

The Fallout Shelter

Two and a half hours after we laid our mother to rest on that bright clear spring day in 1996, my sister Barbara and I pulled into the long gravel drive that led up to what is now our house. Our grandparents once owned the four-bedroom farmhouse, but after their death mom inherited it. Now that she was gone it was bequeathed to us. What we were going to do with it was something Barb and I hadn't had a chance to figure out yet. I parked in front and we stepped out of the car into the noonday sun. We both just stood there staring at the place, reluctant to go inside and face the emotions of being in the place where mom had died.

Looking over at Barbara I felt a tug at my heart. She was the spitting image of our mother, tall, long legged with a slender waist, wide hips and rather large breasts. She had mom's deep blue eyes, but instead of long jet-black hair Barb kept hers dyed blonde and short. I went around the car and put my arm around her shoulder and pulled her against me. I could feel her trembling slightly as I guided us into the house.

We both had been here just a few short months ago during Christmas. The place had been filled with love and warmth as everyone tore into their gifts and celebrated the holiday. No one, not even mom, had been aware of the aneurysm that was developing inside her brain. Now the house was deathly quiet as we made our way to the large open kitchen. I started a pot of coffee brewing while Barb sat at the dinning table and absently pulled out a pack of cigarettes. She stared at the pack for a couple of seconds, then went ahead and lit one. Removing my suit jacket and tie, I took a seat across from her and did the same thing. It has been a while since I smoked, but right now the need to steady my nerves outweighed the risks.

"I still can't believe she's gone," Barb murmured while blowing out a huge plume of smoke.

"Neither can I sis," I replied, a catch in my voice.

"She was only sixty-seven for Christ sake."

Glancing over I saw her red-rimmed eyes fill with tears. Getting up I walked over and stood behind her. Placing my hands on her shaking shoulders I began to knead the tight muscles while trying to say something soothing. Gradually her sobs died out and she tilted her head backwards resting it against my stomach. I stroked her hair and let her relax. Once the coffee finished brewing I fixed us both a cup and sat back down.

As I sipped the coffee I thought back over the years. Shortly after I had graduated from high school I had joined the army. Mom hadn't been too pleased by my decision but didn't try to talk me out of it. I think we both needed a break from each other at that time. I just didn't know that I'd end up making a career out of the military. My first hitch took me to Nam. I survived that somehow and from then on nothing seemed to be too difficult. I flourished and rose up the ranks, and by the time I retired last year I had put in twenty-five years. The sad part of it all was I could count on two hands the number of times I'd been able to come home and visit. Now at the age of forty-six I wondered if it had all been worth it. I dearly wished I'd had more time to tell mom what she had meant to me.

"Wish I had something a little stronger than coffee," I remarked, absently staring into the dark fluid in my cup.

"Me too," Barb added.

As if a switch had been thrown our eyes locked and we both smiled. She jumped up before I had a chance and rushed over to the pantry. I watched eagerly as she dug around inside, moving things this way and that way before she found what she was looking for. With a triumphant smile on her face she spun around and showed me her prize. In her left hand she was holding a full bottle of Johnny Walker Red Label.

"Oh yeah, that'll work," I exclaimed.

Barb came and sat back down. She opened the bottle and poured a splash into each of our cups saying, "Here's to the only vice Mom had."

"Here, here," I chimed in bringing my cup up and taking a healthy swig. The hot coffee burned my lips and the whiskey burned my throat.

"That's more like it," Barb said after taking a drink herself.

Quietly we sat there sipping the spiked coffee, both of us lost in our own thoughts. I noticed that her eyes had a faraway look to them each time I glanced in her direction. My eyes roamed about the kitchen but couldn't really focus on any one thing in particular. I wondered if my

sister was having the same thoughts of growing up in this house as I was.

Mom had moved us here when I was five and Barb was three. It was right after her and dad had gotten a divorce. My grandparents, mom's parents, had insisted that she come live here. They told her that there was plenty of room and she wouldn't have to worry about making ends meet. Being proud mom had returned but insisted on finding a job to help out. With the house situated out in the middle of the Kansas plains, twenty miles from town, it was difficult to find work. Grandpa took it upon himself to teach her how to become a farmer. With almost three hundred acres to farm, most of it planted with corn, he told her she'd be doing him a big favor by helping there instead of trying to find outside work. For some reason mom took to farming better than anyone would have imagined. After only six months she had streamlined everything and had the farm poised to make more than it ever had before. The grandparents were ecstatic. They gave her a share of the place and the rest was history. Unfortunately, my grandparents died in a plane crash when I was ten, leaving mom with everything.

Over the next eight years I helped as much as possible. At the age of thirteen I hit a growth spurt that didn't stop until I was just a shade over six-foot two inches tall. I was long and lean, and about as clumsy as a kid could get. To mom's great relief I outgrew my clumsy stage by the time I was sixteen. By the time I was seventeen I had become a young man bristling with muscles. Unfortunately the time needed to tend to the farm had prevented me from having any sort of social life. As soon as school let out I would rush home and begin working. It wasn't until I was eighteen that I saw my first naked woman, sort of. A friend of mine had brought a well-used girlie magazine to school and

let me look through it in the restroom. That memory brought a smile to my face.

"What ya thinking so hard about Brian?" Barb's voice snapped me back to the present.

Laughing I said, "You don't want to know."

"That good hmm?" she snickered.

In response I just showed her a smirk while my eyebrows bounced up and down on my face. She laughed and poured more whiskey into our cups.

"God, I need to get out of this dress," she said, running her fingers under the neck high collar.

"You're the same size as mom, why not see what's in her closet?"

"Oh, I don't know if I could wear any of her stuff, that might be weird," she replied.

"Don't be silly. I think mom would want you to," I told her.

"Well okay, but I don't want to go up there by myself," she said softly.

That was perfectly understandable to me. I volunteered to go with her to look through mom's stuff. We both downed our drinks, which had ceased being coffee two shots back, and headed up the stairs to the bedrooms. Climbing the stairs behind her gave me an excellent view up the knee-length black dress she was wearing. Her nylon-covered legs were long and finely toned. I could only see as far as the middle of her thighs, but the effect her swaying round ass was having on me was overwhelming. By the time I reached the top of the stairs I was sporting wood. "What the fuck are you thinking, that's your sister idiot!" I chastised myself. Still, at forty-four I couldn't deny the fact that she was hot. She had mom's genes, and mom had remained hot clear up to her death.

We entered mom's room and Barb went over and opened the closet. Mom wasn't a fashionista; most of the clothes were well-worn housedresses that looked as if they'd been bought back in the early sixties. Barb thumbed through a few before moving on to the dresser. One drawer held panties and bras; it was dismissed immediately. Several others held socks and shorts and whatnots. The last drawer Barb opened revealed mom's stash of knee-length slips. Mom had loved wearing them around the house when she wasn't working in the fields. Barb held a silky black one up by the thin shoulder straps and examined it.

Turning to show me the slip she asked, "Remember when mom used to wear these around the house?"

"Yeah. She really loved those things," I said, flashes of memories of her walking around in them drifted in and out of my head.

"I wonder what her fascination with them was?" Barb pondered aloud.

"Maybe they're comfortable," I offered.

"Could be. Say, we're not going to do anything else today are we?" she asked, still gazing at the slip.

"Naw. Why don't we just relax the rest of the day. We can take care of things tomorrow as far as I'm concerned."

"Would it bother you if I wore this around the house for the rest of the day? I want to see what mom saw in them."

Clearing my throat, I said, "Be my guest, but don't blame me if I stare at you. A lot."

"You're funny. Besides, you're my brother, why on earth would you want to stare at me?"

Before I could answer she turned to face the dresser's mirror and held the slip up in front of her. I stepped up behind her and we gazed at our reflections in the glass. I placed my hands on her shoulders and told her I would stare at her because she looked so much like mom. A nervous smile appeared on her lips as she gazed into the mirror. She leaned back against me with the slip in front of her.

"You really think I look like mom?"

"Except for the hair color, you could pass as her twin. You're as beautiful as she was sis." I let my hands roam down her upper arms and felt her shudder.

"Thanks. Now be a dear and help me out of this confining dress."

"What?" I croaked.

"Help me with the zipper silly."

"Oh, uh yeah, I can do that," I replied nervously. She laughed at my discomfort.

The zipper went from the tight collar all the way down her back, ending just below where her ass began to swell out. Fumbling with nervous fingers I managed to grasp the zippers clasp and began to slowly lower it down her back. I expected her to stop me before I had it all the way down to her butt. She didn't. The halves of the dress parted exposing her flawless back and the black lacy bra's hooks underneath. The lower I dragged the zipper, the more I could see of her smooth soft skin. The wood in my pants threatened to become a mighty oak. By the time I had the zipper all the way down my hand was shaking uncontrollably.

"I can finish Brian, thanks," she whispered.

"You're welcome," I croaked, then turned and started to leave.

Just before passing the door out into the hall I turned back to ask her something. The sight that greeted me made me forget why I'd turned back in the first place. Barb had placed the slip on the dresser and was bent over stepping out of her dress. I could see lacy black panties underneath the flesh-toned fabric of her pantyhose. I stood there transfixed, unable to move let alone say anything. She stepped out of the dress and reached behind her back to unhook the bra. Her nimble fingers had the bra unhooked in no time and she deftly shrugged it off her shoulders. I became aware that I could still see her in the mirror. My mouth gaped open as my eyes took in the luscious round globes of her firm large breasts. Twin circles of dark brown capped the mounds in perfect symmetry. The oak in my trousers was fully-grown. Just as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her pantyhose her eyes glanced into the mirror and spotted me watching. Slowly she turned and faced me, an odd look on her face. We stared at each other for what felt like ages. She was taking in my stunned look, while I took in those gorgeous mounds sitting firm and proud on her chest. I was the first to give in.

"Sorry," I mumbled and swiftly backed out into the hall. I had to adjust the stiffness in my pants before I was able to make a hasty retreat back to the kitchen and take a gulp of whiskey from the bottle.

I was nursing another cup of spiked coffee when Barb returned. She had on a pair of mom's fuzzy house shoes, and of course the black slip. Her breasts swayed from side to side as she walked, and I could see her nipples pushing out the smooth silky fabric. An involuntary groan escaped my lips. She didn't utter a word; she just sat back down in her

chair and gave me a tentative smile. I poured some whiskey into her cup and smiled back.

"I'm sorry for staring at you sis. I was gonna ask you something, but forgot what when I saw your...you know," I weakly explained.

Taking a small sip from her cup she fixed me with a stare and asked, "So, what did you think of the girls?"

"Seriously?" I almost spit out the sip I'd just taken.

"Seriously. What did you think?"

"They're, uh, absolutely marvelous," I gulped.

Laughing she said, "So you're a tit man huh?"

"Now who's being funny?" I shot back with a chuckle of my own.

"Guess what I found in mom's dresser," she said, a strange smile on her lips.

"What?"

"Apparently mom liked to wear sexy panties. She has a whole collection of naughty ones; I'm wearing a pair right now," she whispered conspiratorially.

I swallowed the lump in my throat, while the bulge in my britches grew.

Out of the blue Barb reached over and placed her hand on mine. "Do you know I love you big brother?"

Raising my eyes to meet hers, I smiled and told her I loved her too. As she was leaning forward over the table the neck of her slip dipped down revealing the valley between her magnificent breasts. The tree in my trousers began to take root again. I knew if I stared too hard she might become uncomfortable. I stood and backed away from the table. I wanted to go check out something I hadn't seen in the last twenty-odd years. Barb's eyes locked onto the bulge at my crotch and her lips spread into a knowing grin. Taking my cup with me I headed out the front door.

Stepping off the porch I turned to the right and went around the side of the house. There I followed a well-defined path for about forty yards until I came to what I'd wanted to see. In front of me stood a door set into a mound of earth approximately ten feet high. The door was made of steel and swung outward easily as I pulled the handle. This particular door had been counterbalanced and was always kept greased at the hinges. It also sat at a ninety-degree angle whereas the previous one had been put in at a forty-five degree slant. What lay beyond the door was a marvel of engineering; at least it had been in 1962.

During the height of the cold war grandpa's paranoia had been at a fever pitch. He was convinced that the U.S. and the Russians were going to annihilate the planet. He took what used to be an ordinary storm cellar and turned it into his personal fallout bunker. He had stocked it with food, medicines and other supplies he deemed essential for survival. He even had a construction company come in and completely line the walls, floors and ceiling with concrete. Of course no one would have been able to stay in it long enough to live through a nuclear attack. Another thing he didn't change at that time was the way the door sloped over at an angle.

I stepped inside and flipped the switch on the wall near the entrance. Instantly the place was ablaze with light from a bulb that hung from the ceiling in the center of the room. The place consisted of a single room that was fifteen feet long by ten feet wide. A privacy area had been bricked up chest high in the far right corner that housed a chemical toilet. One whole wall was lined with shelves that held can goods, bottled water, batteries for flashlights, and an assortment of everyday supplies to help in a prolonged stay. Against the opposite wall stood a single bed just big enough for two people, as long as the two people didn't mind being close together. There was a single woolen blanket on the bed. Several kerosene lanterns were placed about the place in case the power being routed from the house went out. Grandpa had referred to this place as his and grandma's salvation for when the bombs fell. Anyone who knew anything about fallout shelters would've deemed it a death trap.

Leaving the door open I trudged into the center of the room and looked around. Other than a stock of newer looking can goods, the place looked just like it had the last time I'd set foot in it back in 1969. It was

obvious that mom had kept the place up. I was still living here when she'd had the new door installed. Walking over to the shelves I idly picked through the stuff. Near the back on one of the lower shelves I spotted two more bottles of Johnny Walker Red Label. Mom must have wanted to be prepared I mused as I continued to finger through the shelves' contents. I took a sip from my cup and bent down to fetch one of the full bottles. I held the bottle up and gazed absently at it. Barb's voice snapped me out of my reverie.

"Mom told me you haven't come out here since that time you and her were trapped in here," she stated matter of factly.

"Yeah, it has been awhile..." I replied keeping my back to her.

"I thought you might need a refill, but I see you found mom's stash."

I turned and faced her. She was holding up the bottle we'd started and was swinging it from side to side by the neck. Glancing in my cup I noticed it was empty. Smiling I held it out and watched as she walked forward and tipped the top over filling my cup full. She did the same to hers then went over and sat on the bed. Once she placed the bottle on the floor near her feet, she patted the bed next to her wanting me to come sit by her. Something compelled me to do it.

"I'm curious," she said once I sat down.

"About?"

"What was it like being trapped in here for almost a week with mom?"

"Scary...and wonderful at the same time," I told her staring into my cup of amber liquid.

Taking a sip from her cup, she reached over and placed her hand on my thigh. "I've never heard the full story. Mom wouldn't talk about it. Would you tell me about it?"

"Not much to tell," I remarked. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her down her drink, then sit her cup on the bed. She reached over, cupped my face in her hands and forced me to look at her. There was a pleading look in her eyes.

"You and mom where never the same people after that happened. I want to know why. I need to know why Brian. What happened in here?"

I took a long pull on my drink, picked the bottle off the floor and filled both our cups. My shaking hands didn't go unnoticed. Barb let go of my face and placed her hand back on my thigh. Softly she urged me to tell her what she wanted to hear. Tears began to well up in my eyes as I thought back to that time so long ago. I looked into my sister's eyes and before I knew it I was blubbering out what had happened that fateful summer.

In 1969, two days after my eighteenth birthday the weather took a turn for the worse. Mom and I were at the house alone; Barb had gone with

aunt Jane to the big apple. Mom and I were supposed to have gone too, but mom changed her mind at the last minute. I never wanted to go in the first place, so I stayed behind to keep mom company. That summer there was a rash of tornados, but they were always to the east of us. That hadn't stopped mom and I from keeping a close eye on the skies. Around noon we were sitting on the porch watching as dark ominous clouds built up along the horizon. They looked like they could be headed our way. When evening hit, we were getting a spattering of rain, but nothing bad enough to worry about. By the time mom and I went to bed about ten, the wind had picked up along with the rain. I wasn't worried, but I could tell mom was a little unnerved. I lay there for I don't know how long listening to the rain lash against the window as the wind howled outside. I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew mom was screaming for me to get up.

"Come on Brian, we gotta get to the shelter! Hurry!" she screamed, waving the beam of a flashlight in my face.

"Huh?" I stuttered, not really sure what was going on.

Mom dashed over to the bed and yanked the covers off me. She grabbed my hand and pulled me up and toward the door. "Let's go. Now!"

Half asleep I let her pull me down the stairs and out the front door. As soon as the cold rain hit my face, I became aware of the sounds of an approaching tornado. Some say it sounds like a train coming toward you. I didn't think it sounded like that at all. All I could hear were the sounds of things crashing around us in the distance, and the god-awful roar of the wind. Mom practically dragged me to the storm cellar. It took both of us to swing the door open against the wind. Once inside

we pulled the door shut behind us with a crash. Mom threw the sliding lock into place and then trained the flashlight beam against the wall near the door. Grandpa had hardwired the light into the houses' electrical circuits. When she flipped the switch, the room was bathed in a dull yellow glow. That meant we still had power going to the house. We both kinda back-pedaled into the center of the room and took a look around.

After a quick glance around I looked over to where mom was standing. I got the shock of a lifetime. Her hair was plastered to her head and the white slip she had been sleeping in was draped to her body like a second skin. I could see her shivering a little. The rain had made the fabric virtually transparent, leaving nothing to the imagination. I could see her firm large breasts jutting out; their half-dollar sized brown areolas and stiff nipples clearly on display. My eyes lingered on them briefly before traveling lower. Right at the junction of her legs I saw a large black tangle of hair through the slip. I felt myself growing erect. That's when it dawned on me that all I was wearing were my boxer shorts. My penis expanded and slipped out the opening in the front of them. Mom chose that exact moment to look in my direction. I was too stunned, and excited by the lovely vision in front of me to notice the look on her face.

"Tuck yourself back in dear," she softly whispered in my direction.

Her voice snapped my attention away from the sight of her exposed nipples. I stuttered, "Huh?"

"Your things hanging out," she said louder this time, pointing directly at my crotch.

I glanced down and saw my cock pointing straight out from my shorts. My face turned all shades of red as I fumbled to put my dick back in my shorts. I think I mumbled a thousand apologies in the span of twenty seconds as I fought to slip the stiffness out of sight. To this day I could swear that I heard mom laugh as my cock fought to stay out in the open. Once the beast was safely tucked away I looked over at her and apologized some more. Her smile only made me blush harder.

"I see my boy's all grown up. You're gonna make some girl very happy son." She sounded proud.

Mom turned off the flashlight and went over to the bed. She picked up the blanket, wrapped it around her shoulders then sat down. She held open one side and told me to get under it with her. The warmth of the blanket was nothing compared to the heat I felt coming off her body. I scooted closer to her and put my arm around her waist. With both hands she held the blanket together in front of us to capture as much body heat as possible. Outside the storm raged on.

"We'll be fine here. These things pass over pretty quick," she said reassuringly as we huddled together.

As soon as she said that we heard things striking the door and the light flickered once, then twice, then went out. The room became pitch black. I couldn't even see mom sitting right next to me. A second later something very heavy crashed against the door causing both of us to jump and let out startled cries. I pulled mom closer to me with the hand around her waist. Wanting to comfort her I started to reach my other

hand around the front of her to hold her even closer. I had my hand too high. Instead of it circling around her lower abdomen it brushed against the tit farthest away from me. I felt her nipple stiffen before I hastily dropped my hand lower. Mom acted like nothing had happened.

We sat huddled in the dark for what felt like an eternity. Gradually we could hear the wind dying down and there were no more sounds of things striking the door to the shelter. Mom let go of the blanket and I felt her rummaging around behind us. When the beam of the flashlight sparked to life my eyes weren't ready for it. I blinked and threw my hand up in front of my face to shield my eyes from the intense brightness.

"I think it's over sweetie," mom said, standing and going over to stand by the door.

Once my eyes adjusted, I went over and stood beside her. We craned our ears toward the door and listened for telltale sounds. Everything sounded calm outside. Mom held the beam on the door and told me to unlatch it. I slid the bolt back and placed both hands against the door. I pushed. The door didn't budge. I pushed harder, with the same results.

"It's stuck Mom," I told her.

A frown creased her forehead as she stepped closer and put her hands on the door too. We both pushed. Nothing. The door was jammed shut. I took the flashlight from mom and shined it over the entire door. Along

the top and bottom edges of the door it looked as if it had pulled away from the frame slightly. I took a closer look from a different angle and noticed the center of the door was bulging inward. Not by much, but enough to tell me why it wouldn't open.

Trying not to sound too worried I said to mom, "I think we have a problem."

"What kind of problem?" she asked, a tremor in her voice.

"I think something heavy is lodged against the door."

She glanced at me then threw herself against the door and started pushing again. I jumped in and helped. Even using our shoulders we were unable to get the door to budge. Mom turned and headed back into the room, a concerned look on her face. I've never heard mom cuss before, so when she yelled out, "Fuck!" I was pretty surprised.

I went back over and sat on the bed as mom went over to the shelf area and grabbed a lantern. After checking to see if it was full of kerosene she took a book of matches from the shelf and lit it. Light flooded into every nook and cranny of the room. With the room bathed in light I noticed that mom's slip had almost dried and was no longer transparent. When she turned toward me I did notice however that I could still make out the brown of her nipples and the black triangle of pubic bush somewhat. I placed my hands in my lap to hide the growing bulge of my runaway dick. Mom didn't notice; she was too busy taking stock of everything in the room. The more she examined the shelves,

the deeper the frown on her forehead got. I wasn't encouraged by the look on her face when she finally turned and looked at me.

"Well, I think we'll be okay for a while. At least long enough for someone to find us and get the door open anyway." She tried to sound chipper but failed.

We both knew that Barb wasn't due back for almost a month, and nobody else would be missing us. The concern on her face was evident as she came over and sat next to me. Instinctively, I put my arm around her shoulder and let her rest her head against mine.

"Don't worry Mom, we'll be fine," I whispered, absently rubbing my hand up and down her upper arm.

"Yeah. Maybe we should try to get some sleep. We'll figure out what to do tomorrow," she whispered back.

I went over and brought the lantern near the bed. Mom crawled in and arranged the blanket over the top of her, leaving enough room for me to get under too. I blew the lantern out and bumped my shins against the bed frame as I felt my way onto it. When I got settled mom covered me and asked if she could cuddle. I slipped my arm under her neck as she scooted against me and rested her head on my shoulder. When she placed her hand on my chest I felt my own nipples tighten. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd be holding my mother in my arms while we lay in bed. I could feel her warm breath blowing against my skin. My penis reached for my belly button. I held her tighter and whispered I'd protect her.

"Of course you will honey, you're my young man now," she softly said. I thought I heard a catch in her voice but wasn't sure.

Without thinking I blurted out, "Yeah, a man who's still a virgin."

I felt her shift position slightly. Her leg came over and draped itself across my thighs. She began to lightly stroke my chest and quietly said, "There's nothing wrong with being a virgin."

"Sure, if you're a girl," I chuckled.

"Oh Brian, sex isn't everything you know."

"I know Mom, but I really wouldn't mind experiencing it at least once in my life," I remarked.

"You will baby. You will, I promise," she whispered into my ear as she pressed herself against to me.

"I love you Mom."

"I love you too sweetie. You don't mind if I hold you a little longer, do you?"

"You can stay that way all night if you want to. It feels good having you near me," I said, rubbing her shoulder gently.

"I like it too. Try to get some sleep baby," mom said, her thigh riding up higher on mine as she snuggled even closer to me. The head of my penis had poked past the waistband of my boxers and was touching my belly button.

My eyes snapped open. It took a few seconds before I remembered where I was. At first I thought I'd gone blind; I couldn't see a damn thing except blackness. Then something caught my eye. On the floor near the door I could see a spot of light filtering in. Getting out of bed I shuffled over and traced the slim beam of light to the edge of the door that had bowed in. I could make out just a fraction of cloud-covered sky. Suddenly the whole door was bathed in light. Shielding my eyes I turned and saw mom sitting up in bed holding the flashlight in her hand. I couldn't see her face because of the beam.

"Sorry honey," she murmured, swinging the beam downward away from my face.

"It's morning Mom. At least I think it is," I told her as I neared the bed.

She didn't say anything, she just coughed and I could see her finger pointing at me. I glanced down and was instantly mortified. My morning wood had escaped my boxers and was pointing proudly out in front of me. Quickly turning my back to mom I wrestled all eight inches back inside my shorts. I was sure my face was so red that it could light up the whole place.

"You sure didn't get that from your father," she snickered, climbing out of bed and lighting the lantern.

"Mom!" I yelped.

"If you don't want me making comments about it, then stop pointing it at me," she laughed. "Maybe if you tinkle it'll fit where it belongs."

Aside from the embarrassment of flashing my mother twice now, I also had to face the embarrassment of letting her hear me pee. Happy birthday to me I told myself as I aimed the tip of my dick at the hole and emptied my bladder. I guess the sound caused mom to have to go also. Only she made me hum to myself as she relieved herself. At least we didn't have to watch each other go.

I showed mom the crack at the top of the door. She thought it was wonderful; she said we'd get fresh air and could set the lantern underneath it to prevent fumes from building up. I had no idea that mom was such a girl scout. For some reason I felt the need to hold her. At first she was startled when I wrapped my arms around her, but the longer I held her the more relaxed she became. She put her arms around my neck and leaned in closer. The feel of her breasts pressing into me had a devastating effect. My cock expanded and tented the front of my boxers. I felt it creep upwards, trapped between our bodies as we embraced. Mom's arms tightened around my neck and I let my hands drift down till I was cupping her supple cheeks in them. Mom kept her arms around my neck but leaned her head back so she could look into my eyes. Hers had a twinkle of mischief in them.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" she asked, at the same time she pressed her tummy harder against my trapped rod.

I let go of her ass so fast it was as if I had been holding hot coals in my hands. Mom stepped back, shot me a wicked grin and went over and sat on the bed. With a shit-eating grin on my face I joined her.

For breakfast we opened up a can of spam and divided it between us. Both of us just picked at it. Next we took stock of how long we figured the food would last. The shelter wasn't set up for long-term stays, not since grandpa passed away anyway. As far as we could figure the food would last well over a week. The real problem was water. There were only three one-gallon jugs of it. Even if we were very frugal it wasn't going to last very long. Mom estimated about four or five days. I wasn't as optimistic as she was; I knew that it would get hot in here during the daytime.

Mom made another discovery while checking through the shelves. She found two full bottles of Johnny Walker Red Label. I was shocked when she twisted the cap off one and took a healthy swig of it. I had never seen her drink before. Ever. I was even more shocked when she held out the bottle to me.

"Go ahead, it'll help relax you," she encouraged.

I took a small swallow and felt the liquor burn its way down my throat and settle in my stomach. Not wanting to look like a sissy in front of

mom, I took an even larger swallow. Mom grabbed the bottle from my hand so I wouldn't drop it while I was coughing up a lung. Her laughter was contagious. When I stopped coughing I burst out in a fit of laughter myself. I tried to keep her laughing because I'd noticed her tits jiggled provocatively when she did.

For the next few hours we took turns going over and yelling near the door in hopes that someone was out there. For lunch we had another can of spam. This time we ate it all. By late afternoon the heat began to build causing sweat to bead up on us. Mom's slip began to get transparent again, her nipples showing through the fabric in ever increasing clarity. I felt bad each time she caught me staring but couldn't stop myself from looking. I noticed her taking peeks at my nether region on several occasions also. The fact that my dick seemed to have a mind of its own didn't help matters either. My boxers were in a state of tenthood constantly.

On our last check of the crack in the doorframe we noticed the sky was getting darker. That was a relief to us; it meant the temperature would drop soon. Although the heat hadn't been unbearable, it was annoying to say the least. Being able to see Mom's tits had kept me in a state of arousal for the last few hours. My cock was getting sore from being hard for so long.

"I guess I should have stored some clothes in here," mom said lightly as she caught me ogling her chest as she stood near the shelves.

"I'm sorry Mom. They're just so beautiful I can't stop looking at them," I told her apologetically.

"Thanks honey, and I understand. I really didn't think we'd be down here more than a few hours, otherwise I would've grabbed a robe or something."

"Can I tell you something Mom?" I whispered.

"Of course," she replied.

"I'm really glad you didn't."

A funny look came over her face just before she started chuckling.

"What's so funny?" I asked, puzzled by her laughter.

"I just never imagined that I'd be causing my son to have an erection is all. Just remember, I'm your Mother not your girlfriend," she laughed.

"You're better than a girlfriend Mom."

"How so?" she asked puzzled.

"Because you're the love of my life," I replied, smiling from ear to ear.

A small tear appeared in the corner of her eye as she stepped forward and took me in her arms. "That's the sweetest thing anyone's ever said to me Brian."

I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her body closer to mine. We both felt my tent press into her stomach, but held our embrace for several minutes anyway. Slowly, as if we were both reluctant to let go of each other, we stepped back. Mom had tear streaks down her cheeks.

"How about another shot of Johnny Walker; it'll help us sleep," mom said cheerfully.

One was enough to send me into a coughing jag again, but I noticed mom hung onto the bottle and was nursing tiny sips from it. We made arrangements for the night by making sure the lantern had enough fuel and the matches were right next to it near the bed. We put the flashlight on mom's side of the bed so we could find it easily in the morning. Mom took a long pull from the bottle then sat it on the floor and climbed onto the bed. As she was scooting over to the far side I saw her slip ride up exposing a great expanse of creamy white thighs. I wasn't sure, since it happened so fast, but I was positive that I'd seen some of the hairs of her pussy for a scant second. I extinguished the lantern and crawled in next to her with one hell of a hard on. We turned away from each other but the narrowness of the bed had our backs and buttocks pressed together snugly.

I awoke sometime later from a troubling dream that I was molesting mom. As my senses sharpened I discovered that I was practically molesting her. I'd turned in the night and ended up spooning her with my right arm slung over her waist. My right hand was cradling the full

weight of her boob. To make matters worse, I still had an enormous erection and her slip had bunched up past her buns. My cock had slid between her thighs and my shaft was pressing against her hair-covered pussy, the head sticking out past her clit. The feeling of her warmth against my shaft was overwhelming. I couldn't help myself; I started sawing back and forth very slowly between her thighs. I could feel a wetness of some sort lubricating the top of my cock. God the sensation was so intense. I slid faster between her folds, my cock digging deeper into her slit with each pass. Soon Mom's cunt lips were massaging almost half my thickness. A moan of unbridled pleasure slipped from my lips. My balls began to tighten as the hair of mom's bush tickled the tip of my rock hard pole. Mom stirred and lifted her upper leg slightly. I swore I heard her moan right before I felt the tips of her fingers touch the head of my cock.

"Brian?" Mom sounded confused as her fingers pressed harder against my swollen head.

That's all it took. Sperm shot out of me in great gushing globs coating her hand and hairy pussy in a sticky wet mess. All I could do was grunt with each blast of spunk that shot out. I was lost in the pure ecstasy of my release. Spent, I lay there breathing heavily as the last vestiges of my seed seeped out onto mom's fingertips.

Without saying a word mom climbed over me and got out of bed. The room flooded with light as she switched on the flashlight and headed over to the toilet area. Disgusted with myself I lay there listening as she used toilet paper to try and clean herself off. It seemed like it took forever before she walked back to the bed. I mentally prepared myself for what I was sure was coming. Instead of yelling or calling me a

disgusting pervert, mom just flipped off the flashlight and climbed back over me and got under the blanket.

"Feel better?" she quietly asked.

"I'm so sorry Mom," I stuttered.

"Hush baby...just try and go back to sleep okay," she whispered.

Turning on my side facing away from her I tried to tell myself that it had been an accident. I lay staring into blackness for what felt like forever, wondering how I was going to face her in the morning. I could tell she was still lying on her back, and I could also feel her making subtle motions. Her arm was stretched downward against my back and I could feel the muscles in it contracting and relaxing repeatedly. I wasn't sure what she was doing until a slight moan escaped her lips and her body stiffened. I smiled to myself as my dick began to grow rigid once more.

Nothing was said about my indiscretion. Mom treated me like she always did, with warmth and love. Over the next five days we did exactly the same thing as the first day. There really wasn't anything else we could do. We yelled through the door several times a day hoping that someone would hear us. We switched up what we ate, going from spam to canned veggies and cold soup, then back to spam. I was getting sick of spam, and was sure mom was too. Mom had killed off the first bottle of Johnny Walker by the third day, but left the other one untouched. We ate, we slept, and we relieved our bowels, both of us thankful for the chemical toilet. Each day was the same. The only

difference was mom got real good at sleeping with her back to the wall. Near the middle of the sixth day my life changed dramatically.

Mom was sitting on the bed with her feet on the floor. I was standing near the door yelling out, getting the same results as all the other times. Our water supply was reaching critical levels and the heat during the day was increasing. Even this early mom's slip was virtually see-thru. The tent in my boxers was still present but nowhere near as pronounced as before. Mom was now sporting a worried look as she took a look around the place.

"Brian," mom called to me.

"Yeah Mom," I answered still gazing through the crack up at what little blue sky I could see.

"Get that bottle and come sit her with me," she said, her voice held a ring of sadness to it.

I looked over at her questioningly. "The Johnny Walker?"

"Yes." Came her soft reply.

I grabbed the bottle off the shelf and brought it over to her. After she took it she told me to sit on the floor between her legs. I slipped down to the floor on my knees facing her as she parted her legs to make room for me. She had to hike her slip up in order to spread her legs wide

enough for me to fit between her knees. She had me turn around and sit on my butt facing away from her, but not before I got a good look at her hairy pussy. I heard her open the bottle and take a drink. She passed it over my shoulder and told me to take one too. I didn't want to but did as she asked anyway. This time I didn't cough hardly at all.

"More," she encouraged. I took another swig and passed the bottle back.

"What's going on Mom?" I asked, a little worried.

"Nothing baby, I just thought we could sit here and talk a while is all," she said, reaching up and tousling my hair. I heard her take another swallow; a big one this time.

She passed the bottle back to me and I didn't hesitate to chug a bit more of the amber fluid. We passed the bottle back and forth for some time without even talking. I could feel the alcohol starting to buzz me a little. I began to relax.

"If you could have one wish right now, what would it be sweetheart?" Mom also sounded a little buzzed to me.

For some ungodly reason I thought she was joking, so I blurted out, "Not to die a virgin."

"I see," she whispered sadly.

"What would you wish for Mom?" I asked, thinking we were playing some sort of game.

"Hum, let me think. I would wish for all your dreams to come true," she answered softly, passing the bottle back to me.

The tone of her voice made me scared. I turned enough to look into her face.

"We're in trouble here aren't we?"

"I'm afraid so baby," she replied, looking me right in the eyes and not flinching.

"Are we going to die?" I stammered, tears welling up in my eyes.

Leaning over she hugged me and said, "I'm not going to lie to you sweetie. Things aren't looking too good right now."

"Oh Mom," I blubbered putting my face against her chest.

After a short spell I turned back around and wiped the moisture from my face. Soothingly she stroked my shoulders whispering words of love into my ear. Occasionally she would take a sip of whiskey, pass me the bottle, then take it back after she made sure I had drank some. When the bottle was two-thirds gone Mom sat it on the floor and told me to stand up. That was easier said than done. Placing my hands on

her bare knees I struggled to lift myself up. With mom's help I managed to stand and turned to face her. Her slip was still pulled up high on her thighs, and even with the alcohol in me my cock sprang to attention at the sight of her exposed cunt. She was watching my face closely, a hint of moisture in her eyes.

"I want you to stand there and not say a word. Can you do that for me?" she asked as her hands stretched out and came to rest at my waist. I nodded.

I almost fainted when she stuck her fingers into the waistband of my boxers and slowly began to peel them down off my hips.

"Mom?" I squealed, just as the waistband dropped low enough to free my burgeoning manhood.

"Not a word, remember?" she said sternly as she pulled my boxers the rest of the way down.

With my boxers bunched up around my ankles, my raging hard-on swinging proudly inches from mom's face, I froze like a statue in a museum. I watched transfixed as mom reached up and grasped my shaft in one of her delicate hands. Her fingers were barely able to circle the girth of me. Slowly she began to pump my shaft up and down in tiny strokes. As she did so, she stood up, used her free hand to push the straps of her slip off her shoulders. The top half fell down until the tops of her breasts came into view. Mesmerized I watched it slip further down until the brown circles of her areolas and her pointy nipples stared back at me. I shot my wad right then and there. Rope after rope

of spunk gushed out landing on mom's slip just below her tits. She kept stroking my cock through the whole thing. My knees started to buckle. Mom grabbed me by the shoulders and swung me around so I could land on the bed. I lay there on my back, my feet on the floor staring up at the ceiling grunting like an idiot.

"It's okay baby, the first one always comes fast. Now you'll be able to last long enough to enjoy the next one."

"The next one?" I asked in a daze.

When mom didn't answer I lifted my head just in time to see her push the stained slip the rest of the way off. The vision of loveliness standing before me breathed new life into my deflated penis. The years of farm work had been good to mom. Her body didn't have an ounce of fat on it. Her heavy ripe breasts hung down just slightly and her stomach was taut and smooth. The flare of her hips tapered down to her long slender legs, with the patch of unruly pubic hair separating her thighs at her junction. It was that area my eyes finally settled on. As mom stepped forward and lifted one knee onto the bed on my left side I saw her clit peeking through. It was swollen and erect, almost like a small penis. I could see slickness coating the pinkness of her slit as she threw her other knee up and over my right side. She was straddling my upper thighs and reaching out to take my cock in her hand. The heat of her hand finished the job of making my cock rock hard. She saw my stunned look.

"Remember, not a word," she reminded me as she raised my dick up until it was pointing at the ceiling.

With the grace of a finely tuned athlete she swung first one foot onto the bed, then the other, until she was squatting over my hips. I felt the tip of my cock slide through the furrow of her slick cleft as she rubbed my cock's head back and forth through her slit. Her juices coated my head and her heat poured off her so hot I was sure she would burn me. She positioned her cunt directly over my upraised dick, and with agonizing slowness she sank down engulfing me in the moist confines of her extremely tight pussy. A look of agony washed over her face as she went lower and lower on my pole.

"Damn you're big," she whimpered as she struggled to take all of me inside her.

I was at a loss for words; all I could do was watch as my cock slowly disappeared inside my mother's pussy. When I was completely in she leaned forward and placed her hands on my chest. She remained still, my cock stretching her cunt open, and stared lovingly into my eyes. It was at that moment that I realized just how much my mother was giving up to make my wish come true. It was also at that moment that I realized that I'd never love another woman as much as I loved her. I reached up with both hands and cupped her face.

"I love you with all my heart Mom," I whispered. Tears welled up in both our eyes.

"Shhhhh, not talking," she whispered back.

I held her face in my hands as she started to lift herself up and down on me. At first she took very small upward motions so she could get used to having my cock filling her up. Gradually she increased the length she pulled up until she was able to ride me high enough that I almost slipped out of her wet pussy. Each time she lowered herself I could feel my balls snuggle up against her firm ass cheeks. I lowered my hands to her hips and hung on.

"Oh god!" mom groaned as she continued to increase the speed of her thrust upon my dick.

My balls grew tight and I pushed upwards against her downward thrust as much as possible. Her eyes squinted shut and I could see her biting at her lower lip. Faster and faster she bounced herself on my rock hard cock, trails of her juices sliding down my shaft to coat my balls with her stickiness. Sweat poured off her heaving chest, rolled down and dripped off each of her stiff brown nipples. I felt her walls tighten around my shaft as she viciously pounded down on me, her mouth open gulping for air. Suddenly she slammed her cunt all the way down and remained motionless with my entire cock buried in her cunt. Her body stiffened and she screamed.

"OH MY GOD!" Her cunt quivered around my shaft and she collapsed onto my chest with her entire body shuddering.

Holding her hips tightly I rolled us both over until she was on her back. I reached under her thighs and brought them up until she wrapped her legs around my buttocks. Carefully I pulled back my hips until my cock was almost out of her slick hot tunnel, then I pushed forward burying myself all the way back in. each forward stroke brought a grunt to

mom's lips. I repeated this several more times before settling down and finding a nice comfortable in and out rhythm. I bite her neck gently as our sweat soaked bodies rubbed together. I could feel the points of her tits poking into my chest as I stroked my cock in and out of her saturated pussy. Propping myself up on my hands I began to really slip in and out of her slickened cunt as fast as I could. Faster and faster I pumped. The faster I went the harder my balls bounced off her upturned ass. Mom's eyes rolled back in her head and her cunt muscles sucked hungrily at my hardened shaft.

"AAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!" she screamed again as she went over the edge.

"OH MOMMM!" I groaned as my balls emptied deep inside her twitching pussy. I kept pumping, the sounds of wet sloppy sex reverberated throughout the shelter. I pumped into her until my cock finally deflated and slipped from her soaked entrance. I rolled off and lay beside her, both our feet touching the floor. We made love twice more before stretching out on the bed exhausted. Each new time was sweeter than the last.

I was holding her in my arms when she looked into my face, sadness evident in her eyes.

"You know that what we did was very wrong. Things like this should never happen," she said in a soft whisper.

"I know it was wrong, but I'm not sorry it happened," I told her.

She was just about to say something else when a pounding on the door made us both jump. A man's voice called out asking if anyone was in there. We jumped up, threw on our clothes and raced to the door.

"HELP!" mom yelled as loud as she could.

We heard a man holler he'd get us out. The sounds of several chainsaws filled the air. It was like music to our ears. Mom looked at me with a frightened look on her face.

"Not a word of what happened in here. Agreed?" She was almost begging.

I bent down and kissed her softly on the lips. "I promise."

It took them nearly an hour before the door was finally pried from its hinges. Mom and I stepped out into the bright afternoon sun and glanced around. The house was relatively untouched with only minor damage to some of it. All the windows were broken but other than that it look okay to me. We found out it was a huge tree that had been slung against the door trapping us inside. Where it had come from was anyone's guess; we didn't have any large trees on our property.

The guys that freed us were from a group of people going around to survey the damages in the outlying areas. At first they hadn't even seen the shelter because of the tree in front of it. It turned out that one of them spotted the door through the branches when he had to take a

leak. They told us that if the door had been at a ninety-degree angle, the tree probably would have fallen away from it on its own. How the guys didn't notice the smell of sex drifting up from the inside of the shelter was beyond me. I was sure mom and I reeked of it. They put our names down in some notebook, told us to be careful going into the house, and then drove off to check more places. The first thing mom and I did when we got inside was check to see if there was water flowing through the pipes. Our showers were ice cold, but wonderful.

"I knew it!" Barb's outburst brought me back to the present.

My eyes bored into hers. "You knew? How?"

"Well, I didn't really know for sure. But I knew something serious must've happened between you and her. I mean its not like mom told me, "By the way Barb, I fucked your brother while we were trapped." Her hand gently rubbed along the top of my thigh.

I stood up and walked over to the shelves. When I turned back around Barb was staring into her cup lost in thought. I noticed her face was slightly flushed and her nipples were poking the front of the slip out. I flashed back to when mom had been sitting in that exact same spot, only her nipples had been visible through her wet slip. My cock started to swell and it took every ounce of willpower I possessed to make it stop. Barb looked up and smiled at me.

"How come you and mom stopped talking like you used to? I mean, just because you had sex didn't mean you two had to stop loving each other." Her eyes were begging for an answer.

I gave her the only one I knew. After mom and I got the house in order, things should have gone back to the way they were before the storm. They would have if it hadn't been for my insistence that mom and I continue were we left off. Every time mom turned around I was making a play for her. I hit on her even after she sat me down and explained that the only reason she'd allowed me to have sex with her was because she thought we weren't going to get out of there. Not alive anyway. Of course my eighteen-year-old hormones didn't want to hear that nonsense. They just wanted what they wanted. By the time I graduated school our relationship had grown so strained that the only thing I could think to do was move away. Mom had already started to lease out the land to a big combine so I knew she'd be okay. When I found out how well I fit in the army I just kept re-enlisting.

"And just so you know, I never stopped loving mom," I said, a small tear sliding down my cheek.

Barb sat her cup down, stood and came and wrapped her arms around my trembling shoulders.

"I know you didn't, and mom knew too. You should've come home after your first hitch. Mom told me several times that she would've done anything to have you back home," Barb whispered in my ear.

I suggested we go back to the house, along the way I grabbed our bags from the trunk of the car. Once inside I told her I was going to change into something more comfortable. I lugged our bags upstairs and dropped hers off in mom's room. My old bedroom looked almost the

same as it had when I lived here. After a cursory look around I changed into old sweat pants and a t-shirt. I slipped on my snickers and headed back downstairs.

As I was heading down the stairs Barb was coming up. She had her cup in her hand and slid over some to let me pass. Just as I reached her she extended her free hand and grabbed my arm.

"I think I need to take a quick nap. Would you wake me in about an hour?" she asked, stifling a yawn.

"No problem." I started to continue on down but she kept her hand fastened to my arm.

"Now I know why mom liked wearing these things. They're comfy as hell," she chuckled looking down at herself.

Instinctively I looked down too. Again I saw the points of her tits pushing the fabric out. I blushed and swung my eyes back up. She had a knowing look in her eyes and a wide smile on her lips. We stared at each other a few seconds before she let go of my arm and reminded me to wake her in an hour. I reached the bottom of the stairs and for some reason glanced back up. Barb was just reaching the top. I swallowed hard as my eyes caught the sight of her long legs and the bottom swell of her ass cheeks covered in white gauzy panties right before she disappeared out of sight.

I went into the kitchen, poured myself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table. Glancing around I couldn't help but recall the many times I'd sat almost in this exact spot and watched mom working at the stove, humming soft tunes to herself as she made our meals. I could just about smell the food cooking. After that incident in the shelter I no longer sat here watching her. I found it too hard to do that without wanting to get up and take her in my arms. The one time I did try that I got slapped across the face. She had scolded me but good, telling me that I should forget what happened and move on. As she put it, it had been wrong in the first place, and was never going to happen again. I didn't get angry with her, because deep down I knew she was right. I just couldn't deal with having her so close and not being able to touch her like I wanted. She agreed that it was probably best when I informed her of my decision to enlist in the army after I graduated. Neither of us knew at the time that I would make a career out of it.

A couple years after I went into the army Barb had married Bobby Hopkins, a worthless SOB if there ever was one, and eventually moved to Detroit. His family was there. Of course it didn't last very long; just long enough for Barb to realize how big a jerk he was. She had gotten into the real estate business as an agent after that and did very well for herself. Why she'd never married again was something I'd always wondered about. I knew the reason I never married.

I almost forgot to wake Barb like she'd asked me to. Close to three in the afternoon I shuffled up the stairs and went straight to mom's room. The door was wide open and as I reached the threshold I saw her stretched out in the middle of the bed. I stopped dead in my tracks, my jaw dropped and my dick began to grow. Barb was lying on her back with one arm over her eyes and the other down at her side. Her legs were parted a little and the slip had ridden up well past the junction

between her legs. I stared at the gauzy white panties that did absolutely nothing about hiding her pussy from view. Unlike the unruly thick bush I remembered mom having, Barb's was neatly trimmed. I could see she had a rather large clit and puffy outer lips that were shaved smooth. The tips of her meaty inner lips extended a tad bit past the outer folds and were being flattened against the crotch of her panties. A soft groan escaped her lips forcing my eyes away from her pussy. She hadn't moved so I stepped up and pushed gently on her shoulder.

"Sis, time to get up." Her arm dropped down from her face and landed on her chest.

"Okay," she mumbled, her eyes still closed. I turned and left before she caught me staring at her privates.

When I got downstairs, I took a seat on the sofa and flipped on the TV. I was pleasantly surprised that mom had spent the money to have satellite installed. Thumbing through the channels I wasn't surprised to learn that there wasn't a damn thing worth watching. I stopped it at an old rerun of *The Outer Limits*. Barb came down the stairs and went straight to the kitchen. I heard her milling about for a minute before she came out holding a cup of coffee with both hands. She took a sip, made a face then took a seat in mom's recliner across from me.

"Yuk, how old is this?" she asked after taking another drink.

"Couple hours or so." I kept my eyes on the television. "How'd you sleep?"

"Awful, I kept having weird ass dreams." I heard her take another sip.

"So Barb, what do you think we oughta do with the house?" I glanced at her and saw the look of concentration on her face.

"I've been giving that some thought. I have a suggestion if you're interested," she said, a hint of uncertainty in her voice.

"I'm all ears," I told her, stealing a quick glance at her crossed legs.

"Why don't you and I move in here?"

"Uh, I'm not sure..." She cut me off.

"Before you say no, just hear me out. Okay?"

"Go ahead," I groaned.

"Here's how I see it. You're retired, and I'm really tired of living in Detroit. It's such a rat race. You've no idea what it's like; there are fucking people everywhere."

"Anyway?" I encouraged her to proceed with telling me her plan.

"Anyway, I've got enough money saved to last a long long time. You get a retirement check every month now, plus we'd have the money from leasing the land so we wouldn't have to worry about finances. Wouldn't you rather live here than in some city? I know I would. Besides, this is home. Our home Brian; yours and mine." She was looking at me with anticipation.

She was right about one thing; I really didn't want to spend the rest of my days crowded in some city somewhere. Everything she'd said made sense. The only problem I'd have with moving back here was dealing with my memories. Everywhere I looked I'd see mom. I felt a flutter in my heart just thinking about her. When I told Barb how I felt her eyes lit up.

"Well you won't be the only one seeing mom everywhere. And as far as your memories go I'll help you fix that," she said confidently.

I fixed her with a stare and asked, "How so?"

"Simple big brother; we'll just make new memories for you to dwell on." Her smile spread from ear to ear.

"Yeah right," I chuckled.

"Just say you'll think about it, okay?"

I've always been a sucker for my sister. She could talk me into anything if she really wanted to. Thoughts of how close we'd been growing up danced in my head. All those times she'd follow me around, especially in school, and even here on the farm she had always seemed to be lurking nearby no matter what I was doing. We had spent countless hours sitting in front of the television together, or outside with me trying to teach her things that girls really didn't give a rats ass about. I was surprised that I was thinking about those times again. I looked over at her and gave her a smile, then said I'd think about it.

She jumped up and rushed over, bent down and hugged me tightly around the neck. She planted a kiss on my cheek and straightened up. The view down her slip was brief yet intoxicating. She really was built just like mom.

"I only said I'd think about it sis," I reminded her.

"I know," she replied, a look of triumph in her eyes.

As she was turning away she asked if I was getting hungry. I was. She pranced off toward the kitchen, her backside swaying nicely from side to side. I had to adjust myself in my pants once she was out of sight.

"God, get a grip on yourself! She's your sister for Christ sake," I chastised myself once again.

The smell of fresh brewed coffee drifted into the room. Like a moth drawn to a flame I followed my nose into the kitchen. Barb was busy at

the stove, so I went to the pot and helped myself to a fresh cup. I glanced over and saw that she was making pancakes, humming softly to herself as she did. I felt a twinge of déjà vu as I went over and sat at the table. Watching her cook brought back memories of watching mom doing the same thing. Every so often she would look in my direction and flash me a warm smile, then turn back and continue cooking. If her hair were black instead of blonde I'd of swore it was mom at the stove instead of my baby sister.

"I wasn't sure what you wanted, but I know these used to be your favorites. Hope they're okay," she chortled, sitting a plate with a stack of pancakes in front of me.

"They're still my favorite, thanks sis," I told her, slathering them in butter and tons of maple syrup. She brought her plate over and joined me in devouring every last morsel.

When we finished I helped clean the dishes; I washed while she rinsed just like we used to do in the old days. I was going to top my coffee up but she stopped me. Instead, she brought out the bottle of Johnny Walker we'd started earlier and poured some into my cup. She fixed herself some and followed me into the front room. As we entered a new episode of *The Outer Limits* was just coming on.

"Oh wow, I haven't seen this show in forever," she stated happily, taking a seat next to me on the sofa.

"I know, me neither. They're having a marathon of it," I told her.

"Far out!" she gleefully replied, snuggling closer to me on the sofa.

We spent the next three hours silently enjoying each other's company. It was as if we were kids again, except this time we were drinking booze-laced coffee instead of Kool-Aid. At the end of each episode we freshened up our drinks. One part coffee, two parts booze. It was a good thing that the bottle wasn't full when we started, otherwise I think we would've been sleeping right here tonight. By the time we both agreed it was getting late, and the fact that the bottle was empty, it was nearing nine o'clock. It had been a long and trying day so we headed upstairs with Barb said she was going to take a shower before she got in bed. I on the other hand went straight into my old room, stripped off all my clothes and climbed under the covers. I was asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

The sound of my name being repeated over and over crashed through the wonderful dream I was having. I was right in the middle of pushing my dick into some warm wet pussy. I wasn't sure whose pussy, but that didn't really matter. All that mattered was my dream evaporated into mist, leaving me with one hell of a raging hard-on. I blinked my eyes open. Light from a full moon filtered in through the open window and lit up the room. I turned my face in the direction where my name was being softly called. A woman was standing just inside the room dressed in a white slip, and the light from the moon allowed me to see she had a frightened look on her face. At first I didn't recognize Barb in my semi-awake state.

"Mom?" I asked, confused.

"It's me Brian. Barb," she responded.

"Huh? Oh...uh...what's wrong sis?" I managed to stammer.

"I can't sleep, I'm having bad dreams. Can I crawl in there with you?"

"Uh...sure," I said sleepily, scooting over on my side facing her and holding the corner of the blankets up. She slipped under the covers then turned away from me and started scooting her backside closer and closer toward me.

It wasn't until she was almost touching me that I remembered I was completely naked. "Oh shit," I cried out.

"What's wrong?" Barb asked worriedly.

"I forgot I don't have anything on. Could you step out long enough for me to throw some pants or something on?" I was sure some of the light in the room was coming from my reddened face.

"Don't be silly, it'll be okay. I promise not to molest you big brother," she laughed, turning her head to look at me.

"But but but," I stammered.

Barb chuckled and snuggled herself up against me. She reached behind herself and grabbed hold of my hand and pulled it over her waist. She continued holding it as she placed it on her tummy.

"Just hold me for awhile Brian. Please," she asked softly, pushing her backside snugly against my rigid rod. She wormed her butt back and forth until the length of my dick slid between the swells of her cheeks. Even through the slip I could feel an enormous heat rising off her lower region. My cock swelled even more.

She snickered and softly said, "I guess you really are my big brother."

I couldn't help but laugh. "You have no idea, sis," I chuckled, pulling myself tighter into her.

"I'm pretty sure I do," she chuckled back, wiggling her butt against my cock to emphasize her point.

"Uh, you might not want to do that too much sis, I was right in the middle of a very nice dream before you came in," I warned playfully.

"Got ya. Just hold me okay," she said, as her body seemed to relax.

"I love you sis," I whispered right before sleep crept back in.

I slept like a baby until the light of morning started streaming through the window. I was on my side facing away from Barb, who was

snuggled up against my back. I could feel the soft fullness of her breast pressed into my back and the warm air of her breath tickling the back of my neck. My eyes popped wide open when my brain registered the feel of something else. Barb had her arm around my middle and her fingers were wrapped snugly around my morning wood. Startled, I slid away from her enough so I could turn on my back. Her fingers stayed on my cock. Carefully, and with a little sadness too, I peeled her fingers from around my shaft and quietly got out of bed. As hastily as I could I picked up my sweats from the floor and started pulling them up. I almost had them up past my morning boner when I heard my sister cough. Glancing down I saw that she was awake and her eyes were glued to my cock. She didn't say anything; she just lay there wide-eyed and smiling. I finished pulling up the sweats and went downstairs barefoot and shirtless.

While the coffee brewed I took a leak. By the time I got back to the kitchen Barb was fixing us both a cup. I plopped down at the table and studied my sister's attire. I had never seen mom wear slips like the one Barb was wearing. It was white, silky looking and almost transparent. With her back to me I could clearly make out the crack of her ass through the fabric. When she turned around holding a cup in each hand I tried to avert my eyes. I wasn't successful. As if they had a mind of their own my eyes swept over her front and locked onto the twin brown circles on her chest. The only thing I could do was stare and pray that I didn't start drooling. Barb's eyes found mine and she smiled warmly as her nipples began to stiffen. She sat my cup in front of me and went to the other side of the table and sat down.

"Rather interesting slip you're wearing sis. Is that one of Mom's too?" I stuttered.

"Sure is," she replied, then sipped her coffee before adding, "You should see all the ones she's got."

"I don't remember mom wearing ones that you could see through," I remarked, sipping my own coffee to hide my nervousness.

"I wasn't aware this was so transparent until now," she said, looking down and seeing her brown nipples stretching the front of the slip at two points. "Sorry bout that."

I heard myself say I'm not, just as it slipped past my tongue. She heard it too, but didn't comment. We sat there quietly drinking our coffee and waking up. Barb offered to get me another cup when she noticed mine was empty. This time when she came back toward me I glanced down to see if I could see her pubes. I could, but since the slip wasn't as snug around her hips I could only catch glimpses of it. As she went back to her side I noticed how much her tits bounced when she walked. By the time she sat down I was sporting a rather impressive hard-on again.

"So Brian, have you thought about my idea about us moving in here?" she asked, holding her cup up in front of her face with both hands. I could see the fear of rejection in her beautiful blue eyes.

"I have. I'm just not sure if it'd be the best thing for me to do though. I know we'd both love the peace and quiet out here. You really don't need me here though. With your savings and the lease money, you'd do great by yourself."

"That's just it, I don't want to be by myself. I want my brother here too. I've always loved you Brian, and it's been hard having you out of my life for so long," she pouted.

"I've been in your life sis. At least when I could," I replied.

"I understand how it was; the army and all that. But now you can be in my life all the time. I really need you here Brian," she said sadly.

"I would like that. But I also told you that I don't know if I can handle the memories that comes with staying here." Her eyes remained fixed to mine as she sat her cup on the table.

"And I said that I could fix that." She stood and rushed over to my side of the table. Grabbing hold of my hand she said, "Come with me."

She practically pulled my arm out its socket as she dragged me from my chair. Her footsteps were fast as she pulled me behind her and headed for the front door. Once outside I realized where she was going. My steps faltered but she yanked me forward anyway.

"Barb?" I wasn't sure what she was up to.

Without looking back at me she said sternly, "Hush, no talking."

Stunned, those few words evoking such a strong memory, I allowed her to pull me along like a puppy on a leash. I neither said anything,

nor did I pull away as she opened the door to the shelter. Once she crossed the threshold she flipped the light switch near the door and flooded the room with light. I followed her in and watched as she shut the door behind us. Then she pushed me over toward the bed and firmly told me to sit down. As if I were in a trance I obeyed her every command. With my feet on the floor and my hands in my lap I saw her standing in front of me. She stepped closer and slipped her hand out to softly stroke the side of my face. I gazed into her eyes. All I could see there was love. She stepped even closer and wrapped the hand she'd been stroking my face with behind the back of my head. Gently she nudged my head forward until it was buried against her chest, right between the soft round globes of her breasts.

"I don't want you to say anything. I just want you to relax and do what I tell you to. Okay?"

"What's going on here Barb?" My muffled question was barely audible.

"We're making new memories dear brother."

With that she stepped back far enough for me to see what she was doing. Slowly she raised her hands to the straps over her shoulders and pushed them down her upper arms. Just like it had with mom, the slip caught on her upper breasts briefly before sliding off and falling to the floor leaving my sister standing naked before my astonished eyes. Her body was magnificent. The twin globes of her breasts hung down slightly from their own weight and her tummy showed the flat firm tightness of someone who exercised regularly. She smiled down at me and took one of my hands and placed it over her left breast. It was soft yet firm, the skin silky smooth to the touch. As she held my hand in

place I could feel her nipple stiffen against my palm. I felt lightheaded as my hand gently kneaded the pliant flesh of my sister's tit. I was powerless to stop myself from leaning forward and capturing her right nipple in my mouth. When my tongue rolled over the tip of it she let out a soft moan.

"Oh god Barbara," I groaned, greedily sucking in more of her sweet nipple into my mouth.

She released her hold on my hand and placed both of her hands behind my head and pushed my mouth tighter onto her breast. I let my hand slide off her tit and down her side until it reached the flare of her hip. I brought my other hand up between her legs, stroking the warm silky insides of her thighs. She moved her feet apart opening the way for my hand to travel the rest of the way to her junction. My lips began to go from one nipple to the other as my fingers crept higher up her thighs. I could feel her heat on my fingers right before they touched the softness of her smooth outer lips. I let my index finger slip between her folds and touch the slick wetness of her slit. She shuddered and pulled my head in tighter to her chest. Slowly my finger sank into her.

"Yes! Oh my god," she moaned, rocking her hips and making my finger twirl inside her cunt.

Spurred on by her eagerness I began to pump my finger in and out of her hole. My other hand snaked around and grabbed the fleshy meat of her ass cheek. I buried my face between her slobber-coated tits and fingered her pussy until my arm began to get tired. Slowly I withdrew my finger from her slickness and stood up in front of her. I took her face in my hands and stared into her eyes. She placed her hands on my

waist and hooked her fingers into the waistband of my sweats. Skillfully she lowered the sweats over the rigid meat of my hardened cock and pushed them down to my knees. Our eyes remained locked together.

"Take me Brian. Please take me now," she urged softly.

Gently I lowered my lips to hers, and wrapped her in my arms. My sweats fell to my ankles and I stepped out of them. Time seemed to stand still. I could feel her hands running up and down my back as our passion built. Her tongue slid between my lips and forced its way into my mouth. My whole being swirled with emotion as our tongues explored each other's. Carefully I maneuvered her until she had changed places with me. With her back toward the bed I stepped forward forcing her to step back. The edge of the bed caught her just below the knees and she started to fall back. I held her to me as I lowered us both to the mattress. I was lying on top of her, my cock pressing firmly against her mound. Lifting my head I gazed into her eyes once more.

"We really shouldn't be doing this," I whispered.

"Shhhh, no talking," she softly replied as she spread her legs as wide as they would go.

I kissed her again and slid myself lower on her body. I felt the tip of my cock graze the stiff bud of her clit before sliding down between the smooth slick outer lips of her pussy. The sensation was indescribable. Our lips pressed together tenderly as I felt my cock slip deeper into her

slit. Just as it nestled between the flaps of her inner lips she pushed her hips upward. Half of my cock slipped into her moist tunnel. Her fingernails raked my back as I slowly pushed forward, splitting her cunt lips wide as the rest of my cock slid into her molten heat.

"Oh shit!" she grunted. Worried that I'd hurt her I asked if she was okay.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just wasn't expecting you to be so big," she huffed through clinched lips.

"I'll stop if it hurts," I told her softly.

"No, don't stop. It feels great."

Carefully I began to pull back. When I was almost out I gently slid back in. With each long stroke I could feel her getting wetter and wetter. The walls of her pussy sucked at my shaft like I'd never felt before. On each forward push I felt like I was sinking even deeper into her. It wasn't long before she started meeting my gentle thrust with ones of her own. I began kissing her everywhere; the side of her neck, under her jaw and over the tops of her shoulders. Any place I could reach with my lips was fair game. At the same time I began to speed my thrusting up, while still being as gentle as possible. Barb latched onto my shoulder with her teeth and started convulsing under me. A trickle of hot wet cream leaked past my shaft followed by her muffled moans of pleasure. My balls were sticky from her juice and made wet sloppy noises as they bounced off her butt. The tingling all along my cock grew. Faster and faster I pumped into her, her cries of joy intense in my ears. I couldn't

hold back any longer. I plunged my cock all the way in and stiffened as my thick sticky sperm flooded my sister's pussy.

"OH FUCK!" I shouted, my dick throbbing violently as each rope of seed shot forcefully out.

Barb wrapped her legs around my ass and humped herself up against my pelvis crying, "Yes! Yes! Yes! Fill me Brian!"

When her convulsing stopped her legs slowly slid off my ass and landed on the bed as the last drops of cum leaked from my cock. For a good ten minutes our sweaty bodies clung together, my shrinking cock still lodged in her cunt. Finally, I rolled off her, turned on my side to face her propped up on my elbow. I reached out and traced tiny circles around her nipples. She lay there with her eyes closed, almost purring as her nipples began to stiffen again. I traced a line down her torso and over her mound. Her purrs became moans as my fingertip slid over her clit and sank into the mess of her sopping slit. When I found her entrance, I sank my finger all the way in. Barb's eyes flew open and rolled back in her head as I added two more fingers. I brought her to another climax, the squishy sounds of wet cunt bouncing off the shelter walls as my fingers plunged in and out of her.

"Can I ask you something sis?" I asked, after pulling my sticky fingers from her cunt and licking them clean.

She opened her eyes and turned her face to me. "Sure."

"Why?"

"Why what?" she breathed.

"Why go through all this? Is it so important to you that I stay that you'd let me have sex with you?"

Rolling onto her side to face me, she reached up and placed her hand softly against the side of my face.

"Brian, it is important to me. I really do want you to stay here with me. But as far as the sex goes, I did that because I wanted to."

"But I'm your brother."

"So? You're a man; I'm a woman, what's the big deal if we're related? We love each other, that's all that matters. Besides, if mom could do it, then so can I."

"I don't know what to say sis." I rolled onto my back and stared up at the ceiling.

"Say you'll stay. We don't have to have sex if you can't handle it, but..." I could hear sadness in her voice.

Turning back on my side I told her that I'd love to stay here with her. Her eyes lit up and she threw her arms around me and crushed me to her sweaty body. I was amazed at how strong she was.

"Thank you," she repeated over and over.

I rolled us both over until she was on her back with me on top of her. I had no trouble slipping my rock hard cock into her soaking wet cunt. Propping myself up on my arms I slowly pumped my dick into my sister while staring lovingly into her beautiful blue eyes.

"Now, about those new memories..." I whispered.