in her fingers like she had done to me so many times in the past.

Even as excited as he was, Jason had much more stamina than I ever did. Under normal circumstances Sharon could make me come with her mouth in under ten minutes. Twenty minutes after she began sucking on his cock, Jason was still going strong. I smiled proudly from the porch that my son was all man.

I could only hear her muffled moans as she sucked at his reddened, saliva slicked phallus, but I could hear his words as plain as day as he encouraged her.

"Oh my God, Mom! You're an amazing c...cocksucker...ughn...as I always knew you w...would be...suck it, Mom....take my meat...make me c...come...it feels so good...so fucking g...good..."

It sounded a lot like what I had panted to my own mother so many years before.

I could see that he was close before he came. His upper body began jerking and his stomach muscles convulsed a moment before he tapped the side of her head to warn her. She only rose up and tightened her lips around his knob and used her right hand to grasp him and begin jerking at him.

His upper body rose up off the comforter and he cried out loudly when he came. I could imagine the first jet of his semen painting the back of her throat and coursing into her

stomach. Then her cheeks puffed out repeatedly as Jason filled her mouth with what seemed to be an enormous amount of come. Sharon had never had difficulty swallowing my load but our son presented her some difficulty. She swallowed as fast as she was able but still rivulets of his thick, white jism leaked from the corners of her mouth.

Jason writhed beneath her as she gobbled his warm semen and pulled at him to milk him of everything he had. When his last spasm ended and he collapsed back onto the comforter, spent, Sharon continued nursing on his dick. She slurped and slobbered at it as he slowly softened and by the time I shot my second load onto the porch she had succeeded in taking him almost completely into her mouth.

Jason was a lucky man. His mother was deep-throating his penis - albeit while mostly flaccid.

I watched his limp and shiny dick slither from her mouth as she pushed back up onto her knees. She looked down at him with pure lust in her eyes and gutturally moaned, "That was

so fucking hot, baby. I thought I was going to choke on all your come."

"Holy shit, Mom!" Jason reached for her, his arms encircling her waist as she slumped down next to him, "I dreamed of that so many times I thought I knew what it'd be like to feel you suck me off. I didn't have a fucking clue!"

"Your semen is delicious, baby." Sharon kissed his eyes, his nose and his lips. "Like sweet and salty nectar. For some reason you taste so much better than your Dad."

"Maybe love makes it taste better, huh?" He laughed softly, reaching up with his right hand to cup a breast.

She moaned and extended her tongue to playfully lick his lips, "Maybe, baby. Or maybe I've been hungering for you for so long it was going to taste delicious regardless of what it was like. I love you, my darling, but don't ever think because you and are happening I don't love your father, because I think I always will."

"I know you do, Mom. I love him, too. I'm sorry I said that. He's a great dad and I hope I'm half the dad he is when I have my own kids."

"It's alright." She smiled softly. "Some of the things he said to me the last few months...I don't know...I sometimes got the idea he wouldn't disapprove of...this."

"I know what you mean, Mom. Just last week Dad and I were watching you lying by the pool and he asked me if I thought you were sexy. I hemmed and hawed and tried to appear noncommittal but he was persistent until I agreed with him that you were indeed hot. He actually asked me if I thought you were a MILF."

Sharon grinned at him. "And your answer?"

I couldn't see his face but he replied, "For some of my buddies.' I wasn't about to confess to him that I've wanted you since I was old enough to know what that meant."

She laughed and looked at him quizzically. "You don't suppose he...he set this up for us...to ...no...he couldn't have. Do you think he could've made up some story to back out of coming up here so we... you and I..." She shook her head slowly and added, "No...no way...I don't think..."

"I don't care whether he set it up or not." I heard the mirth on his voice, "If he did I'll thank him from the bottom of my heart, later. Right now though I've got a sexy, nearly naked woman in my arms and in short order I'm going to have her completely naked."

"Oh you are, are you?" She giggled.

"Oh yeah," He breathed as he leaned toward her and she raised her face for him.

Their mouths came together and they kissed with deep passion, their mouths moving together hungrily. Sharon's arm reached up and slipped around his shoulder as he gently rolled her onto her back and rose up onto his side. His body blocked her from my view but I could see his right arm moving around in the general vicinity of her waist.

I bit my lip when he tossed aside her bikini bottom. They were both naked. I wished I had a better vantage point. I briefly considered the other window ten feet from where I watched and decided the couch would be a huge obstacle.

I heard her moan and turned my attention back to what my wife and son were doing.

Sharon had pulled her mouth from his and her head was rolled back. Jason had her right breast almost completely inside his slobbering mouth and from the motion of his arm I deduced he had at least one finger, maybe more, inside her vagina and was vigorously finger fucking her.

Her soft panting cries were as rhythmic as Jason's gentle hand. "Oh my love...oh baby...oh so g...good...oh my love...don't stop...please...oh my baby..."

I was 52 years old, somewhat out of shape and my dick was getting hard again. Watching my son and wife become lovers was better than Viagra.

Her head was lolling back and forth and her cries were becoming shriller. Jason was ministering to both her quivering tits with equal devotion. Her nipples were puffy and beet red. Her breasts were Sharon's best physical feature, so far as I was concerned. A perfect C cup, they were nicely rounded and symmetrical. Her nipples were the size of pencil erasers and her aureoles were quarter-sized and quite smooth, even when she was excited, as she was then.

I don't know how long my beloved son slid his digits in and out of his mother's pussy and mouthed her chest. I lost track

of time. I lost track of everything save the tableau that played itself out in front of me.

I was enthralled by what I was witnessing and it reminded me of my first time with my own mother. I can recall with crystal clarity how slick Mom's canal was; how unbelievably hot. I can still remember her heady, musky scent the first time I ate her. And oh how powerful and manly I felt when I made her come for the first time.

Jason didn't perform oral sex on his mother, then.

Instead, he branched out and found his own way.

I quickly ducked down as he pushed up onto his knees and licked his fingers clean. Like Mom and me, my wife and son didn't need words. Sharon spread her legs as he clambered between them on his knees and stared down at her. His cock was hard and ready and Sharon was ready for him. I wasn't ashamed that he was longer and thicker than me, or that his

testicles looked like furry goose eggs hanging low between his legs. I was simply proud of the fruit of my loins.

I could see everything. I could see Sharon's heavy bush as she prepared herself for him. Even from twenty feet away I could see her hands shaking as she reached down to grip her inner thighs to pull her legs further apart and then used her right hand to part her labia with her fingers. I could see Jason was shaking, too, as he held his cock in his right hand and sluggishly lowered himself down to her.

They clumsily kissed as Jason struggled to guide himself to her waiting portal. Sharon impatiently reached down between them to direct him. Evidently they got it right because she reached up to hold him at the hips. He supported his upper body on his elbows and gently pushed down and forward with his hips.

My wife and son cried out loudly as his penis penetrated her for the first time. He paused for a long second and then drew back slightly before pushing forward again. Another inch sank

into her welcoming pussy. Over and over he thrust his hips until with a final gentle lunge he was completely inside her.

Their breathing was harsh and ragged. They didn't speak for the longest time and I can only assume they were enjoying the sensation of his thick cock lodged inside her wet pussy. Sharon wrapped her arms around his shoulders and just clung to him.

And then I heard her whispering. "So good...so good...so hard...big...oh my dear God...baby I love you..."

Jason raised his head and looked down at her and then lowered his mouth to claim hers. They kissed desperately, urgently.

My own dick was so hard I thought I was going to come without even touching it. I knew what they were feeling. I knew the warm love they felt as they clung together, kissing with wild abandon as they gave Sharon's vaginal walls time to accommodate the strange intruder. I loved the sight of her tits

mashed against his mostly hairless chest. I loved the sight of my wife and son becoming one.

Because I had experienced that very same pleasure myself. Why would I deny it to two people I loved?

Long after I had retreated to my SUV and returned to Montrose to get a motel room for the night, visions of what happened next stayed with me. Haunting me.

Jason pulled his mouth from his mother's and using his legs and hips, raised his hips allowing almost his entire erection to slide from her cunt. For a seeming eternity he paused, only his gargantuan helmet still inside her. Then slowly and gently he pushed himself back inside her where he belonged. She cried out softly and pushed her hips up to welcome him.

It was love I was watching.

Jason and Sharon made long slow love with a tempo that was maddening. Ever so slowly he thrust himself in and out of her, rocking over her with methodical precision. He may have been a virgin but he had stamina and it was clear he was only concerned about her. They fucked so leisurely that they were able to kiss often and deeply.

When she reached an orgasm shortly after he began moving over her he never paused his soft and loving assault on the woman we both loved.

She screeched loudly as her body arced beneath him and her head rolled back. I could see the tendons in her neck were nearly at the snapping point they were so taut. Her fingernails dug into his back and I saw a trickle of blood as she clawed at him.

For his part, Jason continued fucking her but I could see amazement on his face as her pussy contracted on his massive cock hard and often.

A minute or so later, she collapsed on her back and her hands fell to her sides. Her eyes, when she opened them, were glazed.

Within seconds she rejoined Jason in the moment and reached down with one hand and clutched at his ass, pulling him deeper, urging him to fuck her harder and faster.

"Fuck me, baby! Fuck me harder! Make me come again!" She hollered. "Your cock feels...ughn...so good in my cunt...fuck me baby...oh God you feel so good..."

Jason's face was screwed up with lust as he worked himself in and out of his mother's slurping pussy. Their bodies were shiny with perspiration and I could hear the wet splattering sound of their heated flesh slapping together.

Jason was losing his measured control and was talking dirty to her as his pace became more frenzied and almost violent. He was so much like me it was scary.

"Holy shit your p...pussy feels so fucking good...so fucking tight and hot...oh sweet Jesus...it's l...like...oh...fucking Heaven...I love you. M...Mom...so fucking m...much...my cock..."

My wife's words mingled with my son's. "Oh yessss...fuck me you w...wonderful motherfucker...faster, baby, faster...I'm so close...so close..."

Jason was slamming his steely cock into her with a grim determination. He had pushed up on his balled fists and was driving himself into her with a mindless purpose, but he apparently had the presence of mind to cry out, "Do you w...want me to pull out, Mom, or can I c...come inside you?"

Before I heard her words I knew what they would be. "Don't you fucking d...dare pull out! I want to feel your hot come flooding my womb! I want you to fill my belly with your come...I don't fucking care if you fucking get me pregnant!"

I've dreamed of you coming in me for so fucking long I'll kill you if you pull out! "

I wished my own cock was buried in her hot cunt at that moment because for the third time that night I shot my load onto the porch planks and cried out loudly. They were making so much noise they never heard a thing.

Just as I was recovering from the power of my climax I raised my head to witness Jason plant himself in his mother's vagina and freeze. He arched his back hard and screamed as he unloaded into her. He jerked and shuddered over her as he emptied his balls into her womb as she had demanded.

His ejaculating in her was the catalyst for her second orgasm. Sharon somehow lifted almost completely off the blue and green down comforter and she shrieked. She fell back and her legs lifted straight up on either side of Jason. She heaved and trembled in the throes of her joy and clawed at his chest and arms.

She had never come like that with me.

As my two lovebirds collapsed into a quivering lump of orgasmic flesh, I made preparation to make my retreat. I fully intended to return the next day, but I felt the festivities were largely over for the night. If they were like my own mother and me there might be another session or two, but they might have been hours apart.

As I zipped up my drawers and made a half-assed attempt to wipe away my semen with a shoe, I whispered, "I love you, guys." And then I stealthily crept off the porch.

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At a seedy motel - the only one in town with a vacancy - I sat and stared vacantly off into space. The television was on but I paid it no attention. I had so much on my mind I found it hard to order things. Images of what I had seen through the window mixed with pictures of Mom and me.

Sharon was easily the hottest, sexiest woman I had ever met in my life. She could have made an amazing pictorial in any girly magazine even in her 40s. Mom was beautiful and sexy in her own way but from a sheer physical perspective, she couldn't have held a candle on her best day to Sharon. Mom was soft and warm and wonderfully sexy but she was pleasantly plump and would never be confused with a Playboy Playmate.

Sharon was flawless with a figure most women would die for and most men would give their left nut to have.

The one thing that made Mom Sharon's equal was my love. I loved Mom so much that she could have looked like Janet Reno and I would have still wanted to fuck her. I'm pretty sure that if Sharon had looked plain and dumpy, Jason would have still wanted to bed her. He loved his mother as much as I had loved my own.

That is what it was about, so far as I was concerned - love.

I loved my father and both my sisters and all six of their combined offspring, but not in the same way I loved my mother. It wasn't even close.

There is a societal taboo as regards incest but the concept was never considered when Mom and I became lovers. Nor, I was convinced, did Jason and Sharon ever once consider the prohibition against the sort of relationship they had just walked willingly into.

Both relationships were born in love and lust and were pure and natural. I was a lawyer - maybe not the sharpest one to pass the bar - but I was reasonably prescient. However, when it came to matters of the heart, I was comfortably confident I was brilliant. I had managed to land two of the most special women on the planet, after all, so I had something going for me.

I finished my beer and cracked open another. I sipped it slowly and tried to envision how things would play out.

I'd give them all the space they needed but I fully intended to surreptitiously watch them together as much as I could. It had been so mind-numbingly hot to watch my wife fuck my son even as I sat there in the tush worn armchair in a fleabag hotel I felt my dick stirring, despite having ejaculated three times that evening.

If they followed my form, Jason and Sharon could very well remain lovers for years, even after he found his own wife. Mom had loved Dad in her own way but he was stodgy and old-school and considerably older than she and he didn't do it for her in bed. When we happened it lit a spark in her that was still burning the day she died. Only three days before she suffered her myocardial infarction, we had brought each other off by sixty-nining it. She had been a month away from her 72nd birthday.

It had never been about sex with Mom and me; it was about love in the purest sense of the word. The sex was hot, but it wouldn't have been so without love.

I was confident that Jason and Sharon felt the same.

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My intent was to return to the cabin the following day. I planned to drop my all-too familiar Mercedes at a car rental place and use an unknown car to drive back to the last leg of the road leading to the lake. I'd walk through the forest to avoid being detected. I didn't anticipate that happening but I also reasoned 'better safe than sorry.'

I genuinely wanted them to feel comfortable enough to fully explore each other but if my wife and son were like Mom and me, I doubted that they'd stir from the log building until they were scheduled to leave the following week.

Mom and I had been insatiable during our first few days together and I was sure my wife and son would be no less so.

I retired to bed not replaying what I had seen through the cabin window but recalling my first time with Mom.

My memories always seemed to center on the first time my cock slid into Mom's hot, wet box. The way she clasped at me with her vaginal muscles as I entered her. The sensation of her soft, pillowy breasts against my chest. The way she kissed me. I remembered her soft, warm hands holding me and pulling at me. Her mouth clinging to mine as she sucked at my tongue. I recalled thrusting myself into with her urging me onward and upward and how exquisitely perfect it felt to shoot my seed into her convulsing vagina as she moaned her approval.

My dreams shifted to Sharon and Jason and I came on my stomach with a whimper.

I hadn't come four times in the same night in over 20 years.

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My wristwatch read 8:13 when I crept up next to the cabin the following morning. My jeans had been replaced by a pair of sweat pants and matching black and red U of U sweat shirt. The morning air was cool with just the slightest of breezes, but I left my hoodie back in the car.

It had taken me almost an hour to walk the three miles to the lake and I was perspiring lightly when I pressed my hand to a log on the side of the cabin and tried to catch my wind. I thought it wouldn't do to be panting like long distance runner when I peeked in the window.

I needn't have worried. Sometime the night before one of my clan had shut the window. It wasn't locked but I quickly surmised they were no longer lounged in front of the fireplace which was nothing but weakly glowing embers. My disappointment was acute and lasting until I jumped off the porch and made my way through the weeds to the back of the building to the window of the master bedroom.

I whimpered in frustration to see the red and white checked curtains were pulled but felt my heart lift and my dick surge as I drew closer and realized there was a small gap near the bottom of the window dressing. I furtively skulked to the window and even before I pushed my head up to peer inside I heard them. Or perhaps I should say I heard Sharon.

She was crying out with heartfelt passion and didn't sound as if she cared if anybody heard her. I gripped the edge of the sill and turned my head to the side and slowly rose up until I could see them through the dusty pane.

If I had been wearing jeans I am sure my cock would have busted the seams.

They both were naked, of course. That was an expected given. But they weren't fucking. Sharon was straddling Jason's face and he was eating her pussy. She was utterly gorgeous. Her delectable little ass was clasped in both of his hands and it was obvious that he was taking her to paradise with his tongue.

She had a death grip on the rustic headboard and she was quaking as if she was about to come apart.

Jason's penis was stiff and pulsing in time to his heartbeat, parallel to his stomach. I did feel a momentary stab of envy and wished mine was so magnificent. There wasn't a gay bone in my body, at least that I was aware of, but I have to admit feeling just the slightest twinge of excitement looking at him in all his glory.

Even through the heavy logs and nearly ninety year old glass I could hear her. "Oh my God...yes! There...there. Oh fuck! Oh...baby you eat my p...pussy as so g...good...suck my clit...oh...oh...oh FFFFFUCK!"

I could see her - even with one eye - grind herself down on his mouth as she came. She threw her head back and howled long and loud. She loosened her grip on the headboard and clutched at her tits as her orgasm ravaged her. Her entire body was shuddering mightily as her joy coursed through her.

After several minutes of convulsing over him she sort of caved in. Her legs straightened and she slid down onto him moaning and crying with release. When I saw his face Jason looked satisfied with a job well done. Sharon looked dazed.

For many long minutes he just held her, his fingertips stroking her back lightly and his lips raining what looked like burning kisses over her neck and shoulder.

While I watched them, I pondered my own situation. I didn't feel like a cuckold, even though, by definition, I probably was. I didn't feel like I was being cheated on any more than I felt Mom and I were cheating on Dad. Yes, I supposed if one wanted to get into technicalities, I was being cheated on, but it didn't feel like it.

I felt I had been successful in getting them to shit or get off the pot, so to speak, but if I was aware - even if they weren't aware I was aware - did that make me a cuckold? To my way of thinking I just wanted two people I loved to find the same joy I had found. They both had confessed - to each other, at

least, that they loved me. That I'd maybe have to share my wife with my son for maybe the rest of her life was something I was prepared to deal with.

The one unexpected aspect of the terrain I found myself bivouacked in was how much of a voyeur I seemed to have become. I absolutely loved watching my wife and son.

Sharon appeared to slowly gather herself after her orgasm and as she gathered strength she covered Jason's mouth and, from all appearances, tried to give him a tonsillectomy with her tongue. It looked like she was trying to swallow him.

Sometime later they lay together wrapped in each other's arms. The love they displayed seemed to radiate from them like a beacon. It looked warm and real; like Mom and me.

They were talking but their voices were so low I couldn't hear what they were saying. With my one eye I could see Sharon becoming animated. Jason was still fully erect and ready. She first shook her head in a negative but I could see her eyes

blazing. He whispered in her ear and reached down to cradle her ass. I could see his fingers slip into the crack of her cheeks and I immediately knew what he was asking.

I felt my heart hurting when she nodded weakly down at him and pushed up onto her hands and knees.

Jason scrambled into position behind her and for a moment I thought he was just going to do her doggy style. He fistfisted his erection and pushed it down between her legs and slowly pushed it into her pussy. Her mouth dropped open and her loud groan reached my ears as he bottomed out inside her.

They both froze in that position for many long moments and then Jason completely withdrew. He gripped his prodigious cock in his fist and rubbed his glans up and down the crack of her ass. I knew what was going to happen even before he leaned over and slowly allowed a string of saliva to drip from his mouth into the valley created by her luscious ass. He used his finger to spread his spit around her anus and then positioned his cockhead at her entrance.

I watched as he grasped her hips in both hands and leaned forward. Her scream of pain was enough to almost cause me to race around the front of the cabin and pound on the door.

Sharon had never let me butt fuck her but she was letting our son.

A small part of me felt like crying. He was claiming for himself property that belonged to me. Or, at the very least, didn't belong to him. Even Mom had never let me take her ass, though I had tried to convince her often.

Jason paused his gentle assault on her asshole with his enormous knob just inside her sphincter. Tears were running down her cheeks and I could almost feel her pain. And then I watched her slowly, sluggishly turn her head to look at him over her shoulder and clearly tell him not to stop.

Millimeter by millimeter my son pushed his cock into his mother's asshole. After every half inch or so he'd withdraw slightly and then resume his delicate ingress. He was nothing if not gentle. I have no idea how long it took but many minutes passed before he was buried completely inside her colon.

Sharon was sobbing and mouthing nonsense. Jason's mouth was hanging open like he couldn't believe what he was doing. Perhaps because he was concerned about her, for an interminable eternity Jason stayed immobile with his cock up her ass. I couldn't help thinking she'd have been more comfortable with my much smaller penis in her butt.

When he slowly withdrew almost totally out of her rectum and just as slowly pushed it back inside I had the sinking feeling that I had indeed lost her.

She yowled so loudly the glass in front of my face shook. And her yowls grew only louder as he lovingly began fucking her ass in earnest. There was nothing violent about his careful

thrusting. Measured and gentle, Jason sawed his extraordinary dick in and out of her asshole. Sharon lost control of her arms after a few strokes and her upper body collapsed onto the mattress. Her face was turned to me and I could see her drooling. Her eyes were glazed over and if I had danced up and down in front of the window she wouldn't have been aware of my presence.

Jason continued fucking her ass but I could see he was having his own issues. With each extraction of his erection I could see my wife's feces streaked his appendage from base to tip. He looked like an animal feeding on prey as he claimed her for his own.

My son might have had stamina with vaginal intercourse, but Sharon's virgin asshole was too much for him and only minutes after penetrating her, even with his slow, precise pace, he lost it and planted himself deep in her ass and came with a roar.

He jerked and seized behind her as he emptied his testicles into her colon. His bellow sounded like a lion on the Serengeti after a kill. Sharon was nonresponsive.

I spun around and sank down onto my backside and slumped back against the wall. My world was spinning off its axis. I felt sick to my stomach. Something had gone wrong with my plan to get them to jump. They had jumped too far.

When Mom and I had become lovers, there was never any question that she still loved Dad. There was never any doubt that someday I'd find a wife and - although Mom and I would remain lovers through her passing - I'd go on to build my own life.

I had never doubted that Jason and Sharon would be the same. She'd remain my wife but they'd remain lovers even after he moved on to begin his own family. I even had entertained ideas of Jason and I double teaming Sharon on occasion. That would have been the ideal.

But something had gone off kilter.

I sat on my backside beneath the window for several hours as the sun crept up overhead. I occasionally could hear them talking but couldn't hear their words. I didn't know anything for sure. For all I knew for sure, they still both loved me almost as much as they loved each other.

But when, during an interlude, Jason or Sharon jumped out of bed to open the window and fifteen minutes or so later I could clearly hear the deep passion they shared, my heart sank further.

And when I heard them commit themselves to each other I felt my hot tears start flowing.

"Oh baby, I l...love how you fuck me...so much better than your d...dad...you're touching places with your c...cock he never could...oh... so fucking g...good..."

"Your pussy is...ughn...so wet and hot...your pussy is mine,  
Mom! All mine!"

"It is, baby... my pussy...oh Christ...belongs to you...my  
b...body belongs to...oh...you...only you..."

"Whose cock d...do you...ughn...hunger for?"

"Only yours..."

"Whose c...come do you crave?"

"Only yours, baby...only yours...oh my dear L...Lord...oh  
fuck..."

"And your tits? Don't ever let Dad t...touch them again...your  
ass...I don't want you to f...fuck Dad ever again...you're mine,  
Mom...All mine...oh Christ!"

"I am all yours, darling! Forever! And my ass b...belongs to you, baby. Just p...promise me we'll inc...incorporate anal in our r...routine...oh Jesus...often. I NEVER felt anything so in-fucking-tense!"

"I promise, Mom!" He panted hoarsely. "It was so f...fucking hot fucking your ass...just knowing you n...never...oh...let D...Dad have it...it was like you were saving it f...for...ughn...me..."

The sounds of the bedsprings complaining loudly almost drowned out their words.

"Everything I've ever d...done...oh...prior to you was just...practice...waiting for you...you complete me, lover...I had to...oh sweet Jesus...be with your father so I could find you and I'm never going to let you go..."

"Mom..."

"Shush, you." She sounded like she was strangling on her words. "I've wanted to fuck you...or you to fuck me...whatever...for so long I thought it w...would just be great sex...but it is so m...much...oh...more...so much more! You're everything I've wanted in a m...man, baby. Your c...cock feels so much b...better inside me than I ever dreamed it would. It is like we were made for each other...it is so fucking hot to know I'm actually f...fucking my own son, I don't care how sick that m...makes me s...seem."

"Mom..." He sobbed.

"Just listen, darling..." She sounded almost as tortured as I felt eavesdropping on them, "I'm yours...you're mine...I don't want to go on if I can't be with you...f...forever...I can't...I don't want to turn back the c...clock...and go back to ...yesterday...I can't go back...to just 'okay' sex and just 'okay' love...I won't!"

"Mom..." He screamed loudly as if in blissful pain, "I'm c...coming!"

Despite my breaking heart, I turned over and pushed up and through my tears watched them through the open window. Sharon was wildly riding Jason's massive dick as he ejaculated, trying to bring herself off as he pumped his come deep into her belly. Her perfect tits were gripped in his hands and her head was rolled back facing the rough hewn pine ceiling.

Jason was yelling loudly as he came and then Sharon screamed with joy as she slammed herself down onto him and her entire body seemed to be wracked with concentrated power as her orgasm overcame her.

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Their tanned and taut bodies glistened with sweat and in the sunlight that flooded the bedroom I could see there were hickeys all over Sharon's neck and chest and I thought I could see one on her right asscheek, but when her body exploded, I don't think I'd ever seen her more natural or beautiful.

Sex with Sharon was always intense, but what I saw through the open window was something else altogether. I was sure

she'd never experienced that level of erotic bliss in bed with me.

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I ducked down and slunk away through the waist high weeds. I didn't want to watch anymore. The night before had been magical; perhaps as special as Mom and I had been when we first came together.

By the following morning something had changed.

Sharon was no longer mine. Her words as they fucked made that plain. I had lost her to our son, or at least I suspected so.

Maybe they were just words uttered in the throes of powerful sexual release. It was possible she could come back to me, but if she did I was sure her heart would forever belong to Jason.

As I drove back to Salt Lake City I wept for giving them the opportunity. My heart was broken and it was my fault. I could have stopped what was happening between them. I could have thrown ice water on them with just a word or two. With a strong backbone I could have jammed a stick into their spokes and brought them to a screeching halt.

An effort to stop what was happening might not have stopped the unstoppable force, but instead of trying I encouraged them by giving them freedom, hoping that their love would not kill her - or his - love for me...

I still held out hope that she'd want to share her life with both Jason and me. I still clung to my original plan, even though it seemed it had been shredded much like Sharon's perfectly manicured nails had shredded our son's back in the throes of orgasm.

Regardless of how things played out, I was certainly never going to satisfy Sharon again, sexually. Not after Jason.

I was confident I had been replaced.

During the ensuing five day wait for Sharon and Jason to return home I vacillated between overwhelming bouts of euphoria and nausea. I felt strongly that she was either going to announce she wanted a divorce or she'd tell me all about their coming together. I hoped for the latter. That at least would give me hope of remaining a part of their lives.

The problem was that I never told her about Mom and me; why would she announce to me that she was our son's lover? In my euphoric moments I fantasized about them arriving home and the three of us retiring to our marital bed for a threesome. In my moments of despair, my dreams changed to nightmarish images of being abandoned and left behind.

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A handful of torturous days later, the front door of the house opened and I could hear Jason laughing and carrying on.

Fifteen minutes later they tracked me down where I was staring blankly at the computer screen in my home office.

In the open doorway Sharon simply looked at me and with Jason's shadow behind her in the hallway, she grimaced and shook her head slowly as if to clear cobwebs. She looked disheveled and somewhat dazed. Hickeys in varying shades of red spotted her slender neck like a leopard's pelt, her blond hair looked like a rat's nest and she appeared to have been dressed by a retard - one side of her blouse wasn't tucked into her skirt and half of the left cup of her bra was exposed. Sharon's lips were swollen and her cheeks were red and then she opened her mouth, breathed deep, and started talking.

THE END