

Collection of Erotica

SinsiousSiren

SOUTHERN HEAT

Chapter 1

It was late in the summer of '85, Jen was twenty-one now. She was young, free, and single when they crossed each other's paths at the family reunion. It was the first one she had been in about ten years.

Her family drove about eight hours to get to a small town at the outskirts of Atlanta, Georgia, just over the state line. Coming from the coastal area of Mississippi, she was not used to the territory; it all looked about the same, boring!

Some of the other distant family members had already arrived at the hotel, and that evening they were all meeting for dinner at a local restaurant. She rolled her eyes, not wanting to join them, but knowing all the same that she had to, because it was family, and what else was she going to eat!

It turned out to be pleasant, for the most part. The food was good, and she saw a few of her cousins that she hadn't seen in years. All of the girls huddled around a table by themselves and talked girl talk, boys and sex.

Jen did not feel the need to talk about her former boyfriend, as he had broken up with her when his family moved back to Chicago, and she didn't feel that she knew any of these girls well enough to

discuss her deepest feelings about him, unlike the way they outwardly talked about their boyfriends and their formers. When asked, she told them that she had been with out one for quite a long time, because other things had kept her time occupied.

"Oh, I can only guess!" one of them sneered. She smiled and shook her head thinking Amy was such a bitch, and was not impressed by their hen cackling.

"If this is what y'all do when you get together... I prefer to be alone. My friends back home don't trash anyone like this."

She got up and left the table, going outside to get some fresh air and away from the stale chatter of the others. She was propped against the outside wall, just beyond the door when a voice came to her.

"Hey, I saw you inside, and wanted to introduce myself, but didn't get a chance." he walked up to her, hoping she wouldn't ignore him. She looked at him, smiled, and looked back across the field just beyond the parking lot. "Well, I'm Anthony." He leaned against the wall and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"I'm Jeana, but everyone calls me Jen."

"Yeah, I know, Stacy told me who you were when you got here." he looked at her, brushing his elbow to hers. "They said you're from Gulfport?"

"Long Beach, really, but close enough."

"What's it like down there?"

"Oh, I guess its ok. I get to go to the beach whenever I want to."

"That sounds cool." he shuffled his feet.

"Yeah, it's fun. I'm going to miss it while were up here."

"There's a lake and a pool out there at the park where the reunion is, it shouldn't be too bad."

"I don't know," she shrugged her shoulders looking at him, "pools can be boring if there's no one around to play with." she flashed him a quick smile.

"I'll be around, I mean, if you want to play?" he looked at her, catching her eye, seeing something there he liked.

"I think I would!" she turned to face him, propping her shoulder against the wall, entangling her fingers with his, "do you always come on to girls you don't know this way?"

"No, just you."

"Pretty bold for some one your age." she ran her hand up to his shoulder and moved in closer to him, "I didn't think they had guys like you up here."

"You'd be surprised."

"So," she was inches away from his lips, hers wet with desire to kiss him, "what kind of surprises are there here, the guys at home can be pretty boring too."

"I don't know, I guess well have to wait and find out." he put his arm around her waist drawing her closer and met her lips. Her breast pressed against his chest, and she could feel his tight stomach against hers as his arms locked behind her.

Their kiss was gently unsure as they felt a well of heat between them, but a first kiss always is a bit awkward. She pulled away, looking at him and smiled. "Sorry, but, I just wanted to taste a Georgia boy."

"If this is what all the girls are like in Mississippi, well, I think I'll move."

"No, not all of us, just me," she winked, grazing her lips to his again.

The kiss was more open this time, tongues entwined and embraces tightened. He pulled her against him as he rolled his back against the wall for leverage.

She felt his hardness press against her thorough his jeans, and wiggled a little just to make sure that was what she was feeling. He moaned into her mouth, and she kissed him harder, making his head swim. They were interrupted by voices calling her name.

She looked at him, slipping her hand down his body to his bulging manhood, "Too bad we don't have more time, I'd like to see what the rest of a Georgia boy tastes like."

He groaned in pleasure as she pressed against him, licking his lips with the tip of her tongue. When she was called again, she pulled away from him, seeing how flustered he was. "I'm sorry Anthony, I have to go. Maybe we'll see each other tomorrow?"

"Jen, you can count on it!" he pulled her back to him and kissed her again, then let her slip away. "I knew she was hot, but damn!" he opened his hand to find the chain she had been wearing around her neck, "How the hell did she do that!" and smiled as he put it around his throat.

Both of them slept restlessly. She couldn't believe that she came on to him like that, like a horny vixen, but then again, it had been a long time since Donny. What, eight months or more since he left her, and Anthony, he was hot.

Broad chest, eyes like ice, long hair, strong arms, and it felt good when he held her. And how clever had she been, slipping her chain in his hand, as if it were some prize, or perhaps, an invitation for another time.

She smiled to herself as she thought about his hardness, the feel of it through his tight jeans. Her hand made its way to her wetness, and she quietly worked herself into a tizzy, thinking about Anthony's lips, body, and manhood! Thank god she was allowed to share her hotel room with only her sister, because it would be odd to be masturbating with her parents around.

"Oh." she softly moaned, thinking of how he held her, how he smelled, how much she wanted to feel him, and fuck him. It had been too long since Donny had touched her, and the heat that was building up for Anthony only pushed her further. Damn she wished

she would have asked where he lived, or maybe invited him to the hotel. Sure, how the hell would you get away with fucking him, and your sister in the room! That's ok, there was always tomorrow.

Across town, in his own room, Anthony was thinking about her. The way she kissed him was audacious, like they had known each other for years. She was confident in her self, and she wasn't afraid to show it. He stroked her chain he had placed around his neck, as he stroked himself.

He remembered how she smelled, and the color of her eyes, how her long hair felt against his arms when he wrapped them around her waist. He couldn't remember what she wore, but he sure liked the way it enhanced her breast when she pushed against him as he towered over her. They were pert and soft, bigger than any of the girls he had ever dated.

What was that she said about tasting a Georgia boy? Oh, yeah, I'd like to see what the rest of a Georgia boy tastes like. He groaned out, thinking how much he liked it when she tasted him, and how much more he wished she would, shooting off a hot load in his hand and on his belly. "Damn Jen, if only I knew where you were staying tonight!"

The first day of the reunion was typical, families trickling in from all over the place. People getting lost and having to find their way to the park, and mingling with family members of the clan.

Too many people for Jen's taste and she wandered away from the crowds, finding a quiet path that led to the lakeshore. She took off her shoes and waded at the edge of the water, wishing she were home. A voice brought her from her thoughts, and she smiled at its sound.

"You are a hard person to find."

"Not as hard as you were last night, if I recall." She looked up and smiled at him.

"Yeah, well, that wasn't fair, you leaving me like that." He walked closer to the edge of the water, hoping she would come out.

"Well, it's not like I had the chance to do anything, I mean, it was a public place." she kicked the water up at him; he jumped back so he wouldn't get wet.

"Would you have?"

"What do you think?" she smiled, easing herself from the water to him.

"I think I jacked off three times last night because of you."

"Only three." she snickered, "damn, I must be losing my touch." She was standing in front of him now, her hands on her hips, waiting for him to make a move.

He grabbed her hand, and yanked her to him, grasping around her waist to hold her close. She gasped a small breath of excitement and shock, his lips grinding into hers.

Her hands went around his neck and she pushed her body into his, wishing that she could get closer. The kiss was heavy and sure, not like the one the night before. This was demanding and possessive, as if he were taking ownership of her.

She liked that thought, letting him think that he was overpowering her, yet, she still had control of him, making him do her bidding. It was even between them, because he was thinking the same things about her.

She pushed into him, feeling his growth grind into her belly, wishing it were pounding into the wetness of her pussy. She moaned into his mouth, their tongues dancing in frantic lust, bodies heating, melting to each other.

Something splashed behind them and they quickly drew apart, looking away. Voices came from behind the trees, and they adjusted themselves so they didn't look obvious. She plopped down in the grass, him following her, and she sat nestled to each other, holding hands out of sight of anyone.

"Well, I see you found Jen." Stacy gloated as she walked past them.

"It wasn't that hard, I figured she would be down at the water," he looked at Jen, "figured she missed the beach, and this is the closest thing we've got." He looked at her, wanting to kiss her again. Jen looked at Stacy and smiled.

"You two better watch yourselves; kissing cousins get in trouble around here." Stacy winked as she walked away.

"Cousin huh, not just another southern boy. I should have known." Jen got up, and brushed off her backside, turning to him, "Well, is there anywhere around here that we can go that is secluded?"

"There's a place on the other side of the lake, a small cabin, and no one is using it."

"Perfect!" she held out her hand, helping him from the ground, pulling him into her, "So, what do you say we test the limits of trouble?" His lips were on hers again, whispering yes through the softness of the kiss.

They walked around the lake, talking about where they lived, the differences in their lives, likes, and dislikes, of music, cars, and his recent graduation, finding out that he was three years younger than she was. Even so, they had a lot in common, and found comfort with each other.

Before they knew it, they had arrived at the small cabin, it was a bit weathered, but still in good shape. He jarred the door, swinging it open. They sat on the porch, letting it air out before they went in.

"Not to shabby." Jen added as she looked inside, "You sure the people won't mind if we hang out here?"

"I doubt anyone will even know where here." he bumped against her shoulder.

"Why didn't you tell me you were my cousin?"

"Didn't know you were, until earlier." Anthony grinned.

"You lie!" Jen snapped.

"Does it matter?"

"No. I like the way you kiss." she looked away shyly.

"I like the way you feel." he put his arm around her, as she lay in his lap, her head resting on his chest. She ran her fingers inside of his open shirt, teasing his hard nipple, licking her lips.

"You keep that up, I'm going to shoot my load."

"Really now," she moved up to breathe in his ear, nibbling its lobe, hot breath working over to his lips, "Where would you like to be shooting it?"

"Anywhere you would let me!" he gasped as the heat of her lips caressed his.

"Your choice on which set of lips, Tony." she drew back looking at him, "it's ok if I call you Tony?"

"You can call me what ever you want! Just don't stop doing that." his breathing was heavier and felt him straining under his jeans.

"Then how about deep inside, where it's warm and supple?" she ran her tongue down his neck and to his chest, flicking his nipple with the tip of it, driving him mad.

"Fuck yes!" he arched to her, tightening his embrace.

She slid away from him, easing herself to stand, taking him with her. They walked into the small cabin, closing the door behind them. She half-expected bugs and dust, but it wasn't anything like that, it was a nice little place, clean and fresh, as if some one had recently been there. Even the full sized bed in the back of the cabin had been covered in clean sheets and blankets.

"Tony, you sure no one lives here?"

"I'm sure." he smiled, taking off his shoes, kicking them away.

"I don't want to get into trouble for being here."

"We won't, I promise." his shirt was gone and she put her hands on his chest, feeling his body. She smiled seductively as she teased him again with her fingers.

He brought her to kiss him again, managing to pull her shirt over her head, revealing her naked breast. He smiled, she shrugged, "what, its summer, and it's too hot to wear one."

"Damn!" slipped from between his lips as she dampened her kiss on them again. Her hands slipped to his jeans, making quick work of them, revealing a strong, thick masterpiece of male beauty.

She moaned into his mouth as she felt of his length and hardness before pulling away. She stripped her self of her shorts, standing

naked for him, looking at his form, wanting him to take her at his will.

He stared at her, amazed at her creamy skin, the hourglass shape of her plump body, her massive breasts. He felt himself stiffen a bit more, longing to taste of her, plunge deep into her lovely depths.

"Tony," she flashed her eyes at him through veiled lashes, "show me what a Georgia boy feels like?"

The embrace was a swift one, lips to each other's, and it was if they floated towards the bed. He eased her down, closing himself over her, easing between her legs, wasting no time in finding her wetness.

In one quick flash, he delve inside of her, causing her to gasp, moaning as he withdrew. He felt so good, so hot, so long. It had been too long since she felt a man in her depths, and now, oh, she never wanted to feel another! He was thick and strong, his body scent heightened her senses, she met him at every stroke.

They found the lost kiss, and he possessed her lips like before, taunting her mouth with his tongue. Breathing lost between them becoming one motion. She whimpered as the pace quickened between them, feeling him tighten inside of her.

She tightened around him, forcing her hips up to meet him, wrapping her legs with in his. He was possessing her body and soul, he was melting into her as she tightened her slick walls around his throbbing heat, she was taking him places that he hadn't been with a woman, experiencing passion that he had only dreamt of.

She sighed into his mouth, her body building up the fury with his touch that was pushing her over the edge. She clawed into his back, breaking the kiss to breathe and cry out in satisfaction as she reached her first heated pleasure, shooting warm liquid over his body.

"Oh yes, yes, Oh god Yes!" she panted, looking at him in the eyes, hoping that he could take her over the edge again before he exploded into her.

He slowed his pace, easing back for his own pleasure as he took in the heat that extruded over him. She traced his chest, bringing a wet finger to his hardened nipples again, watching the look on his face, pleased with her action. She pulled herself up, causing him to slip from her body and moved away from him.

"What are you doing?" he said in anger and frustration.

"This." she eased him on his back and slipped over him, sliding her wetness over his glistening length, a sigh of pleasure escaping her lips. She bent to him, working her hips in a small circular motion, kissing his lips and working down his neck and shoulder, kissing where she had clawed into him.

She made her way to his nipples again, flicking them with the tip of her tongue, taking them between her teeth and nipping them, pursing her lips and suckling them gently.

He bucked at her, she was sending him over the edge, and she liked it. She met his strokes, forcing herself harder on him, grinding her hips into him, making her juices running from her body, over his,

down between his legs, encapsulating his swollen sack, causing him to groan in intense pleasure.

He reached up to crush one bouncing tit in one hand, holding her hip with the other as she gyrated over him, moaning at her own actions that brought herself the pleasure she was seeking. She let loose her own spurt of hot fluid, oozing over his body, jarring him in pleasure.

There was no holding back for him, he grabbed her hips, ground her tightly onto his body and released his own flood inside of her. She threw her head back, forcing her nipples forward as they hardened, growling in ecstasy at the fire he sent through her body.

She ground into him, milking every drop she could before he slipped from her body. When she collapsed into his chest, he embraced her, drew her to his side, kissing her lightly, sealing their newfound passion.

Talk was the last thing on their mind, as they lay silently snuggled to each other. He gently kissed her, pushing her hair from her face and caressed her cheek. She ran her hand up his chest and rested it over his shoulder, drawing herself closer into him.

The damp sweat that glistened on their body chilled them, and he covered them up against the coolness of the fan that turned overhead.

Exhaustion turned to sleep, as the two lovers found comfort in the forbiddances of their love. They woke at dusk, making love again, but not as heated. It was a bonding of their souls, their hearts. Moments that would keep their love safe and alive for times ahead.

"Jen."

"No, Tony, don't say anything. I only want to feel what we have between us."

"But you know..."

"Yes, I do."

The kiss was gentle, kind, passionate, and the seal to their love.

*** Their first night of lovemaking had turned into several more, until they were caught out at the lake in a compromising position. It just so happened that Jen and Anthony had taken a blanket to a secluded place down at the edge of the water to watch the fireworks on the last night of the reunion.

She was leaving the next day and they wanted to share their last night together, not knowing if, or when, they would see each other again. They had exchanged addresses and phone numbers, but after what had been happening the last five days, they worried that it wouldn't be enough.

Anthony lay her on the blanket, pushing his body atop hers, their kiss, passion filled, intent on binding them together, holding them until they met again.

She lay naked beneath him, his lips caressing her hardened nipples, his fingers frolicking in her wetness between her silky thighs, he

worked his way down her belly, stopping to tease her at the edge of her finely trimmed hair line, looking up to her before he dove into her satiny folds. He licked her gently, top to bottom, kissing and nibbling her vulva, hardened nub and the depth of her pleasure.

She quietly moaned, coaxing him with her hips and hands, as he traced her with the tip of his tongue, bringing her to buck at his face. He took all of her then, sucking and lapping at her, bringing her to the point of no return. She arched her hips, forcing up to him, pinching her hard nipples, and breathlessly whimpered as he made her come.

When he was satisfied with his efforts, he slid up her body, his stiffness ready to penetrate her, taking her as his own one last time. Her yielding warmth engulfed him, making him whimper as he kissed her.

Moving slowing within her body, he took his time, capturing to memory every little thing about her, her breathing, her smell, her lips, everything he could take with him in those bittersweet moments.

"Jeana, I love you. I love you," he whispered to her.

She pushed up to him, her body melting to his, "I love you Anthony, I will always love you."

Their words took them over the limit of their passion and they exploded with each other, him filling her body with the youth of his seed, her body releasing itself to his in full commitment. As the fireworks exploded in the night sky, they became one, leaving part of themselves with the other.

The fireworks had stopped, leaving the lake dark and quiet, and Jen and Anthony embraced in love, passion, fear, and denial. Anthony held Jen to him, and the blanket around them, kissing her, whispering his love for her, wishing they could figure out how to stay together. Her heart was breaking, and she cried.

This was the first time he had seen her unhappy, and he gathered her close to him, brushing away her tears, and his own heartache. At the time, they didn't understand how much their love would affect their future.

They had fallen asleep, still naked under the blanket, wrapped into each other. Chaos broke out when they were discovered, and Jen was yanked away from Anthony. As he scrambled to his feet, trying to put his clothes on, Jen held the blanket to her, screaming for them to let her go. Someone gathered her clothes and pushed Anthony away as he grabbed for her.

"No Jeana! NO!" he tried to run to her, but was held back.

"Anthony! I Love you! I Love you!" she screamed back to him as she was hauled away.

He sunk down to his knees, his head in his hands, tears falling from tired eyes as his heart ripped from its chest. "Jen, I love you," he whispered hoping she could feel it in her heart when he did.

"Come on boy!" a large hand grabbed the back of his shirt and pulled him from the ground. Nothing was ever said on the way back to the car, and it was never mentioned again.

Chapter 2

Author's Note: There is no sex for in this chapter, this part of the story is important for the plot. If your used to reading my work, then you know that I there are just some parts of the story that are like that.

Summer 2009, Jen was forty-four, divorced, and had four kids. Anthony was twenty-three, Amanda was twenty-one, Andras, was nineteen, and Antonia was eighteen. Jen's career gave her the opportunity to raise her kids in peace and still make a good living.

She purchased an old plantation home in Mississippi, which had been abandoned for many years, and had spent the better part of two years refurbishing it. Andras and Amanda were close to their grandparents, but their grandparents never thought much of Anthony or Antonia, because of the reasons behind their conception.

Still, their mother loved them all dearly; and nothing would ever change that. Anthony was her pride and joy. She saw his father in him, and her heart still ached for his love. If only she could have told him about his son. Anna being her baby, held a special place in her life.

Jen sat on the porch of the old house, looking out into the bayou that took up most of the west side of the yard, watching the sunset. She sipped along on her tea, and thought about life.

"Hey mom, I was trying to fix that old lamp in the small parlor, do you still want the library in there?" Anthony came towards her.

She looked up at him, his long dark hair and crystal blue eyes taking her breath away, just as his fathers did. "Yes, I think that will be a great place for it, but don't worry about the lamp, I'll get a new one."

"If you're sure? I know I can get it to work, it just may take a while."

She nodded her head. "Tony, come sit with me," she patted the seat of the swing next to her. He came to sit with her and she took his hand, "I've been thinking about something, and I want your opinion."

"Mom, you know I always tell you how I feel."

"Good, then tell me how you would feel if I found your father."

"I don't know." he shrugged his shoulders, "How are you going to do that? After what you tell me happened, I'm not so sure that it's possible."

"But this time Tony, I know I can, with out any interference." She looked out to the water, the sun dipped lower, "I wonder if he hates me."

"Why would he hate you mom? It wasn't your fault, I mean, a little strange because of the circumstances, but hey, I turned out ok."

She reached up and stroked his face, "Yes baby, you did." Jen took a deep breath, "I thought, if we got the house finished in time, maybe we could have a reunion here, maybe he would come."

"Do you think that's a good idea? Gran and Pop may think other wise."

"They have nothing to say, this is my home, and I think that I will invite whomever I please." she smiled at him, "honestly, I thought about contacting him and inviting him out."

"Do you think he would come, it's been a long time mom?"

"Well, we won't know unless we try." she half whispered, half spoke.

"I'm not sure mom, I mean, he doesn't even know about me."

"Tony, if you don't want to tell him who you are, then don't. And if you don't want me to tell him, I won't. Just because I named you after him, doesn't necessarily mean you're his, I mean, if you don't want to tell him, we won't say anything." She looked back across the water, "We were so young, and I never got to tell him about you, but you know what, I bet that some where deep in his heart, he knew." she looked back at her son, smiling.

"Mom," he looked at her, lost for words, "I'm going to go put my tools up, do you want something to eat?"

"Yes. Do we still have left over pizza?"

"No, Andy ate it. But we do have chicken and potato salad left over."

"That sounds good."

He stood up, she caught his hand, "Tony, thank you."

"For what mom?"

"For understanding my heart."

"Your welcome mom." he bent down and kissed her cheek, before going back in the house.

Jen sat alone with her thoughts, watching the sun fade into night. The lightening bugs' danced through the Spanish moss filled oaks, the crickets' chirped as the dew started to set.

She had already written the letter to Anthony, as she had so many times before, but this time, she knew where he was, and it was time he knew. She stood up and stretched, the swing drifting on its own behind her, wondering of what he would think of her now.

Three weeks later a truck came barreling down the dirt road that came from the highway into the main drive of the grounds.

Andy was outside with his dog when he saw the dust thrown up in the air, and watched the truck maneuver down the twisted road. He laughed, thinking the driver must be crazy, considering the shape that road was in.

He watched it bank and almost miss the last turn, spending more time in the grass than on the cobblestone drive. The truck corrected itself and slowed as it jarred along the paved rock. Andy looked at the passenger as he passed, wondering who this man was, and why he was here.

The truck came to a halt in front of the main walk and sat there as it idled down before the driver shut it off. Andy walked towards the back of the truck, watching the person inside. He thought it a bit odd that this person would just sit there, thinking that maybe he was a salesman, until he saw the Georgia plates.

The man got out of the truck and stood there, looking around. He straightened his shirt and brushed his hair back, swallowing hard. He held a paper in his hand, looked at it twice and tossed it back in the seat before shutting the door. As he did, Andy approached his side.

"Hey, I bet your looking for my mom."

He turned to him, seeing a tall young man, with golden hair and his mothers smile.

"Yeah, I'm looking for Jen."

"Jen?" Andy looked at him, wrinkling his nose.

"Ah, yeah, Jeana." He looked around, wondering if he was in the right place.

"Oh, yeah, my mom. No one ever calls her Jen." he shrugged his shoulders. Looking at the man, he suddenly realized who he was. He had seen the photographs that his mom had, even though he was much older now, there was no mistaking those eyes. Tony carried the same crystal blue eyes. "I think mom's in the house somewhere, come on, I'll find her for you."

"Thanks." He followed the young man to the house and through the doors, admiring the décor, wondering about Jen, and what she looked like now.

"HEY MOM!" Andy yelled out, echoing through the halls of the large home.

"What is it! I'm in the sunroom, painting."

"There's some one here to see you." he slipped into the doorway. Jen stood there with a tank top and shorts, paintbrush marks strewn over her here and there, a smudge on her face.

"Andy, can you tell them to wait a minute while I wash up." but it was too late, Anthony had already stepped in behind Andy as she spoke. She looked at him, sucked in a quick breath; overwhelmed by emotions and embarrassment by the way she looked. It had been so many years, but his eyes pierced her, as did his smile.

"Hi Jen." his voice was as soft as ever, and it melted her heart.

"Hi Anthony." a demure tone slipped from her lips. She didn't know what to do, should she run to him, should she walk to him, offer him some tea, and spill her emotions?

"It's been a long time baby." He moved around Andy and stepped towards her, not sure what to do himself, but knowing what he wanted to do. He wanted to hold her and kiss her, make up for lost time.

Andy spoke, breaking the weighted silence, "Mom, do you want me to go get you some more tea?"

"Yes, Andy, that would be nice, and some for Anthony too, please."

"Ok, I'll be back." he said in his best Terminator voice.

Jen put her brush down and wiped her hands, then pushed a stray piece of hair from her face as she walked towards him. She started to speak but his voice came first.

"I was shocked when I got your letter," he stepped closer to her, "I couldn't believe it was from you, especially after all this time."

"It's not like I hadn't written you before. I just didn't have the nerve to send them."

"I wish you would have."

"I do too." her voice was softer than he remembered.

They stood close now, still not sure how to react, just like the first night they met. He reached up and touched her face, wiping the

paint from her cheek, she smiled, feeling the heat of tears well in her eyes. "Hello Jen." he whispered, love and sorrow in his tone.

"Hi." she looked at him, hoping it wasn't a dream. He grabbed her and held her, squishing her into his body. It felt good to feel him after so many years, and he couldn't resist taking her all in.

"Jen, god I missed you!" he pulled back to look at her, not sure if he should kiss her.

"I have missed you too. But I had something to remind me of you every day." She noticed he still wore her chain around his neck, and she reached up and fondled it with her shaking fingers, "I can't believe you still have this."

"It's only come off my neck long enough to clean it. It was the only thing I had besides a note with your address and phone number on it, and a photograph that I have worn thin." his voice was almost desperate.

"I had something a bit closer to my heart that reminded me of you every day."

The phone rang somewhere in the distance and Andy hurried back to the room where he had left them. He looked as his mom, funny to see her wrapped up in the strangers arms, but held the phone out to her, "Tony wants to talk to you mom."

She felt Anthony stiffen before she eased away, and took the phone from Andy, "Hello." she nodded her head listening to the other end, "Why don't you stop and pick up something for supper from Morgan's, and I'll pay you back when you get home. We have

company for dinner, and I'm sure he's going to be staying." she looked at Anthony, as if waiting for his comment.

"Well, I wasn't expecting to be run off." he smiled.

She turned her attention back to the phone, "It doesn't matter, just get enough for the six of us, Mandy will be in soon with Anna, and I don't know if she's going out tonight." Jen bobbed her head again, as if the person on the other end could see, and then said she loved him and good-bye.

Anthony suddenly felt ill, but she had told him in the letter she was divorced, and she had moved back from Florida with her kids.

"Andy, can you go put this back, and listen for Tony? I'm going to show Anthony around, and I may not hear him come in."

"Sure mom. I left Domino out, so be careful if you go outside, he may be wet again."

She sighed and rolled her eyes, "I thought the agreement was that you would put him in back yard when you weren't playing with him."

"I know but when he pulled up, I forgot." he pointed at Anthony.

"It's ok, but if he digs up the roses again, you're going to be the one to replant them!"

"Yeah, yeah, I know."

She turned back to Anthony, "His Great Dane," she motioned behind her with her hand, "he begged me to let him bring him, and now, it tears up my yard!"

"There's a lot of yard to tear up."

"There's a lot of dog there to tear up my yard." she giggled, "Not only that, I worry that the gators might get him. You know, I do have a few of them here, being this close to the bayou. Louisiana porch puppies, and they are as big as Domino."

"Now that, I would like to see."

"Then shall we?" she held her hand out to him, and he took it, allowing her to lead him through the house.

Jen showed him the work they had done, and explained how she had acquired the property. Sheer luck as it was, the gentleman that had been her liaison for many of her contracts had the property willed to him, but he didn't like the south, and detested the area all together.

She knew the area well, and fell in love with the house after he explained to her that he had inherited it from another family member. Thinking about her being from the south, he offered it to her for a little of nothing to get it off his hands and be done with it. Yes, it was a little weathered due to time and age, but nothing that a bit of TLC wouldn't cure.

After showing him a few of the rooms as they walked to the staircase, she led him upstairs, showing him the beautiful rooms, six of them bedrooms, two very nice bathrooms, and then her room.

It was extremely large with lovely French doors that led to a balcony, and the master bath was just as luxurious. They walked out onto the balcony past her canopied king sized bed, to enjoy the view of the property.

Jen leaned over the edge of the railing and pointed out the carriage house and some other things she liked best about the yard. He came behind her and put his arms around her waist, pulling her close to him again.

She turned to face him, his lips within kissing distance, "Anthony, I'm sorry. Sorry for everything."

"What's there to be sorry for, you didn't do anything."

"Well, all these years, I mean, I should have told you..."

"Shh. No regrets, we get a fresh new start. If you want to?" there was hope in his eyes.

"You may not want me after what I've been through, and what I have to tell you." she looked so sad, just like the night he saw her cry all those years ago.

"There's nothing that you can tell me that would make me want to turn around and leave you now. Except for the fact that you didn't want me here. And I don't think you would have written me if that

were the case," he caressed her cheek, running his fingers over her lips, "besides, I didn't drive all the way from Atlanta, Jen, if I didn't want to be with you again."

"Anthony, I've never stopped loving you, but there's so much that has happened since we last saw each other, my kids, my marriages, my life."

"Baby, we have both had a life that was probably not what we wanted, or thought it would be. Yes, we were young, but now, I think we have another chance."

She smiled at him, whispering, "But we're still cousins."

"No one knows that but you and me, and we're far enough apart in bloodline that it doesn't matter. Everyone seemed to forget that back then."

"I think they were just pissed off because we spent so much time together."

He smiled, "no, I think that one person was pissed off because she wanted what you had, and I wasn't giving it to her because I fell in love with you."

Jen looked at him oddly, "Really now?" she shrugged her shoulders, "Oh well, her loss, my gain, in more than one way." she didn't care, what was done was done, now, she worried about what would happen when he found out about Tony. "Remember the first time we kissed?" her eyes sparkled at him, and she slid her arms around his neck.

"Yeah, you said you just wanted to taste a Georgia boy."

"I would like to taste that Georgia boy again."

"Baby, you can taste me how ever you like."

She smiled, "Can I taste you now?"

"I thought you would never ask."

He pulled her to him, their lips softly meeting. Neither wanted to ravage each other, they wanted to feel the love that was between them, softly and gently.

A tear slipped from Jens eye and down her cheek, trickling to where Anthony's hand held her chin. He whispered through his kiss to her how much he loved, she replied in the same manner. He held her close, taking her all in, adoring every moment with her.

"God I missed you Jen." he entangled himself in her hair, stroking her back.

"I love you Anthony, I never stopped." she cried, burying her face in his shoulder.

A noise came from the distance and she pulled away, turning to see another truck coming up the drive. Taking a shaking hand, she

wiped her tearstained face and looked back at Anthony, "That will be Tony, my oldest." She smiled.

"Your oldest?"

"Yes, my oldest." There seemed to be a sigh of relief escape his lips. Jen smiled at him, "who did you think I was talking to earlier?"

"I didn't know, I really wasn't listening, ok, I was but," he stopped and took a breath, "Tony?"

"Yes, Tony." she wondered if it had dawned on him yet, but it didn't matter. She and Tony agreed that they would tell Anthony, if they felt it were the right thing to do, but now that he was here with her, she was sure that he would know when he saw Tony.

The truck rolled to a stop behind the other and Tony got out, walking around to the other side, opening the door. Domino came running up behind him, almost knocking him over.

"DAMN IT ANDY! GET YOUR DOG!" He yelled back towards the house, seeing Andy come from the doorway.

"Yeah, I'm getting the dog! Geeze!" Andy grabbed the collar and pulled him away.

"Come back here and help me get this stuff will you." Tony motioned at the truck.

Jen and Anthony watched from the balcony for a moment before they went down to greet Tony. Jen took a deep breath wondering if Anthony would understand once he was face to face with Tony, but for now, she wouldn't say anything. He followed her as she swiftly descended the staircase, and hurried out to help Tony with the food.

By the time they got to the landing, he was already in the kitchen unloading the bags. Andy came back by them, smiling.

"I'll get the rest mom, it's just drinks and dessert anyway."

"Thanks for helping your brother." she turned to Anthony, "If you want to wash up before dinner, there's a bathroom down the hallway there, or you're welcome to go back up to the bedroom." "That guest room looked nice, let me go get my bags and I'll be right back."

Jen put her hands on her hips, trying not to show any frustration, 'guest room my ass', she thought.

"Mom!" Tony called from the kitchen.

"Yeah, I'll be right there." she turned back to Anthony, "Let me go see what he wants. If you prefer the guest room, that's fine. I understand."

"MOM!"

He saw her look, knowing damn well he didn't want to sleep in the guest room, "Jen..."

She left him standing there, both of their feelings hurt from the misunderstanding.

Jen went into the kitchen and caught Tony's look as she did, knowing what he was going to say, but decided to let him before she mentioned anything.

"He's here isn't he?" she raised her eyebrow, a beautiful smile caressed her lips, "I saw the tags on the truck, I know it's him." she heard discomfort in his voice, and reach over to him, touching his arm.

"I haven't told him anything. Just that you are my oldest. Tony, he's here, he's going to know when he sees you. You look just like him."

"No I don't mom, I look like you."

"You have his eyes, baby, there's more of your father in you than you know."

"I'm not so sure I want to now."

"It will be all right, I promise." she hugged him, reassuring them both. "Tony, I would never do anything to hurt any of you, you know that."

"I know mom. It's just, you know how we were raised. How do I come face to face with my father, not knowing what to expect."

"Don't expect anything. Just be polite, be yourself, and be understanding." she sighed as she released him, "Tony, I've always told you the truth about what happened. Now, I need to tell Anthony. But no matter what happens, you are my pride and joy, and I will never stop loving you." she kissed his cheek and returned to unpacking the food that he had brought. They set the table in the dining room and placed the food out buffet style.

Anthony walked back in the house with his bags, stopping briefly enough to take in the massive scale of the house from the foyer. Something caught his eye and he walked over, pushing the door open to the library, looking inside.

Among the many books and paintings that graced its walls, were photographs of Jen and her children. He put his bags down and walked over, glancing over the pictures.

One particular photo caught his attention and he picked it up, holding it. She looked the same in the picture as when they had been together, except her belly was bigger, and she was on the beach.

He remembered that she had told him she loved the beach, so that didn't surprise him, but the rest of the picture did. He shook his head, something pulling at his heart that he didn't understand. Anthony looked up to see the other pictures that were around the one he had picked up.

In the next one, there was a cute little boy at her side and she was pregnant, again, it had been taken at the beach. Then, there was another photo with the same little boy, who looked to be about five and a little girl, she was maybe three, and Jen was pregnant again, looking as if she was ready to explode. Then there was another with Jen, pregnant, and the other three kids standing around her.

He glanced up behind those and saw a progression of the children as they aged, mostly school photographs, some with her, some together. There were a few of her holding the babies, one of her and a man with the two oldest and a newborn, it looked to have been taken at the hospital.

The last one he noticed was of Jen and her children as stood at the walk, just before the steps of the house, the dog at their feet. They were all huddled together around Jen, laughing and smiling.

He looked at each of them, starting with the youngest boy, then the two girls, who looked almost identical to Jen, then Jen, and then a man that towered over her, with his arms wrapped around her neck.

His heart lurched into his throat when he looked deeper at the man. "No, it couldn't be." he whispered to himself, looking at all of the pictures again.

He held the one in his hand up to the one with the little boy with Jen when she was pregnant again, and then moved the one of all of the kids over next to it. Realization slapped him in the face, and his heart beat fiercely in his chest. "Oh, Jeana."

"Hey, Mom was calling for you, she wondered if you got lost." Andy's voice came from behind him. "I saw your bags at the door, figured you were in here."

Anthony turned to look at him, holding the photographs. Andy saw the look on his face and walked over, taking them from his hand, and began explaining.

"Ok, so this is mom," he looked at Anthony, "Yeah, you know that already, so, this was after she moved down to Florida, she was about four or five months along with Tony, I think. And this is Tony with her when she was pregnant with Mandy. And this is her, and them, and me in her belly, and this is all of us after I was born. This one is all of us when she was going to have Anna. And this, a friend took this a few weeks ago."

"Andy, when was Tony born?"

"June tenth, eighty-six, he's twenty-three now. Mandy was born in eighty-eight, I came in ninety, and Anna was ninety-one. My dad's a real dick, but Anna's dad, he hurt mom really bad, and they weren't even a couple." Andy glanced up at him, wondering if he said too much, not really knowing what else to say, "But mom has done a good job taking care of all of us, especially Tony, since she was by herself for a long time." he swallowed hard, and pointed at another picture, "see this, that's when she first moved to Florida. Gran put her out of the house. She didn't have anywhere to go, so she packed up her car, took her money she had saved for her new car, and moved away."

He waited to see if Anthony was going to say anything then went on, "Her best friend from high school lived in Panama City Beach, so she moved in with her, and Shawn helped her with Tony. Then she met my dad, well, he's Amanda's dad too. Tony was born in Florida, so was Mandy and Anna. I was born in Alabama, mom went into labor unexpectedly, that explains the green around the gills look here at Orange beach." He held up the photograph again. "My dad divorced mom a long time ago, and well, here," he picked up a photograph of the four of them, "That's Tony, Mandy, Anna, and me. Mom took that down there by the carriage house."

Anthony took the picture and stared at it, "Why did your Gran put your mom out of the house?" he ran his fingers up the glass, swallowing back tears.

"Something about her being trash, and she didn't want trash in her house. Mom said it was because she was pregnant with Tony, and when she tried to tell his father, no one would let her. I never understood that. Why wouldn't you want anyone to know about their kid?" Andy shrugged his shoulders, "Then when she found out mom was pregnant with Anna, Gran told her the same thing, that she was trash, and to get an abortion. She told Gran it wasn't Anna's fault, just like it wasn't Tony's, and said that at least Tony's dad loved her, unlike that sorry bastard." He thought Anthony was going to bust him for cursing, but he just looked at Andy. "Anna's father was a client that hurt mom, beat her up, and hurt her really bad. But with everything he put her through, she still loves Anna."

"He raped Jen?" the angry look was harsher than his words, "That son of a bitch!"

"Well, they wouldn't do anything to him because he's some kind of affluent foreigner who said she came on to him during their meeting, and offered her services beyond that of what he was requesting."

Anthony looked shocked. My god, his Jen, treated like that, and the result was a child that she wouldn't give up, no matter the hell she had gone through.

He looked back through the pictures again, thinking about how strong she had been. Andy's voice echoed in his ears, "But out of all of her kids, Tony is mom's rock, and he takes good care of mom, well, all of us. They sure had a few hard knocks together the first few years. It's too bad his dad didn't know, I'm sure he would have

helped her out, and made things a lot easier on her." He glanced at Anthony, wondering if he understood what he was hinting at.

"Yes, I'm sure if his father knew, he would have taken very good care of both of them, and loved them more than anyone would ever know."

"Mom always told him it wasn't his dad's fault. She loved him very much, and I think she still does."

"Andras!" Jen's voice echoed through the house.

"Yeah MOM!" he looked at Anthony and put the pictures up on the shelf, turning to walk away.

"Come on, it's time to eat." her voice flowed back to him.

"Is Mandy and Anna home yet!" he yelled as he got to the door.

"No, they'll be here in a little while."

He turned back to Anthony, "I don't think it was fair of Gran to treat mom and Anna that way. Gran knew what she went through with Anna, and there was no call for her to do that to mom and Anthony. His dad never found out, because even his parents sent the letters back to her. I know, because she still has them in a box in her room." He saw Anthony's expression change, feeling sad all the sudden, "Come on, before mom has a duck."

He left the room, leaving Anthony to his thoughts.

"Oh Jen, baby, I'm so sorry, so sorry I wasn't there for you, to protect you." He put the photographs back, taking one last look at the young man that held his arms around his mother. If only he had known, things would have been different.

Anthony picked up his bags and made his way back up stairs to her bedroom. Yes, he wanted to stay with her, he would be damned if he left her side again if he could help it. There was so much to make up for with her, and now, even more.

He put his luggage beside the chair in the master bedroom and walked into the bathroom to freshen up. He washed his hands and face, looking at himself, suddenly feeling as if he aged ten years.

He felt so good when he read her letter, and when he saw where she was, and that she wanted to see him after all this time. He remembered what she had written, her words of love and care, how she never stopped loving him, and hoped that he still cared for her. If not, she just wanted to have some closure in her life with him, and wanted him to understand that.

Why hadn't she mentioned Tony? Did she think that maybe he knew already and just didn't acknowledge his son, or maybe she just didn't think that it was something she needed to say right then, waiting to see if he contacted her. By god, he was here now, and he would love her the way he should have been since the beginning. He heard a rustling behind the door and opened it to see her standing there.

"I thought you may have fallen in." she smiled, her hands on her hips again. It was funny, he really liked it when she stood in front of him like that, her eye brow raised and the look on her face. Damn he had missed her.

"No, I took a detour, and almost ended up in the guest room."

"Anthony, if you really want to sleep in there, I, maybe I thought, I don't know what I thought, what I wanted." she turned away, walking to the balcony again.

He followed her closely, putting his hands on her shoulders."Jen, I don't want to be anywhere but here with you. I was only teasing you about the other room. It would break my heart if I had to be away from you even this close."

She put her arms around his waist, "Anthony, I don't want to push things too fast, its been so long, there is so much to tell you."

"Start by telling me about my son." he looked at her, she swallowed hard.

"I wasn't sure how, or if you were ready."

"When I got your letter, I was more than ready to hear about your life. Jen, baby, I'm so sorry you have had to go through so much all this time."

"Anthony, I wouldn't know where to start."

"Well, why don't you start by telling me about the letters? Andy gave me some insight, and so did the pictures, tell me about Tony, and then tell me about everything else."

"I wasn't trying to hide anything from you, I hope you understand that."

"It sounded just the opposite, from what Andy tells me. And after what happened that night, I can believe him."

"I wrote you, so many times, right after I found out, after I got to Florida, and a few months after he was born. I even sent you pictures of him." she looked at him, sadness in her expression, "he has your eyes."

"I saw his pictures in the library. God Jen, I can't apologize enough for not being there for you. If I would have known, oh baby, I'm so sorry." He held her, feeling her chest rise and fall.

"But you didn't, and it wasn't our fault that you didn't. I knew that when the letters came back, and they had a woman's handwriting on them, 'return to sender, not at this address, don't write here anymore', some of them never even came back." she watched his eyes, trying to read his feelings.

"Andy told me you're mom threw you out? How could she be so cruel!"

"Because I was evil, trash, a slut for having sex with you, and then finding out I was pregnant by you just made it all worse. She knew it was yours because Donny and I hadn't seen each other in months, and I hadn't been with anyone else sense. I told her I was going to tell you, and she told me not to ruin your life, it was bad enough that I ruined mine."

"What a bitch!" he expected some reaction from her, but nothing came of it.

"Anthony, I promised Tony I wouldn't say anything because we weren't sure if you were married, or had kids of your own, or what your life was like. But when I moved back here, and found out that you were still there, I took a chance to let you know where I was. I needed closure between us, to go on for Tony, for all of my kids. I promised our son that I wouldn't tell you until we were sure you could understand what had happened, so you wouldn't be angry about it."

"Angry! My god, I lost the most beautiful woman in the world, and my son because of someone else, there is no reason to be angry with you. Jen, god, I love you, and now, I have a son!"

"Yes, Anthony, you have a son, a beautiful, strong, smart, wonderful son."

He smiled, thinking of his reactions earlier, "When you were dropping hints earlier, talking about Tony, when he pulled up in the driveway, and you said his name, I was actually jealous before you told me he was your oldest. And then I was trying to figure out why you called him Tony."

"Because, Anthony is your son, and I wanted him to have his father's name, even if I couldn't, he was all I had left of you, of our love."

"Baby, not anymore, I'm here now, and I plan on staying, if you'll have me."

"What about your family?"

"My wife and I are divorced, my kids are grown, and my job doesn't matter."

"But Anthony, I can't expect you to..."

"Let's just spend the next few days together, and we'll go from there. Deal?"

"Deal."

Another vehicle coming into the yard distracted them, Jen looked down to see the red car pull up and stop. "That will be Mandy and Anna." she turned back to Anthony, "Well, let me introduce you to my children, and your son."

"I would like that baby, very much, but first," he gathered her up, kissing her long and hard, entwining his tongue with hers, taking all of her in, like he had before. "I love you Jen."

Tears ran down her cheeks as she kissed him. Relief and love over coming her as she felt his love once again. They broke the kiss and she snuggled into his chest as he wiped her tears away.

"I'm sorry you had to suffer with them, alone with Tony, and Anna, my god Jen, if I would have been there, if I would have known, if I..."

She placed shaking fingers to his lips, shaking her head, "Anthony, please, we can't change that now," she scanned his face with her eyes, "we can talk about that later."

"All right, but you have to promise to tell me everything, no matter how much it hurts."

"I will. I promise." they held each other close, he gently kissed her again. Voices came from below them, drawing their attention down from the balcony.

"Mom!" the younger of the two yelled.

"What? I'm old enough to have company in my room."

She laughed as she went inside.

Jen and Anthony met them at the top of the stairs after Anna and Mandy came to put their things away. She quickly introduced them and Anna gave him a cute, flirty smile, Mandy raised an eyebrow and grinned. They hurried off chattering, talking loud enough to be heard.

"Oh my god, do you really think that's Tony's dad? Mom said he looked like him but do you really think?"

"I don't know Mandy, but he's hot! That's for sure." Anna added, glancing back.

"Mom's not gonna like you talking about him like that."

"Why not, it's the truth." and off down the hall they went.

Jen looked at Anthony, smiling, "Girls, what are you going to do?"

"I know what I want to do with my girl." He swung his arm around her, kissing her cheek.

"Soon enough lover boy!" she put her hand on his chest, "we have all night."

"Yes, baby, we do."

The dining room was huge, the table nicely set, Jen and Anthony sat together and waited on the children to trickle in. They chatted about little things, not getting to in-depth about anything. She promised to tell him about Anna when they had some private time, but right now, she was too happy to bring up something so sad.

Andy was the first to come in and sit down, playing his PSP until they were ready to eat. Anna and Mandy were next, sitting across from where Anthony sat, still chattering, Jen mentioning that they were only quiet when their mouths were full. Still, no Tony.

"Where is your brother?" she asked in general.

"He was in the back, I don't know mom." Andy mentioned, putting his game up, "Can we eat yet?"

"No, you know we all eat together."

"Come on mom, I'm starving!"

"Then I'll go find your brother so we can eat." she excused herself from the table and went to the sunroom.

The girls struck up a conversation with Anthony, asking where he was from, how he met their mom, why he was there, and many more questions. He politely answered them, taking in the girls features, admiring how much they looked like Jen.

They were very attractive, Anna's darker skin tone and hint of green in her eyes, set her facial features off nicely. Mandy's long hair enhanced her face and he noticed that she had mannerisms like Jen.

Andy sat back and listened, playing his game again. Anthony looked over Andy again, his pale blonde hair and highbrow made him look long and lean, he was over six feet tall, and his gray eyes were interesting, but Anthony wanted to see his son. What would he look like beyond those photographs? Her children were beautiful, and he wanted to see his son.

"If you ladies will excuse me, I'm going to go find your mother."

"Tony is in the sunroom, or on the back porch," Anna mentioned, "He goes there to sulk when he's upset."

"Thank you." he got up from the chair and found his way down the hall. Voices echoed from the distance and led him right to them. He listened before he knocked.

"Come on mom, I asked you not to tell him."

"I had to, he saw your pictures and asked. I didn't tell him in the letter, I just told him where I was. I had no idea he'd drive all the way out here to see me. And I'm not sending him away after all this time."

"Fine, then I'll go. I'll go to David's or something. Mom, I'm not ready to meet him."

"Tony, he wants to see you. What, do you think he's a monster that will hurt you?"

"Why not, Jack was, and..."

She cut him off, "Anthony isn't like them, and I'm not defending Jack, but he is your sister and brother's father. I'm sorry he was a bad choice, but I didn't know that when I married him."

"How can you trust him after all this time? Damn it mom, he didn't want anything to do with me before. What makes it any different now!"

"Because now he knows about you, he didn't then, and you know it Anthony! You have seen all the letters, and you know what happened. I have told you the truth about your father since you were old enough to understand!"

"Then why wait this long? Huh mom? Because now you're older, you're lonely? Gran can't lead you around by the nose, telling you what to do, holding your children's welfare over your head because of past mistakes, like the one you made with Enrique?"

She broke down in tears, "Damn it Anthony! He beat me up, he almost killed me! He was expecting favors that were not part of the client agreement. And your grandmother hated me because it was all my fault, saying I led him on, once a whore always a whore. You know why she said that? She said that because I didn't marry her first pick! That's why she liked Jack, because he was her pick, and Jack about killed me too! Your father was the only man who ever loved me, and ever cared for me!"

"Fine! But I don't want him here now!"

"I don't care! I love Anthony. I never stopped." she was sobbing harder, almost hysterically, "If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't have you baby. If it wasn't for you, I don't know what I would be doing, I may even be dead."

"You don't know that mom! Hell, I could have belonged to any man you slept with!"

"That's enough!" a deep voice jolted them. Jen looked up to see Anthony standing in the doorway. She got up and ran to him, he swept her into his arms telling her it was all right. Tony stood up, facing him. "Don't ever talk to your mother like that!"

"What, now you think you can come in here and boss us all around!"

"No, but I won't let you hurt Jen like that, there's no reason for you to act that way."

"Oh, so now you're going to be my dad! I don't think so."

"No, I wanted to get to know my son for the man I was told he had grown into, not the spoiled child I see upsetting his mother." Anthony's ice blue eyes cut through Tony as he looked over his son.

He was tall and buff, dark shoulder length hair, crystal blue eyes, sharp features, it was almost like looking into the mirror, only twenty years younger. He tightened his grip around Jen and whispered to her, she nodded as he looked back at Tony.

"I didn't know. I didn't know until I saw your pictures. Your mom kept her promise to you, until I asked. Your brother is the one who spilled the beans when I was looking at the pictures. Damn it son, if I would have known you were alive, I would have been there for you, and her."

"It doesn't matter now, you know. So, hi dad, I'm Anthony, my grandmother hates me, so it's all my fault, and I've been dreaming of this moment all of my life, but now I'm here to fuck it up, because all of the sudden, I don't want it to happen."

"Why? Because you're afraid I'll take your mother away?"

Tony took a few steps back, damn this guy was good. The shocked look on his face gave him away. Anthony looked at Jen, kissing her lightly and walked her to the couch, sitting down with her.

"Tony, I'm not going to take your mom away from you. If anything, I want to be here with her. No, I can't make up for all the time lost, but I can make a difference with what we have to come. Don't you understand, I love her, I always have."

"Then why didn't you try and find her?"

"I did, but like your grandparents, my mother and father kept me from her. Their reason, because it was wrong for us to be in love, because we're cousins, but they were the pot calling the kettle black, because they were closer kin than Jen and I are. But that's not the point." he took a deep breath looking at Jen again.

"Tony, the only reason that I wasn't here sooner is because I had to make arrangements for vacation time. I have five days and then I have to go back and take care of things, and if your mother wants me to come back, I will."

She looked at him, tears still wetting her cheeks. He ran his thumb up, brushing them away. "Jen, I love you, stop crying, it's going to be all right." Anthony saw Tony out of the corner of his eye, watching his expression changed, something calmed in him. Maybe he realized that he was telling the truth. He kept talking to Jen, "Come on baby, you know I hate it when you cry. Our last night we ever saw each other, you cried then, and you know how much it hurt me."

Tony crossed the room and got Jen a tissue, walking back to hand it to her. "Here mom." he held it out, looking at them both. She took it and buried herself back into Anthony's shoulder.

Anthony and Tony stared at each other for a minute before he put his hand on his mom's arm. "Mom, I'm sorry. I just wasn't ready. I don't know mom. I'm scared."

"Tony, I'm not a monster."

"You don't understand. I've seen what mom has gone through and I don't want to see that again." Jen took his hand, pulling it to her chest.

"Tony, I told you," she sniffled, "I told you your dad was different."

"I'm not going to hurt her." he gently moved her so she would look at him, "I love you're mother, more than anyone will ever know." She mouthed her love for him, smiling.

"Promise me you'll keep her safe, take care of her, and never hurt her."

"Listen to this kid, you would think I was asking for your hand in marriage?" he shifted his head, smiling, then nodded, "Hum, that's not a bad idea."

"Anthony, we can't, I mean, how could we?"

"No one knows but us baby." he kissed her softly, hoping for the best.

"Let's talk about it later, ok?"

"Yes Jen, we will."

"Mom," Tony cleared his throat, "dad, I'm sorry, I just, it was so unexpected, and I just didn't know how to react, and I'm still not so sure."

"How about one step at a time, son?" Anthony smiled at him.

"Yes, I think that would be good." he stood up, Anthony following him.

"Hello son, I'm Anthony, your father. It's a pleasure to finally meet you. Your mother has told me a lot about you, but I would like to get to know more, if you don't mind."

"Hi dad, it's nice to finally meet you. Mom has told me a lot about you. I'm sure there's plenty she doesn't know though." he held out his hand and Anthony shook it, then drew him into a tight hug. Jen sat watching them, feeling a tremendous weight lifted from her soul.

Jen took time to compose herself and wash her face, Tony and Anthony spent some time talking before they went back to the dining room.

"Well it's about time!" Andy whined, "Can we eat now."

"Yes, we can all eat." Jen said, holding Anthony's hand as she sat down, then he sat next to her. Tony sat beside him, and his sisters stared at them.

"See, I told you Mandy, he looked just like him."

"Oh gross, you think your brothers hot!"

"Hell yes I do! My big brother is very hot!" Anna smiled, "His dad's not too shabby either!"

"Anna!" Jen snapped.

"Thank you Anna, it's a pleasure to be noticed." He smiled, winking at Jen who just shook her head.

Dinner went on, constant noise from talking about Anthony, and the children's lives. Jen didn't say much about her own, deciding that when she and Anthony were alone, she would tell him what he needed to know.

Anna was excited about starting college in the area, and she was getting her new car before school started. Andy was starting a new job the following week and Mandy had a job at a local restaurant, she really liked.

Tony didn't say much at first, but when asked, he told his dad that he worked for a local contractor who supplied service and equipment for the oil derricks, and he liked the job because he was outside a lot.

Dessert came and went, and the kids scattered off in different directions.

Chapter 3

Anthony and Jen walked outside to the porch and sat on the swing, watching the lightening bugs dance in the darkness of the night; she snuggled close to him and reminded him of the nights on the lake.

She looked up at him, thinking about their past and posed a question, "Who's cabin was that we spent so much time in?"

"It belonged to my family. In fact, that whole place was part of our property. I guess that's why they used it every year."

She popped him on the shoulder, "You knew, and you wouldn't tell me?"

"Did it really matter?"

"No, I was always afraid we would get caught."

"We did anyway."

"I know." she sounded sad.

"If we would have gone back to the cabin that night, I don't think they would have found us." He looked down at her, "I'm sorry baby, it tore me apart when that happened."

"We were kids, young and newly in love, we didn't know when, or if, we'd get caught, just took that chance every time we were together."

her eyes glistened in the darkness, "I think that was part of what made it so fun."

"No, what made it fun was being with you." he ran his fingers down her cheek, stopping at her chin, bringing his lips to caress hers, "I love you Jeana."

"I never stopped loving you Tony."

"Don't, don't ever stop."

Their kiss became heavy and they clung to each other. Little did they know that they had an audience watching them from the other end of the porch. All four kids enjoyed seeing how happy their mother was, and Tony, he was really glad to have a dad.

Anthony slowed the kiss and held her close, "do you think it's too early to go to bed?"

She looked at him, mischievous intent crossed her lips when she smiled. "It's after midnight, what do you think?"

He stood up and took her hand, helping her to her feet and they slowly walked inside and up the stairs. The kids giggled and Anna made bets on who would scream first, Tony scolding them for their lack of courage. Still, in the back of his mind, he was wondering why it took so long for his dad to take his mom to bed.

Jen was a bit nervous, it had been a long time since they had been together, seen each other naked, and now, life had left its marks on her body, and she wondered about his. It didn't really matter, all

that mattered was that her was there. She didn't even care if they made love, all she cared about was that he was there with her.

"Jen, do you mind if I take a shower?"

"No, I could really use one myself."

He pulled her to him, "Then join me?"

She blushed, "go ahead and get in, I'll be there shortly." she kissed him and pulled away.

He went on to the shower and she pulled down the sheets and fluffed the pillows on the bed.

Jen took off her clothes and looked at herself in the full-length mirror by the closet, wondering about her body. After four kids, she was a larger woman now, her double D's drooped due to her age, the scar under her right breast from a surgery was prominent, so was the scar from her tubal.

She felt her heart fall and tears well as she looked at herself closer. Up until this point, she never felt bad about herself, but suddenly, she wished she was the young girl who Anthony once knew. She swallowed hard and turned away from her image, slipping under the covers, more tears rolling down her cheeks.

Anthony came from the shower wrapped in a towel, finding her in the bed. He slipped the towel off and under the sheets spooning next to her. "Baby, what's wrong?" he whispered, stroking her hair back so he could see her in the soft light of the room.

"I'm not pretty anymore. I'm not the same girl you knew twenty-four years ago. I'm ugly!" she hastily murmured through tears.

"What are you talking about? You are as beautiful as the first night I kissed you. Well, you kissed me." he pulled her over to face him, "baby, I don't care that you've changed, because what matters is what hasn't changed." he traced a finger in a heart pattern over her chest. "I love you, I never stopped. I wouldn't be here if I didn't." He propped up on an elbow, "I don't care what you've been though, well, I do, I mean, what matters is now, us, our future." he slowly kissed her cheek, working his way to her lips.

"I'm sorry. I just wanted to be who I was with you before."

"You are, and so much more baby."

Their kiss deepened and he found himself wrapped around her, moving between her legs, his stiffness brushing her damp softness.

She spread herself, inviting him, wanting him, just like the last night they made love on the lakeside. It was slow and methodical as he pushed his length into her, nuzzling her neck, kissing her shoulders, whispering to her.

She moaned softly into his ear while she pushed her hips up to meet him, her wetness devouring his strength after so long. It felt good to have him with her, inside her, around her. He groaned into her neck, nipping at it as he pushed deep inside her glistening walls of heat and acceptance.

Her hands clasped his shoulder and back as she arched to meet him, a heated gush of liquid escaping her body and engulfing his. She felt him stiffen, his breath quickened, and he brought himself up to look at her, his eyes penetrating her to her heart and soul, like always.

"Jen, baby, I love you." he breathed in-between his accelerated strokes.

"Anthony." her gasping whisper floated softly to echo in his mind.

Their strokes met as one and it was pushing them both to the edge, many years of love and desire building up to a climax that they needed, wanted. "I love you Jen, I love you."

"I love you Anthony, so long, so many years." she dug into him with both her body and hands, he wrapped around her and ground in deeply with one last thrust, ejecting many pent up years of love, loss, and desire for her, deep into her body. He softly thrust, milking himself dry inside of her until his limpness fell from her body.

Anthony still lay wrapped around her, pushing her hair away, kissing her lightly, and rolled her with him as he went to his side. She snuggled into him, burying herself against his chest and shoulder. He thought about their past, what had transpired over the last three weeks, the day, and the last few hours.

"Jeana?" he spoke, thinking she was asleep.

"Yes Anthony?"

"I just wanted to make sure this was real." he brushed her cheek with his lips and laid his head back into the pillows. Sleep took them both as they rested securely wrapped in each other, both knowing they hadn't felt this way since their last night together.

Tony stopped at the door, easing it open, Anna behind him, as he peered in to see them sleeping.

"Do you think momma's happy Tony?"

"Yes Anna. After all this time, I think she is."

He turned around and hugged his sister, kissing her lightly before heading down the hallway to his room. She followed him closely, holding his hand until they reached his door. "Good night Anna."

"I love you." she whispered as she reached up and planted a soft kiss on his lips. "Do you think mom will be mad when she finds out about us?"

"No." he paused and looked at her, "She should understand better than anyone." he kissed her fully and let her go, "I'll be there in a little bit baby girl."

"Don't be long daddy." she slipped from his arms and into his room.

Tony move quietly in his room so he wouldn't wake her. Anna lay sleeping underneath the covers of his bed, and he eased in, curling against her.

She rolled to him, smiling, "Hello daddy."

"Hello baby girl." he slid his hand down her side, pushing her leg away from the other, easing over the top of her.

"Daddy?"

"Yes baby girl?"

"Do you think we love each other as much as momma and Anthony?"

"Yes baby girl, we do." he slowly penetrated her, she gasped as he took her mouth, "Why?"

"Because, I want the love that they have, I want you to love me that way." she arched up to meet him, taking his full nine inches.

"We do Anna," he kissed down her neck, nuzzling her left breast, "we do."

"Oh, Tony!" she groaned as he moved slowly between her legs, filling her completely.

Jen was awakened by a soft stirring in her bed as Anthony's hand pulled her body to his, tightening himself around her. He was still sleeping, and she listened to his breath. She wanted to wake him and make love to him again, but it would come with the dawn, which was only a few hours away.

She rolled to him and kissed him lightly, burying herself down into his chest. There would be plenty of time for love making in the next five days. The thought of letting him go was hurting her already, but he had come back to her after all these years, she could wait for him a little longer.

As expected, with the dawn came a heated love making session between them. He woke before her and pushed up into her body, his hardness spreading her, waking her from her own deep sleep.

His kisses were soft and delicate against her warm skin, he buried himself into her body, her hips beginning to meet his in the same motion. He slowed long enough to sit back on his knees and put his hands on her hips, giving him a different angle. She moaned loudly with pleasure as he hit an unexpected spot, making her flood hot fluid all over.

He stiffened more inside her, and brought his mouth down to suckle her nipples that were hard from the pleasure she was receiving. Her soft growl was enticing him, but she could hear herself screaming in her head.

Jen's breath became labored as Anthony hastened his movement. He slipped down over the top of her again, his hot breath on her neck, nipping at her, licking her, tasting her.

"Come baby, come for me that way again. Wet me, let me feel your heat!"

His words were as hot as his breath, and she arched her hips as he shoved his staff deeper, bringing it out just enough to take her over that edge again, bringing an explosion of liquid intensity with him.

Jen push up into his body, her breast caressing his chest, her legs tightening around him, her head thrown back, a deep noise erupting from her throat.

"Oh, fuck yessss!" she tightened around him, "please, come for me. I feel you, I know your ready, please baby, come, come..." her voice trailed off as she blasted him again with another shot of intense warmth. She softly begged him again, looking at him, her eyes pleading as soft as her voice.

"Jen, I can't hold it, I want to let go, tell me to let go baby."

"Come, please, please, let go, let go of your love inside my body."

He tightened his body, his hips, and his arms around her, a resonant grunt echoed from the depths of his body as he shot off streams of semen inside of her luscious depths.

He quickened under his own power, feeling her tremble as he erupted, shoving himself to the hilt. Exhausted, he collapsed beside her, drawing her to him as he rolled. She laid on his chest, letting him relax, his arm around her shoulder.

"I love you Jen." he brushed a soft kiss to her forehead and lay back. She snuggled closer to him as he drew the covers over them, eventually falling back to sleep.

Down the hall, soft lips awakened Tony on his protruding manhood, as Anna softly slid her warm mouth over his hardness, pursing her lips just at the crown, working him into a state of rock hard arousal.

He watched her momentarily, then moved his hand to her head, brushing back her hair. She smiled at him, never letting go of her chore, and flicked her tongue at the base of his head where that little indentation lay.

"Oh, baby girl that feels so nice." he whispered, elation in his voice. He moved his hips in sync with her mouth and reached to caress her shoulder, trying to fondle her breast. She moved his hand away and continued her task.

She knew she was pushing him close when he clenched his hand in her hair, and pushed further into her mouth. The question was; did she want to finish him this way, or did she want to feel him as she had a few hours ago?

Anna looked at him, his head back, his chest heaving, his throat echoing deep sounds of delight. She reached down into the wetness between her legs and brought the taste to Tony's lips, he licked them with intent. His hand went to her head again, and she stopped.

"No baby girl, I want to taste you. It's my turn." He pulled her away, and she slid around.

Thankful for his king-sized bed, she slid over the top of her brother and positioned herself to him. Her hips in place, swollen desire was abundant in her scent, he rubbed her already soaked folds and prepared himself for her love.

"Daddy?"

"Yes baby girl?"

"All the way?"

"We'll see?"

Their mouths connected about the same time and she pushed into his lips as he delved her wetness. She found her place again on his stiffness and pumped her mouth as before, only quicker as he enticed her further being where he was now. She was soft and shaven, and he liked her that way, her lips puffy and longing, as his tongue traced its way about her.

He pulled each lip, gently grinding them between his lips, nipping at her swelling clit with his teeth. He knew where to work her, to get her off, to make her cream him, and he knew that it wouldn't take long as full as she looked.

His tongue slipped between her inner labia, up and down her center, making her buck back on his face as he stopped to tease her jutting nub. One hand found her tight hole and he caressed it with his fingers, entering her, pumping in and out, feeling her jar. His other

hand held her hip, just at the crease of her thigh, and caressed her cheek with his thumb.

'Mmuhmm" rumbled up his body through her tight lips around his cock. He took her again, lapping at her, knowing she was ready, and with in three strokes of his tongue, brought her to him, a flash of her scented liquid washing his face.

He tasted of her, working her to one more spasm, and put his mouth completely over her as she squirted into his throat. He swallowed quickly as she projected her liquor onto him, drink greedily of her come. When she stopped shaking, he softly cleaned her, gently rubbing her until she calmed down.

She had let go of him, knowing she couldn't keep her mind on her task when he did that to her. Anna started to place her lips back to him and he stopped her, bringing her up to him. He kissed her longingly, sharing her own taste from his lips. She enjoyed this, and it made her feel good that he loved her enough to think so much of her.

He stopped long enough to whisper to her, "baby girl? Do you really want to do this?" Tony lay her on her back, still kissing her, moving himself between her legs. "Anna, are you sure? It's a risk, but if you really want to..." he trailed off, "baby girl, we have time... plenty of time."

"No daddy, we agreed, we've planned, we've been waiting long enough."

"Antonia, I don't want to loose you, I love you."

She reached up and pushed his hair from his eyes, "Anthony, how can you loose me?"

"I'm afraid, baby girl, that something will happen, and what if you can't ..."

"No daddy," she put her hand on his chest, "don't you want this? Please, if you don't, we'll wait. I'll wait."

"I just want you to be sure. I'm afraid for you."

"Daddy, I'm ready. I have been. I only want us to be happy."

"This is a big step between us Anna, Bigger than falling in love."

"Then what does your heart say Tony?"

He smiled at her, she was always so prefect, so right in her judgments ever since she was little. "Yes Anna, I do. But promise me, you have to promise me that if something happens, if it comes to choosing you or..."

She put her hand to his mouth, "We will be fine. You'll see, Anthony," she pulled him to her, lips grazing his, "make love to me. We both know it's what we want. Daddy, I promise. Make love to me."

He slipped into her, slowly taking her. He didn't want to hurry, he felt the need to show her passion and his love. There would be no quick fucking, not hurry to ejaculate. His need to fill her with love,

as well as his seed, overwhelmed him. She cried out her love for him softly as she wrapped herself about his body.

Tony looked into Anna's eyes and smiled, "Are you sure baby girl?"

"Yes daddy, I'm ready."

"I love you Antonia Sophia."

She kissed him slowly, "I love you Anthony Brandon, forever, as your lover, as your sister and one day, your wife." She clenched around him, her body shook, "It's time daddy, it's time."

He saw it in her face, and felt it in the air around them, yes, it was time. He gathered her tightly too him as he shot hot streams of seed to swim to her womb, to find its way to a new life.

He slowed his movement, making sure she received all he had to give and slid away. Anna reached up and caressed his cheek, a single tear trickled from his eye, and she kissed it away.

"My love, I love you." he kissed her lightly and curled into her, exhausted and emotionally spent.

It was later that morning when Anthony and Jen woke; they lay in bed, deciding what to do with thier day.

"Tell me Jen, tell me about your life."

"There's not much to tell. I think Andy told you most of it." She propped up on her pillows and faced him. "I must tell you something about our son. I'm not sure how you will react, but it comes as no surprise to me." she grazed his chest with her nails and smiled.

"What, something I'm sure that will amaze me, like how he learned to ride his bike, or the first time he kissed a woman?"

"Oh something like that." She sat up in the bed and crossed her legs, facing him. "I don't want it to shock you, I mean after all, he takes after his parents a great deal." she beamed, in a way.

He shook his head in acknowledgement for her to proceed. "Well, I am just waiting for him to tell me, well, both of them actually. I would like it if they came to me together."

"Tony and who?" He was propped up on an elbow, caressing her thigh.

"It's gotten deeper, and I think they are planning something, if they haven't already. I just wish they would come to me, or maybe I should approach them. I don't know." She looked off into the distance, still not sure how to tell him.

"I can help you with that if you just tell me baby. Maybe we can go to Tony together and help with the problem."

"Oh, it's not a problem, not yet. Well, I don't consider it a problem in any case."

"Then why do you want them, Tony, to come to you." She put her hands in her lap, "Tony and Anna have been lovers for awhile now. I've known almost since they started sleeping together."

"Well, that is a bit of a shock, but yes, you are right, he gets it honestly." Anthony smiled.

"So you see my dilemma. I want them to tell me, but because I already know, and yes, I approve, I mean," she pointed back and forth between them, "I can't exactly deny them the pleasure of each other, that would be like, well you know."

"Yes baby, I know." he was sitting up now, kissing her chest, flicking her nipple, teasing her with his mouth.

She giggled and pushed him away, "I'm trying to be serious here Anthony, I need your help. I need you to help me get them to tell me, tell us. I understand better than anyone, and well, if they are happy, I want them to stay that way."

"Um, yes my love, and we will, um, we will help them." He was kissing down her belly and pushing her back on the bed, nuzzling into the V at her legs. His tongue flashed hot against her pussy lips, making her shriek in glee.

He spread her legs and dove into the honey pot of her love. His tongue was wicked, more than she could ever recall. She quickly arched up to him as he drove deeper, his hands teasing her ass, flicking between her clit and that tight sphincter, inserting his fingers in both.

She gasped as he did, and he took full advantage of having her ass off the bed, spreading the heat of his mouth up and down as she quivered under his touch.

She cried out, louder than she should have, knowing that someone would hear her, but didn't care. "Oh god, Anthony, oh fuck!" her legs quaked and she spurted an abundant amount of cream into his face.

He worked her harder, fucking her with his fingers and tongue, making her come again, lifting her from the bed so that her lower body stood as he sat on his haunches, his cock, a hard muscle of desire for her, at the ready to penetrate her when he let her down.

He brought her to climax one more time, fingering her tight ass, thumbing her depths, sucking relentless at her folds and the hard nub that stuck out of its hiding place, wanting to be taken advantage of.

"Come baby, yes, that's it." He mumbled, vibrating her body with his words. It was intense when she let go, a powerful drenching washed over him. His face, and chest soaked, his thighs wet from the flow down his body. "Fuck baby, yes!" he let her relax briefly, while he adjusted himself. No need for lube, he had plenty.

He picked Jen up and sat her before him so her legs were still spread around his, looking at her flushed face. The beauty of her was so becoming, he couldn't remember a time when he had loved her more. He pulled her to him, placing her arms around his neck and positioned her where she would be on his lap, legs wrapped around his back.

"Remember when we did this, how hot you got?"

"After that, I don't know if I have anymore to give." she huffed as he placed the head of his swollen member just inside of her wetness, making her moan.

"I may not last, it's been a long time. You're the only one who would ride me this way."

"Then let me ride. I always thought you were a stallion." she pushed herself down on him, and he growled deeply. Her arms tightened around his neck, and she decided it was her turn to please him. She moved slowly at first, getting a rhythm, and increased her speed as she went.

"Now I know why we liked this so much, um yes, I feel you so well, so huge, so deep!" her words were hot to him, just as hot as the inside of her walls were when she collected him inside. He met her, movement after movement, her down, him up, as she said, just like riding her stallion.

His mouth was on her breast, one hand on her back to steady her, she threw her head back, a low sound emitting from deep within her body, and clutched around him. He intently bit her, pulling her nipple out and releasing it from his teeth. Jen tightened her legs, pushing harder on and into him, making him let go of her breast so he could tighten his own grip on her body.

He buried himself into her neck, twisting her long hair into his arm as he clasped around her. He bit at her, leaving a mark and turning her on more, and he knew it by her reaction.

A tightening of her vaginal canal and the sweet heat that followed was a sign that she was ready for him. He bit her again, sucking on

her skin, leaving another mark on his prey, feeling again the intensity it brought to her movement and body. "Fuck me Jen, fuck me like we never have!"

It was all she could do to breath, her body in the throws of passion and heat, she was like a goddess riding her mount, naked in the pasture where they liked to frolic. Their movement became one, and their lips met in fierce desire. Words were spoken, the violent crashing of their flesh and mouths overtaking everything else that wrapped around them.

"Yes baby, make me come. Make me shoot off into that hot box of yours. I want to claim you as mine again, just like I did before."

She was ready, he was ready, and he saw her eyes, saw the depth of her want and love of him. Jen cried out in a primal rage, releasing herself to Anthony, taking him with her. He sprayed deep inside her body, slapping his flesh to hers with forceful penetration, draining himself completely.

One last thrust left him slipping from her body as she clung to him, her claw marks in his neck and shoulders. Their kiss weakened as their breathing quickened, and he slid her from his body, helping her lay back, relaxing her legs.

"God Anthony!" her whispered heightened between her breaths, "That was so amazing!"

"I couldn't have done it with out you baby!"

She popped his arm with the back of her hand and smiled at him. He gathered her up and nestled her to him, kissing her softly where he had bitten her.

"You marked me again." she ran her hand up to his face, pushing his hair out of the way.

"And I plan on keeping you marked. You are mine, and I am yours." he looked at her, "we are and will remain bound." he slid up to look in her eyes, "as is our son and your daughter."

"Yes. And I hope that they remain happy." she looked upon his beautiful blue eyes, "thank you for being with me again."

"I should thank you, my lover, for accepting me back in your life."

"You never left." she smiled, running her nails over his chest, making him shudder.

"I love you, Jen." his words and voice was soft. It made her heart feel good that he could be so primal, and then so gentle to her.

"As I love you, Anthony."

Chapter 4

Their week was beautiful. They spent as much time in bed as they could, but also time with the children as well.

When Anthony had a chance to get Tony alone, he decided to confront Tony about his mothers' suspicions to his love life, and

addressed the issue out of the blue, "you two should be careful as well with your heart and love."

"I do love her, and we are being careful." Tony leaned against the porch railing, looking off into the yard.

"What do you two have planned?"

"A future together, but I don't know how to tell mom."

Anthony put a hand on his sons shoulder, "Tell her the truth," something in his tone made Tony look back at him, "Son, she already knows. She has since the beginning."

"I kind of figured as much. But why didn't she say anything to us?"

"She trusts you'll tell her when you're ready, but now, she's worried. Tony, she told me how long you two have been together. I think you owe your mother the right to tell her face to face. Anna needs to as well. After all, if you love each other, Jen shouldn't have to worry."

"Do you think I'm wrong dad?"

"I agree with your mom, we are the last two people to disagree with your decisions, or keep you apart. Her biggest worry is if Anna gets pregnant."

"We've discussed that at length, and getting married too," he took a deep breath, "dad, we've wanted to have a baby for a while now. But

we agreed we would wait until, well, let's just say, she stopped taking her pills recently and I'm hoping it happens soon."

"You and Anna need to talk to your mom. We just want to help the two of you. We've been through hell without each other, and I regret that I never knew about you. I know that you and Anna are closer, but your mom needs to be there for her, unlike no one being there for your mom."

"I don't know how to tell her. I never have, that's why we haven't gone to her."

"We'll, it's just going to be the four of us tonight, so I think it would be a good time to talk about it." he propped himself against the rail and looked at Tony, "Jen and I know better than anyone what you two are going through. All she wants for you is to be happy."

"I love Anna, dad. I want her to be my wife."

"I know the feeling son." Anthony relaxed a bit against the railing, "I'm inviting your mother to Georgia for a few days next month while I wrap up some things." He looked at his son, "we have decided to get married in a few months, but I want her to come out there with me for a few days before we make the permanent decision to move in together and make it official."

"I think that would be a good idea. After all, it's not a decision to be made lightly, especially after all this time." Tony glanced at his father, "I agree that it is something that should be discussed at length and planned carefully."

Dinner was at a quiet, out of the way place, that had a few regular patrons, but served good cold beer and hot Cajun food. It was one of Jen's favorite places.

They sat at a nice table at the back of the restaurant and quietly discussed Jen and Anthony's plans for her trip to Atlanta. She mentioned taking the kids with her, but Tony turned her down, Mandy had work, and Andy was still thinking about it.

When she asked Anna, she said she didn't know, and looked at Tony, waiting for him to say something. He saw her glance at him, and he decided that it was a good time to discuss what was going on between them, but he did not do it in a direct manner.

"I think you should go to Atlanta with mom. It will be a good trip for the both of you." Anna drew in a breath and begin to say something to him, but he continued, not letting her, "After all, since you are starting school this fall you won't have much time to do anything else. It will be good for you to get away and spend some time with mom." He saw her expression change, knowing she would either explode in anger, or break down in tears, but he kept on. "Besides, I think I will be out of town that week. I have to go to Lake Charles, so you might as well go." A little smirk crossed his lips, "That way, mom doesn't have to worry about who's going to babysit you while I'm gone. It may be a good opportunity for you, and me both. We spend far too much time together as it is Anna."

"What? You never told me you were going to Louisiana! And since when did you consider being with me, babysitting, or that it took up too much of your time!"

"Well, I've spent every moment of my waking hours watching over you when mom's not around. Not that I haven't enjoyed your company, your quite fun, but I think a change of atmosphere will do us some good. Maybe, I'll go out and party when I'm down there, try something new. It's not like the women are falling over me here." he held his gaze to Anna.

"Since when did you need anyone else but me!"

"I never said I did." he leaned back in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, confident and cool.

"But Anthony, I thought we, you said, what about..." she put her hand on her tummy, thinking about earlier that morning. He watched her intently, but his tone didn't change.

"I know what I said, and about that, well..."

That set Anna off, and Jen saw it coming, but all she could do was sit in awe of her son's words, especially after what Anthony had mentioned to her earlier about Tony's plans.

Jen reached under the table and took Anthony's hand, looking at him, suddenly worried. He shook his head at her, squeezing her hand, whispering to her to wait, Tony knew what he was doing.

"Fuck you Anthony!" she threw her napkin down and turned away. He suddenly thought he had gone a little too far, especially after seeing her expression as she placed her hand on her belly. "Aw, what's wrong baby girl, mad?" his voice teased her as her pet name echoed in her ears.

"NO!" Anna snapped, pouting, tears close to escaping from her eyes.

Anthony nudged Jen, thinking now was a good time for her to intervene. She shrugged her shoulders, not sure what to do, but prayed that Anna wasn't taking Tony seriously, hoping that Tony wasn't serious. She started to touch Anna's arm and Tony stopped her.

"No mom, leave the baby girl alone. She needs to overcome her fears and jealously if she's going to be my wife." he pulled a box from his pocket, and sat it on the table.

Jen let an intake of breath escape from her lips. Anthony felt her grasp tighten. Anna quickly glanced back at Tony. What the hell was he doing! They hadn't even told their mom, and if he had, he sure didn't mention it to her.

He got up, holding up the box, and walked to Anna, kneeling before her. He put his hand on her face and wiped a stray tear from her cheek, turning her to face him, and then took her hand.

"I decided to do this today after I talked to my dad. I've had this awhile, I was just waiting for the right time. But baby girl, after this morning, and well, you know," he placed his hand on her abdomen, and glanced over to his parents, "I thought tonight I would ask you to be my wife, and tell mom the whole truth." He opened the box and held it to her, "Besides, she's known for awhile." he smiled at Anna, taking the ring from the box, hearing her release a small gasp, "Antonia Sophia, will you marry me?" he slipped the platinum band on her finger and kissed her hand.

Anna didn't know what to do. She was so angry with him, but elated all the same.

Jen spoke up, "Anna, answer Tony. You have my blessing, and Anthony's."

She looked at her mom, not sure what to do, and then looked back at Tony, throwing her arms around him, "Yes Daddy," she whispered in his ear, "Yes, I love you, yes!"

"I guess that means yes." Anthony looked at Jen, smiling.

Tony stood up, drawing Anna to him, and looked at his parents, "Mom, will you excuse us for a few minutes, I want to talk to Anna."

"Yes, go ahead."

Tony took her arm, and they walked outside. After the doors closed behind them, they stood under the neon light of the restaurant, Tony holding her hands in his.

"I'm sorry baby girl, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but I wasn't sure how to tell mom. You know I didn't mean any of that shit I said, I would never fuck around on you. And no, I don't want you going to Atlanta with mom. I'll go fucking crazy if your not home with me."

"But, your going to be in Louisiana." she was still wiping the tears from her eyes.

"It's only for two days, I have to say over night. Besides I have other plans, and I'm going to tell mom and dad when we go back inside. I need moms advice." he lifted her chin so she could see his eyes, "Anna, I know how we can become husband and wife legally. ok, not so legally, but closer then not."

"I don't care, I just want to be with you Daddy." her eyes sparkled with unwept tears, and he bent down and kissed her fully, wrapping himself to her.

"I want to take you home and make love to you, I want to take you away and create a new life between us. I want you all to myself." he kissed her softly, "I'm sorry Anna, I didn't want to hurt your feelings, or make you angry. I just didn't know..."

"Daddy, I understand." she ran her fingers from his cheek to his chest, "I think we need to go in and explain all of this to momma. After all, we owe it to her."

"Yes, we do." they kissed each other deeply and went back inside to the table.

The rest of night went smoothly as Anna and Tony sat and explained what they had planned, and why. Jen confessed, not only to suspecting their involvement, but to actually know about it for sometime. She would only say that she passed by the bedroom door one night on her way through the house right after they moved in, and it confirmed her suspicions.

Jen wasn't so sure that Tony's plan to marry Anna in Vegas would work, but he was right, who would question them, they had two different last names, and other information that was non-biological

that separated them, so, maybe it would work. They would have to wait and see. She did mention that she wished they would have waited a little longer before trying to conceive a child, just to make sure that they were ready to accept the responsibility.

They discussed where they would live, still not so sure about that situation, and Jen offered the carriage house to them. Yes, it needed some remodeling, but if she could do it to the big house, then the carriage house shouldn't be a problem.

She thought it would be perfect, and they could even fence in a portion of the yard so the baby would have a safe place to play when she was old enough. Anna and Tony looked at their mother, "she?" Jen just smiled.

The night before Anthony left for Atlanta, dinner was a mix of emotions for Jen. She was happy that she had him with her for the past week, and excited about the wedding, both her own and her children's, but sad because he was leavening the next morning.

They told Amanda and Andy about their brother and sister. Mandy took it in stride. Andy just blew it off, stating that if that was what they wanted, more power to them. Besides, he had his eye on a little hottie that lived a few miles away. He had met her at work, and well, hope that she would go out with him sometime.

Jen and Mandy were doing dishes and chatting a bit while everyone else seemed to be preoccupied in the house.

"So, mom, do you really think it's a good idea about Tony and Anna?"

"Honey, I would rather know, then have them run away and have to come back and explain it all. I'm not going to treat them like your grandparents treated me."

"Oh, shit, Grans' going to be so pissed."

"It's none of her business what this family does. She disowned your brother, and your sister, so fuck her!"

"Mom, you're so bad."

"Thank you." Jen smiled, smacking her ass with a towel. "I want you to help keep the house up, and don't let Andy have a party while I'm gone to Georgia. We can do that when I get back."

"I doubt he's going to party. Hell, he doesn't even have many friends."

"No, but he will soon. Just please, if you party, use the backyard, keep everyone away from the bayou, and use the back bathroom. I don't want my house torn up or my things broken. You can lock the hall door so the only access is to the kitchen and the sunroom, I prefer no one goes in the sunroom either."

"I think I can handle Andy mom. Besides, maybe my girlfriend could deflower him." she giggled.

"What, you don't want to fuck your brothers' big cock?" Jen inquired, thinking about her other two children.

"Fuck mom, that's gross!" she stopped and looked at Jen, "How do you know he has a big cock anyway?"

"You would be surprised what I see in my house." she just smiled at Mandy and hung the towel up. Mandy propped herself against the counter, putting her hands on her hips.

"So, how big is he mom?"

"Oh, let's see, Tony is at least nine, if not better, so I would give Andy about that, maybe a little less. I could be wrong. He was already deflating when I walked in that morning."

"Holy shit!"

"Well, I can't help that I didn't know he was still in bed when I took his laundry in. But I tell you, he has a nice cock." Jen just smiled and walked away.

"Now this I have to see." Mandy thought of how to get both of her brothers together to compare their stiff manhood, and she knew just how to do it. Of course, it would take Anna's help, and support as well, but, that was her baby sister, and she could just about weasel her way under Anna's emotions when it came to getting her to do things, now, since she was deeply involved with Tony, it would be a lot easier.

She went outside to the back porch to find Anna in Tony's lap, and Andy playing with Domino. Yes, her plan would work perfectly

tonight; all she had to do was get Anna on her side. She sat on the porch and put her drink down beside her, watching Andy. Perfect.

"Anna, come her will you?"

"What Mandy?" she struggled off of Tony's lap, leaving him hard and wanting of her.

Mandy leaned over to her as she sat down, "I dare you to get Tony to show his cock, and get Andy to as well."

"What!" she said loudly.

"SHH!" Mandy snapped. "I want to see what you're so hot for. I'm not going to fuck him, I just want to see. And Andy's too!"

"I can't do that, Tony's mine, he's going to be my husband!"

"Yeah, and he's still my big brother." she poked her in the side, "now help me, or I'll tell Tony that you fucked me last week with moms double."

"You wouldn't dare!"

"I would and you know it."

"But..." she stammered, "you would lie to get me to get him to show off his goods?"

"Yes, I would and you know it!"

"Mandy, that's not fair!"

"Well, I can't get Tony to do it, but I can get Andy to do it, with no problem. All I have to do is ask, or promise him I'd blow him." she giggled. "So, I need your help. PLEASE?"

"You would blow Andy?"

"If he would let me. Fuck yes I would."

Anna sighed, "So how do we do this? I can't just walk up to Tony and say, whip out your cock so that we can compare it to Andy's."

"Why the hell not?"

Anna shrugged, and got up, turning back to Mandy, "Ok, you get Andy over here, and get him to whip it out, and I'll work on daddy, I mean Tony."

"Daddy? Oh Anna, you got it bad don't you."

"Yes." She turned swiftly and walked over to Tony, asking him to expose himself. When he asked her why, she said it was a dare that Mandy didn't believe that he was bigger than Andy, and that neither of them was hung enough to please any woman. She knew that would get him riled, because he and Mandy always had a rivalry

going. He got up and walked to the steps where Mandy sat and waited for her to look at him.

"Come on Andy, let's see the dick." she told him, "I think that Domino is hung better than the both of you!"

"Fuck you Mandy!" Andy spat, unzipping his jeans.

"I bet you can't get it up either, it's probably some sagging trouser snake that is worthless. That's why you're still a virgin!"

"Bitch, I'd fuck you ass with it, and you'd like it!" Andy ripped at her.

"Oh, I don't think so, I don't do sample pricks!" she was getting him pissed, and she worked him well, his dick was out and fully erect for her to gaze upon.

"HOLY SHIT!" she licked her lips, "Oh fuck Andy, FUCK!"

"Daddy, it's your turn." Anna whispered, knowing he was already hard. She tippy-toed up to him, whispering to him, "I want to suck you off, all this talk has made me hot!" she undid his pants with his help, and released his nine-inch monster, almost slapping Mandy in the face.

"Good God! Both my brothers are fucking hung like horses! Oh fuck! And why haven't I been invited to the fucking party!"

"Because baby sister, my cock is taken, like my heart." he stroked himself a few times, watching Anna lick her lips.

"I'm not as much of a virgin as you think I am big sis." Andy shoved his stiff rod at her, "Want to taste? My ex girlfriend was a cock-sucking fiend! The bitch could suck the siding off a house. And she did a number on me, but would never let me fuck her."

Mandy licked her lips again.

Anna spoke up this time, daring Mandy and Andy both. "Well, I don't have to worry about daddy, I mean Tony, he knows how well I blow him, but I challenge you two to a contest. That is, if you are willing." she was slowly stroking Tony, he was lightly moaning, wanting her to do something with him.

"What's that lil' sis?" Andy waved his hardness at her, stroking himself.

"Let's see if Mandy can suck you off better, or sooner, than I can suck Tony off."

"That may not be a fair fight, I haven't been sucked off in awhile, I may blow my wad before Mandy even has a chance to get my shaft wet."

"Well, then let's make this a little different." Tony added, up for the challenge his girl had put forth, "Let Anna and I have a five minute head start, then, you two can catch up. See who last longer."

"I doubt that it will take that Tony, after all, look at the pre-cum oozing from him already." Mandy flicked her tongue across the head of Andy's pole, making him jerk.

"Well boys, find a nice spot where we can all be comfortable." Mandy said, standing up and stroking Andy's wood. Oh yeah, mom was right, damn!

"Take off your top Mandy, I want to shoot off on you tits!"

"Only if I can take your virginity later!" she joked at him.

"DEAL!"

Jen had purchased some exquisite patio furniture for her yard. It included several larger chase lounges, that were softly padded, and a few swings and a beautiful table and chair set for entertaining. She spared no expense on the set because it was something she had always wanted, and she got it.

Tony and Anna chose the closest chase lounge and got comfortable, Anna sliding between Tony's legs as he sat up, naked from the waste down. Mandy and Andy sat across from them, watching the show, waiting to begin them selves. Mandy was stroking herself through her shorts, not so sure she wanted to suck Andy off, maybe she should just fuck him and enjoy herself.

Anna's slurping became heavier, the moans from Tony deeper, and he pulled at her hair while she forced down on him, making her slow down. They had never intended to perform anything in front of anyone, but it was hot knowing they were being watched.

"Anna, baby girl, oh fuck your daddy, yessss." hissed from his lips, causing her to look up at him, seeing the please look on his face.

Mandy stripped off her shorts and panties, rubbing harder, bringing herself to orgasm when Andy touched her, making her look at his swollen member, oozing with cream.

His breath was lost and he begged her, "Mandy, do what the fuck you want to with me!"

"Just fuck me!" she spat as she lay back on the plush fabric, spreading herself wide for him, "I would rather feel you in my pussy than my mouth little brother."

He was on her in a heartbeat, shoving his swollen staff deep into her juicy box. She moaned loudly, bringing Anna's attention away from Tony. He looked too and watched them fucking each other madly.

Tony reached down to Anna, drawing her to him, kissing her lightly, "So, baby girl, should we join this party, or do you want to go make love in our bed?"

She stood up and removed her panties, and straddled over the top of Tony, sliding her wet heat down on him. He growled in pleasure at her, "I guess that answers my question."

Lost in their own sexual bliss, Anthony and Jen were together in her bed, making soft passionate love. Like the night on the bank of the lake, they took their time as they slowly took each other.

Chapter 5

Three months had passed since the first night Anthony arrived at Jen's home in Mississippi. Now, at the hotel in Panama City, Florida, Jen slipped in bed after a long hot shower. She looked at her hand, admiring the wedding bands that were placed there earlier that week.

She traced her breast; they still bore the marks Anthony had left from their first time making love as a married couple. She loved the way he held her in his arms as he penetrated her depths. How could they have been apart for so long, and still have the same passion for each other. Their time apart, since his return to Atlanta had been agony on both of them. Yet, their love had grown deeper.

She rolled over to face his sleeping form, thinking of their second night together as husband and wife. They didn't make it into their hotel room before they were making out against the rental car.

He had her pushed up onto the fender of the mustang, skirt up to her hips, finding no underwear, fingers deep in her wetness, his lips tightly to hers in a heated kiss, and one arm around her to keep her balanced. It was all she could do to hold on to him as he pushed his fingers up inside of her. When she reached down, finding his jeans undone, and the head of his throbbing cock glistening with pre-cum, she moaned into his mouth. Lucky for them, the lot was dark where they parked.

"If you don't stop, we may get arrested." she whispered through the heated kiss.

"That's never stopped you before baby!"

"True, but who's going to bail us out?"

"Right now, I could care less, I just want you."

His breath was hot on her lips as he kissed her, his hardness was free and rubbing into the lips of her swollen sex, knowing all too well she wanted him to penetrate her depth. "Oh, Tony!" slipped from her lips as he sunk into her with one swift thrust bottoming out inside of her wetness.

"Jen, fuck, I need you baby. I don't care where we are!"

Her walls encapsulated him in their heat as he moved into the soft flesh of her body. She held onto him as he quickened his pace, burying himself into her, keeping his balance as well as hers, grinding deeper.

"Baby, talk to me, tell me you love me, tell me you want me like I want you."

"Yes Tony, yes. God yes I want you. I want to feel all of you, taste you, feel you explode into me," she caught her breath, "harder, deeper, please baby, please!" she grunted as he pulled he ass off the car, bouncing her harder. She clung to him, clawing into his shoulder, "Make me cum, make me squirt all over you!" a growl from the depths of her throat rolled with her next words, "oh, god, yesss!"

He felt her, the heat of her love exploded on him, coating him. As she clenched her walls around him, he felt himself harden to the point of no return and he blew hot seed into her body.

She quivered and collapsed onto him, bracing herself to the car with one hand. He felt himself slip from her body and knew that their fluids were on her legs and skirt, and his jeans. He felt of her wetness, their creams mixed, seeping from her depths.

"I love you Jen." he whispered in her ear as he pulled away, putting his spent cock back in his jeans with his come soaked hand.

He helped her to her feet, letting her catch her breath and balance, steadying them both, before they slowly made their way to their room. They undressed and lay together, still recovering, lightly kissing, and talking.

"So, how many people do you think liked that show?"

"A few, I'm sure baby."

Jen couldn't believe that it happened.

Married life agreed with Jen and Anthony. They settled in to her home and begun work on the carriage house as she had planned. She also continued meeting clients and working along with her painting career. Anthony's job brought him less travel and being home at night with Jen brought his life new pleasure.

After week in Arkansas, meeting with a client, Jen headed back home to Mississippi and Anthony. A harmless trip to meet a client, brought her more hot sexual romps in public, that any sex fiend would have been delighted in having, after Anthony showed up unexpectedly to be with her.

So, where was her husband now as she drove home from their prior rendezvous? Perhaps already at home, waiting for her return before he took her again at his own will, and yes, he would be there, in the darkness of the night, binding her to him.

It was a craving they both had for each other that left her pussy sore, her ass numb, and her bones achy. The marks on her breast, neck and between her thighs were only one sign of proof that she was bound to Anthony. The other was the rings that adorned her finger on her left hand.

'Oh, god, the trip!' Jen thought about Anthony as she raced back to their home from the trip that had turned out to be more than she expected. How he had played with her the last few days, and the memories of their wedding night, oh the things he did to her, were more passionate than they had ever been.

She felt herself growing hot, and her fingers slipped down between her legs, into her panties and she rubbed herself freely putting the cruise control to good use. "Oh god Anthony! Oh fuck!" she was pushing her fingers deeper, wanting it to be him. "Fuck yessss!" she screamed out over the loud music as she came on her fingers and the car seat.

Jen arrived home after dark, pulling up into the crescent drive in front of their home, wondering where the kids were. The house

seemed quiet, and only the light in the house came from the living room. She adjusted her clothes and hurried inside.

She tossed her purse onto the table and kicked her shoes to the side, quickly disrobing as she went towards her room. Her skirt and panties were already gone, allowing her pussy freedom, and she was pulling her shirt over her head, exposing her naked breast when a voice came to her. "Hello baby."

"ANTHONY!" she yanked her shirt off and let it dangle from her hand, putting her free hand over her chest to calm her heartbeat. "How did you? Damn it!" she threw herself on the bed with him, he clasped her into his arms slipping a hand down to her wet lovenest.

"Um hum, just as I suspected, you had to pull off and play didn't you."

"No, I did it with the cruise control on, I'm getting better."

He pushed her down on her back, "yes, you are, but still not as quick to get home as I am. It was worth the wait baby." he pushed between her legs and shoved his rock hard cock deep into her sodden lips with one quick movement.

"Oh Fuck, Tony!"

"Yes baby, that's what I want to hear from you, talk to me baby, tell me what you want. I need you, I've always needed you."

In Nevada, Tony and Anna became husband and wife at one of the many chapels that dotted the desert city. Happy about the marriage, they lay quietly enjoying each other in their first moments as a married couple.

"Daddy," she looked up at him, still lying on his chest, "are you happy?"

"Yes, why wouldn't I be? I've never wanted anything more."

"Not even our baby?"

"That's just part of our life baby girl, a part of what we want, part of our commitment." he ran his hand down her shoulder and arm, pulling her closer to him. "Now we have no reason to hide our love, and we can freely work on our baby."

"How are you going to feel when we can't have sex any more?"

"Can't have sex?"

"When I get too big, the baby gets too big in my stomach?"

"We'll just have to adjust, and be more careful." he moved to sit up against the headboard and she adjusted herself to look at him, "Anna, are you telling me you're pregnant?"

"Yes Tony, very pregnant." her smile was cautious.

"How far along is very pregnant?" he ran his hand down to her tummy, and then ticked her fine hairline just below, making her giggle. She pushed his hand away and kissed him.

"Just a little over two months daddy." she blushed and looked away, "I went to the doctors just before we left, I didn't tell you because I wanted to tell you while we were here. I didn't want anyone else to know until I told you like this, alone, on our wedding night. Daddy, are you happy?"

"Baby girl, I couldn't be happier! I have my wife, the most precious woman in the world, and now our love has brought us a beautiful gift in our child. Anna Sophia, I'm very happy."

THE GIFT BOX

Chapter 1

Eric met Emily in her junior year of college. He was her business instructor. Four months before her graduation, he asked her to date him, she became pregnant and they married not long after she left school. Their sex life was beyond any man's dream and they loved each other very much.

Emily was 23 when Scott was born, Malcolm came two years later. During the pregnancy of their third child, she was involved in a serious accident, causing early labor, and the baby to be stillborn. The doctors said she would never conceive again. This caused her to dote all of her attention to her boys, and Eric. Eric loved her a great deal and tried everything he could to make her feel sexy, giving her time to grieve and heal.

As their marriage progressed through the years, it found Eric away on business for weeks at a time, but he always returned to his wife and sons with love and devotion. While he was away, she made her way through sexual frustration with a variety of toys and oils. He knew of her sexual hunger and of her skills to keep herself happy in his absence and was all too happy to help her with her pleasure. Eric would bring her back another interesting dildo or vibe from some of his trips, hoping that their sexual bliss would continue to grow through the years.

The boys grew as typical boys do, getting into trouble and learning about things in and out of school. Malcolm and his best friend Phillip were always under Emily's skirt and Scott, being the oldest was always helping his mother in some way. He found at an early age that when dad was gone, he had special privileges that Malcolm didn't have, and he knew how to work them with his mom.

As the boys grew into teenagers, Emily and Eric discussed sexual needs, wants, do's and don'ts with them. She knew, as did Eric, that the boys would be doing naughty things like discovering porn and Playboys, and handling their engorging issues at hand. Phillip too, would be part of the family on many occasions, and she would accept his presences as if he were hers. Eric saw this as a way for her to fill the void of the lost child.

There were several occasions when Emily was alone, or thought she was, not knowing that the boys had come back, or were home when she slipped away to enjoy her private moments with her toys while Eric was away. They also enjoyed them together, without the knowledge of their eldest son sneaking a peek at their bedroom escapades.

On a hot summer's day, Eric and Emily had been outdoors in the pool when things had gotten very promiscuous between them. Emily dashed into the house with out the knowledge of the Malcolm and Phillip being home playing video games in the main room. She ran through the house naked, her pudgy tanned body free of her bikini, large breast bouncing as she made her mad dash, Eric chasing behind her, naked too.

"Oh geeze mom!" Malcolm yelled as she banked and hurried up the stairs.

"SORRY BOYS! Oh shit, ERIC, don't you dare!" and up the stairs they went laughing and playing.

'Fuck! Your mom is so hot!'

"Yeah, right."

"No seriously, I got a woody just watching her tits!"

Malcolm looked at him like he was crazy, and shook his head.

"Man, I would like to get a piece of her ass! Did you see her pussy when she hit the staircase?"

Phillip was rubbing his hardening cock.

"Dude! That's my mom, shit!"

Phillip smiled thinking about Emily and excused himself to the downstairs bathroom.

Scott came into the living room not long after, "I thought Phil was here?"

"He is, he's in there yanking himself over mom!"

"Nice choice." Scott shook his head, "What did she do this time?"

"Dad was chasing her through the house naked. She's just like some of those girls at school, only old."

'Umm.' Scott thought to himself, smiling, "If you only knew Mal."

"Sorry Dude! I couldn't help it." Phil was straightening his t-shirt.
"If I had the chance, I'd do her!"

"You stupid ass, your only nineteen, like she'd fuck you!" Scott said, getting himself in a huff over his mom.

"You'd do your own mom in a heartbeat, I know you would." Phil said, watching Scott's expression.

"Fuck off Phil!" but deep down, Scott knew he wouldn't mind fucking his mom.

He had watched her secretly when his dad was gone. He could almost time it to the minute when she would break out her toys, or run a bath and take her waterproof vibe with her, or in the shower. He sat quietly several times and watched her masturbate in her bed and out in the pool at night when she thought the boys were sleeping. He smiled thinking about the time that she walked in on him in the bathroom jacking off, and told him if he put his hand a little higher and tighter, closer to his head, taking long smooth consistent strokes, he would get off harder and more. She was right.

His favorite time to watch them was on Saturday mornings when Eric was home after he had been gone for a week. They would leave the door slightly ajar, sometimes he wondered if she didn't do it on purpose, and she would break out her favorite glass toy and fuck herself into a frenzy, stopping just short of creaming the bed allowing Eric the privilege of going down on her and eating her until she moaned and explode on his face. Scott saw her squirt one time all over his dad's face and chest, he thought she had peed all over him, but heard his dad tell her that it was luscious and he wanted more.

Eric stood up with a stout shaft (which Scott would compare to his own hardness as he stood stroking while he watched), and push Emily's legs up, slowly sink down into her pink puffy flesh, easing his way slowly back and forth at first, and then quicken his paces until she would moan and tell him she was coming. He would tense up and expel his seed deep inside slowly pumping to make sure it was all given too her.

Scott too, would come at his mother's moans of pleasure and let his heat loose into a towel that he held. Once, his parents almost caught him because he lost his footing as he ejaculated and pushed back onto the door. Emily smiled, knowing all too well that her son was a voyeur to their sex life, but she never said anything to her husband, she was pretty sure he was aware as well.

Scott got caught once.

On the morning of his twenty-first birthday, his dad was away on business and his mom was lying in bed with the toys she had chosen to pursue her pleasure of sexual satisfaction. Scott stood outside the jarred door as always, listening and watching his mom, stroking a massive morning wood when Malcolm came from the bathroom.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

"Shut up, you're gonna get me caught!"

"You can't be serious. Moms gonna bust if she catches you!"

"She's gonna bust me if you don't shut up!" he was loosing his stiffness, "GO away MAL!"

"SCOTT!"

"See, fuck!" he pushed Malcolm. "Yeah mom."

"Come here and shut the door behind you."

"You're in for it now man!" Malcolm skipped off down the hall to his room like the punk little brother he was.

Scott eased his fading hardness back into his pajama pants and threw the towel on the floor just inside of the bathroom before going into his mom's room. He swallowed hard and went inside.

"Hi mom."

"Hi baby." he floated when she called him that. "Come over here and sit next to me."

He slowly walked over to the bed and sat down. Emily sat with her breast exposed and the sheet covering the rest of her. She thought nothing of her breast, as she had fed the boys that way, and thought it natural for them to be comfortable with her like that.

"What were you and Mal arguing about."

"Nothing, I mean, he was just bugging me. That's all."

He knew he was busted, he couldn't lie to her, he knew she saw right through him. He adjusted himself again and sat at an angle towards her.

"What was he bugging you about?"

"Something I was doing that was none of his business."

"Um," she smiled, knowing that he had been watching and enjoying every second of his presence, "Let me see it." she pointed to his manhood.

"What?"

"Let me see it," she reached over and jiggled his pants, "Take it out and let me see."

"What? Mom!" he looked confused and wanted to take it out so much for her, but was scared to do it all in the same motion.

"Scott, it's your eighteenth birthday, I want to see how much it's grown since I gave birth to you." She smiled a wicked, loving smile.

"MOM!"

"Take it out, or I will!"

"No!" but he really wanted to.

"I put diapers on you and wiped your ass, you came out hung like a horse, I want to see what you look like now." she motioned to his pants, he was growing stiff again, "I want to see if you live up to your dad. He and I have a bet about your cock size."

"What?!"

"I told him that you were bigger than he is, and he says no." She pulled at his pants leg, "Now, stand up and let me see!"

"No, mom!"

She put her hand on his leg and ran it up his thigh and he shuddered. She grazed his hardening head as she brushed his arm and he almost shot his load.

"Alright, if you won't show me, I'll just tell dad to ask you and he can tell me." she pulled her hand away and Scott relaxed. She rolled sideways towards the bed stand to retrieve a box from the drawer, and when she did, her pink swollen pussy was exposed to Scott.

"I have something for you baby, but it's not your birthday gift." The smell of her sex wafted into his nose and he went completely stiff, causing him to shift his weight towards her. He accidentally pushed against her ass, running his hand between her legs, feeling her wetness. She felt a bit of shock and ecstasy when he did, and stayed poised that way a bit longer, hoping he would give in and do it again, then show himself off to her.

She slowly eased back over, sitting on his hand, and her pussy lips brushed his fingers as he pulled his hand from underneath her. She smiled at the fact and eased back the other way to lean on her side and face him, exposing herself the other direction.

Scott quickly brought his hand to his face and smelled of her sweet perfume, taking a quick taste.

"Scott baby?"

"Yeah mom?"

"You might as well show me now." She pointed to his pants and his cock was exposed down to the mid-shaft. She reached towards him and brushed his head taking it in her hand and encircling it with her fingers.

"Mom." he half moaned, have protested.

"Scott, it will only take a moment, besides, I see most of it now."

He finally gave in to her, not that he had a choice, and stood up, dropping his pajamas to his knees.

"Oh my!" Emily gasped, excited about his size, "You are a bit bigger than your father, umm, in length for sure." she held her hand up to him, "do you mind baby?"

"Um, no, no mom, not at all." his heart raced, pulsing blood into the head of his swollen staff that stood straight out like a limb of a tree.

He wanted to feel her too, but felt the angst of taboo. He knew that she was only testing him, to compare him.

"Scott," she looked up at him, reaching up to stroke him, if not on purpose to test him, "have you been stroking like I suggested?"

He shook his head, wanting her to do it for him, wishing that he was between her legs like her dildo had been earlier. She wrapped her hand around him fully and masterfully measured his size, taking a few strokes to satisfy her curiosity.

"Um, yes, I believe that you are about half a size bigger than your father is now. You know, at his age, he has lost a bit of girth, but when he was younger, um, god he was perfect."

"Mom, he's perfect now. I see how you two..." he caught himself, not wanting to give his secret away as he pulled up his pants. Emily smiled.

"Scotty? What do you want for your birthday?"

'You, I want you. I want you to stroke me, I want to feel what its like to be inside you, the heat that dad enjoys when he fucks you. I want to get in that pussy I came out of all those years ago.' he thought to himself, sitting on her bed again, his erection relaxing.

"Scott?"

"I don't know mom."

"Here." she handed him a small box, "I thought this might help, but don't tell your brother or your father, they'll think I'm being too naughty."

He opened the box to find a few condoms, some lube and baby oil, and two masturbators'. He blushed and was excited all in the same.

"Mom, I, damn mom."

"We'll, I just want you to stay out of trouble and prepared. If your dad and I would have been prepared, we wouldn't have you, but I know you're not ready to settle down. Eric and I were older, and you still have college. I want you to take this and use it so that I don't become a grandma too soon, and it will help you while you're away." She kissed his cheek, brushing his arm with her breast and purposely let her hand wander to his semi-hardness.

"Thanks mom, for looking out for me."

"Oh, and Scott."

"Yes mom."

"Next time you stand outside my door like that to watch, come in and hide in the bathroom, so your brother doesn't catch you. If you just want to watch, come in and sit in the chair. Ok."

Scott turned sixteen shades of red, "ok mom."

"By the way baby," she whispered, "There's a photo of me in there for you, you can't see my face, so it will serve a purpose if you need it. And Scott, if I wasn't your mother, I would be down on my knees and have you in my mouth so fast, nursing that lovely rod you have."

Scott looked at her with lust and want, "God mom, I wish!"

"Are you willing baby? No one has to know but us? I would love to taste your sweetness."

He went instantly stiff, wanting and not wanting. "Mom, do you really think?"

"You don't tell anyone, I won't" She smiled, caressing him slowly. "The first time I met your father outside of the classroom, all I did was smile and get close enough to kiss him and he shot his load off in his jeans, right in public." she whispered in his ear, her hot breath making him wither, her touch shooting sensations all over his body.

"Mom," He moaned as she slowly eased him back onto her king-sized bed.

"Baby, let me lock the door." she slipped from the sheets and sauntered over to the bedroom door, and then back. He felt his head throb and juice ooze from its hole. Emily eased herself between his legs, spreading them open just enough to lie comfortably in between them. She put one hand on his engorged balls and the other on his swollen cock, pushing her breast into his legs. He moaned a little louder and she smiled, "baby, remember Mal is home, so we want to be a little quieter." Scott shook his head.

She engulfed his head with her mouth and he pushed up into her, jerking as she did. She smiled, remembering how Eric always did the same thing when she went down on him. She made quick work of his shaft with her hand and tongue, probing his head with the tip and suckling with her lips. Her other hand caressed his balls and ran back and forth between them and his ass cheeks, making him buck and whimper. He threw a pillow over his face and screamed out, shooting his load fully into her mouth. She lapped every ounce of young cum from her son and cleaned him up thoroughly. "Um, that was sweet baby. You tasted like your father did all those years ago, and so stiff baby. Too bad you have to go to school soon, or else, we'd celebrate some more."

"God mom! FUCK! I can't believe you, I, FUCK!" he panted. Emily smiled. Scott sat up, his cock returning to its softened size.

"Oh baby, you're even bigger than Eric like that." she took another quick lick sending shivers over Scott's body.

"Mom, can you do one more thing for me?"

"What's that baby?"

"Let me kiss you?"

She looked funny at him, "Kiss me?"

"Yeah, I want to know what it's like to kiss a real woman."

"Should I go wash my face?"

"No, I want to taste myself from your lips. Please mom."

She shrugged her shoulders, "where do you want me?"

"Lay down, it's easier that way. Not so awkward."

Emily lay back on the bed and Scott wrapped his arms around her, bringing her into his chest. Her breast tickled his hair and he felt himself start to stiffen again. He wasn't a small man, and he was quite stout. Scott was over six foot tall and weighed in about two hundred pounds.

Emily liked the way he felt against her. She thought of Eric's body, and told Scott he was just like his father, she loved that about him. He smiled and pushed his body into hers, nuzzling her cheek first and then gently moving to her lips.

"Mom?"

"Yeah baby?"

"I love you."

"I love you too Scotty."

He kissed her fully, tasting of his cream, letting his tongue dance with hers. She pushed up into him, tasting of him again, nipping and nibbling, curious to feel him else where, thinking how wonderful

it felt to be with this young man, knowing all too well she was wrong for doing it because it was her son. He slid his hand down to her breast and her belly, slowly working to her wetness between her legs. He felt of her patch of perfectly shaven fur and found her swollen clit with his middle finger, gently flicking it. She put her hand on his and guided it between her lips and into her hole, pushing up into him, showing him how to slide in and out of her the way she liked it.

He moaned and she whimpered under his touch. "Scott, oh my Scott. Baby. ohh."

"Mom, god I want to taste you." he brought his fingers from her sex and up to meet his lips, lapping her juice from them, she too lapped her own juices from his fingers and it caused a spasm between them. "Scott, I wish we had more time." she nipped at his lips with her teeth.

"Let me go down on you, please."

"Oh Scott, oh, I would..."

"Hey Scott, we're gonna be late for school! What are you doing in there, fucking mom!"

They both looked at each other horrified. Scott sat up and yelled back to the door, "Yeah, mom and I are talking, I'll be there in a bit, go fix your breakfast!"

"Yeah, whatever. I know you're her favorite!" He popped the door with his fist and left.

"Oh god mom, I'm so sorry," he said looking down at her.

"It's ok." she reached up and caressed his face, he melted.

"Thanks mom. I couldn't have a better teacher."

Emily blushed. "You better get ready for school baby."

"Yeah, but I wish I didn't have to."

"Maybe we can play again later?"

"Do you think that will be alright?"

"If you don't mind. Forgive me for saying this, but you remind me so much of your father, I just can't resist."

"Thanks mom. That makes me feel good."

"Your welcome baby." she brushed his lips, "happy birthday."

He looked at her, debating something.

"What?"

"It's funny, I want to crawl back up that beautiful pussy that I came from." he laughed nervously.

"Maybe one day baby, maybe."

"Oh god mom, you're so beautiful. I love you."

Emily smiled, "I love you too Scott, now, off with you, or Mal will be back up here again."

Scott reluctantly left her lying there, taking his box and going back to his room. He looked through the box and found some other things that she did not tell him were there.

He opened a small locked box at the bottom of his closet and placed the box inside with his other treasures. There were photos of Emily, a pair of her panties and some other things he had collected, along with his porn and Playboys. He smiled, rubbing his cock, thinking about his mother lips, and how skillfully she worked, even if it was short lived. He shut the box and locked it up, hiding the key away, and hurried off to the shower.

Emily got a quick shower and dressed so that she could tell the boys good-bye before they left for school. She hit the landing almost the same time Malcolm was headed up.

"Where's Scott?"

"I guess he's getting ready for school." she passed him, hugging him, he pulled away, "You know, it's his birthday today."

"Yeah, I know."

"Are you going to Phillips after school today?"

"Yeah, were supposed to go to the mall."

"Alright, but I expect you home by eleven."

"Yeah mom."

Scott came down stairs and brushed his mom on purpose; looking at her like he had before he kissed her. She saw it and smiled.

"Come on Scott, I don't want to be late today." Malcolm whined.

Scott tossed him the keys, "go start it up, I'm gonna grab something quick to eat."

"Alright, but I'm leaving if you aren't out there in five."

Scott shook his head. Malcolm went out the door with his backpack and Scott stuck his head in the fridge. Emily was standing in the laundry room putting some clothes in the washer; she didn't hear him come in behind her. He wrapped his arms around her and snuggled into her shoulder.

"Thanks mom. You don't know how much that meant to me."

"Your welcome son." She smiled and reached up to stroke his face, "Malcolm is going to be gone for awhile this evening, dad's not coming home until tomorrow. Maybe another birthday surprise will be waiting when you get home."

"You think so?"

She turned to face him, "Don't be late baby." she pushed up into him and kissed him fully, he kissed back. "Don't float around too much today, we don't want anyone catching on to our little private tryst."

"I won't mom, I promise." he whispered, kissed her lightly and left her standing there.

On the drive to the college campus, all he could think about was the way she smelled, her sex on his fingers, the way she tasted when he kissed her, tasting of himself on her lips. The way she masterfully played him and got him to let her go down on him. His cock rose at the thoughts of the earlier events and he had to adjust himself again.

Class sucked, his thoughts stayed on the morning fling and when his girlfriend approached him to wished him happy birthday, he all but blew her off. He wanted to be back in his mother's arms, kissing and tasting of her. He was so close to sliding down between her legs, tasting of her sweet love, like he had seen his father do so many times. She tasted so good from his fingers, and smelt so beautiful. His cock stated to grow again, and he had to quickly think of other things.

The last class couldn't end soon enough and he rushed out to the car, only to be stopped by his girlfriend.

"Scott what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing why?"

"Because you didn't even know I was with you at lunch today, and in Lit class, you could hardly focus."

"I, I just got a lot on my mind, that's all"

"Anything I can do to help?"

"No, I have to work this out by myself."

"We are going out tonight, aren't we? I had something planned for your birthday." She smiled wickedly.

"Yeah, hey, I got to go, I'll call you around seven, ok." he brushed her cheek not caring and got in the car, leaving her standing there confused. Malcolm came up behind her and poked her.

"Hey, what's up?"

"Your brother, that's what's up." she turned to him, "He totally blew me off just now, said he had to go. Do you know what's going on?"

"Haven't a clue. Guess what ever he and mom talked about this morning's got him moody." He shrugged his shoulders, "He was in there for an awful long time. I bet she busted him."

"Busted him? For what?"

Malcolm giggled, "For watching her and jacking off."

"OH you didn't, Mal!"

"Well, he was being a dick this morning and I got him busted."

"He watches your mom?"

"Yeah, he likes her ass, he thinks it's cool to watch her and dad fuck."

She was shocked, "He does what?"

"He gets off watching them. I don't know, some kind of kinky shit he's into, not me, I think that's sick watching your parents."

"I don't know, your dad's pretty fucking hot. My mom says he looks like an older Jon Bon Jovi."

"God, not you too!"

"Hey MAL!"

"Hey Phil."

"You ready to go?"

"Sure, anything to stay away from the house."

"What' up at the house?"

"Scott's birthday, and I think that mom has something special planned for him, if she isn't pissed at him."

"Like what?"

"I don't know, but she'll have something big going on, it's his twenty-first."

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Scott blew through the door of the house and hurried up the stairs to Emily's room. She wasn't there. He yelled for her, but no response. He went to his room and saw a note on his bed.

"Come to the pool house when you get in, and lock the front door."

He scurried out of his shoes and down to the door, locking it as instructed and out to the pool house. He was shocked to find his mom wrapped in a towel on the chase lounge, with a few toys scattered about. She smiled.

"Come in baby, and lock the door behind you."

"Oh god mom, you look so beautiful."

"Thank you baby."

He locked the door and slung his shirt to the side of the room and went down beside her, "I missed you, I couldn't help but think about you all day." he snuggled into her breast.

"Me too Scott. God, I wanted to feel your fingers again, and taste your hardness."

He stood up and let loose his throbbing monster, kicking his jeans aside.

"No mom, it's my turn, it's my birthday, I want something."

"What baby, what do you want?"

"I want to taste those sweet lips that caressed me and kept me from falling out when you carried me."

"Oh baby, yes." she pulled the towel from her body and spread her legs for him. He admired her form in the frosted glow of the skylights, her swollen pussy longing to be taken.

"God mom, I've wanted this so long." He slipped down between her legs and tasted her cream, slowly devouring her lips and clit, running his tongue in between them and lapping at her love hole. He was skillful in his movements and passionate about his way.

"Um, you've been practicing. She's a Lucky girl!"

He looked up smiling. "No, I've been watching dad."

She smiled some more, "Does he know?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Good."

He sucked her and fingered her, bringing her juices to flow.

"Oh Scott, yes! YES BABY!"

She arched and moaned, he put his lips fully on her, nipping at her clit, running his tongue between her lips, hitting her spots just right, and she came, squirting deep into his mouth. He sucked and lapped every ounce he could swallow and licked her more.

"OH GOD MOM! FUCK YES!"

"You are very skilled my lover!"

He went after his prize again, working harder and fiercely. She drowned him again in love liquid and he looked up at her, seeing the fire that burnt in her eyes for him.

"Mount me Scott. Fuck me with that horse cock you have." She pushed up to him, wanting him deep. He stood up, reminding himself of his father and eased into her sweet deep hole. He moaned as he entered feeling of her tightness, and held her legs as he began to pump.

"OH Scotty, oh baby. Fuck me, fuck me hard. Give me deep, all of you, I can take it all."

He pumped harder and faster, gaining a rhythm between them.

"Oh fuck mom, I'm gonna explode in your pussy, is that alright?!"

"Yes baby, yes. Fuck me. Give me that sweet young cream of yours; fuck me till you spill all of your sweet seed!"

She came, squirting all over his legs and balls, causing him to shoot his load, pumping furiously every last drop deep within her heat. Scott collapsed over her, breathing hard. She stroked his hair and kissed at him. He kissed back, nipping and licking at her swollen breasts and hard nipples.

"You are wonderful." she whispered to him, tussling through his hair. "So much like your father."

"Thanks mom," he said brokenly as he slid out of her and put his face into her pussy again, "Mom, do you mind?"

"No baby, do as you please, I'm your birthday gift today."

He licked a little at her, tasting of their fervor together, she squirmed a bit when it got sensitive and he quit, crawling up beside her on the lounge.

"Mom, I hope this doesn't cause problems."

"It won't baby, it won't."

"I almost didn't make it through today."

"Yes, but you did, and look what kind of sweet gift was waiting for you."

He smiled. "Mom, can I have this for every one of my birthdays from now on."

She stroked his face, kissing him, "If I'm able, yes. We just have to make sure that we don't get caught and can get away with it."

"We can always go to a motel."

"Yes, we can."

"Will you always be this sexy?"

"I don't know son. I hope that time is good to me."

"It doesn't matter. I love you anyway."

"I do you son. And now as my lover."

"I like that. Your lover."

She looked at Scott, curious, "What will Tangy say?"

"About what?"

"About you're disappearing and not spending time with her?"

"I'll tell her something, I don't know."

"Do you think you can have sex with two women?"

"I'll use those condoms you gave me, I can handle two women." he laughed.

"That's my boy." she smiled, kissing him lightly.

"Mom."

"Yes baby?"

"Can I sleep with you tonight, like I used to when I was a kid and dad was gone?"

"Um, if you come in after Mal goes to sleep."

"Can I make love with you again?"

"Um, yes, I would like that."

He ran his hand down her belly and to her thigh, caressed her patch and clit, lifting their juices onto his fingers and licking them off, taking them to her lips and kissing her fully.

They fell asleep, exhausted after their romp, Scott cuddle down as if he were a small child instead of a man. She loved the feel of him next to her and wished it were something she could do more often, knowing she couldn't.

She woke to Eric's voice calling for her.

"Oh Shit, your fathers home."

Scott shook away instantly and panicked. "Fuck mom, what do we do?"

'EMILY' came from the distance.

"He's still in the house, get your clothes and go out the side door and back into the house up to your room."

"Mom, how do I get in, I don't have the key."

"Your dad leaves the backdoor open, go in that way, through the laundry room baby."

"Mom, I want to..."

"Shhh, baby, hurry." She pulled him too her giving him another kiss and let him go, "I'll see you later on tonight, after your fathers asleep."

Scott grabbed his shirt and jeans and hurried off trying to put them on. Emily got up and flipped on one of the inside lights that was just enough to be seen from the outside, and slipped off to the shower.

She quickly washed herself off, trying to wash Scott's cream from her body, knowing all too well she didn't want to. She heard Eric call for her again and opened the shower curtain calling after him. He walked into the dim pool house and saw her toys and towel strung about. He knew what she had been up to, or so he thought. He took off his clothes and slipped into the shower behind her, taking her ass in his hands and pushing up into her.

"Oh baby! I missed you Em."

"Um. I missed you too Eric."

"I see you've been busy, why in here?"

"Oh, I just needed a change of scenery. The bedroom is just lonely with out you."

"Well, how about we come out here a few times a week and make love?"

"That sounds fun."

"Well, how about we make up for some of that time now." He shoved himself deep inside her from behind, making her moan loudly.

"God, that feels so good."

"You're all wet, you must have been busy."

"I'm so fucking horny, you just don't know Eric." She smiled thinking about Scott, and how much alike they felt inside her body. Scott was young and stout, Eric was wise and experienced. They both brought her sexual bliss and she loved them.

Eric lay sleeping soundly when Emily got up to go to Scott's room. She eased the door open and found him gone. She pouted and closed the door back. She turned to find Malcolm behind her.

"Oh, you started me."

"Hey mom, he said sleepily."

"Hi baby."

"Mom, I'm sorry about earlier, I didn't want to get Scott in trouble."

"Oh, that. It's ok. We talked. He's not in trouble."

"Ok mom." He looked at her sleepy eyed, "What are you doing up?"

"I thought I heard Scott come in, I was just going to check on you two."

"Oh. He had a date with Tangy, she was going to... Never mind."

"Tangy, she was going to what?"

"She said she was going to surprise him with his first blow job."

Emily laughed. "Really now."

"Yeah, that's what she told Bridgette. Of course, Bridg told me."

"Hum. Well, I hope he gets what he wants." she said, a bit huffy.

"Mom?"

"Yeah Mal?"

"Would you mind if I dated Bridgette

"No, why would I mind that baby?"

"Don't know, just thought I'd ask before I asked her."

"I like Bridgette. Bring her over Saturday and well have a big dinner, you, her, Scott, Tangy if she wants to come, and your dad and I."

"Ok mom. Hey mom?"

"Hum?"

"Sorry about not hugging you, I feel a little awkward at times."

"It ok son, go back to bed."

He left her in the hall and went back to his room. She went downstairs to the kitchen to get some water and walked out to the patio. She was startled by a sound, and turned around to see Scott.

"I thought you were still out."

"No, but I didn't want to be in my room, I decided I'd come down here. I wanted to be closer to where we were."

"I thought you were still out with Tangy."

"FUCK HER!"

"Scott? What happened?"

"She wanted to give me a blow job," he looked at her assessing her expression, she was a bit bothered, but let him talk. "So, we got somewhere, and we parked, and the back seat thing and all, Mom, you sure you want to hear this?"

"Yes, go on."

"So she's going down on me, and I was trying to tell her what to do, she got pissed because she does it one way and..."

"And what son?"

"And I told her about you."

"What?"

"I slipped up and said, 'Mom does it like this.'"

"Oh fuck Scott!"

"I'm sorry mom, I just, she wasn't doing it right, not like you did."

"Baby, I have a lot more experience than she does."

"I know. But I just, she... Fuck, I was drinking too."

"Did Tangy say anything about us?"

"No, she did ask if dad was into things like that, she wants to fuck him."

"I can't blame her for that, he is a good fuck." She smiled, thinking of her husband.

"Mom!"

"Scott. What makes it any different, except she's not our daughter. Which doesn't make it that bad. It's not...!"

"I know mom, but, I.. God you're so fucking good. She's just not that good. She couldn't take me all in and she kept biting me in the wrong place." he looked at her again, "You would let her fuck dad?"

"If dad would want too. It might be fun to watch."

"Shit mom!" he leaned over into her., laying on shoulder. "I wanted to come home and crawl up next to you, do what we did today. I really loved that."

"I know baby, me too. But dad's home, so, well have to wait a little bit."

"Do you think dad would be pissed if he found out?"

'No, I think he would understand, he knows how I am. It might take him some time to get used to the idea. But he's pretty kinky himself."

"God mom, I want to fuck you so bad right now." His cock was throbbing in his jeans, he had unzipped them and let it loose from its confines.

"Scott, you need to give Tangy a chance, I'm sure it will get better."

"I know mom, but still, you are so hot, and I love the sweet way you taste."

"Scott, your making me hot." she fanned herself.

"If dad wasn't home, I would go down on you right here on the patio."

"If dad wasn't home, you would be upstairs in my bed baby."

"I know mom." he was quiet for a moment and took a drink of his last beer, "Maybe I should talk to dad about Tangy, maybe we can all fuck around."

"Scott, I thought we were going to keep this between us."

"I know, but... Look," he pointed down at his stiff rod. Emily had to restrain herself. She took his hand and helped him from the chair, leading him into the pool house.

"Come on baby, I was going to your room anyway."

"Oh mom."

She sat him down on a nice large recliner and went back to lock the door. There was just enough light to see, and she pulled his jeans away from his cock. She thought about a blowjob and then told him to pull them down further, he did as she requested and she slid over him, sitting and facing him. Her warmth over took his rod and he moaned softly as her pussy devoured him.

"Scotty, have you ever fucked anyone like this?"

"No, I'm always on top."

"Good, hold my hips."

He put his hands on her hips and she slid back and forth, up and down on him. He lifted her gown, showing off her naked body and massive breasts right in his face, and tossed it aside. Once again, he nursed them fully as she fucked him. His lips on her nipples made her hotter and she pumped on him furiously, forcing his head to meet her cervix, making her moan and quake. She breathed heavy and spoke quickly.

"Baby, are you ready to get those sweet rocks off again?"

"Fuck yes, Oh god mom!"

"I'm coming baby, are you ready,"

"Yes, oh yes." he groaned into her breasts, still nipping at the hardness of her nipples.

"Kiss me baby, kiss me, make me come all over your hot cock."

He pushed his face to hers as she threw her arms around his neck and pushed as hard down on him as she could. His lips and tongue attacked her mouth, they both quivered, and she flooded around his cock and onto his hips. He pulled her into him tightly and groaned, releasing himself, thrusting hard into her. Her juices flowed all over him and he grabbed her ass pulsing her up and down a few more times to milk his cock. He eased slowly back away from her and she collapsed into the fading strength of his arms.

"God mom, you're so sexy, so good. Does dad know you can do that?"

"Yes."

"Do you fuck dad like that?"

"Yes. But it takes a little longer." she smiled.

"I bet when dad was younger it didn't take long."

"Scott, he's fifteen years older than me, he always takes his time."

"Not the other morning he didn't, he was on you faster than I came."

She giggled, "You saw that huh?"

"Yeah, and I got off four times watching you two."

"Next time, ask dad if you can watch from the room."

"I'm not so sure I want to see his ass going at it at that angle with you, I like the view I have, I can pretend it's me."

"You don't have to pretend any more, because it is you."

She slid off his lap and kissed him lightly, touching his softness with her fingers and brining the flavor up to her lips. "We taste so good together." He tasted her fingers and nodded.

"Mom, what happens if after while I need you?"

"That, baby, is what the box is for." she winked, picked up her gown and slipped it over her head. "I love you. See you in the morning."

"Mom, don't go."

"I have to, your father will be looking for me again if I don't."

"Ok, but mom..."

"The box baby, the box."

She slipped from his grasp and out the door, back to the house and up to her room. Eric sat in the bed with a massive hard on, stroking at his leisure.

"You've been with Scott?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"Are you mad?"

"No, I think it's hot. I know how you are with your men baby."

"Do you mind, it's not like I'm cheating."

"As long as you don't let him get in the way of us, I'm fine with it."

"You know his girlfriend wants to fuck you."

"Can you blame her?"

"No. I wouldn't mind a round with you right now."

"Still dripping baby?"

She stripped off her gown and stood over him on the bed. He teased her pussy with his free hand and collected the cream from inside her, stroking himself with the juice.

"Umm, interesting. How is the boy."

"Almost as good as his father, but not as long lasting."

"That is a problem that I can solve." He pulled her down to his cock and she straddled him like she had Scott. "So how big is he?"

"Hung like a fucking horse, just like his dad." She moaned pushing up and down on him. He held her hips and pushed her harder against him.

"Em," he brought her too his lips, "I love you, don't ever forget that."

"I love you too Eric, I never will. You are my husband, and my love, my life. Ohhh, ummm," she started to breath heavier, quivering as he slid in and out of her, "He's so much like you, If his hair was longer, he'd be your image of when we met.' She gasped.

"Just don't forget it was me who gave you that."

"No, no my love, I could never forget." she moaned loudly, expelling herself onto her husbands loins, he tightened underneath of her and pushed hard into her, seeding his heat into her already soaked pussy. "Oh god," she screamed out. "Oh Eric!"

"God Emily, FUCK!"

He collected her into his arms and rolled over on his side, taking her with him, kissing her deeply and long. They finally pulled away and she looked in his eyes. She loved his eyes. He caressed her hair, pushing it away from her face.

"Baby, I love you."

"I love you too." she snuggled down into Eric's arms and was soon asleep.

Scott left the door and went back to his room to find the box his mom had given him.

## **Chapter 2**

Emily and Eric agreed that as long as the sexual liaisons between her and Scott did not take away from their relationship, that she would continue to be with him if that was his choice.

Emily thought of it as a chance to satisfy herself beyond her toys, but when Eric was home, she was dedicated to him, even if she slipped away at night to be with Scott. However, that would invoke dramatic sexual pleasure between her and Eric, and Eric thought it was erotic.

Several weekends after Scott's birthday, his mom didn't want anyone around her. Eric felt that the marathon escapades she had been on between both of them, had worn her out and left her to reenergize. He remarked to Scott to leave his mother alone, and she would come to him when she was able.

Eric was in the pool when Scott approached him about Emily.

"Hey dad."

"Son."

"So, moms sick?"

"No, just tired. I think that we wore her out."

Scott was shocked, embarrassed and didn't quite know what to say.

Eric looked at him knowing he needed to say something to ease the tension, "I know Scott. She doesn't keep anything from me."

He eased out of the pool to the edge, "I know what kind of sexual appetite the woman has, I found that out the first day she walked into my classroom."

"She told me she made you get off just by getting close to you."

"It was a bit more than that, but I like to keep that memory to myself." Eric smiled think of the past.

"So, you're ok with mom fucking me?"

He scowled, "Don't say that about your mom."

"Ok, so what is it?"

"I like to think of it as her teaching you a way to have a sexual relation. And she's damn good and experienced. She's put me on my knees more than once."

Scott smiled thinking about her down over him on her knees.

"Scott, she loves you dearly, what she's trying to do, in my opinion, is keep you close to her, maybe recapture her youth a bit. She keeps telling me how much you remind her of me when we met."

"Yeah, she mentioned that a time or two."

"She said you're hung, like a horse, as she puts it."

"That's what she told me, that I was bigger than you, not by much."  
He whispered.

"Well, you know you only entice her to be naughty when you watch us."

He went flush.

"Yeah, I know that too Scott." Eric looked at his son, "I hope you learned something from all those mornings and nights at our door."

"Does anything get past you?"

"Not much, not even the dent on your mom's car."

"That wasn't my fault, Mal hit it with the board."

"It's ok, not that big of deal." Eric took a deep breath, wondering how his son would take his next words.

"Em and I, we've loved each other a long time. When we lost your sister, she was traumatized. I thought I lost her too." he swallowed hard.

"Ever since then, not like I didn't before, I have kept her close and let her live the way she needed to. When she told me that she wanted to do that for you for your birthday, it was something that we talked about for along time. I don't know why she chose that, but as I said, she may feel she needs to step back to when we were younger. I was always her protector, that wont change."

"So what are you telling me dad?"

"I know she's your mom, I know she loves you, I know that she planned this and thought this through at great lengths, but I don't want you to think she's at your beck and call for any sexual need."

"She gave me something and told me it was there when she wasn't."

"Um hum. And I'm willing to bet she told you to be careful and use it in her place."

"Something like that."

"Look, Scott, she's your mom, but she's my wife, and my love, I won't let anyone hurt her or get between us."

"I wouldn't do that dad."

"Well, I just need to say that for my comfort. You and Tangy need to experience things together, and you use that stuff your mom gave you, especially those condoms."

"You know Tangy wants to sleep with you."

"The only way I'll sleep with her is if she already pregnant. I have a pregnant woman fetish," he thought about Emily when she was carrying her children, "I couldn't keep my hands or my dick away from your mom when she was carrying you, and when she got pregnant with Mal, my god she was so sexy." he felt himself stiffen.

"You can use the condoms."

"No. I don't want to become a father again this late in my life. She wants to sleep with me, she better be pregnant, and then we'll talk." he hoisted himself up and adjusted his swim trunks.

"Do you think she'll do this when Mal gets older?"

"No. You and your mom have a different bond. Besides, Mal doesn't stand outside our bedroom door being a voyeur."

"No, he and Phil have jack off contests in their room, trying to see who squirts higher."

"Good, they need to keep in practice."

"Phil still wants to fuck mom."

"Let him keep wanting, it's good for his ego."

He left Scott to his thoughts and went up to check on Emily. She was still sleeping, and this worried him. He took off his trunks and got into the shower, preparing to wash his body when he felt a cool hand slip around his waist.

"Hi baby," he smiled, turning to face her.

"Hi." she said sheepishly.

"Sorry if I woke you, I wasn't wanting too."

"No, I was just quietly lying there, thinking."

"Thinking, about what."

"The things I've done with Scott. As his mother, I shouldn't have done them. As a woman, I had a ball. But as your wife, I'm kind of ashamed."

"Don't be Em. You said yourself you were doing this because he reminded you of me. So for all unselfish purposes, you were still loving me."

She shook her head, most of the time she was thinking about Eric. She told Scott so.

He stroked her now wet hair from her shoulders and kissed her, "baby, I know it's just a fling, and I would rather it be with Scott, than some stranger."

"But he's our son, and as much as I love him as a mother, I am attracted to him as a woman, and it's nice to have the younger man to play with."

"I know baby, you need what you need right now. We agreed that he would not interfere with us."

He pulled her up to him, she wrapped her legs around his hips, "I told Scott not to get a big head about this, he's not to come to you unless you ask for him. I told him you would come to him when you needed to. Otherwise that was what the box was for."

"You and he actually discussed all of this?"

"Yes." he slid hard up into her, making her moan a bit, "You're my love, my wife, I am possessive of you, no matter who it comes to." he pumped her up and down, holding her hips easing her slowly.

She held his neck and kissed him softly. He returned her kiss and held her close. Emily said nothing, glad that Eric was taking her. If nothing else, she thought, her little tryst between herself and her son had added more of a flame to her love and sex life with Eric. That was what she really wanted.

She wanted his attention; she wanted him to be as affectionate as he had been before the baby was lost.

He had drawn away from her to help her heal when she needed him to be closer to her. She was trying to regain all of that she had during their first years through Scott.

She knew what she was doing, and was hoping that it would also bring the Eric she knew then back to her. Emily knew that it would never be as it was; they were older and had been together just a little over twenty-one years. But she wanted to recapture Eric as he was, and she found that in Scott.

She buried down into Eric's shoulder and moaned, releasing herself to him, he wasn't far behind her and let himself flow into her warmth. He held her close to him, his withering manhood slipping from her body, the water rushing over them.

"I love you Emily," he whispered closely to her, brushing her cheek.

She cried in his arms, the tears mixing with the water, holding him tightly. Eric helped her stand and she remained against him, not

looking at him. He felt her stifling a sob and pulled her away from his chest looking at her.

"Baby?"

"I'm ok, I'm, I," she wiped the tears and water from her face, "I'm just tired, that's all."

"No baby, there's more than tired in those eyes." he brushed her face again, gently caressing her. "Tell me." He whispered.

"I can't, I don't know, I was remembering us."

"Us?"

"Yes, us."

"What about us?"

"Us, before we lost Erica." she broke down in his arms.

He reached around and turned off the water, kicked the door open and wrapped the towel around her, picking her up and carrying her to the bed.

"Baby, you'll make yourself sick. Stop thinking about that."

"Scott is so much like you, like when we got pregnant with her. I want that back! I want you back." tears rolling again.

"Baby, Em, I never left."

"I want my Eric back that I had before the baby, before Scott and Mal. I need MY Eric. The one that rode me on his motorcycle, the one that took me out to dinner and made love to me in the back yard. The one who got me pregnant on the first date."

"Oh god, Em, I'm sorry. I didn't realize."

"You were always here, you were always at my side. We moved here to raise our family, and after we lost Erica, you found reasons to be away."

"No, I was trying to give you grieving time, trying to let you heal."

"I needed you with me to help me heal. I needed you home."

"You were in the hospital a month, I was at your side as much as I could be Em. The boys needed me too."

"I know, I know. And I'm being selfish!" she howled.

"No, no," he whispered, "I understand."

"No, you don't. You're always gone. A week at time, two weeks, a month. I hate your job!"

"Emily, I can't help it. I took it to provide better for us, so you could work from the house and raise the boys."

"Then stop!"

"I can't stop, how can I stop?"

"Find a teaching position here, change your hours, tell Jack you can't go out of town so much."

"I'm the only one he has that can do that part of the job baby."

Emily slid away from him, grabbed her jeans from the closet and threw a shirt over her naked chest, slipping on some flip-flops. "I need you home Eric. I wanted us to have another baby."

"You know we can't. That's why we quit trying. There's no way for you to..."

She ran from the room and down the stairs, grabbing her purse from the kitchen table and out the door to her car.

Eric grabbed some shorts and ran after her, but by the time he got to the back door, she was squealing tires of her mustang out of the driveway and onto the street. Eric hit the side of the house.

"FUCK!"

"Dad, what's wrong with mom?" Malcolm came up behind him.

"She's upset, that's all." he turned to look at his youngest son.

"Mom never gets upset. It must have been something really bad."

Eric looked at the calendar, and realized what the date was. He swallowed hard and looked back out to the driveway. This was the day of the accident sixteen years ago. He broke down in tears and slumped down against the open door.

"Dad?"

"I'm alright son, I just didn't realize how much your mother is hurting."

"Hurting? What for?"

"This is the day she lost Erica."

"Oh shit!"

"MAL!"

"Sorry."

"Hey, what's everyone doing out here?" Scott walked up from the backyard.

"Mom, she spazzed out. Look at the tire marks she left."

"Damn, mom did that?" Scott was as surprised as the rest of them.

"Yep." Mal looked at his dad, back at Scott, and stepped away, motioning at Scott to follow him. "Hey, do you think you can go find mom? I think she could use you right now."

"What? Usually you are jealous of me being with her."

"Well, I usually am. But dad's in no shape to find her, and I can just about guess where she went."

"What happened?"

"I don't know. I heard her yelling and screaming and then she blew through the house, tore out of the driveway and then I found dad standing in the doorway."

Scott swallowed hard, "So, why did she... wait, mom never yells."

"I know." He looked back at Eric, who sat with his head in his hands sobbing. "Dad said that this is the day she lost Erica. The way she tore out of here, I bet she went to the grave."

"Oh god, mom!" he expressed with a muffled scream. He looked back at his dad and then at Malcolm. "Get dad back in the house, I'll go find mom. Tell him mom will be alright, I'll call when I find her."

He pulled the keys from the wall for the motorcycle and grabbed his helmet and jacket, putting them on.

"Scott!"

"Yeah dad?"

"Be careful, and take care of you mom, she very fragile right now."

"I will. I'll call you when I find her, and dad, don't worry, she'll be ok, she just needs sometime to cry." Eric shook his head and went inside with Malcolm.

Scott wheeled the bike out of the garage and cranked it, eased it down the drive and out to the road.

It took him less than an hour to find her. She was wilted in front of a small headstone that was shaded by a willow tree. He slowed the bike to a stop behind her mustang and shut it off.

He called Malcolm to tell him, left his gear on the seat, and slowly walked to his mom, kneeling down beside her.

"Mom, are you ok?"

She looked at him, he hated to see her like that, she hadn't looked like that in a long time. He put his arms around her and held her close. "Mom, I'm sorry."

She wept a constant flow of tears where there should have been none. She sunk into him and didn't say anything. He rocked her and kissed her gently, telling her it was alright, he knew she was hurting.

He reached over to the headstone and ran his fingers over his sister's name. Angst of pain struck him.

"Mom, if I could change things I would."

"Thank you baby." she whispered finally.

He was quite for a little longer, and giggled, "Hey, were going to have to put new shoes on your horse, you left part of them in the driveway and down the road."

She chuckled. He put his hand under her chin and she looked up at him. He wanted to kiss her, he wanted to take all of her pain away, he wanted to give her something she couldn't have. He quietly spoke to her, trying to take her mind off the grave.

"Hey mom, that's a pretty hot picture you gave me in the box, how'd you manage that?"

She smiled, "It wasn't easy." her voice was teary.

"Do you think I can take some of you that way?"

"One day." she looked up at him.

"God mom, I'm so sorry. If it was up to me, you would have your little girl."

"Thank you Scott." she put her hand on his cheek.

Even though the sadness, the heat was building between them. She felt the trimmer for him in her stomach.

"Mom," he started to brush his lips to hers, "can we go somewhere, quiet, away from all this, away from the house?"

She was close to his face, his breath hot on her lips, "I would like that Scott." She caressed his lips with hers and he gently kissed her. It was slow and passionate, not like the other mornings, or the other nights, this was deep, longing.

He felt himself go stiff, and brought the kiss slowly to a stop. He felt himself falling in love with the woman she was, and losing the affection he held as her son.

"Mom, if I don't," her eyes were sad, "I won't be able to ride the bike." he motioned down. She smiled.

"Ok baby."

He stood up, helping her to her feet, and stopped long enough to hold her. He placed his hand on her tummy and rubbed, "Mom, if I could,

if I knew that you could carry a child, if it would be healthy, I would mom, I would."

"No, no son, that's not... I can't, besides, your father still has good sperm. I just can't. That's why we didn't try again after she was gone." she kissed him lightly, "thank you for the offer. That's very sweet and kind of you."

He blushed, feeling an overcoming of warmth.

"So, where would you like to go?" she said, still blushing over his offer.

"Somewhere that you go to, when you want to be alone, besides here that is."

"Somewhere very private?"

"Yeah, that would be nice." he smiled at her.

"I know just the place." she kissed him again and let him go.

He mounted the bike and put on the gear, cranking it as she rumbled the car to life. They pulled away from the graveyard and out to the road.

This time Emily drove slower until she got to the edge of town. When she was past the city limits, she gunned the car and Scott chased after her at a good speed.

They wound through the foothills and to the mountain road. Emily skillfully drove the car through the twisted road and Scott laid the bike from side to side, taking them easily. She rolled into a seemingly deserted lakeside cabin, and brought the car to a halt.

Scott rolled in beside her and stopped the bike.

"Damn mom, we haven't been up here in years."

"I know, but I have." she shut the car door and juggled the keys.

Scott came behind her, carrying his helmet and gloves, she opened the door to the secluded cabin and let the musty air out. Scott looked around to see that it was very clean and there were fresh flowers in the window.

"I come up here a few times a week. It's my hideaway when your fathers gone."

"This is nice. I forgot about it, it's been so long."

"I think everyone has."

Scott looked at her, she was beautiful, but worn. Emily walked over towards the kitchen and he rushed to her side, "No, wait, mom, go sit down, I'll get us something."

"Ok," she whispered, and went back to the couch.

Scott came to sit beside her and bumped her leg with his as he handed her the water. They sat quietly for a few moments and Scott tried to think of things to take her mind off of whatever it was going through her head.

"Hey, the box. Mom, damn. Those must have been expensive. And that pic, that didn't take me long with that."

She giggled. "I'm glad you liked it."

"So," he felt uncomfortable, maybe it was because of where they had come from, maybe it was because of what he said, or the feelings welling up inside of him, "what's the rest of this place look like now?"

She got up and took his hand, pulling him from the couch, and led him to the rest of the cabin.

It wasn't that big, but it had two bedrooms and an indoor bathroom, living room, kitchen, laundry room and porch.

"I've been working on the rooms. It's good therapy for me." she looked at Scott, "We were planning on moving up here a long time ago. So, I thought, I would decorate it like I wanted it to be before we bought the house."

"Mom, there's not enough rooms."

"Yes there is, or there would have been. We were going to add on a few more for each of you. Your dad and I planned for six of you."

"I'm sorry mom."

"Its ok baby, really. I just need to cry. I'm fine. I really am." But he saw she wasn't. He could feel it in her grip of his hand.

"So that was going to be your room, and we were going to add on to the top for Mal, and then I thought I'll put you boys upstairs and keep your sister here with me, and then we would decide what to do when we had our others." she coked back tears.

"Mom." he said quietly.

"I'm ok." she whispered, and led him to the master bedroom. "So," she cleared her throat, "This was going to be our room, and we have another bathroom over there. I wanted a bigger bed, but since we weren't going to live here, we opted for a queen-size. But it's still nice. I sleep in it sometimes in the afternoons. It's nice to come up here and get naked and relax."

"Mom, you shouldn't be up here alone like that."

"I'm ok, no on knows I'm here. I park the car around back, and I don't usually stay that long, just on the days I know you boys won't be home till late."

"Well, if you don't come home one night, I'll know where to find you."

"Yes, my secret is out." she sighed, "You keep it a secret too. Please, this is One thing Eric doesn't know about."

"Are you sure about that mom?"

"Yes. That I am positive of."

"Good!" he picked her up, carried her over to the bed, and lay her down. He slipped beside her and put his hand on her tummy again, "I know we can't make a baby, but I feel the need to try. Does that sound weird?"

"No Scott."

"I want to make love with you, give you my fruit and at least think I can help." he smiled, that sounded awkward.

"Yes Scott," she whispered, running her hand down his face, "I would love to try and make a baby with you."

His lips took hers with fiery passion, they maneuvered their clothes off and she lay before him in earnest of his love. She parted her legs and let him slide deep with in the confines of her body.

She arched as he pushed all the way into her, and slowly eased out with precision. They moved in harmony with each other, slowly, methodically, carefully. They did not moan, did not hurry, did not rush.

He lay across her chest and cuddled her with his arms as he moved in and out of her, their lips tender and soft together. They came together, in delight and pleasure. Not one loud moan, not one scream, not one ounce of anything but their breath deep and the enchantment they held between them.

Scott thought he was dreaming when he woke up next to her. She was on her side with her back against him, his arm draped over her, she breathed deeply. He smiled thinking about how relaxed she was, compared to earlier that morning.

He was startled by his phone, and realized that it was getting dark. He rolled away from Emily and grabbed his jeans, pulling the phone from his pocket.

"Hello?"

"Hey, where the heck are you guys? Dad's irate!"

"We're alright, mom's just resting."

"Resting? where?"

"At her special place, she has somewhere she goes when she gets upset or needs to be alone."

"And she took you there."

"I followed her."

"See, she gives you all the privileges."

"Mal, you guys were the one who sent me after her," she moaned brushing against him.

"Is that mom?"

"Yeah."

"She's asleep?" Mal asked to be sure.

"Yes. I let her sleep, she was really tore up about Erica."

"Well, you might want to consider bringing her home. Or telling dad where she is, he's really getting pissed off. She hasn't answered her phone in hours."

"I think she left it in the car. She may not have even turned it on. It took me along time to get her to stop crying."

Emily brushed against him again, rolling over to face him, "Hi baby," she whispered.

He put his fingers to his lips, motioning her to be quiet; she shook her head and snuggled down into his free arm.

"Hey Mal, she's waking up. As soon as she's coherent enough to talk, I'll tell her to call dad."

"Ok, but it better be soon, he's ready to come and find her. I don't think we want him on the warpath."

"No. Give her about ten minutes."

"Ok, I'll tell dad. Later."

"Bye Mal." He shut his phone and lay it on the nightstand next to the bed, "Mal says dads pretty pissed off."

"Why?"

"Cause you aren't home yet."

"He knows I take off and deal with things my own way."

"It would probably be better if you called him from your phone. Mal says he's been trying to call you and no answer."

"Well, duh." she smiled. Scott snickered. "Damn. Let me get up and I'll call him." She slid from the bed and walked around towards the bathroom, "Baby, run out to my car and get my phone, please?"

"Sure mom." He watched her walk away, her sweet ass bobbing as she disappeared into the darkness. He grabbed his jeans from the floor and slid them up his legs, adjusting his growing cock. He put his shirt on and ran out to her car, snagging her phone and returning to her side.

"Here." he handed it to her, she opened it and saw that he had called at least twenty times since she left.

"Damn it Eric!", she said fingering thorough the menu, "He is persistent."

There were several messages and she padded through them, listening briefly to them until she got to the last one. She looked at Scott and pushed the mute on her phone, "Scott, would you mind?"

"Oh, no mom, not at all." he got up, kissed her cheek and left the room. She waited for him to shut the door, and pushed the mute off and hit repeat on her phone, holding it to her ear.

'Hi baby.' Eric's voice was soft, he was crying again, she hated it when he did, because it was always the crushing point of her emotions over him.

'I'm sorry, god I'm sorry. I didn't realize that was today. You're right, you're always right. As much as I love you, I have been away too long. I guess I carried my grief longer than I knew.' The phone beeped and she went to the next message, 'FUCKIN PHONE! Sorry baby, please, we'll change things, I'll change things, I'll shift my hours, we'll go on vacation, I don't know, please baby, forgive me.'  
\*BEEP\*

She shut the phone and gathered herself. She was being selfish, Eric was hurting and she didn't even know how much. He had doted so much over her, she had forgotten his feelings, she only seemed to find hers, and those were at fault.

The phone rang, Eric immediately picked it up. "HELLO!"

"Hi baby." she quietly said.

"Oh God, Em, Em! Where are you baby?"

"I'm ok, I'm just, I had to go somewhere and think that's all."

"Scott with you?"

"No, not right now, he was earlier."

"Where the fuck is he?"

"He walked outside to my car for me."

"Outside? Where are you baby?"

"I found a nice quiet place to go and cry."

"You've been gone for a long time. I was getting worried."

"Scott's been here. We're fine."

"You somewhere alone with him?"

"Yes, but Eric, Nothings going on, I just can't do that right now." She wasn't lying, it wasn't then, as it had been earlier.

"I'm coming to get you, Mal can drive me and I'll drive you back."

"No, we're coming home as soon as I find my keys. That's what Scott is looking for now."

"Em. Please baby, let me come and get you. I need some time with you, alone, away from the house, away from the boys."

"No, Eric, I'll come home and then we can go somewhere. I'll be home within the hour. Ok."

"Alright Em, please baby, be careful."

"I will Eric, I'll be home in a little while."

She paused, thinking about the day, "Eric, baby."

"Yeah Em?"

"I love you."

"I love you Em."

She clicked end on her phone and lay it in her lap, crying. Scott eased into the room and walked over to sit with her, holding her.

"Your dad wants me home. We're going to come back up here after while."

"You said he didn't know you came up here."

"He doesn't, but this is still our place Scott. We made Malcolm here." she smiled remembering.

"Maybe that's what you and dad need," he rubbed her belly, thinking about earlier.

"I don't know what I need right now Scott. I love the way we are together, carefree and sexual, but your dad and I, I love him, I can't deny that. It's different having sex with you and him."

"I know mom, it's deeper with dad than me. I mean, it means... fuck, I know what you mean mom."

"Thank you baby." she kissed him gently. "Now, if you will help me change these sheets and air out the room a bit, I don't want him to smell of us here."

"I hope we can do this again in the future."

"Yes, I do too." she paused, "and Scott."

"Yeah mom?"

"Thank you for making love to me. Just because it's different between your father and myself, doesn't mean that it's just fucking between us. I love being with you, and what happened earlier," she

smiled, caressing his face, "if I was lucky enough to conceive with you, it would be a blessing because I know how much you love me as a woman."

"Oh god mom, thank you." He felt the tears well up in his eyes, he wanted to lie there with her and love her even more, but knew he couldn't. "Mom, eh, Emily?"

"Yes Scott?"

"I love you."

She saw the truth in his eyes, the love in his heart. "I love you to Scott."

They held each other close and kissed softly, holding on to the moments they shared.

They changed the sheets and opened the windows in the room. She was hoping that it wouldn't be noticeable, even though they did not engage in heavy sexual activity. She asked Scott to please wash the sheets for her after her and Eric left, he said he would, he had some other sheets to wash too. She smiled, knowing.

She drove home, thinking about everything, mostly about Eric this time. Scott followed behind her, keeping his mind on the road, watching her taillights in the distance.

When they arrived home, Eric met her in the driveway and collected her in his arms. Scott parked the bike and walked over to his parents.

"Dad."

"Son."

Scott knew that Eric knew that they had been together, "I took care of her. She just kept crying."

"Loosing your sister was hard on both of us." He looked at Emily, kissing her lightly.

"I'm sorry Eric, I'm so sorry." Emily clung tightly to him.

"Come on baby, it wasn't your fault. Please, just go somewhere and spend some time alone."

"Yes, I would like that."

He kissed her deeply, making Scott a little jealous. She turned to Scott, kissed his cheek, "Thank you baby, for everything." she whispered to him.

"Mom."

"Yeah baby?"

"You want me to get that?" he pointed to her car.

"If you don't mind." she smiled, remembering the sheets.

"I'll take care of it then. You guys go have fun." he smiled non-convincingly.

"Why don't you call Tangy, you two need to talk."

"Yeah, yeah I think I'll do that."

Emily and Eric walked inside. Scott retrieved the sheets and took them to the washer. He smelled of them, taking in all of Emily he could before putting them in the water. He felt odd, felt like he would cry.

Eric and Emily packed a small bag and told the boys if there was any trouble, to call Eric's cell phone, he didn't want Emily bothered, and only call if it was an emergency.

They left her car, taking Eric's bike. It had been several years since her rode with her on the bike, and she missed it. It brought back memories of their first ride, the night she conceived Scott.

She reached down, touching her belly, wishing she could get pregnant again with Eric's child. It was nice Scott said that if he could, but she knew all too well that was out of love and worry to make her happy, not out of clear thinking.

They rolled up in front of the lakefront cabin and Eric pulled the bike to a halt. He eased his gear off and Emily slid off the bike walking to the side. He took her helmet and gloves.

"Just like old times huh baby?"

"No, we had to have a baby sitter then."

"I'm talking about pre-Scott." he laughed.

"Almost, we went to your townhouse and the back yard, not our own place. And you had a different bike then."

"Yeah, old dinosaur." he took her arm, "Shall we?"

They walked towards the door, Eric unlocked it, reaching in and turning on the light. He put their gear down on the coffee table and turned on a few more lights.

"Wow, it looks nice. You've been working hard here."

"Yeah, I come up a few times a week when I get bored working at the house. I hope you don't mind."

"No, not at all. With the boys gone, I'm sure it helps keep you occupied." he leaned over and kissed her, "so what does the rest of the house look like?"

"Come on, I want to get out of these jeans anyway."

She showed him what she had done, the same thing that she had shown Scott earlier. When they went into the kitchen, she saw the glasses in the sink, and hoped that Eric didn't notice. She almost commented about them, but he was looking in the fridge.

"Not keeping it stocked?"

"No, I have water and some dry goods on the shelf. I don't want to power to go out and loose things."

"No problem, I'll ride back into town and get us something to eat."

"Liked you used to when we were in Florida."

"Yeah, I think I can handle the Chinese take out on the bike still."

She was falling in love with him all over again. She saw the man she loved twenty-two years ago unfolding before her. Her heart raced, and she wanted to make love to him, like they used to. Sex had become just that, sex. She needed him to love her as they had in the beginning. That was what she missed most about him.

Yes, he was gentle and passionate, but it had turned into more of a sexual game than the lovemaking. Not that he didn't love her, but she missed him taking the 'time' he used to in the beginning. Like the other night, when he rolled her up in his arms and held her all night, after their massive sexual romp. She loved the sex, but she missed the man and the heat of passion he gave to her.

"Em?"

"Yes Eric?"

"How long you been coming up here by yourself?"

She looked at him funny, "What?"

"You said you come up here and work on the place, how long?"

"Since before Mal was born."

"You really wanted to live here didn't you?"

"Yes, yes I did."

"So, why don't we sell the house, and move here?"

"Where would the boys live?"

"Their in college, Scott works, Mal can move to campus, we can help them get an apartment if need be."

"I don't know, what about work?"

"That was something else I was going to talk to you about, but that can wait until later."

He gathered her up and kissed her, "So, Mandarin or Thai?"

"Whatever you feel like. Just bring me back a soda?"

"I can do that." He kissed the top of her head, "baby, you know I worry about you, can I say this with out hurting your feelings?"

"Yes, I promise not to cry." She knew what he was going to say, she had already thought about it.

"You were coming home from here that night when you had the accident."

"Yes," she held back the tears, swallowing hard, "I know. I hit that washed out pothole and slid off the road. I'm sorry Eric, I should have left before dark."

"I never blamed you for that. I should be blaming myself. If I hadn't been away on business, if I had been home, or even her with you, we..." she put her fingers to his lips and kissed them softly.

"Don't Eric, I've thought about that enough today. Right now, I just need you. And I am sorry."

"Sorry?"

"Sorry that I forgot about your feelings, your love, your torment and stress."

"You didn't forget, I did. I focused on you so much, I didn't let myself grieve, and I sunk into work as a result. But that's going to change."

She hugged him tightly, "Good, because I need you. I want my husband back, I want us to love like we did when I conceived the boys, I want..." it was his turn to put his finger to her lips.

"I'm going to do my best Em."

He picked her up and carried her to the bed, lying beside her.

"I want to make love to you, but right now, I just need to hold you, is that ok baby?"

"Yes, Eric, I would love that."

He held her close to him, taking all of her in that he could. He didn't need to be inside of her, he didn't need to be licking her pussy soaked from his juices, he didn't need to feel her clawing his back.

All he needed was her body, pressed against him, feeling her breath, her heartbeat, caressing her hair and face, slowly kissing her, committing to her again.

Eric spoke softly to her, nuzzling down into her hair, "I love you Emily."

"I love you so much Eric. I really do."

They lay in solitude for a long time. Eric's stomach finally growled and he took off to get them something to eat. While he was gone, Emily lit some candles and took a shower washing the harshness of the day away.

Eric was gone for about an hour when he wheeled the bike into the makeshift yard and cut it off, hopping from it and snagging the food he brought back for them.

He hurried into the house and put it in the kitchen, and rushed to find Emily. He was liked a schoolboy. He found her in the bathroom and she told him he couldn't come in, it was a surprise.

"I'll fix the plates and wait for you then."

"Eric, put on some Zeppelin or something nice to listen too."

"OK baby!"

He went back to the living room and turned on the stereo, and then went to get the food. He thought about the plates and then thought why not do it like they used to and just eat out of the cartons, sharing with each other. That was when their love was young, when they had time for each other. He wanted that back with his wife.

Eric was waiting for her. He sat on the couch like an impatient kid, and then Scott suddenly crossed his mind. His own son had been sexually intimate with his wife.

Why was he letting that happen? Was it because she wanted the attention that he wasn't giving her, was it because she was just in

need of what she had told him, to recapture that essence that she used to have with him, and now, she found it in Scott's youth.

She kept saying, 'he's like you, he's just like you, he loves like you, but you are my love'. Was she using Scott as a human toy to capture what she had lost with him?

It wasn't just his age that slowed him down, he was only fifty-eight, and as horny as ever. He loved having sex with her, and making love to her. He didn't always come like he used to, but he made sure she was pleased at any cost, and she seemed to be satisfied.

Was she trying to make him jealous after all these years, capture his attention fully, like she used to. It used to be, he never let her out of his site, well, figuratively speaking.

When they made love the first time, when she conceived Scott, he loved her fully, with no regrets. The same with Malcolm, there was nothing blocking their passion. The night she got pregnant with Erica, they were having fun and had nothing to worry about because the boys were with grandma, and they were off celebrating his promotion.

Every time she became pregnant with him, they were totally in love, with no outside worries. It had just been the two of them. Suddenly, he understood. Their life wasn't fun anymore.

They had come up here every summer with the boys, and it was fun. They had come skiing in the winter, stayed up there, and it was always fun. They were going to make this their home, until the wreck. Then everything changed. He wiped a tear from his cheek.

Emily walked into the room, and saw his face.

She went quickly too him and down beside him on the couch. "Eric?"

"I...I'm...ok."

"Eric, I'm sorry. Maybe we should have gone to a hotel."

"No, this is our place. We built this as our home once. We should have been here."

"We made the decision not to."

"No. I made that decision for me, and made you and the boys suffer because I couldn't stand the thought of being up here, knowing all to well it was because of this house we lost our baby." his eyes were red, face littered with falling tears.

"No. No Eric." her voice was soft, understanding.

"Oh God Em," he reached down and put his hand over her belly, "if you hadn't been up here trying to get back there, or if we had just moved in here like we originally planned, we would have our baby girl." He was sobbing and holding her close.

"Eric, it's no ones fault. Not the house, not yours, not the boys, not our decisions. I am to blame if anyone because I didn't leave earlier."

"No! Never blame yourself!" He held her by her shoulders.

"Eric. Stop. It's been sixteen years, what is done is done, we can't go back and change that."

"No, but I can change things now. The boys are grown, we're going to sell the house and move up here. I am going to be with my wife, my love, and I vow right now, we are going to be closer to each other. I won't lose you, to anyone, or anything, including myself!"

She put her hand to his face, wiped the tears away and kissed him.

"Em?"

"Yes Eric?"

"How would you feel about having a baby?"

She looked at him funny. Was he and Scott on the same vibe link today, or were they just trying to make her feel better?

"I, Eric, you know I can't."

"No, we don't know that. It's been years since we tried, maybe we can go to the doctor and see about artificial insemination? I would love to see you pregnant again."

"Eric, I, I don't know. We haven't talked about this in years."

All the while, she was thinking about earlier with Scott, and his offer and their love making session. How it felt being with him, his cream entering her body, his seed delivering itself to her womb.

Eric reached down and stroked her belly, she felt the power of his touch and then Scotts, knowing that it was all too real, that it was possible for one or the other to give her a child. She placed her hand on his and held it to her, longing for him to give her his child again.

Eric stood, taking her with him, and then picked her up and carried her into their bedroom, making love to her, slowly, passionately. Strong feelings over took him and he felt them melting as one, like they had each time she became pregnant with their children.

Their love took them to a new height, passion flared, she forgot all about her sexual tryst with Scott, and focused on what her husband was giving her, what she wanted back all along and searched for within her son. Now, she had it with Eric again.

Scott called Tangy and she met him at his house. They slept in his parent's bed, making love with the sexual scents of Eric and Emily surrounding them, enhancing their experience. Tangy thought the musky smell of Eric on his pillows was incredible, and she noticed how much Scott smelled the same during their encounter.

Tangy took her time with Scott, trying to please him with the best of her abilities; Scott saw this and did his best to please her. They fell deeper in love that night, and after their lovemaking, he put his hand on her belly and remembered his mother.

The sexual encounters between Scott and Emily faded, as they found the lovers they needed to be with, but knew how much their expression of love had meant to them.

It had helped them find their way to the people who they needed the most. Scott never looked at his mother the same. He saw her as a woman now, not just his mother. Emily respected Scott for the man he had become, and the love he had as himself, not his father.

Four months after the encounter at the cabin with Scott and Eric, Emily discovered she was pregnant. She was traumatized. Eric had been out of town, his last business trip for the month, when she woke up sick and had to run to the bathroom to throw up.

She lay back down in the bed and debated the reasons for her sudden sickness. She called the doctors office and they had an opening and would see her when she got there. She hurried, dressed, and met Malcolm as she hurried down the steps.

"Mom, you alright?"

"No. No."

"Mom, what's wrong."

"I'm sick Mal, I'm headed to the doctor."

"If you're upset let me drive you, I know that..." he stopped talking when she handed him the keys.

They hurried to the car and Mal rumbled it to life, and eased from the driveway and down the road.

"Did you call dad?" he inquired after a bit.

"No, not yet, I don't want him to worry. This is his last trip, so, I want him to come home quietly, especially if what I think is happening, is happening."

"Mom?" Malcolm expressed concern in just that one word.

"Mal, you have to promise me you won't say anything till I find out for sure."

"What mom? What?"

She looked at him, fear and trauma, eagerness and excitement, embracing her face.

"You're scaring me mom!" he turned the corner by the hospital and into the drive of the doctor's office. He parked the car and let it idle, waiting for an answer.

"Mal, I think I'm pregnant."

He didn't know what to say. He was three when she lost the baby, and didn't understand why mommy wasn't around for awhile. And when he went to see her, she didn't look like mommy.

As he grew up, he heard the stories and understood. "Oh, mom." he whispered to her, holding her hand. She was shaking.

"Come on mom. I'll help you inside." Malcolm shut off the car and hurried around the other side, helping her out and to the office. When she went inside the exam room, he went back out to the car to call Scott.

"Scott!"

"Yeah Mal, what's up?"

"Mom's sick."

"Sick?"

"Yeah, she's really upset too. Maybe you had better come home. Dads supposed to be in about noon."

"Is it that bad?"

"Well, let's just say, she was shaking so badly when I got her here, she about passed out."

"I'm coming home, right now."

"Well, you'll beat us home."

"Did you call dad?"

"Mom told me not to."

"I'll call him."

"She's gonna be pissed if you do."

"I don't care, he needs to know, especially if she ends up in the hospital."

"I don't think it's that bad. But I'm still worried." he was really quiet,  
"Scott, don't you dare tell mom I told you this."

"Tell me what Mal?"

He cleared his throat, "Mom thinks she's pregnant." He heard the phone drop and Scott scream 'oh shit' in the distance. He picked up his phone again and Malcolm heard panic in his voice.

"Shit, Mal, you sure she said that?"

"Yes, I thought she was going to faint."

"FUCK!"

"You sound like dad now."

"You call me as soon as you leave the doctors office. I think I'll wait to call dad."

"OK." he paused, "Hey Scott?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think she'll be alright?"

"I don't know Mal, I don't know." He hung up his phone and looked at Tangy. "Mom's sick, I need to go."

"I'll go with you Scott."

"No. I think its best right now if I just go by myself; dad will be home by the time I get there. She's gonna need all three of us if what Mal tells me is true."

"What's wrong with your mom."

"I can't tell you that yet." he got up, kissed her and put his clothes on. "I'll be back later, I may be real late."

"Call me, I'll wait up."

"No, because if what Mal says is true, dads going to hit the roof, and its going to take me and Mal both to calm him down," he looked at the floor, "More Mal than me. He's probably gonna kill me." he whispered.

"What?"

"Nothing. I'll call you." He kissed her again and grabbed his jacket as he went out the door.

Tangy ran after him, "SCOTT!"

He took his helmet back off and looked at her, "When are you going to tell your parents about me?"

He put his hand on her tummy, "Maybe tonight, maybe we should this weekend."

"We need to tell them soon, before I start showing more."

"I know Tangy. I know."

"Be careful Scott. I love you."

"I love you too." he kissed her, put his helmet on and was gone.

Scott raced home. So many things running through his head. They hadn't been together since the day in the cabin and that had been four months now. He didn't think she had gained any weight. Not like Tangy, she had a little pudgy already. She and Scott got pregnant the same night that his dad took his mom back to the cabin.

Surely to god he didn't get them both pregnant the same day. He pulled off the side of the road to wipe the tears from his eyes. He took off his helmet and laid it on the tank between his legs.

He heard his phone go off and fished it out of his jacket, "Hello." he said all choked up.

"Scott?"

"Hi mom. How are you feeling?" he sniffled a bit.

"I'm ok. Where are you, Mal said you were headed home?" her voice was soft to his ears.

"I was with Tangy, she and I have some news. But were going to come to the house tomorrow together. I was just coming to see you."

"Scott, baby, you alright?"

"No mom. I'm scared."

"What about?"

"About you."

"Honey, I'm fine. Just a little bug in my tummy, that's all."

He coughed, choking on his own saliva. "Mom, I'll be home in about an hour."

"Ok Scott, I'll see you then baby." she clicked the phone off and looked at Mal, taking a deep breath.

"You told him didn't you?" He shook his head yes. "It's ok Mal. I know you did what you thought was best. Now, we just have to tell your dad." She started crying.

Malcolm hugged her. It had been a long time since he felt comfortable comforting his mom, but now, he felt it was time to let his guard down and show how much he loved her.

"Mom, it will be alright. I promise." A tear trickled down his cheek.

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It was Scotts twenty-first birthday. He and his wife Tangy lay sleeping in the cabin that his parents had given them as a wedding gift. Tangy was six months pregnant with their first child.

His phone rang, waking him from his sleep. He suspected that it was his mom calling to wish him a happy birthday; instead, it was his sister Erica.

"Scott?"

"Hey Erica."

"Hey, um, happy birthday."

"Thanks sis." he paused, she wasn't her normal bouncy seventeen year old self.

"Scott, dad wanted me to call you."

"What's wrong?"

"It's mom."

"MOM?!"

"Yeah, she went into labor this morning, he took her to the hospital about a half hour ago."

Scott shot straight up in the bed, startling Tangy, "Scott?"

"Mom's in labor!" he stated to both her and Erica.

"Yeah, Mal is going to get Brendan, and I have Hayden with me. Mom was hurting pretty bad, it scared Hayden."

"Hey, I'll be there soon."

"Mom said for me to tell you, as she writhed in pain, to meet them at the hospital. I wasn't sure what to do about Hayden. Do you think she'll be ok, or should I wait until dad calls us to go to the hospital."

"Why don't you give it a little while, get Hayden's PSP or something for her to do, and maybe slip some juice boxes and a snack in your purse for her, she should be alright. I had to do that with Brendan when mom had Hayden."

"You carried a purse?" she giggled and tried to lighten the mood a bit.

"Oh shut up!" he laughed.

"Ok Scott. Oh yeah, mom says for you to be careful, and tell Tangy that she hopes she's feeling alright."

"I'll tell her. I'll see you in a little while." he hung up the phone and sat for a moment trying to clear his head.

"Scott?"

"Wow, I had this dream, it was so real, but, shit."

"Want to talk about?"

"It wasn't bad, but... maybe when we get home; you are going with me aren't you?"

"To see my new baby sister-in law, you bet!" She eased herself from the bed, Scott helping her up. He loved her naked, pregnant body and wanted to bed her again.

"Oh no you don't, I see that look in your eyes Scott. Besides, I have to pee." she rushed away,

He hurried into the shower, she slipped in behind him, as she did, he flashed back to parts of the dream, shaking his head.

When they got to the hospital, everyone but his dad was in the waiting room. It wasn't long before Eric came out to tell them the news. He came through the door and looked at all of his children, beaming from the newest arrival to their clan.

"You have a sister. She's as beautiful as her mother," he cried.

"Aww man, I wanted a little brother." Brendan whined.

"Sorry, tuff luck buster!" Hayden poked him.

Mal just smiled, Bridgette hanging off his arm. Scott held Tangy close, and rubbed her expanding belly.

"Yep, your next!" Mal told Bridgette.

"Oh no, not till we get out of college."

"HA!" he put his hand on her tummy, "I don't think so," and smiled.

"Scott, mom's asking for you."

"Me?"

"Yes, she wants to see you."

He looked at Tangy, and back at his dad, "well, why me?"

"I don't know, she just asked to see you alone."

He swallowed hard, remembering the dream again.

Scott followed Eric to Emily's hospital room. She was resting in the bed, holding the baby in her arms. Eric and Scott walked in, and Eric walked over to her.

"I'll be right outside baby, you did good." he whispered. He walked back over to Scott, and patted his shoulder as he went out.

Scott swallowed hard again, and approached his mom. She motioned for him to sit on the edge of the bed. He sat, still very nervous.

"Hi Scott." her voice was weak, she was exhausted.

"Hi mom. How are you feeling?"

"Tired and sore."

"I bet." he chuckled.

"Would you like to hold her?"

"Yeah, yeah, sure." he took the baby from his mother and cuddled her close, gently caressing her cheek.

"Scott, she looks just like you when you were born."

He felt his heart jump into his throat, and his body tensed, the dream still very real in his head.

"Scott, you alright?"

"I, I just had this weird dream that's all, about you, and the baby."

"You're just worried, and getting ready to become a father yourself, I'm sure that it's just the stress."

"Yeah, maybe."

"So, the reason I asked to see you alone, is I want you to help me name her. Your dad and I, we threw a few names around, but since she was born on your birthday, we thought that we should give you that privilege."

"Wow, I... I don't know. I wouldn't know what to call her?" he looked down at the baby, thinking, "she's got such pretty eyes." he smiled.

"Yes, she has your father's eyes, so do you." she touched his hand.

He looked at her, smiling.

"Wow, I get to share my birthday now." he rocked her softly. "I always like the name Willow. But, Tangy doesn't like it." he whispered.

"Then Willow it is." his mom smiled.

"Really, you'd call her Willow for me?"

"If you really like that name."

"How about Willow Rose?"

"That is beautiful Scott." she sat up kissing his cheek, "I love you son."

Scott and Tangy had a baby boy three months later. He looked just like Eric.

### Chapter 3

For the last eight months, the dream had been eating at Scott. He had taken the time to tell bits and pieces of it to Tangy and his mom, hoping they would understand. Emily would always ask him if he would like to tell her more, but he would always stop short of his desires for her and just say that he guessed that it was because of her being pregnant with Willow.

He had always watched his parents having sex and playing, it was a normal thing for him. Scott timed his mom perfectly on the days his dad was away. He could find her in her bed, the shower the pool house, even the pool, playing with her toys, satisfying her sexual needs.

He even made his way to their house in the mornings on his way to work to sneak a quick peek before alerting his mom he was there. But he always had the feeling she knew he was watching when she called out to him.

He had always wanted to know what it was like to be with his mom. She seemed so sexually perfect to him. Tangy gave him sexual satisfaction, but he always felt he was missing something. He had fallen in love with Emily, but he was afraid to admit that to himself.

He was jealous of his father because they were so close. He was jealous of his siblings because they still lived at home under Emily's watchful eye and the kindness of her touch.

At night, when Tangy was busy with their son, or after she had gone to sleep, he would sneak away from her and call Emily just to hear her voice for comfort. There were times when he would hide away in

the shower, or go outside to their pool, and master his throbbing cock thinking of his mom.

A few times, Tangy would catch him, but it would only heighten the experience between them, as Scott would pretend he was with Emily. Sometimes he thought it was wrong of him, others he thought of nothing else.

Ever since the dream, he had hinted at his mom about the desire to be with her. She played along, and he wasn't so sure if she meant what she hinted at, or if she was just flirting with him because she knew what he was doing.

On the mornings he stopped on his way to work to see Emily, she would breast-feed Willow in front of him, giving him an instant hard on and he wouldn't try to hide it.

When she finished, Emily put Willow down for her morning nap and go about her morning chores, smiling about Scott and his predicament.

One morning Scott followed her into the laundry room. He was still very stiff when he brushed against Emily. She pushed back against him on purpose to see what kind of reaction he had. He grabbed her hips and held her close, sniffing of her perfume on her neck and nuzzling closer.

"Scott, how long have you wanted to fuck me?"

"What?"

"I know you do, why else would you have spent all this time watching me?"

"God Mom, I can't believe you."

"Come on Scott, I know you too well," she pointed at his bulging pants, "I see it in your eyes. I see it in your actions. Your father is the same way when he's horny."

"Damn it mom, I never could lie to you."

Emily smiled and brushed his stiffness through his pants. Her voice was seductive, "You watch me all the time baby. I know that's why you come to the house in the mornings when Eric is away. What's wrong, Tangy isn't giving you enough at home?" "No mom, nothing like that. It's just, I don't know, I love you, and well, I love you as a woman, not just my mom." he blushed and looked away.

Emily put her hand to his face and caressed his cheek, only it felt different; there was a different communication there. "Why Scott?"

"Why what mom?"

"Why do you love me like that?"

He stopped to think about his words and sighed, "I don't know mom. All those nights growing up, sleeping with you when I was a kid, you were very open with me, and we're so close, we always have been."

"You're my baby, your my eldest, I've always kept you under my wing. I count on you. You have always been here for me." her voice was soft and loving, his heart beat faster.

"Yeah, but mom, I fell in love with you so long ago. When I was eighteen, it took everything I had not to blow my wad every time you walked past me, especially when you walked around here naked like it was nothing."

"I've always walked around here naked, just because you got older didn't mean I was going to stop. The only reason I did was because Phil was always here with Mal."

"Yeah, but that didn't even stop you some of the time. And in the mornings, when dad's gone and you play with yourself and all those toys, or when he's getting ready to leave, all the sex you two have. FUCK, you just don't know how it affected my feelings for you."

"Are you jealous baby?"

"Yah, a little." he looked away, ashamed.

"Scott, tell me the truth." she made him look at her and he melted under her eyes.

"Yeah, I'm jealous. I have wanted to have sex with you since I was old enough to know what it was about."

"Scott, why?"

"I don't know, maybe because you're a beautiful woman, and you tease me so fucking bad!"

"Teasing you? umm, yes, I guess I have been." she smiled wickedly.

She knew what she was doing to him. She was attracted to her son, he looked so much like his father, she couldn't help it.

She had wanted to be sexually involved with Scott since he was old enough to have sex. But being his mother, his age, and her deep love of Eric, other reasons not to, held her back.

Maybe now, since she knew Scott felt the way he did, maybe it was time to take that forbidden dance.

"Mom, I want to love you so much. I have for so long." he pushed against her and wrapped his arms around her.

She didn't push away, but pulled him closer to her. He brushed her lips lightly, taking her scent in. She smelled of baby and breast milk, and her perfume that he always loved on her, took over his senses, on top of the heightened sexual smells that were growing between them.

She kissed him back, knowing all too well that she shouldn't entice him, but she saw a younger Eric before her. She held him close to her and moaned into his kiss. Scott pushed harder against her, his growing muscle pushing out of his pants.

Scott touched her left breast, milking it, causing it to stain her shirt. When he felt the warmth of the liquid ooze into his hand, he stopped

and apologized. She removed her shirt and threw it into the washer, leaving her breast fully exposed.

"Oh Scott." Emily breathed heavy against him, pushing into him. He held her close to him, not knowing what he should do. She was torn between letting him take her right there, or going to her bedroom.

"God Emily, I want you." he kissed her harder as he undid his slacks, releasing his throbbing cock against her. Her milk-laden breast marking his shirt as she pressed her body to his.

"Scott," she panted into his mouth as he tongued her while lifting her leg up and wrapping it around his, accepting what he was giving her. Her loose skirt was hiked up to her hip, and her pussy, wet with juice, could be felt against his tight member as he rubbed her.

Scott eased her panties to the side and fingered her softly, stroking her clit and lips, and then slid his hardened cock head between the puffy flowers of her sex. He was about to ease himself into her when Willow cried.

"Oh, Scott, your sister." Emily gasped, breathing heavily. She adjusted herself and hurried away, Scott soon after her. She went to Willow and patted her back, getting her to go back to sleep. Scott held his mom from behind while she did and he softly whispered into her ear.

"Mom, I dreamt that Willow was my baby. You were pregnant with her by me, because you and dad couldn't have any more children and..." he stopped when he saw the look on her face. It looked as if she would cry. "Mom?"

She pulled him from the baby's room to her bedroom. "Scott, tell me the dream. Please?" Scott proceeded to tell her about the whole dream that had been haunting him.

Emily was shocked at his words, but loved it all the same. "I'm glad you love me that much to give me something that important baby."

"I do mom, I do. If I had to do it by any means, I would." he touched her face, "I love you, as a woman, and I would give you my life."

"Oh baby. Thank you, but don't talk that way."

Scott was crying. The dream that had taunted him for so long, now he was able to release the pressure it had on him.

She pulled him too her, "why would you dream of things like that? I mean, I understand the sex, but the other stuff?"

"I don't know mom. I was so worried about you. I don't know." he trailed off in his words and thought about the past.

"Mom, why did you let me name Willow?"

"It was just something I felt I needed to do baby." she was holding onto him, "Scott, the bond that we have, it is very deep, it always has been... maybe I asked you to name her because she was a way to keep you close to me. I hated losing you."

"Mom, you didn't lose me."

"Yes, I did, in a way. You got married, moved out, and became a father yourself. My baby is all grown up."

"Mom, don't. Please."

"Oh Scott." She was beginning to cry. He didn't know why, but it was just too much for him. He picked her up, placed her in the bed lying next to her, holding her close.

Her tears dried up after a bit and she saw so much of Eric within him, she always had. Her look said it all and Scott kissed her, she felt the intensity between them rise and an overwhelming urge hit her.

They were interrupted again by Willow's cries. Scott got up and brought his sister back to the room to be with their mom. She watched him holding and cuddling her, Willow looked so perfect in his arms.

Emily loved him as her son, but right now, her heart was falling for him as the man he had become. It made her want him, and she didn't care if it was right or wrong. She was falling in love with Scott the same way she had fallen in love with Eric all those years ago.

Emily took Willow and held her for a bit and when she thought she was calm enough, she put her down on the floor to play, and Scott took Emily in his arms. Willow cried again, bringing them away from each other.

He picked Willow up and when he looked at her, he saw something that he didn't see with his son, and it felt different, as if there were a bond that he just couldn't figure out.

He handed her to his mom and she started nursing. Scott felt odd. He never felt that way with Tangy. He guessed he was used to her getting up and going after Breyden every time he needed her.

"Mom?" he took a deep breath, not sure if he was ready to say how he felt, but did so, "I was just wondering. I mean, after that dream, and looking at Willow, and you letting me name her... I just, I don't know, I just feel that she's my baby and not dads. Maybe I want you to have my baby?"

He looked at Emily; she smiled as if she knew something he didn't. "I love you. I just want to understand why I'm having these feelings." he knelt down next to where she sat on the bed.

Emily looked at Scott, "I wish she was your baby, maybe that's why I let you name her. I know it sounds crazy, but I wanted her to be yours in some small way."

She smiled and ran her fingers down his face, "I don't know. Maybe it's the bond we have. I have always wanted something more between us. I just didn't think you would Scott. I mean, after all, I am your mother." She smiled at him, waiting for his words.

"You look so sexy when you nurse her. I get a hard on watching you." He pointed at his pants. "And it is a massive monster at that. I think your beautiful baby." her fingers were running down his shirt collar now and teasing the chest hair that was sticking from the open buttons. Scott was eating it up and getting hotter.

He unbuttoned his shirt a bit more and Emily grazed him with her nails, making him shutter. She finished nursing Willow and put her back in the bed, wiped her breast off and turned to Scott who was holding her again by the waist.

"Mom, what would happen if I accidentally got you pregnant?"

Emily wasn't a bit shocked at the question, in fact, she was expecting it after their previous conversation.

"I don't know Scott. Why?"

"Because I want to be with you, and I want to see you carry my child."

"Scott, I..." emotions overwhelmed her and she melted into him.

It wasn't long before their clothes were off and he was sliding between her legs. She arched up to meet him and he slid deep inside her soft, wet walls. He moaned as he stroked slowly, she accepted him fully and begged for more. He went deeper and harder, but he wanted to remember their first time together.

He didn't want to just fuck her and get off. He had been waiting for this for a long time and he was going to do the best he could to make it memorable. She came, wetting his thighs and balls. He was amazed at her juice and almost let go himself, but he held back.

Scott slid out of her and she looked at him like he was crazy. "I want to go down on you Emily." She shook her head yes and spread her legs, giving in fully.

It didn't take him much to get her to come again. She squirted all into his face and it shocked him because no one had ever done that to him. He licked up what he could and felt himself so stiff, he almost came rubbing against the bed. Emily squirmed about a bit after he moved, and handed him something. "Please Scott, I need to be careful right now, I need to make sure we are ready for this..."

He looked puzzled, but took the condom from her hand, wrestled it from its package and slid it on. No, it wouldn't feel the same, but she was right, at least for now he thought.

He slid deep into her again and it felt a little odd at first, but he adjusted. He pumped slowly, savoring the moments and watched her as he had always, only this time, he was atop of her and not his father.

Every moment he took from her was his own and he delighted it all. He watched her rise and fall with his movements, and listened to her moan as he pushed between her swollen lips. She let go and came again, squirting all over him, this time there was no holding back, he let loose his cream, spilling it fiercely.

He flashed back to his dream and thought of impregnating her. God how he wished that his seed was trapped inside of her, swimming freely into her womb, instead of being caught in the sheath that covered his pulsing cock.

As an afterthought, he was glad she had handed him the condom to use. If she felt it was the thing to do, then he would do as she wished. He wanted her to be comfortable with what was happening between them as much as he was.

Scott collapsed at her side and pulled her close into him. Her milky breast leaked and he apologized because he thought it was his fault. He hurried off to get her a towel to wipe off and returned to her side, collecting her in his arms.

"I love you," he whispered in her ear, kissing her lightly.

"I love you too baby."

She cuddled down into him, the towel between them to cover her breasts. His hands wandered her body, feeling of her softness as he had always dreamed of doing. He tasted of her juices and kissed her with them on his lips. She accepted and dipped herself, bringing it to their lips to share.

He was growing hard again and going to mount her when his cell phone rang. He reached over and retrieved it from the nightstand next to the bed, looking at it. It was Tangy.

"Hello." He rolled away from his mom, hard on disappearing, "Yeah, I stopped to see mom and Willow this morning on the way in, just like I always do. Why?"

Emily could hear Tangy fussing in the background, but couldn't make out her words. Scott finally hung up the phone.

"Damn it!"

"What's wrong baby?"

"Nothing, she's just... fuck, she's just Tangy that's all."

"Same old bitch fest? you forgot to get the diapers or take out the trash huh?"

"No, this time it was my fault that she ran out of her fucking birth control pills."

"How can that be your fault?"

"Fuck if I know. I guess she had to blame anyone but herself as she always does."

"So if she ran out, what does that mean?"

"Either no fucking with her until she gets some more, or she's already pregnant."

Emily just shook her head. She loved Tangy, but there were just things about her that were irritating. Scott laid back down next to Emily and kissed her lightly, wishing he could stay and love her longer.

"I guess I need to be getting to work. I have an eleven o'clock class." He stroked her face and ran his hand down her body; "I love you

Emily." He nuzzled down into the crook of her neck and shoulder, kissing lightly.

"I love you too Scott."

He got up and showered, she let Scott borrow one of his father's shirts as she had stained his with her breast milk, and told him she would wash it and have it ready when he returned. Emily checked on the baby and rubbed her tummy. She pulled her robe tightly around her and walked back downstairs.

Scott came up behind her, pushing her long hair to the side and kissed her neck, taking in her perfume again. He put his hands around her and onto her belly, something sparked between him when he did. Emily smiled, thinking about his words, thinking about Willow.

What would happen if she let him impregnate her, no one would know but the two of them. She would have to think about it some more.

"I have to go. I'll see you later?" his eyes told her that he didn't want to leave, but knew he had to go.

"We'll be here baby." she kissed him lightly, walked him out to the door and watched him leave. She hurried back up to the bedroom to check on Willow, who was sleeping soundly, and then went to take a quick shower.

As he taught his class, Scott seemed to focus on his earlier encounter with his mother. He smiled as if it was a new love he had, and the students noticed his change in emotional state. He referred several

times to the meeting as they discussed the current lesson during this lecture.

One of his students questioned him, and Scott finally realized that he was so enthralled with the morning that he was totally loopy. He smiled and blushed, looking at the floor.

"I know it's not typical of me to lecture this way. But I have had a whole new door open up for me this day, and I feel that I should express my feelings by not being so strict and to the book."

"Mr. Richmon, you're always cool about everything."

"Well, there have been moments that are boring and dark. I want to change that."

"I think Mr. Richmon has found a new lover."

Scott looked at his student and smiled as if he had been found out, "Let's just say something I had wanted during all my teenage life has recently opened up for me, and I may be experiencing a lot more of it, and something coming of it in the next year."

"Well, it's not your wife, that's for sure!"

The class laughed, Scott snickered a little bit. "No, it's defiantly not my wife!"

The same student bumped the one next to him and smiled, commenting again, "Yeah, your wife is a bit stiff. So what ever has you this high, I suggest you keep smoking it."

Scott grinned broadly and thought, 'yeah, I smoked it and drank of it. Loving every fucking second of it.'

"See, there he goes again, look at him."

Scott regained his composure and looked at his watch; it was still another two hours before class would end. 'Fuck' he thought, 'I don't want to be here!'

"Ok, I'll make a deal with you."

The class rumbled about, and waited for him to continue.

"Quick pop quiz, ten questions, and I'll let everyone go home early, no homework, and we'll continue this tomorrow."

The class erupted in a yeah and ugh, but they all agreed.

Scott erased the whiteboard and quickly wrote down ten questions for the class.

"As soon as you hand in your papers, you're allowed to leave. But don't hurry, this counts for your weekly grade. I'm going to let you slide on you Friday test if you do good on this." He smiled, everyone shook their heads.

It took them about twenty minutes to answer the questions and hand them in. Of course, a few of the students were done with in the first ten minutes, others just lagged a bit, and others were seriously intent on the quiz.

Scott graded the quizzes as they were handed to him and was done with the last ones by the time the last student handed hers in.

Scott looked over it quickly and put grade in his computer, signed out and left. He was halfway back to Emily when Tangy called again. "Scott, where the hell are you?!"

"Where the hell do you think I am?" he replied sharply.

"You should be teaching class."

"Then you shouldn't talking to me on the phone."

"It's break time, I thought I would call."

"You never call me at break time, you never call me unless you want something or there's something wrong with Breyden."

"There is something wrong, I don't have anything to wear to the party."

"For cripes sake Tangy, just wear the orange suit that you bought the a few weeks ago."

"Oh god no! I don't want anyone to see me in that old thing!"

"Fuck Tangy, it's only a few weeks old, what do you mean old thing!"

"I want a new suit Scott. It's your moms 45th birthday, I want to look good."

"IT's Moms birthday, no one will care what the hell you look like, it's not your party! Besides, it's still a month away!"

"SCOTT!"

"I'm not going to argue with you over a fucking bathing suit, wear the orange one or don't go at all. My dad won't care, he's not going to fuck you no matter how hard you try!"

"FUCK YOU SCOTT! You don't know your dad as well as you think you do!"

"I know him well enough to know that unless you're already pregnant, which I don't plan on getting you that way anytime soon, he's not going to lay a hand, or a dick on you. So you might as well give it up."

"I hate you."

"Yeah, whatever Tangy!" The phone went silent and Scott flipped it closed.

When he arrived at his moms, Brenden was getting off the bus as Scott pulled into the driveway.

"Hey lil' Bro!"

"Hey Scott!"

"What you doing this afternoon?"

"I don't know, I want to go to CJ's if mom will let me."

"You have to finish your homework first."

"Yeah, I know." He hung his head, "Today is report card day too. I don't think mom's gonna be too happy with me."

"Just give it to her, sit down and listen to what she has to say, promise to do better next time, and she'll let you slide. That always got me out of the dog house." Scott smiled at Brenden as they walked inside.

"You sure, I mean, last time she grounded me."

"I'm sure. Mal and I always had two different ways of getting to mom, he always got in trouble, I always got off."

"Ok, if you think so." Brenden smiled and sat down at the table, retrieving his report card from his backpack.

Emily came into the kitchen; she had just put Willow down for a nap.

"Hi boys!" she kissed Brenden on the forehead and looked at Scott, debating on kissing him, thinking about earlier.

"Mom, I didn't do so well." Brenden said sadly.

"Do so well on what?"

"My report card."

"Let me see." She took the paper and glanced over it, and looked at Scott, he smiled. "Your brother wouldn't have had any influence on your decision to show this to me instead of waiting until it got mailed home, did he?"

"Yes." Brenden looked at Scott, who looked at Emily.

"Well, it is better than last time, but you still aren't focusing on your reading."

"I know. I just don't like reading much."

"What?" Scott interrupted.

"I don't like reading. It bores me."

"Then I'll have to do something about that!"

Scott added, thinking about how to coax him into reading more. "Tell you what, this next weekend, well go to the library and get you your own card. Then on the days I don't have to teach class, a few times a week, or when ever you want to, I'll pick you up, on the bike, and well go down and get some books." He waited for a reaction from either one of them.

"On the bike?"

"Yeah, well if the weather is good."

"COOL! Mom, is that ok?"

"If your brother is good with it, then I'm ok with it. But you have to get your grades up."

"YES!" he made a fist and drew his arm quickly into his side, like a spiking motion.

"Brenden!"

"Yeah mom?"

"You get your homework done soon enough and you can go down to CJ's."

"DUDE!" he grabbed his things and headed into the study, he stopped long enough to thank Scott. Emily smiled, and was glad that Scott offered to help.

"I know you got him to sit here, he's just like Mal when it comes to his report card."

"Yeah, he told me. He didn't want to get in trouble this time."

"Thank you baby." She walked over to him and put her hand to his cheek, admiration his eyes.

"Your welcome mom." he put his arms around her and stole a quick kiss, "Thank you for this morning. It was beautiful."

She blushed, "don't let your brother see you kissing me like that. He's too young to understand baby."

"Don't worry. He's busy." He pulled Emily off into the laundry room and pushed her against the dryer out of site of everything in the house.

"I missed you so much. I had to come back before I went home tonight." His mouth was on hers and he was taking advantage of her lips.

She pushed into him with her full body and wrapped her leg around his, and she was slowly moving her hips, grinding against him.

He became massively hard, pulled her skirt up around her waist, and found the edge of her lace panties with his fingers. She pushed into him and kissed him harder.

His tongue danced with hers and she softly moaned as he pushed his fingers up into her wetness. He managed to release his stiff rod from it's confines and it slapped against her lips, making her jump.

"Oh Scott." she softly moaned.

He penetrated her, forcing himself deep with the first thrust. She arched into him and he hit the bottom of her cervix. He slowly slipped in and out of her, she gave into all of him, forgetting all around her.

He held her hips, pushing in sync with his body movement sliding in and out of her. She tightened her vaginal muscles around him with each stroke, and quickly came. The warmth of her cream exploded from her body and onto his, running down his legs again.

"Oh god mom, I'm gonna come. I can't stop."

He breathed heavy into her neck, entranced by her movements and her smell. He pumped harder and before she could stop him, he shot his load deep within her, making her whimper loudly into his chest. She panted and collapsed into his body, weak and spent.

She felt the cream run down her thigh and its warmth brought her more pleasure. She finally drew away from Scott and looked deep into his eyes, searching for something. There was not regret or worry in hers as he searched.

"Mom, I'm sorry, I just couldn't..." he looked down at his glistening, softening manhood.

"Shhh baby, it's ok. God it felt good. I haven't felt that much heat and strength for a very long time. I shouldn't have made you stop this morning, I knew I wanted it."

"What if you get pregnant?!"

"I don't think I can as long as I'm breast feeding. I haven't had a period in several months. But that's not a sure thing. Is that really a chance you want to take baby?"

"I guess so, or I wouldn't have..." Their conversation was cut short by Hayden's voice in the distance... 'Mom? '

Emily looked at Scott, "I'll go out there, give you a few minutes to recover." He kissed her lightly and tucked himself away.

She adjusted her panties and straightened out her skirt, leaning against the dryer until she could gather her strength.

So many things ran through her mind in that one moment. She touched her belly and wondered what the hell she was doing, but it felt so fucking good to be with him and his youth.

His ejaculations were powerful and thick, she could feel it inside her and as it ran down her leg. His seed was young and flourishing.

She loved Eric; they were still deeply sexual and open with each other, and had spoke about many things, and agreed on them as well. But how would she explain it to him that she was fucking their son. S

he took a deep breath, fluffed her long dark hair, and went into the kitchen. Hayden stood with Scott and they were taking, looking at her report card.

"Look mom, All A's!"

"Oh wonderful Hayden!" Emily hugged her.

"I bet Brenden didn't do so hot!"

"Brenden did fine. He's not in trouble this time, and you don't pick on him."

"Ok mom." She paused, "Do I get to go shopping like you promised?"

"Yes Hayden, but it will be this weekend."

"That's ok, I still have to show daddy." She smiled big, knowing she had Eric wrapped around her finger too. She skipped off to do her homework and Emily leaned back against Scott.

"You ok Mom?"

"Yeah baby, you just wore me out."

"Sorry mom, but you... god I couldn't help it."

"We're going to have to be more careful baby."

"I know." He held her close and kissed her neck lightly.

Scott's phone rang again, it was Tangy, "Fuck, what the hell does she want now."

"You two having trouble?"

"No. It's the same shit every day. She wants this and that, and won't do with what she already has. Or at least that was what the last phone call was about."

"Maybe you should go home and talk to her."

He looked at Emily and shook his head, "I don't know mom. She gets in these moods and there's no pleasing her. I'm wrong, she's right, she's going to go out and do what she wants even if I disagree."

"Maybe you need to put your foot down."

"I have, and she does what she wants to anyway."

"Scott, there's a limit to what a man will take. I love Tangy, but these last few years you two have been together, I've seen her change."

She looked at Scott, assessing his expression, he motioned for her to go on. "She's gotten greedy since you got the new job. I know teaching doesn't pay that much. When your father and I got married, we struggled on his salary, and when you were born, it was harder on us.

When Mal came, well, things were tight, but better. I managed to work from the house to save us some money. But honestly honey, I don't see Tangy doing anything. And Breyden," her look turned worried, "Why don't you start bringing him in the mornings and letting him spend the day here with me and Willow."

"Tangy will shit if I do that."

"Then just do it a few times a week, let her know that it's so she can have some free time. I don't mind baby. He and Willow can play, and it will allow us a little more time together."

"That would be great." he was quiet, "Mom, I don't know how I'm going to manage all of this. My heart is so heavy right now."

"Don't worry baby," she put her hand to his cheek, "It will all work itself out."

His phone rang again and he answered it. The look on his face said it all and Emily left the room to go check on the others.

Brenden showed her his finished homework and she told him not to be too late, she expected him home by six. Hayden was coloring something and watching cartoons at the same time. Brenden went running upstairs and got his skateboard and gear, and stopped long enough to check on Willow.

"MOM! Willow's awake!"

"Thank you honey, I'll be right there."

Brenden came running back down the stairs and headed out the door. He stopped long enough to hug his mom. "I won't be late!"

"You better not be!"

Out the door he went.

Emily proceeded up stairs to check on Willow and bring her back down to the den where everyone else was. Scott came up behind her and hugged her, kissing her cheek.

"I need to go. Tangy is still on the bitch fest." He rolled his eyes.

"We'll be here if you need us baby." She quickly kissed him, and whispered she loved him.

"Love you too mom." He kissed Willow and ran his fingers down her face. "She does look just like me doesn't she?"

Emily smiled, Scott hugged her and ran his hands down to her belly, stopping and holding there for a few moments.

"If you want, bring Breyden in the morning. I won't mind watching him."

"Ok. I think that will be good for all of us." Scott stopped to kiss Hayden goodbye and left. Emily blew her hair from her face and put Willow in her playpen.

She went over and sat with Hayden. They discussed what she was coloring as it was part of her homework. She asked her what she would like for supper since it was just the two of them and they agreed on Pizza. Emily kissed her and went to the kitchen to call the pizza delivery.

The pizza came and they sat in the den eating, Willow played freely on the floor. Emily had locked the house up, forgetting that Brendan wasn't home yet. The doorbell rang and she went after it, letting him in. He rushed to put his skateboard and gear away and then back to the pizza.

They all sat watching TV until it was bath and bedtime. Emily nursed Willow and put her to bed before the other two.

After tucking them in and checking on Willow again, she went to her bedroom to wait on Eric to call as he did every night when he was away. She lay in the bed thinking of the morning and the afternoon.

Scott felt so good in her body, around her body. She reached down and dipped her fingers into her still soaked pussy, running them

between her lips and deep inside her, pulling out more cream and leaving traces of it on her labia.

She slowly progressed into a finger fucking frenzy when the phone rang. She had to catch her breath as she answered.

"Hello." she said panting.

"Hi baby."

"Hi Eric."

"You've been playing?"

"Always."

"Are you wet."

"More than you know!"

"Um, I would love to be tasting that sweetness between your legs right now."

Emily giggled, "Umm, you must be horny, you never talk that dirty to me on the phone to start off with."

"Oh, I can do better than that my hot goddess, I can make you come. Just put those pretty fingers back against your lips and pretend it's

me lapping at you with my tongue and mouth, nibbling on your clit and fucking you with my fingers as I do."

"Oh Eric!" She moaned heavily, stroking faster in and out of herself, bucking against her own fingers.

"Umm, that's my baby, moan for me. I'm stroking my rock hard cock for you. I want to shove it deep in your hot pussy after you come on my face, squirting all over me, making me lick you clean."

His voice was sultry and seductive, "Drive my fingers deep inside of you, carrying you over the edge again so that you push hard into my face and drowned me with your love juice."

She thought of how Scott had brought her and orgasm several times that day and she almost called out his name. She couldn't help. She panted hard and put both hands on her hot swollen lips, screaming out to Eric that she was making herself squirt all over the bed.

"That's my girl!" and then he moaned, and grunted, "I want you to suck me, fuck me with those beautiful lips of yours. Lick me clean and make me cum again in your sweet hot wet box!"

"Oh yes Eric! I want to taste of you! Come for me baby, come in my mouth, come on my tits! Fuck me hard with that love bone! I want to feel you deep in my pussy baby. I want to get pregnant again!" she shocked herself by saying that, not sure if he had noticed.

"Fuck Em, I'm Cumming!" he made a groaning noise and let out a semi-howl, and she could tell he got off by the sporadic sound of his breathing. "Aw fuck Em, I shot it all over my chest and belly!"

"Umm, I would love to lick that off of you!" "I would love to feel your tongue on my body baby! God I miss you!"

"I miss you too Eric."

They were quite for a bit while they caught their breath.

"Em, you ok baby?"

"Yes Eric. I'm alright."

"I miss you baby. I need you so bad. I'm glad you were already playing with yourself. I was hoping I could get you there. I needed to hear you tonight."

"Thank you baby. I needed it too. I hate it when you're gone like this." she was softly speaking, he heard the tears in her voice.

"Baby you ok?"

"I'm fine. It's just been a long day."

"Everything all right there?"

"Yes. The kids are fine. Scott and Tangy are having some problems. I told him I would be glad to watch Breyden for a few days a week, giving them a break from the baby."

"You sure that's a good idea. I mean, Willow is handful enough."

"It will be fine. Willow needs some one to play with, and Breyden needs to be away from his mom for awhile. Scott says she just leaves him in his bed most of the day, among other things."

"Don't pry Em. Scott has to work things out for himself."

"I know. But I hate seeing that. And if our grandson is suffering, well."

"Don't Em. You have enough on your plate to worry about." He paused, "Don't get me wrong, I love Breyden, but baby, you do so much, and another baby in the house is going to wear you down more. I just want you to take care of yourself. OK."

"Eric, if Tangy isn't taking care of him, some one has to. Scott works so hard. I don't mind babysitting Breyden. I really don't."

"Look, don't worry about things tonight, just get some rest. I'll be home tomorrow. I have a surprise for you too."

"A surprise? Another toy?"

"NO, something better."

"Oh, a boy toy?"

"You horny woman you!"

"Well, all these hot men around me, I can't help it."

"What hot men?"

"You, Scott, Mal, Phil, I can hardly contain myself. I have even thought about a massive one woman orgy! Get all of you in my bed. Just once!"

"MY GOD EMILY!"

Emily laughed, but she had thought about it a time or two, and even planned how she would proceed with it, should it happen.

"You would look like a porcupine with all those dicks sticking in and out of you woman!"

She giggled again, "Well, one of them would be yours."

"I don't think I can compete with all those young hormones."

"Oh baby, you would be the one that outlasts them all. Scott's quick to come, and I'm sure Phil can't hold it either."

"Scott what?"

Emily realized what she had said, and wondered what she should tell Eric. "We were talking about his sex life, and he said that he gets so fucking horny that he has a hard time holding back. I was trying to explain to him some exercises that will help."

"Is that all?"

She swallowed hard, she knew that Eric was suspicious. "Yeah, that's all."

"You know, you can teach him by showing him."

Emily about gasped, but Eric knew her too well. "I'll think about it."

"I'm going to go get a shower baby, this is drying in my chest hairs and I've got it all over my belly and hand. I'll call you later?"

"Ok baby. I love you Eric."

"Love you too Em."

They hung up the phone and Emily rubbed herself a bit more, and broke down in tears.

'What the fuck is wrong with me! Am I so fucking horny at this age that I can't even keep my pussy in my panties. It's almost like I was a man at times, only worse!' She pulled the covers over her body and drifted off.

The phone woke her up and it was Scott. He apologized for waking her and asked if she minded him coming back for the night and bringing Breyden. She said no, and would get a place ready in Willows room for the baby. She reminded him to bring enough bottles and diapers.

It was about an hour later that he rolled into the driveway. Emily went out to meet him, it was almost midnight.

"Scott, baby, what's going on?"

"Tangy. She hasn't changed his diaper since this afternoon. She hasn't fed him. His bottles were sour. I don't know what the fuck her problem is. She took off right before I called you."

"Oh Scott. I'm so sorry. Here let me get the baby." Emily collected Breyden and carried him into the house.

"I guess she thought that being married and having a baby was going to be a cakewalk. I don't know what the hell is going on with her."

"Is Breyden ok? I mean, he's not hurt or anything?" she picked up the baby, "Hi Breyden, how's my boy." she snuggled him close.

"He's got a hell of a diaper rash. And I think I finally got him fed enough. Tangy was just sitting in the corner with everything she owned piled up around her. There's a bunch of dishes broken and I don't know what else. I went to Breyden because he was crying and then I went off."

"We can give him a warm bath. I have something that will help the rash. Let's get him taken care of and off to bed, and then we'll talk. You dad is supposed to call back in a little while. Maybe I you should talk to him?"

"Yeah, maybe I should. I'm thinking about turning the house back over to you guys, that way if we break up, she can't get the house."

"That might be a good idea. Talk to Eric and see what he says."

She carried Breyden upstairs and started running him a warm bath. Scott put his bottles in the refrigerator and went up to help Emily.

She was bent over the tub and every part of her womanhood was exposed. Scott had a flash of crawling up behind her and taking her from the back, but was too worried over the baby the moment.

"Scott, hand me the towel." she was holding Breyden out of the water, "There now, that's better."

Scott smiled, loving the way she handled her children. He wanted to see her pregnant again so bad, only this time by him. She handed him the baby and pulled her hair up.

"Go put him on the bed and I'll get the rash ointment."

Scott laid him on the bed, still wrapped in the towel and Emily came in after him. She pulled the towel open and assessed the baby's rash.

"It will take a few days to heal this up. I may have to call the doctor and get something stronger. Oh you poor, poor baby. Scott, do you have his passie?"

"Yeah, let me go get it."

"It might help, this may hurt." He saw the tears in her eyes.

He came back, and nuzzled the pacifier into Breyden's mouth. He sucked eagerly. "Yep, that's my boy, nursing like a mad puppy!" he laughed.

Emily smiled and applied the rash ointment to the baby. He cried a little bit, but not as much as she expected him too. She powered him to keep the ointment secure and put his diaper around him. She picked him up and looked at Scott.

"She did this just to spite you didn't she?"

"Yeah I think so."

Emily just shook her head. She cuddled Breyden close and it wasn't long before he was asleep. She put him in the playpen in Willows room and covered him up. Scott stood behind her and took her in his arms after she stood.

"Thanks mom."

"You're welcome." She laced her arms in his and pressed back against him. He put his hands on her belly again and smiled.

"You've always been such a great mom, and now look, even my son."

"I try to do my best."

"You do, and you always have."

She smiled and blushed. Scott bent down and brushed her hair away, kissing her neck and cheek.

"I would love to see you carry my child. I know you would be a wonderful mom to her."

Emily was shocked, "Her? You're already planning this?"

"I would love you to have my baby girl. That way she would be as beautiful as you are, and as strong."

"Scott, I..."

"Mom, just let me have my fantasy." he smiled awkwardly.

"Ok baby."

He kissed her fully and held his hands tightly to her belly, "I think I'm as bad as dad when it comes to pregnant women. I love to see you growing, your breast full of milk."

"Scott, my breasts are still full of milk."

"Umm, I know." He lifted her gown and started milking them, letting it run down his fingers, then turned her around to him, and lapped at her swollen breasts. She arched into him and held his shoulders tightly. It was such an erotic turn on for them both.

It wasn't long before he had her in his arms and carrying her into the bedroom again. He suckled her swollen milky breasts, lapping up her mother's milk and then when he had enough, he kissed down, licking at her thighs and to her swollen flower of sex.

He found her quite aroused and it was beyond anything he experienced before with her. Emily spread herself wide and accepted everything Scott offered.

She thought of Eric and the phone call earlier, knowing if he got off as hard as he did, she wouldn't hear from him until the morning. Scott brought her quickly over the edge and she soaked his face and neck. He lapped her clean and crawled up between her legs sporting a massive erection.

"Mom, I need to fill you with my seed. I need to become one again with you. I want to make you pregnant with my child."

She offered herself up to him, answering him by spreading her legs and then her lips with her fingers, slowly stroking her pussy, easing the juices all about her lips.

She squeezed her breast, milking them and he lay over her, licking at the cream they extruded. Scott eased into her swollen flower and

she gasped. She hadn't felt him that hard before, but god, it felt so wonderful.

His nine-inch cock filled her deep with every stroke and bottomed out inside of her. She clawed to him as he picked her up from the bed and held her, enabling him to push harder and further inside her.

Somehow, he managed to get into a sitting position and hold her over him, still stroking in and out of her. This time she felt him hitting her cervix and gasped with the small, sharp pains, but it only enticed her to buck harder against him.

She clawed into his back and bit at his shoulder. He wrapped up in her long hair and fucked her harder.

"Oh God Emily, I'm fucking coming. Have me, feel my heat, accept my seed."

"GOD YES. Oh yes. Scott, make me yours, make me one with you."

Their bodies were a melted mass of sweat and sex as he pushed her over the edge and she squirted liquid from her throbbing lips. She clenched her vaginal muscles tightly around his massive cock and held tightly around his neck.

"Impregnate me son, fuck me and give me your sperm! Oh god, Come baby, come! I want your child inside my body! I want to feel the swell of our love growing in my womb!"

He let go, squirting hard and deep inside of his mothers body, his legs quivering as hard as his cock releasing its liquid. He thrust hard, making sure that every drop was left inside of her. She grunted and moaned as he did. He slowed his pace and pumped until he was so soft he could no longer stay inside of her.

Scott eased her back on the bed and cradled her in his arms. She was exhausted and almost passed out from the pleasure.

"I love you so much Emily." he kissed her lightly.

"I love you too Scott." She snuggled down against him and started drifting off to sleep.

"Mom?"

"Yes baby?"

"Are you serious about having my baby?"

"Yes son. I couldn't think of a better gift."

"What if you don't get pregnant right away?"

"We'll keep trying."

"What if dad gets you pregnant before I do."

"We'll keep trying."

"I Love you so much. I wish I could have done this so long ago."

"Me too baby, me too."

It was almost three am when the slept, wrapped in each other and their passion. ~~~~~ Morning came too early. Scott got up before Emily and showered. He stood over her sleeping form trying to assess his obsession with her. How could he be so in love with his own mom, much less wanting her to have his child? FUCK! Was he insane!

He leaned up against the cool shower wall and thought of all the reasons it was wrong and all the reasons it was right. He decided that if her health was good, he would continue to try to get her pregnant, but if she were not, he would still love her, but use protection.

He didn't want to have to make a choice like that if it came down to one life or another. He was still tired and he began to cry. All the other shit going on in his life wasn't helping either.

Emily was up and running at full force, even with the lack of sleep. She had the kids up and fed before the buses arrived; she had diapered Willow and Breyden, and fixed something quick to eat for herself.

Her breasts were swollen with milk because she hadn't nursed Willow yet, but that was usually after Brenden and Hayden left for school anyway.

The buses came and they were off, she took Breyden a bottle, propped him up next to her on a pillow, gathered Willow up, and began feeding her. It was a relief on her massive mounds for Willow to be sucking now. She thought about trying to feed Breyden that way, but didn't know if that would work.

She was sitting back comfortable with her legs slightly spread, exposing her aroused pussy when Scott came into the room. He was taken aback at her. She could see his arousal in his face.

"Your father eats my pussy when I'm sitting like this. He usually waits till I'm done feeding her, but there are times when he doesn't."

"I can see why. Fuck, that's so sexy!"

"Would you like a go?" she laughed.

"I don't know mom, you think it would be ok."

"Well, maybe we should wait till next time, after I shower."

"Ok. besides, Breyden might keep us distracted."

"No, he's fine. Damn it!"

"What?"

"My other breast is leaking."

"Here, let me help." He went over to her and took the towel he was drying his hair off with and put it on her breast, wiping the milk away.

"Can I? I mean, it was so good last night. I was amazed how sweet it tasted."

"Do you think Breyden would suck?"

"I don't know, you could try. I sure like it!" he smiled.

"Willow is done, maybe we can try?"

"Ok." He took Willow and she picked up Breyden, nestling him to her on her leaking breast. He instantly dug in like he was starved and nursed hard. Her other nipple went stiff and it was turning her and Scott on tremendously!

Scott finished burping Willow, put her in the playpen, and then went back to Emily. His engorged cock peeking from his shorts. Emily smiled.

"God mom, you look so gorgeous. He looks like he belongs there."

"Thank you baby. My jugs are so heavy today. Maybe because Willow isn't nursing as much at night."

"I don't know mom, but," he was down on his knees before her, snuggling into her free breast, "I sure like it."

"You did when you were a baby too. My best milker." she ran her hands through his hair. He flicked his tongue at her stiff nipple and then took her in his mouth, his other hand finding her wetness between her legs and slipping a few fingers inside, making her moan. The baby sucked hard and Scott licked and nipped turning her on so much.

"God mom, you're so sexy!" he let his cock loose from his shorts and sat naked before her stroking it as he suckled her nipple. Breyden finally finished nursing and she burped him. He was almost asleep when Scott laid him in the baby bed.

Still sporting a stiff rod, he returned to Emily and spread her legs. Kneeling before her, he slid deep within her, making her moan and she pushed deep into him.

He nursed at her breast, one and then the other, making her milk flow. She came several times on him and he pumped slowly into her, concentrating on her breast. When he could take it no more, he sat straight up, pulled her off the chair and sat her down on top of him, folding her legs around his back.

He pushed deep and held her hips so that she glided back and forth on top of him. She pushed him down on the floor and straddled him, keeping him inside of her wetness.

She rode him as elegantly, pumping up and down on his rod. She quivered once and he knew it was time. She flooded all over him, down his cock, sac and legs, and he shot deep inside her.

He pushed up into her oozing spray of cream as hard as he could inside her body. He collapsed on the floor after that. She surprised him then. She flipped around and lapped up their mixed juices from his limping muscle. Scott couldn't take it, brought her pussy to his face, licked, and lapped.

He was overtaken by the scent of their sex and the taste of their juices mixed together. It was the most wonderful thing he had ever tasted. When she could take no more, she slipped away from him and turned to face him, straddling him still, only facing him.

He met her with a kiss, licking her face and tasting of them again from her lips as she did him. They lay on the floor, naked and in love. Their children lay sleeping around them. ~~~~~  
Scott and his mother had been extremely sexually active for almost a month, when the weekend of Emily's birthday came. Scott brought Tangy to the party.

Mal and Bridgette, who was about to explode from her pregnancy and was very uncomfortable, showed up to celebrate. Erica came with her girlfriend Melody. No one ever suspected that Erica would be a bi, but Scott was trying to get his mother pregnant, so it wasn't surprising.

Eric and Emily had discussed what was going on between her and Scott, but they agreed that as long as he had his time with Emily, he wasn't going to worry about Scott too much. The party was going well and the kids were having fun.

Breyden was well and healthy. Emily had continued to nurse him when Scott brought him during the day. She found it exciting and Scott enjoyed it thoroughly as he did that first day.

Tangy was still being a bitch and wanting to fuck Eric, and she had a plan all sorted out to do so on this day. She wore her skimpiest suit that hid nothing and flaunted what she had. She pissed more people off than she impressed, and in the process of trying to get Eric to fuck her, she caused him a massive injury.

She was flirting around and trying to grab him and pull his shorts off, this was after the fifth rum and cola, and however many jelly-shots, when she caused him to fall off the side of the pool, hitting his right leg on the edge, and breaking it in two places.

Emily hadn't been drinking since she was nursing, and was about the only one not drinking besides Bridgette, Scott and the younger kids.

After they managed to get Eric from the water and get him settled comfortable, Scott called the ambulance and Emily hurried to change before they came. She brought Eric a shirt and covered him up. His leg was a mess and she cried the whole time.

He told her not to worry that he would be fine. He was more worried over not being able to take her to Denver for the next weekend as a birthday present.

He had gotten tickets and hotel reservations so they could spend the weekend there before and after the concert. He had already arranged it with Scott to help with the kids while they were gone, and it was a surprise for her. He had intended on showing her that he could be the man she once knew and maybe slow her sexual obsession with Scott down a bit.

Although he liked it when she had been with Scott and then crawled back in bed with him, her pussy all wet and swollen, allowing him to take her at his will, tasting of the fervor she and Scott had and making their own. He mentioned several times that they should have a threesome, but she said she wasn't ready for that yet.

The ambulance arrived and they hurried Eric off. Emily rode in the ambulance with him and asked one of the kids to bring her car and follow. Tangy threw a fit and cause a big fight.

"I Want to go home!"

"So go, shit. Take the fucking car and go."

"You have to come with me, I'm not going home alone!"

"I'm going to help my dad. It's your fucking fault he's hurt!"

"Is not. I was just playing with him."

"IF you had kept your damn hands to yourself, he wouldn't be going to the hospital"

"If he had just let me fuck him, I wouldn't have done with it!"

"YOU BITCH!"

"FUCK YOU!" she grabbed Breyden, making him cry, snatched his things up and started to walk away.

"Oh no you don't! YOU'RE not taking my son!"

"He's my son, and I'll do what I want!"

"Not drunk your not!"

"FUCK YOU! I'm not drunk!"

"You're not taking Breyden, leaving him hungry and laying in a pissy diaper all night because you're pissed off at me. I won't let you hurt my son anymore!"

"HE'S FUCKING NOT YOUR SON, BITCH!!"

"Yeah, then who's is he? You only wish he was Eric's! I think that's the only fucking reason you married me was to get closer to my dad."

"Yeah well, you're right. I wanted his baby, not yours! I hate your fucking ass!" She threw the diaper bag down and acted as if she was going to throw the baby in the pool.

Everyone stood in shock and watched her. Erica stepped closer to her brother as she waited to see what Tangy was going to do. She literally tossed the baby as Scott and took off running.

He handed Breyden over to Erica after making sure he was alright and took off after Tangy. She was already in the car and trying to get it in gear to leave.

"BITCH, you get your shit and get out of my house. You better be gone before I get back tonight, or I'll call the cops on your sorry ass!"

"YOU ain't got nothing on me Scott!"

"I got plenty of witness' for child abuse. You better be gone by the time I get back. And don't take my car, or I'll get you for grand theft auto."

"I HATE YOU FUCKING SCOTT!"

"FUCK YOU BITCH!"

He watched her tear out of the driveway in his car and down the road. He walked in the house, called the police, telling them that she was driving drunk and that she had threatened her infant son. The cops arrested her and arranged for some one to pick up Scott's car.

Malcolm and Bridgett went after Scott's car, Erica and Melody stayed with the kids. Scott made sure that everything was calm before he got his mom's mustang and hurried to the hospital. When he finally got there, they were finishing up with Eric, and Emily was finalizing the paperwork for his release.

Eric had a cast from mid-thigh to his toes, and couldn't move easy. He was going to be off his feet for awhile. They gave him some painkillers and a prescription. He was pretty much out of it when they got him in the front seat of the car.

Emily slipped in the back behind Scott so that Eric had enough room to lay back the seat a bit. She sat so she could talk to Scott and he told her all that went on after they left.

She apologized and Scott said it wasn't her fault. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him. Eric was asleep so she felt safe with her actions.

"We're going to have to put your dad in the downstairs bedroom. He's going to be in the wheelchair for a few weeks, and there's no way he can get up and down the steps."

"I'll do the best I can to help out mom." he brought her hand to his lips and kissed it softly. "Mom, I think you looked beautiful today."

"Thank you baby." she blushed.

"It took everything I had not to take you into the pool house and make love to you."

"I know baby, me too. I have been thinking about your dad's proposal."

"What's that?"

"The three of us together."

"Whoa mom! I don't think I'm ready to see his hairy balls that close." he laughed.

"Well, it doesn't matter now. He's out of sexual commission for at least a few weeks."

"You always have me babe." he watched her through the mirror, and saw her expression.

Her heart lit fire when he called her that. She never expected him to say anything like that to her. "Thank you. But now, we have to worry about Eric, and the babies."

"MOM?"

"Breyden and Willow."

"Oh."

She could see the look on his face sadden, "Baby, as long as I continue to breast feed, it's going to take longer." she softly stroked his hair, "Trust me, I know it can happen on the first time. That's how we had you." She giggled. Scott smiled.

"Scott, with Willow slowing down her nursing, my cycle will become regular sooner. But if I continue to nurse Breyden, I don't know how that will effect me."

"I...I just..."

"I know Scott." She ran her hand down his cheek and he snuggled into it. Eric stirred a bit and she drew away. Scott continued to watch her in the rearview mirror.

The rest of the ride home was quiet. Emily woke Eric up before they got home so that he was coherent and they wouldn't have a hard time getting him inside.

They got Eric in the wheelchair and maneuvered him through the garage, into the backyard, and into the house through the French doors because there weren't any steps there to try and get around. Emily wheeled him into the living room and left him sitting by the couch. He was still half-asleep.

She went into the guest room, pulled back the sheets, and adjusted the pillows for Eric. Scott went to check on the babies while she fixed the room for Eric.

Emily retrieved some extra pillows and blankets from the closet and put them on the bed. Eric needed to keep his leg propped up as much as he could stand and those would help.

She hollered up to Scott to bring down the extra baby monitor so she could put it in the guest room in case Eric needed her she could hear him though out the house. Scott brought the monitor to her and she sat it on the nightstand and sighed heavily.

"I don't know if I should sleep here with Eric, or if I should sleep in my own room so I can be close to the babies."

"Why don't you sleep here and I'll sleep upstairs, that way I can be close to them."

"But Scott, my breast are hurting, I need to either pump or feed. If I sleep down here, I may not hear Willow."

"Maybe you should sleep up there. I'm sure dad would understand. I can sleep on the couch incase he needs help. Then I can get to him quicker than you."

"I just don't know. I do know I need to do something about this." she jiggled her breasts at him and the milk leaked onto her shirt. "The way that I have been nursing has caused my breasts to produce more, and they hurt so much because they are full."

She sighed and looked at him, "I'll just get the breast pump and drain them. Until the babies wake up, there's not much else I can do."

"Well, let's get dad settled and into the bed." He smiled.

He and Emily managed to get Eric from the chair and into the bed. He was drowsy and held on to Emily tightly. She helped him remove his shorts and shirt, leaving him naked in the bed and covered him up. She placed the urinal beside the bed incase he woke up and had to pee.

She knew he would be in no shape to go to the bathroom and wanted to make sure he could at least pee. She told him she would be back shortly and kissed him gently.

"Baby." he said groggily.

"Yes Eric?"

"Don't be too long. I need you with me."

"I'll be back as soon as I pump. My breasts are hurting really bad."

"Ok." he kissed her hand, "I Love you Em."

"I love you too baby."

Emily kissed him and left him to sleep. She was so torn between what to do. She went upstairs and checked on the babies.

Erica came in behind her and asked how her dad was doing. Emily explained what had happened and Erica threatened to hurt Tangy when she got out of jail. Emily told her not to worry, be more concerned with her father, brother and nephew.

Emily went to check on Brenden and Hayden and kissed them both, leaving them in silent slumber. She went back to the kitchen, retrieved her breast pump and mounted it to her left breast because it was hurting most.

It seemed to her that she sucked a gallon of milk from her breast, and it felt so good to have relieved them. She placed the warm milk on the counter and sat back with a damp cloth on her chest.

Scott, Erica and Melody all came to sit with her in the kitchen. She pulled her shirt over her exposed breast, but did not button it. She looked at Erica, saw something funny there and just smiled. She

knew the look that Scott carried and just shook her head no at him, she didn't seem to notice Melody staring at her.

"Sorry your birthday turned out so shitty mom."

"It's alright Erica. I had a good time for the most part."

"Well, if my wife wasn't such a bitch, nothing would have gone wrong."

"You and Tangy need to work things out, Or something."

"I'm divorcing her. I have already decided. Especially after what she has done to Breyden."

"What was that shit about him not being yours?"

"She wanted to get pregnant by dad. She always has. She even admitted that in front of everyone. I don't know what the hell is her problem."

"I do, she's a bitch!" Erica stated rather bluntly. Melody giggled.

"Well, to be honest with both of you, this has been coming on since before she had the baby. And it's progressively gotten worse these last six months. I have a doctors appointment for Breyden on Tuesday, I want to make sure that she hasn't done anything to him that I don't know about."

"Do you think it's that serious?"

"Mom, you saw how he eats when you feed him. I think she's trying to starve him to death. Have you ever seen another baby take to a tit that wasn't theirs like Brey did yours?"

Eric looked at her funny, "mom, you're feeding Breyden too?"

"Yes. I had too. The poor baby was so hungry and when I held him, he just nuzzled into me and started sucking like he belonged to me." She looked at Scott and he smiled.

"I can't believe you would do that mom. He's not even yours."

"He's my grandson, I can't see the baby starve. Besides, I have enough milk, and some things have been stimulating it a bit more, so there is plenty."

"If you're going to be alright with it." Erica shook her head.

"Honey, I might as well." she jiggled her breast at Erica, squirting some milk her way.

"Don't do that mom!"

Emily smiled. Scott smiled. Melody smiled.

"What's wrong, teasing you too much?"

"Fuck mom, I hate it when you do that shit!"

Emily laughed and got up, pulling the towel from her breast allowing the nipples exposure to the air and harden instantly. Melody licked her lips and Scott followed suit. Erica hit Melody's shoulder and abruptly stated that they were leaving.

"Bye Mrs. Richmon." She bent down and kissed her cheek, whispering, "You sure have sexy breast."

Emily smiled, "Good night girls."

She pulled her shirt around her and walked to the counter, placing the cooled milk into the fridge, and then turned directly into Scott's arms.

"Fuck mom, I wanted to suckle those hot mounds of yours before you drained them."

"You couldn't very well do it with your sister sitting there."

"I don't know, her girlfriend sure looked interested."

"Yeah, well, fucking one of my children is enough." she laughed, "and having three of you nursing on me already is about all I can handle. If I was horny enough to let your sister's girlfriend have a go, well, my tit's will be sore for sure."

"I'm not that bad. I just drink a little, and I don't bite."

"So maybe later you can have some, when everything is quiet." She smiled, hinting at another sexual session between them.

"Mom, where do you want me to sleep?"

"I don't know son. I'm still trying to figure out where I should sleep. Besides, with the kids' home, we are going to have to be careful. The babies are one thing, your fathers out of it, but your brother and sister, well..." she trailed off.

"Maybe a quick go in the shower?"

Emily smiled, "Maybe."

Emily checked in on Eric and he was comfortably sleeping. She covered him and left him alone, scurrying upstairs to her bedroom. Scott was waiting for her in the shower, a stiff rod at in anticipation of her joining him. She quickly disrobed and slid into the shower with him.

He moved her so she was facing the wall and he pushed up into her ass cheeks with his hardness. Scott reached around and caressed her areolas, letting the warmth of the water entice her as he did. She pushed against him, held one hand to his as he pinched her nipple bringing them to stiffness. Streaks of white flowed with the water over his fingers.

Emily turned and braced herself against the shower wall, fingering her pussy lips as Scott sucked her milking tits. She moaned softly

as her fingers found her wetness deep inside, and his lips and tongue danced around her engorged tips. She bucked against her own enticement as milk spurted on Scotts lips.

He adjusted himself so that he could penetrate her, shoving his whole knob, rock hard inside of her perfect softness. It wasn't long before she came. He could feel the difference between her and the water that encased them. He kissed her savagely and pushed her hard into the wall, bringing her from the floor and wrapping her legs around his hips.

She wrapped her arms tightly to him for grip and bounced on him, tightening her vaginal muscles around him, bringing him over the edge. His load shot hot and deep inside her and he pumped her as hard as he could without pushing her through the wall.

Emily went down to Eric, making sure he was comfortable. She slept with him for a few hours but he woke, and complained that where he was laying was hurting, so Emily helped him adjust in the bed and it left no room for her.

She waited until Eric was back to sleep and she went back upstairs to her own bed. Scott lay naked across her bed, half covered in the sheet. She watched him, remembering how he used to sleep with her when he was younger, and always had problems sleeping crosswise in the bed, taking the covers.

She managed to move him over enough so she could slip under the covers beside him. She thought how little he had changed over the years, with the exception of growing up.

He was still her baby, and he still slept in her bed the same way. She had finally gotten to sleep when one of the babies cried. Emily drug herself out of the bed to care for Breyden. She changed him and nursed him and spent some time holding him.

"Your daddy loves you Brey. I love you. I may be your grandma, but it sure doesn't feel like it."

She snuggled him a little closer to her and he sucked her milk hard. It always turned her on to have her nipples sucked, and she was a little ashamed that this infant was sending her sensations that she shouldn't have. She knew that it was just a reaction to the tenderness and the nerves, but it was still thrilling.

He nursed for almost a half hour and finally had his fill. She burped him and rocked him until he was sleeping again, then put him in the bed. She stood over them and caressed their tiny cheeks smiling. She reached down and touched her belly. Something inside her stirred.

For the next week, she managed her time between the babies, Eric, Scott, her other children and household. She was tired many nights, and Scott would help with the housework and laundry. She was glad to have him there with her.

They put his things in his old room, even though he slept with Emily most nights, just to make it look good for the younger kids. Eric was not demanding, and he understood, even in his doped up state, that she needed to be closer to the babies. She would sleep with him for a while, then go back to her room, and lay with Scott.

They made love when she wasn't so tired, or so fucking horny that she couldn't stand it, and she would end up passing out in Eric's or Scott's arms for several hours.

While Emily slept, Scott took care of the babies and would check in on his dad to make sure he was alright. Willow was on a lengthier schedule than Breyden was, so it was easier.

Breyden was still getting used to a regular feeding time and was greedy. Scott worried about him, but was glad he was able to eat. Eric never once questioned his son about his actions with his mother, but he knew. He also knew he was there to help, among other reasons.

Eric called Scott in one evening and asked him if he could take Emily to Denver for the concert. Scott was not so sure it was a wise idea because Eric needed someone to look after him, and Emily was still feeding the babies.

Eric said they had already made the feeding arrangements and Emily would take her breast pump and take care of that issue. Scott thought about how much he loved milking off his mom, and didn't see a problem anyway.

He agreed and Eric told Emily about their decision. She didn't feel comfortable about it at first, but they convinced her things would be alright if they went.

She spoke to Eric alone for some time and he said that Mal and Bridgette would be there to help, as would Erica. They had already agreed to come so that Scott could take her since he couldn't. Emily reluctantly agreed.

The weekend was fun. The drive was long and the hotel was quiet. Emily wasn't used to the lack of noise brought on by the house and the babies. She had fun at the concert, but cried at night.

Scott consoled her and they made love several times. But it wasn't the wild sex that they had at home in the shower or the pool house, it was quiet and soft. He found touching her gently brought them closer and was more arousing for the both of them.

While Emily and Scott were away, Eric slept soundly in the guest room. The kids were all about the house, babies quiet, Bridgette and Mal in his parents' bed, Erica and Melody in the upstairs guest room.

This left an opening for Tangy. She had managed to get a copy of Scott's key to his parent's house and used it to sneak in. Unknown to anyone, she had been in the house several times since Eric had been bedridden.

She had made sure when she was sneaking around that no one was about to catch her. Tangy stole Emily's clothes and some of her perfume to make sure that she mimicked Emily the best she could. She knew what kind of medication Eric was taking and she knew how to use it against him.

Tangy slipped into his room and put an extra pill with his nightly dose. She waited in the pool house until she was sure everyone was asleep. She sprayed some of Emily's perfume on and put on her gown, then slipped into Eric's bed and seduced him.

Eric made love to her as wildly as he could with his cast leg, all the while, thinking it was Emily. When they were finished, which didn't last long because of his intoxicated state, and his quick explosion of cream into Tangy's tight pussy, she slipped away in the night as silently as she had come to Eric.

He woke up later in the night with sticky thighs, and thought he had dreamt of Emily and he having a wild sexual encounter, causing himself to ejaculated.

He tried to clean himself up, but the extra dose of medication had taken it's toll, and he was down for the count on the floor of the bathroom. Melody had been up with Bridgette, because she wasn't feeling well, when they heard the noise.

She hurried to see what it was and found Eric face down on the bathroom floor. She called to Mal and Erica, and they came running to help. They managed to wake Eric up enough to get him back in the bed and ask him what was wrong.

"Daddy? What are you doing?" Erica pleaded, looking at his naked from.

"I...Em?" he held his head, "Em, where's my baby?"

"Daddy, Mom is in Denver. Don't you remember?"

"Denver? What's she doing there?"

"Dad, are you feeling alright?" Mal covered him up after they got him positioned comfortably.

"Where is your mother? Where's my baby? She was just here with me a bit ago?"

"Dad, Scott took mom to Denver, they'll be home later today."

"Then who, who was I fucking while ago. Your mother was here. She and I..." he looked at them both, confused, "Mal, she was just her, she was, I know she was. I could smell her perfume."

"Dad, she and Scott went to Denver two days ago, the concert was tonight. You're the one who got the tickets."

Eric looked at him befuddled.

"Daddy, mom is in Denver. You sent her to the concert. Scotty took her." Erica looked at Mal, "Daddy, you want to call mom?"

"Call mom, yes, call mom." he shook his head at her and she went to get the phone.

She dialed Emily's cell number and Emily groggily answered.

"Hello?"

"Mom, Daddy needs to talk to you."

"Erica? Is everything alright?"

"No. He fell. I think he hit his head. He thought you were here with him."

"Alright Erica, let me speak to him." She cleared her throat and sat up in the bed, Scott still sleeping next to her. "Eric?"

"Em? Where are you baby?"

"I'm in Denver. Don't you remember baby? You sent me to Denver for the weekend. It was supposed to be our weekend."

"No, you were just here in bed with me. I know you were."

He looked at the kids, "Hold on Em."

He asked Mal and Erica to leave him alone for a few minutes; they looked at each other and left the room. "Em, baby, you weren't here in bed with me awhile ago and then left to go upstairs?"

"No baby, I'm here with Scott, in Denver." She looked over at Scott who was sitting up now.

"Let me speak to Scott."

She handed the phone to Scott, "Hello?"

"Scott, where are you?"

"Dad? Where in Denver. I brought mom to the concert, were coming home later this morning."

"You're not bullshitting me are you son?"

"No dad, why would I do that?"

"Something's going on here. I thought I was making love to your mom, but..." he went silent, "Let me talk with your mom again." He held his hand to his head, trying desperately to understand why he felt the way he did.

Scott handed her back the phone, she held it so he could hear, "Eric?"

"Em, you sure you weren't home, you sure your not here and just playing games with me?"

"No baby. I'm in Denver at the hotel. What's going on. Do we need to come home?"

"No. NO. I just. Baby, I dreamt we were making love, and that you and I were flowing together, it wasn't a normal sexual romp, I mean, it wasn't... FUCK Em, it was hardcore, but different. I know we like it that way, but you didn't ride me the same. It wasn't your pussy I felt, but I smelt you and I smelt your perfume and..." he trailed off.

"What baby? What?" She looked at Scott, worry written all over her face.

"I shot off all over myself," his voice sounded so embarrassed.

"Oh Eric, that is so sweet." she said softly, "a wet dream over me. I'm flattered."

"You think that's all it is? Or was?"

"Yes baby, I'm sure." She paused, looked over at Scott, he saw something troubling her.

"Em, that's never happened before when I dream about you."

"Don't worry baby. It will be ok." she whispered. "Are you sure you did that, I mean, you didn't spill your water or anything?"

"NO baby, I know my own come."

"Ok, I just want to make sure."

"Em, it felt so real, you squeezing me and your claws, and your hair in my face, your small tits." he stopped then, shocked at his words. "Em, your tits aren't small baby, and they sure ain't dry like that." he thought for a moment and cursed.

"Eric?"

"I'm ok Em. I just thought about something, that's all."

"What baby?"

"I'll tell you when you get home. I think it will be better if I tell you and Scott face to face." he went quiet again, his thoughts coming to him, the fog fading from his head, "Baby, I'm going to let you go back to sleep. You and Scott be careful coming home."

"We will. I'll call you before we leave."

"Good... Em?"

"Yeah baby?"

"I love you Em."

"I love you to Eric. Keep the phone close in case you need to call me. Ok?"

"Ok baby. Love you."

"Love you too."

She clicked the phone shut and looked at Scott, briefly explaining what he hadn't heard. He had an odd feeling, but didn't say anything to Emily.

She took a deep breath and sighed, just thinking it was the medications and her being away. But when he was out of town and things like that happened, he would call her and she would phone

sex him. It was just something they did. And what did he mean about her tiny breast and dry?

She fell back to sleep assessing their conversation. Scott on the other hand, lay awake, Emily draped over his chest, the same way she slept against Eric.

He thought about what she had said, and what he over heard his dad saying. Suddenly it hit him, TANGY! THAT BITCH! He jerked, starting Emily, but she didn't wake. He kissed the top of her head, cuddled down into her, and drifted off to sleep with his thoughts. An hour later, she came awake and woke Scott.

"We need to go home. I'm worried about your father. I can't get it out of my head."

"Mom?" he said, still sleepy.

"I just can't get what Eric said about the dry, small titty's. It's irritating me. My breasts have never been small, he knows that."

Scott sat up, a bit worried about his thoughts and now his moms words. "Mom, I got a bad feeling about all this."

"Tell me. Please, tell me."

"I wonder if Tangy isn't behind this. After all, she's been trying to get in dad's pants forever, she knows the layout of the house well enough to sneak around and not be noticed. And she knew you were going to be away this weekend and..." She put her fingers to his lips.

"Come on, let's get ready to go. I'm worried about your father."

Scott agreed. They showered and packed to head back home.

Nothing else came of Eric's dream after the discovery of the mistaken dose of painkiller. He just assumed that he had accidentally took too much, thinking that he hadn't taken enough, and chalked everything up to her not being at his side. Emily and Scott still were not so sure, but Eric had decided it was over, so they left it alone.

~~~~~ After four weeks, Eric was able to manage by himself between the wheelchair and crutches, but was still sleeping in the guest room at night. Emily still managed her time and sleep between everyone. Her sexual liaisons with Scott slowed because of her exhaustion and she knew that Eric was more coherent now.

Sometimes she and Scott would slip off to the pool house and she would ride him slowly, exploding all over his lap and his hardened protrusion, making him cum deep inside her love walls, while he milked her breasts, letting the liquid drain into his mouth, down his face and onto his chest and belly. He would erupt, making her moan at his heat and hardness.

One night after Emily had a massive sexual escapade in the pool house with Scott, Eric called Emily to his side. He was sitting in the middle of the bed naked and stroking a massive rock hard rod, exposed to her when she entered the room.

"Come here baby," he patted the bed, "Come stand before me, I want to see your pussy in my face."

She did as he requested and he continued, "You've been fucking Scott again? I bet you're wet and creamy. Let me see baby, I want to taste."

He held her hand, helping her stand before him, her legs straddled over him, "Yes, I see now the reason you enjoy his cock so well."

Eric flicked at her swollen creamy lips with his fingers, still stroking himself. He dipped into her and brought out a wad of cream to his mouth, tasting of it and licking his lips. He pulled her close to him and brought her within reach of his mouth.

Emily braced herself against the wall with her hands to steady her already weakened body. He shoved two more fingers inside her, ran the cream up and down her swollen lips, and tantalized her hardened clit as he did.

She moaned as he pushed deeper into her with his fingers, fucking her hard. He knew she liked that and he loved doing it to her.

"Tell me Love, how is our son?" he said seductively.

"As perfect as his father!" she gasped.

"Is he hung as well as I am?"

"Yes!"

"Does he fuck you as good as I do?"

"Yes!"

"Is his tongue as good as mine, does he entice you like I do?" hunger for her body growling in his tone.

"No! You are my Lord when it comes to cunnilings!" she gasped at his movements as he slid more fingers deeper, pulling her to him and flicking her lips with the tip of his wet tongue.

"GOOD!" he quickly withdrew his fingers and his mouth was on her pussy, tongue deep with in her, licking, sucking and dipping the cream that was mixed inside. He groaned and moaned as he sucked it out of her, drinking it deeply.

She fucked his face, bashing hard against his lips and rabid tongue. It was like she hadn't been eaten in weeks.

She washed him with her juice, spraying him all over his face, down his neck and chest, all the way to his rock hard dick. "FUCK EM! MY GOD! You've never drowned me like that before!"

"Oh Eric! I'm so fucking horny for your mouth! Scott's good, but he doesn't have your experience. He doesn't know how to master me yet! You have mastered me for years! YOU ARE MY MASTER!" she gasped, voicing her heated frenzy loudly.

He pulled her back onto his mouth and sucked her again, making her squirt quickly and massively. He licked her almost clean but couldn't take much more.

"I need you on my rod baby! I need to feel how your hot pussy lips clamp around my swollen body member and you take me to the edge and over."

"YES Eric, YES!" She panted as he continued to ravage her body, indulging in her sweet cream she extruded.

He let her go and eased her wetness down on his stiffness. She pumped him hard and deep, he had been rock solid for an hour now, and as wet and creamy as she was, he knew that it wasn't going to take him long to shoot off his load.

The thought of his son fucking his wife was driving him mad. It wasn't that he had anything to prove, but he wanted to share in her new sexual drive. She grabbed her breast and squeezed, shooting milk onto his chest.

"Scott likes that doesn't he baby!"

"Yes, yes he does! he loves to finger me and suck them, he loves to feed on his mommy, just like his son and his sister does."

"That's so fucking hot baby! I love to watch you feed our daughter and eat your pussy when you do. It gives me strength and heat for your body!"

"Suck me Eric, I need your lips on my tits!"

Eric did as she requested, and sent her over the edge. She arched against him and shot off another soaking as she banged down on

him. He held her hips and reached her depths, making her mad with lust, want and heated sex.

"FUCK ME ERIC! FUCK ME!" she screamed, he gave her all he could give her, and pushed himself for more.

She clenched her muscles and legs around him, shooting of an extremely hot gush of liquid, it sent him over the edge and he rammed up into her one more time, shooting deep within her body.

She collapsed into his arms, limp against his chest, panting greatly, shaking all over. When she was able, he helped her crawl over him and she withered beside him.

"Fuck baby, you've never come so much for me. Maybe you were right, maybe you should have started fucking Scott years ago."

"I don't think it's all about Scott. I think it's me. My sex drive has increased so much!"

"Well, what ever it is, I hope you keep it up. IF it's Scott that gets you going like that, I say bravo!"

"I would love to have both of you, but Scott's not willing yet."

"Maybe one day baby. Maybe?"

"Maybe you can talk to him, and promise you won't do anything sexual to him. I think that's what he is worried about. He said he didn't want to see your hair balls that close."

"He's watched my hairy balls for years outside our door, what difference does it make if he's in our same bed." Eric paused, "Hey, my balls aren't hairy. Well, they are now cause I can't shave, but fuck!"

Emily laughed, "Well, I guess I'll have to be the one to shave them."

"Any time you get ready baby." he kissed her forehead.

"I guess Scott will come around in time, if it's ment to happen."

"Yeah baby, he will." He reached down, retrieved a glob of cream from her pussy, and licked it from his fingers, "we taste good together." He smiled and she nuzzled into him.

"And you're breasts, my god baby! I love it when you're pregnant and nursing, but you've never done that to me."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be, it turned me on."

"Scott likes it. I like it when he suckles. I like it when you watch me feed the baby and eat me. I like it when you fuck me after I'm done. And Scott, my god, Scott's cock just sends me over the edge."

"That good huh."

"Yeah, he's just like you baby."

"Well, After all, he is my son, and if it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have him."

"Yes, I can attest to that," she smiled, looking into his eye that held so much love for her, "But he's not his father."

"He just needs more experience. One day, he'll be as good as I am."

They laughed, They kissed and talked some more. Emily sensed Scott watching them and she glanced towards the door. Scott was holding his limp cock in his hand and wiping with a towel again.

If he had only worked up the courage to walk into that room, he wouldn't have been standing outside the door again. He also knew that his dad needed his mom alone too. After all, he had to share, right? He smiled and walked away.

Chapter 4

New Years Eve brought Eric, Emily, and Scott together for the first time since she had started sleeping with them both. Eric had formally mentioned to his son that his mother would like to share their bed with him, and he thought that since they were going out for the holiday festivities, Scott should join them, make it a threesome, in more than just one way.

Scott liked the idea, but was still very uncertain of what could happen. He knew how dedicated she was to his father, and wondered how she would divide herself between them. The thought of what may happen, caused a great arousal, and he spent the rest of his night pondering over the delicious thoughts of himself and his father, sharing the love and passion of his mother.

When they left the children in the care of Malcolm and Bridgette, Emily was unaware of her husband's plans for the extended evening until the three of them arrived at the cabin. Emily had drunk plenty of champagne, along with other liquor, and felt extremely frisky. Scott had chosen to drink a bit during the evening because of nerves, and Eric, well, he wanted to be sober to enjoy what he had planned for his wife.

Eric carried her to the bedroom, and seductively undressed her, tossing her heels to the side, stripping her of her dress and panties, cursing her bra. She was all over him, as he knew she would be, the vixen she was when he let her get away from herself. Not that she wasn't like that any other time, but there was a flair to her naughty side when she was drinking, and he liked it when she turned it loose.

He pushed her against the edge of the bed, toppling her on her back and pushed his face into her love-scented folds, taking advantage of her. She squealed as his lips connected with hers, and

his tongue danced around her swells. She put her feet on his shoulders and her head against the bed and pushed into his face, making him grab her hips to hold her steady as he indulged on her wetness.

She was loose and free, moaning to him to make her come, pushing to him harder, bucking his mouth. "Oh yes Eric, yes! I'm going to come, make me, push me!"

She was pinching her nipples when she felt another hand on her body. It didn't dawn on her that it wasn't Eric's at first, until she felt his hand on her leg, and another spreading her lips open. She suddenly looked up, focusing in the dim light, to see Scott kneeling before her on the bed. She was shocked, but the ecstasy that Eric was bringing her made her lose her mind and all train of thought.

Scott kissed her, slipping his tongue in her mouth, still teasing her nipples with his fingers. They were hard and protruding, as was his manhood, and he wanted to nurse her like he had some months ago. He broke the kiss and worked his way down her neck, forcing her to jerk in excitement into Eric's mouth.

Eric wrapped his hands tighter around her hips, and continued to seduce her sex. Scott took advantage of her hardened nipple, sucking it into his mouth, taking in all of the areola and pulling up until the edge was just clenched in his teeth.

"OH GOD!" Emily voiced in a deep lusty moan, placing one hand on Scott's head, pushing him to her breast, and the other reaching to stroke his hardness. He continued, to suckle her softly, nursing her the way that pleased him, and worked back and forth between her supple mounds with his mouth and fingers.

She groaned in extreme pleasure as Eric worked her hardened clit, slipping his tongue up and down between it and her vaginal opening, which he had penetrated with his fingers, working them in and out of her.

It was suddenly all too much for her. Scott's suckling her nipples, his hot breath on her body, and Eric, oh god Eric, was bringing her to elation. The combination of both men on the body was extreme and she soaked Eric, drowning him as she squirted all over his face and in his mouth.

She screamed out in pleasure to both of them, her heels digging into Eric's shoulders, her hand gripping Scott, as her body floated from the bed in sheer pleasure. When she came down from the ceiling, Eric was gently licking her, teasing her, tasting her, and Scott was nuzzling her neck, whispering his love for her, thanking her for hers.

Eric pulled away when he knew Emily could take no more from him, and Scott pulled away, allowing Emily to catch her breath. She was staring at both men, very pleased. Still light headed, she lay back on the bed and continued to pant. Scott looked at his dad, who nodded a gesture, allowing him the privilege of his mother.

Scott's rock hard rod stood ready as he slid over Emily, parting her legs, brushing against her soaked nether regions. He rubbed against her, lubricating his shaft with her wetness, looking upon her beauty, and placed himself at her opening, bringing her attention to him.

She looked at him and smiled as he leaned over her, taking her body in his arms, and slid deep into her. "Emily, I love you." He whispered to her, softly kissing her as he began to move back and

forth. His lips moved from hers and he went back to nipping her breasts.

Emily wrapped her hand around his neck, tangling her fingers in his hair and cried, "Oh Scott, my baby, yes, love me, love me!" She wrapped her legs around his hips and he drove harder to her. He felt a little awkward, wondering if his dad was watching them, but he was so into Emily, that he didn't care.

Something passed between them, there was a glint in his mother's eyes that he had never seen before, and he knew from then on, it wasn't going to be the same with her. She pulled him to her, meeting his strokes and exploded a warmth that he had never felt from her.

Scott kissed her deeply, gathering her body close to his, feeling the heat build inside his body, ready to burst.

"Emily," he looked at her, her lips slightly parted, her face angelic, "I want you to have me, I want to give you everything, show you the love I hold for you."

"Yes Scott, yes." she whispered, grazing his lips, gently slipping her tongue across the top of his mouth. She tightened all of herself around him, and pushed her body to him, feeling him jerk. He whispered softly, his voice that of desire, "Emily."

"Yes, Scott, YES!" she exploded against his legs and he let go of everything he had, his depths emptying out inside of her. He lay still, kissing her, tasting her, holding her, until he slipped from her body, and then rolled to her side. She held on to him, not wishing to let go. He looked around and didn't see Eric, and was relieved.

Beyond their site, Eric had been sitting in the dark corner of the room, watching them together, seeing how beautiful his wife looked with his son. He had stroked himself so hard watching them that he had almost gotten off, but held back in order to take possession of his wife.

Scott left her alone as soon as he regained his strength, thinking she was asleep. He gathered his clothes, and slipped from the room, hoping not to wake her. Eric silently watched him, and when Scott was gone, he slipped into the bed with Emily. Knowing she wasn't sleeping, he brought her attention to him, "Em, baby, did you like that?"

"Oh yes, yes Eric, it was beautiful. It felt so good."

"Baby, are you ready for me now? I want to make love to you, my precious angel." He started kissing her, and she tangled herself up in his hair, clawing into his back.

"Show me, show me that you adore me, finish what you started earlier, you know I can't go with out you after you eat me."

"Scott didn't satisfy you the way I thought he would." Eric stated in wonderment through her kiss.

"I told you a long time ago Eric, no one satisfies me the way you do. No one. I love you Eric, I love you. Make love to me, slowly, gently," she looked at him, her eyes warm, melting him, "Eric, thank you for this, for allowing me the pleasure of both of the men in my life that I so truly love, but right now, I want to make soft, heated love with my husband. Eric..." her voice faded as he kissed her, taking all of

her body with him, pushing down into her wetness, groaning at its heat.

It turned him on tremendously to sink into the warmth of her body, feeling the fervor of the passion that had been brought to her before. It gave him pleasure knowing that she longed for him, wanted him. Regardless of what was between her and Scott, she always wanted him.

She met his every stroke, their love making intense as always, she moaned in his ear as he gathered her against his body, grinding into her depths, making her wet him, wetting the bed, wetting his legs, crushing her thighs against his hips.

She was loud now, and he liked it when she expressed herself this way. All of her inhibitions gone, she forced up to him, clawing at his back, clinging to his body.

"Eric, my love, Eric, yes, take me, I'm yours, keep me!" she spoke between breaths.

"Em, I love you, god how I love you!" he forced himself into her once more and felt her body quiver beneath his, knowing it was close to the end for both of them. "Em, baby, I can't hold back much more."

"Don't Eric, don't, come, bring your heat to my body, yes, come baby, expel your seed, make me yours!"

"Emily, oh my precious Emily!" He looked at her, his beautiful wife, his only love, his soul mate, his life!

"Eric," she pushed into his hips, feeling his stiffness harden, as he was ready to explode,

"I want you, only you, I love you." She tightened around him, and he let loose, filling her with his intensity, bringing her to the edge with him, spilling herself all over him.

He drew from her only from sheer exhaustion, and lay beside her, cuddling her to him. She stroked his chest, tangling his hair in her fingers, looking into his eyes, "Why did you allow Scott the privilege first?"

"Because it was something that you wanted." He kissed her softly.

"Eric, I didn't know that you would..." he put his fingers to her lips.

"We discussed it, and I agreed, and this was the only way I could think to do it. Besides, I found it quiet sexy to watch my wife full of lust and passion, to see what it looks like from Scott's perspective. I'm glad I did."

She rolled to her side against him, "Eric, what if..."

"No, tonight Em, it's all about you, my love. I wanted to start the New Year off in pleasure and love, and You have given me both, as I have you, and now, I have been allowed the extended pleasure of seeing my beautiful wife enjoying herself in a completely different way, and it was beautiful. No but's, no what if's, nothing but the pure love we hold with each other, and our son."

They lay together, enjoying the passion of the moment, holding each other. Emily snuggled down into his chest, leaving a trail of damp kisses as she did. Eric roll to his back, brining her upon his chest, wrapping his arm around her. She smiled, kissing him, "Where is Scott?"

"I think he's in the living room." Eric looked at her, kissing her nose.

"No, I'm here." his voice came from the same side of the room where Eric had been sitting earlier. "I decided if dad could watch from this view point, so could I. My god, I have to take a shower now!" he chuckled as he got up from the chair, wiping his hands off with the towel.

Emily reached for him, "No, right now, you are going to come lay with us, I need both of you with me, I need to feel the security of the men I love at my sides."

Eric positioned himself to Emily, they faced each other, and Scott slid into the bed with his front side to Emily's back, snuggling his limpness into her butt cheeks, kissing her neck.

"Yes, this is perfect, but you have to promise me, next time we do this, you won't let me get drunk. I want to remember everything!"

"Yes Em, I promise." he kissed her, putting his hand over her hip, drawing into her.

"Yes Emily," Scott whispered into her hair, "I love you, so much." he wrapped a hand around her chest just under her breast and snuggled into her.

They slept until noon, waking her up and making love to her again, only this time, she took control of her men, putting Eric behind her, while she wrapped her lips and tongue around Scotts throbbing cock. When he came, he moaned and she pursed her lips, drinking of him fully, clinching her walls around Eric, taking him with her as she came, feeling his cream shoot deep within her body.

Scott left them alone after regaining some of his composure. Eric joined Emily in the shower for another heated round of oral sex, making her climb the walls. After a long rest, they ate a nice dinner, cleaned up the bedroom, and left the cabin.

Chapter 5

After the passing of the holiday, Eric's return to work left Emily lonely, and longing for her newfound sexual exploits with her husband and son. It had been a pleasure to give herself up to both of them freely. Yet suddenly, everything had changed.

She didn't receive much of Scott's attention because his teaching schedule had changed a great deal, and the finalization of his divorce, left him in a lull. Once again, Emily was left to her own means of self-satisfaction.

Emily asked Erica to take Willow and Breyden for the day, allowing her time to relax and ready herself for the upcoming evening she had planned for her husband.

She decided to use the pool, as it had been such a long time since she could go skinny-dipping in her own backyard. She slipped off into the heated warmth of the water, her naked form gracefully

embraced by its softness. She found a water jet and let it bring her to orgasm.

Her breast became firm as she floated atop the water, nipples caressed by the air, making them extremely hard. She felt the sudden need for something deep inside her body and made her way into the pool house where she had left a few of her favorite 'toys'.

She missed being able to slip down to the pool house and fuck herself silly with them, but today, she was going to pleasure herself the way she used to.

Her newest addition to the group was a bulging 12" monster that was almost 2" thick. It resembled Eric's cock in so many ways. She knew she couldn't take it all, but she was going to try. She positioned herself on the couch where she always liked to lay, and lubed up her 'monster', then herself.

She posed it between her breasts and rubbed it around, bring her arousal even higher, after which, she teased her nipples with her fingers thinking of how Scott suckled her, and pushed the dildo down to her swollen pussy, longing for Eric.

She teased her clit with it and entangled her lips about its head and shaft, moaning deeply. She finally pushed it within her wetness, gasping at its entrance. She pushed it back and forth, slowly at first, bucking up to it.

The feelings became more intense as she drove it in deeper and harder, bringing on the second of three orgasms. She slowed her pace and fingered her clit, dipping within her wetness, then shoved the monster as deep as she could, screaming out as she rose and fell

to meet her own strokes, bringing on her last orgasmic elation. She lay in tears, wanting her husband, missing her son.

Later that evening when all was quiet, Emily snuggled up to Eric for the night. "How was it?" he asked, pulling her deeper into his chest.

"How was what?" she looked at him, curious to know if he knew what she had been up to earlier that afternoon.

"Your day alone," he smiled, seeing the look she gave him, "You weren't doing anything 'naughty' were you?"

"Me? Come on now, you know me better than that!" she ran her nails down his chest, making him quiver.

"Yes, I know my wife very well." a broad grin crossed his lips as he watched her eyes, "So how was it?"

"It was nice, but I prefer my husband and my son compared to its girth. I did feel very good. I have to say that it would have been more of a pleasure if my pussy was thrashed with your tongue."

Eric sat up, pushing her back from him, "well, then, are you ready for me baby?"

He rolled her on her back and slid down her body, taking time to kiss her deeply, and work his way down to her breast, nursing each one with heated passion, nibbling at her hardened nipples, making her squeal with delight.

He allowed his fingers to grace her thighs, pushing them apart while he traced the lengths back to her wetness. He dipped and touched her folds, bringing her cream to encircle it on her areolas, then to his lips as he continued to finger her and enjoy the succulence of her breast.

"Eric, um, Eric." her pleasure zones peaking as he nipped at her.

He slid his body over hers, parting her legs fully and did not hesitate to leave her swollen mounds to taste the flower of her sex. Finding it juiced to his liking, he slipped his tongue between her folds, working between her lips to her clit, and back down, dipping into the depths of her hole. He sucked attentively, this one little nub of his passion.

She bucked at him as he caught her ass in his hands, spreading her cheeks, licking her from top to bottom, back again, sending her to quiver as he shoved a thumb inside her, and flicked at her swollen clit with the tip of his tongue.

His fingers worked their magic on her and she forced into his face as he lapped at her wetness, making her orgasm, squirting his mouth and face, lavishing him in her juices. He licked her, capturing all of her liquor he could savor, and brought her to another climax, making her soak the sheets as well as him.

She pushed him away when she could take no more and he quickly mounted her, his hard cock, throbbing with want of her. It stood out like a massive rod, looking similar to the monster she had fucked herself with earlier that day, and felt as such when he shoved it inside of her.

She gasped as he worked in and out of her, slowly building speed between them. Eric adjusted her legs around him and brought her up so she was sitting atop him while he sat on his haunches.

The motion was slow, but pleasing as he worked her up and down on his hardness, holding her close so he could kiss her and bite at her, bringing moans of delight from his wife.

Emily ground into him, quickening the pace between them, feeling her own body near explosion and want of his cream. She broke their kiss and pleaded for him to come, fuck her like the animal she loved.

He put one hand on her ass, and one on her back for balance, and pumped her deep, using the motion of the bed to help in his movement. He could feel himself bottoming out inside her as he did, and she clung to him, claws deep into his shoulders, head back, hips forcing down on his body. She was the animal now, she was fucking him, she was bringing him to the edge of the cliff of climax.

"Yes Eric, yes, oh, fuck me, love me!"

"Fuck me Em, wet me down, fuck me my mad lover, come for me baby, come!"

"Oh Eric, baby!" her growl was that of a wild cat, her body tightened, her muscles clenched him, and she exploded all over his thighs, heated liquid ran down to his bent knees and the sheets. He clenched her ass and pulled her closer to him as she brought him over with her.

"FUCK EM! Fuck yes baby," Eric shoved himself hard and deep as he shot off a thick load of love into her heated body, and almost pushed her from the bed. He felt himself quake inside her as the last of his load expelled. He clung to her until he slipped from her body.

Never letting go of each other, he managed to lay her back, his body hovering over hers, kissing her deeply as they relaxed. He eased his hand down between her legs, "beautifully soaked with your feminine juices that I love to savor." He pulled his fingers to his lips and sucked them, then kissed her, wrapping his tongue with hers. "Maybe next time we should get a towel?" he whispered through the kiss.

"Um, maybe." she smiled, contentment in her expression.

Chapter 6

Almost three months had passed since the threesome at the cabin. Emily was preparing a special dinner for Eric. Excited about her recently discovered news, she wanted to tell him during a quiet romantic evening alone.

Eric arrived home earlier than normal as she was finishing her last dish for their dinner. She turned to look at him, and he kissed her before laying his briefcase on the table, taking her in his arms. "Are you about done in here?"

"Yes, just let me turn this off." she reached over and turned off the stove, and then back to him.

He pulled her behind him into the living room and sat her on the sofa, "Where are the kids?"

"Willow and Brey are with Erica, Brendan is over at a friends, and Hayden is at her dance class. Erica will be picking her up later, I asked her to keep the kids for the night. Why?"

"Because right now, Em, I need you." Not once did he release her from his grip, tightening around her body to draw her closer to him. "Baby, promise me, no matter what happens, you'll always love me."

She looked at him, "Eric, yes, Eric. You know I will always love you."

He relaxed, kissing her all over her chest and neck, working his way to her lips. "Em, I love you baby, I love you."

She rested in his arms, feeling his body change against hers. "Could I interest you in a sexual romp?"

Eric pulled her to him and pulled up her dress, tossing it away as his hand slid down to her wetness, feeling of her sex, "Um yes, nice and juicy, just the way I like it."

He pulled away, and picked her up, carrying her to their room, sitting her on the edge of their bed. He stepped back, quickly removed his tie, unbuttoning his shirt before slipping it from his body, and knelt down between her legs. She looked down at him, "Yes."

His mouth was on her, sucking her hot lips, trashing his tongue around inside her hole, tasting of the cream that was embedded deeply into her. She pushed his head into her lips as he ravaged each inch of her swollen pleasure, coaxing him to suck harder at her.

She bucked his face as he let his tongue slip down and tease in and out of her love hole while his fingers grasped her cheeks, sliding his thumb around her puckered hole, he moaned into her swellings, making it vibrate, bring her to the edge, making her spew heated love all over his face.

"Yes baby, yes," he mumbled as he licked the juices that flowed over him, milking her for more.

"Please baby, please, more, fuck me with your tongue!" she pleaded.

He did as she requested, pushed in and out of her with its thickness, needing her ass with his fingers, and then dipping them deep, as he sucked on her swollen clit that stood out boldly, waiting for his attention. When he did, she came, squirting a fountain that he couldn't contain, soaking his face, and chest.

He let her to relax and pulled away long enough to yank his slacks from his body before he penetrated her deeply.

Eric sat back on his haunches, and Emily grabbed his arms, bringing herself into a sitting position upon his stiffness, thrusting deep on him, bouncing with fury.

Eric eased her back on the bed and laid her down, moving himself over her to cover her body with his own. He kissed her deeply, wanting to take all of her that he could. "Em, I love you baby, I love you."

"I love you Eric!" she moaned back in deep breaths to him as she clung to his neck. She tightened around his strength and exploded about him, bringing him to his edge, allowing his release of hot love inside her body.

"Fuck Em, god Em!" he shoved into her depths and tightened her to him again as he exploded.

Eric was quiet as he lay next to her, his breathing returning to normal.

Emily looked at him wondering what was troubling him, because his mood suddenly changed. He traced her side, up to her neck, and then to her cheek, "Emily, always remember how much I love you, how much you mean to me." His tone shook her.

"You scare me when you sound like that." she looked at his eyes, seeing depths of worry.

He took a deep breath, drawing Emily's hands between them to rest against his chest, he looked into her eyes, "Tangy called me, she had some news."

"Some news, about what?" Emily didn't like where this was going. She and Eric had never hidden anything from each other their whole marriage, but if she thought what he was going to say was true, she would have rather he kept it to himself.

He looked straight through her, as if he was trying to decide what to say. "Tangy called me and told me that she wants to see me, it's important since the divorce is finalized."

"What does her divorce with our son have anything to do with you?"

He swallowed hard, "Remember when I broke my leg, and you were gone, and we thought I took too many pills and..."

She cut him off, "Yes, please, we don't need to go over that again." Emily looked at him, she knew right then what he was saying.

He sat up, holding her hands tighter, "She called to tell me she was pregnant with my son. Now she wants to see me to see if she can work things out between us before the baby is born."

Emily pulled away from him, her heart was confused, and so was her head, she had even forgotten her own news she wished to share with him that evening. "Eric, I don't understand? What are you saying?"

"Em, she wants me to take responsibility of the baby, and her. I'm saying that I am going to meet her, that I am going to get to the bottom of this and see if she's telling the truth or if it's another of her fucking lies!"

"No, you can't. If it were the truth, why would she not have told you before now? We all know how she wanted you." She paused, sitting up on the bed, "If it is your baby, are you leaving me?"

"God no Em, I would never. How could you even think such a thing!" She shrugged her shoulders, tears begun trickling down her cheek. He brushed them from her face and kissed her, "Baby, you know she schemes things, I don't know if she's lying or not, but I need to find

out. I'm going to ask Liz to do a DNA test on the baby, and see if she's telling me the truth."

Emily looked at him, "How far along is she? Did she say?"

"No. I figured it's been almost nine months since I broke my leg, you tell me how far along she would be. I'm going to talk to Liz and see what's the best thing to do." He took her hands again, "Emily, please baby, you know what happened. I just want to make sure you know what else is going on." She suddenly felt so lost. Eric continued, "Emily, if it's true, if she is carrying my son, I don't want this to come between us."

"Eric. Do you really think I would leave you for something like that?"

"No, but I'm afraid she'll hurt you baby. Promise me you'll be careful when you're out with the kids or by yourself." he wasn't making any sense to her, talking around in circles the way he did only made her worry.

"Don't worry, I'll be careful." she kissed him on his cheek.

"Em, I don't want to loose you over any of this, baby," he looked at her, making her uneasy, "I talked to her earlier, I told her I would meet her this evening."

"You what!"

"I told her I would see her tonight. I want to get this over with as soon as I can."

"You mean to tell me you came home early, making love to me, before you take off to meet some half crazed woman who claims you're the father of her child!" she scrambled from the bed, staring him down, "and now you're trying to smooth things over with me?"

"No. I came home to make love to my wife, to let her know how much I love her before something happens that is unexpected."

"Unexpected? What do you think is going to happen?"

"I don't know Em. I just needed my wife, my baby, the only woman I have ever loved. I need to show you how much I love you."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I wasn't thinking. I was trying to figure out how to deal with this."

"How long has it been since you found out?"

"I've known for about a week now."

"And you decided now, all the sudden, come home, make love to me, tell me the truth, and run off to see the little lying bitch, after I was worn down and asleep!" she was scrambling to get her satin robe and cover her body.

"NO! That's not what I planned on doing. I wanted to make love to you. I love you Em. I know how much you love me, that's why I'm

telling you now! I want you to know what's going on." How could he tell her if he didn't understand it all himself.

"And you just couldn't bring yourself to tell me when she called you last week, or when ever it was!" she was stepping away from him. "Don't you trust me to help you, to listen, to understand?"

"Yes, but I thought it best if I waited until now."

"Why Eric? We could have had this taken care of before now. I could have gone to see her."

"No, I don't want you going. I told you, I don't trust her. I don't want you hurt."

"Hurt? Don't want me Hurt! What the hell do you think I'm feeling now! Betrayed, hurt, confused. You don't want me to go with you because you think things can be handled better by yourself. What are you going to do, take a test run to see if you actually liked what you had when she seduced you? Is that why you don't want me there! Tell me Eric, tell me!" she pointed at her own chest.

"Damn it Emily! I don't want you there because there's too much at stake!" he snapped loudly, not realizing the intensity of his voice.

"What's at stake Eric, some lying girl who claims you're the baby's father!" she threw the back of her hand up to her forehead, mimicking a distressed woman, "Oh Eric, I'm pregnant with your baby. How do we get Emily out of our lives so that you can be a daddy to my child, and be my husband!" her tone was childish.

"Fuck Em! It's not like that. I just need to go see her." he was gritting his teeth, anger building more, but he was controlling his tone.

"What are you going to do Eric, pay her off?" Emily's voice was heated.

"I was going to make arrangements with her about..."

She turned away from him, crossing her arms, "Oh, you're going to make some kind of deal with her about the child. Why Eric? You don't even know if it is your child, it could be some one else's the way she acted!"

"Em, it's not like that."

"Then what is it like Eric? Tell me so I understand."

"Baby, I can't explain it. This is just something I have to do, without you there."

She turned on her heel and faced Eric when he came to stand behind her, trying to put his hands on her shoulders, "Why Eric? Why can't you explain it to me, or give me a reason why? You don't trust me enough to tell me the truth? Why Eric? Have you been fucking her all along? Is that what all this is about, and now, you're, you're busted!"

"FUCK EM! It's nothing like that, how could you even think I would do that to you!"

"I don't know. you let me fuck our own son for my pleasure, who's to say that you weren't fucking your ex-daughter-in-law for yours!"

"DAMN IT EMILY!" he grabbed her shoulders, trying to make her understand why he needed to do this alone. "Damn it, do you really think I would be struggling with this as much if I was? I don't want it to ruin our marriage baby. I have to take care of this by myself, can't you understand!"

"No, Eric, I can't, because you can't give me a good enough reason why you have to do this alone."

"I told you, I don't want you to get hurt. I don't trust her. If I go by myself, then something happens, you will be here to take care of things. Baby, I love you, damn it, I'm trying to protect you."

"Eric, protect me from what? Tell me, because I just don't understand."

"I can't Emily. I can't." his voice was harsh to her.

She pulled away from him and stormed out the door, her emotions rocked with anger and fear, and anguish. How could he not tell her, or give her the real reason behind his own reasoning.

After he thought things had cooled down, he came to sit at the kitchen table with her. He took her hand and kissed it, "Emily, I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me."

The tears still stung her eyes in anger and hurt, but she never spoke to him. She stared through him, her voice was different to his ears,

she wasn't screaming, but he had never heard this woman come from her in as many years as he had loved her.

"Eric, you go do what you need to do. What ever it is I've done to upset you, I'm sorry. But know this, what ever you should choose, I love you. Just like my decisions with Scott, I won't regret them because I knew we discussed them and we knew what was going on between us. But this," she pointed at her heart, "I'm not going to be hurt because of something that was beyond any of our control." She took a deep breath and held her head high, "After what happened earlier, or you can tell me why you feel the need to keep this from me, I don't want to, I can't be," she took a deep breath, "I'll be sleeping in the guest room, until you figure out what you're going to do about HER. I'm sorry Eric, but I'm not going to let you hurt me again."

"Emily! I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm only trying to protect you and our family!" he pounded his fist on the table, scaring her. Emily left the kitchen, walking into the family room, looking around, scared and lonely.

"Emily."

"Go away Eric."

"Can I use your car?"

She turned her back to him, and walked to the window, "You can use what ever the hell you want. Just go take care of the little bitch. Maybe the sex will be worth it!"

"Emily!" She stared at him, her eyes cutting through him like daggers. "I'll be back in a few hours, you don't have to wait up," he finally said, not knowing what else to do.

"I don't plan on it!"

After all this time in their marriage, he let something like this happen to the only woman he had ever loved. He should have told her when he first found out, should have asked for her help instead of dealing with it himself, but he needed to protect her because if his suspicious were correct, she needed safeguarded now more than ever.

He walked to her to hold her and kiss her, apologize, but he didn't blame her for not wanting him around. He held her; she kept her back to him and closed her eyes. As much as she wanted to hold him, her pride would not break.

"Emily Kathryn, I Love you, no matter what you think of me, My heart belongs to you," he whispered as he kissed her cheek. "Em, I only want to protect you, and right now, that is the most important thing to me."

He slid his hand down to her belly, rubbing it, and then hugged her tightly before he left her alone. She broke down in tears when he left her, knowing he already knew.

Eric was pulling out of the driveway as Scott was pulling in on his bike, they exchanged some words, and Eric left. Scott was too Emily with in minutes. "Mom, dad said he was going to see Tangy?" Scott

put his arms around her and pulled her around to face him. She pushed away.

"I'm sorry Scott, I'm not in the mood for passion." she flinched as she pulled her hands away.

"Mom, what happened?"

"Your father and I had a fight over Tangy. She called him, I guess, and it was more important for him to rush off and see her tonight, than what I had planned." she huffed, "He chose her over me!"

Scott traced her cheek with a shaky hand, "Dad? Dad never does anything like this."

"Well, I guess this time he had a reason, but still I don't know what it was." her voice was angry as she walked away from him, "Scott, I just need sometime alone. I'm going out to the pool house for a while."

"Sure mom. Hey," he started to walk to her and she stopped him at arms length, "why was dad going to see Tangy?"

"Apparently she told him it's his child she's carrying."

"WHAT!" He said in astonishment, trying to understand it all.

Emily didn't feel like explaining everything to him, but she did mention that she had asked Erica to keep the younger children. If

Scott felt like it, he could go and bring them home because her plans for the night were ruined. Emily stormed from the room.

Scott called Erica and made arrangements with her to drop off the kids. It wasn't long before Erica walked in behind him, holding the babies. He took Brey from her arms, "What has your mother done now!"

"What's going on with mom and dad? I certainly wasn't expecting you to call me. What's this about they had a change of plans, and to bring the kid back?"

"I don't know sis. Dad took off as I came in, he didn't say too much. Mom, she's really upset, and all I could get out of her was dad took off to see Tangy."

"Tangy? Why the hell would he go see her?"

"Something about a baby?" They looked at each other, suspicions running deep.

"No, Scott, you don't think?"

"I don't know what to think." he looked at Breyden, she still held Willow. "Let me help you get their things."

"Hayden was trying to help, but I don't know what she had in her hands."

They walked out together to collect the diaper bags and help Hayden carry in the pizza's that Erica had bought for her and Brendan.

A few hours later, after the house was settled, Scott tried to call Tangy several times, knowing she wouldn't answer because she had no reason to talk to him.

Scott made sure Hayden and Brendan had their baths, he did the dishes, then put his son and sister down for the night, giving Emily some distance. When he thought things she was calm enough with her emotions, he went to the living room and sat with her.

He took her hand, "Mom, talk to me. Tell me why dad did this to you?"

"IF I knew Scott, it wouldn't bother me so much. Ok, maybe I deserved it, maybe all of my fucking around has come back on me, but we had an agreement." she looked up at him, a vague expression in her eyes.

"What are you talking about mom?" he eased closer to her, hoping to comfort her.

"Scott, I don't know what the hell I'm talking about. I'm still shocked over the whole thing."

He took a deep breath, "Tell me why she called again?"

Emily looked at him, running her hand over her face and pushing her hair back, she shook her head, tears forming in the corners of her eyes. "I guess she called him at work, I don't know. He got in

early and said we needed to talk. I had fixed such a nice dinner, I was just finishing up when he arrived. So we sat down and discussed some things." She swallowed hard trying to stay on the subject, "anyway, he tells me that the reason she called him in the first place was because she wanted to let him know she was pregnant with his son."

"His son?" Scott didn't know how to take that.

"Yes. And according to him, the baby is due anytime now. But because of your divorce, she didn't want to come around here. So, now since you're finally divorced, she wants to, and I quote, "work things out between us before the baby is born". I don't know if I should be concerned, or angry, or sad, or what, Scott."

"Mom, what the hell is there to work out between them?"

"I have no idea, unless they have been seeing each other all this time and we didn't know about it. But I don't see why he would say that he doesn't want it to ruin our marriage, if that was the case. He just kept telling me he needed to protect me, and there was so much at stake, he didn't want me hurt. I just don't understand why he was so angry, and I don't know if it was me, or because of her." she looked at him, seeing her beautiful son, and so much of Eric in him, "Scott. Please, let's keep this between us. I don't need your brothers or sisters to find out."

"Ok mom."

She put her arms around Scott and held on to him. "I'm sorry about earlier, I was just..."

"I understand mom. I do. I'm sorry. I wish I would have been home, none of this would have happened."

"Thank you baby. Thank you." she kissed his cheek and he held her tightly.

All of the kids were asleep when Scott came back to check on Emily. She seemed so lost, he had never seen his mom in such a state. "Mom, you know it's after midnight?"

"Yes Scott. I know." she looked at the clock, just to make sure. "I'm worried about him."

"Did you try calling him?"

"Yes, twice, but he didn't answer his phone. I left him a message telling him I was sorry, and I wanted him to come back home so we could talk." she looked at Scott, "something's wrong, I know it is, something doesn't feel right." The phone rang and Scott picked it up, recognizing the number, he looked at his mom and handed it to her.

"Hello?" Emily's voice was shaking.

"Hi baby." Eric's voice was tortured, but a relief to her ears.

"Hello Eric," her voice broke with her heart. Scott looked at her, and left her alone to talk with his father.

"Emily, I love you, nothing in the world will ever change that. And I'm sorry for what happened earlier. God knows I would never ever hurt you like that for any reason."

"But you did, and that is something you can't take back Eric."

"I know, and I don't know how to redeem myself for hurting you that way. God Baby, I'm sorry, I don't know what else to do or say."

"Eric, come home, come home so we can talk. Please."

"I'm headed home right now. I didn't mean to be so late, but I had to try and find out the truth about all of this, why this is happening now, and what I can do to make sure that it doesn't come between us baby. God, I hope you understand."

She knew he was telling her the truth, he had a certain tone, and she could tell he had been crying, her heart sank, and her words softened, "Eric, just come home and come to bed. I'll see you in a little while." she was very quite, listening to him, she heard the engine rev, curious as to where he was driving, "Eric, is there a problem with my car?"

"No baby, I'm just up on the mountain. I'm coming down the hill."

"Be careful, please, let the car idle, no sense in rushing. That hill is slick in this weather."

"Not that, there's some one following me close and I can't get their headlights out of my mirror."

"Please Eric, just pull off and let them pass, that road is no where to be racing, it's not like when you ride the bike down it."

"As soon as I find a spot, I will." he took a deep breath, "Emily Kathryn Richmon, I love you, I have loved you since the first day you walked into my classroom. I have loved you since the first time you kissed me, and every kiss since. Em, always remember how much I love you."

"Eric, I love you too, why are you saying this, what's wrong?"

"I need you to know. I never tell you enough anymore, and I always want you to know everyday how much I love you!"

"Eric, you tell me every day. Never has a day come that you haven't told me how much you love me. I know how much you love me."

"I do baby, but I want you to know how much I mean It." the phone went quiet, she wasn't sure if the call had been lost until he spoke again, "EM, baby, tell me how much you love me?"

She felt uneasy with his words; did he know something she didn't?

"Eric, I have always loved you. Since the first day we met, the first time I flaunted my pink mini skirt in front of you, and every day after. I have loved you since the first time you touched me, and we made love in the back yard and conceived Scott, since we made all of our other children together. Eric, I love you more than life itself." she listened to him breathing on the other end.

"Em, Baby, I want go away some where together, to get away from everything, and just be us for a little while, talk things out, make love to each other, just be together, just us."

"Yes Eric, yes," she whispered, "I would like that very much. I want you to ride me off on the back of the bike, and make love to you under the moon and stars, love like we did when we were first married."

"Em," his voice was calm, serene even, "I'll see you in a little while. Go to bed and I'll wake you when I get home." he took a deep breath, "And Emily, I love you, and I always truly will."

"I love you too Eric." The phone went silent and she hung it up, staring out the window, watching the snowfall.

Chapter 7

It was after two when Scott came in, picked her up from the couch, and carried her up to her room. He laid her in the bed and kissed her gently before covering her up. As much as he wanted to lie next to her, he knew that his dad would be there soon, and they needed each other right now. He brushed her hair from her face and left her alone.

"ERIC!" she screamed out, waking, finding herself in the bed, feeling for him, but he wasn't there, it was almost three a.m. She hurried from the bed, grabbing her robe and rushed to check on her children, even Scott. She found everyone sleeping and hurried downstairs to the garage to see if her car was there, but it wasn't.

She picked up the phone and dialed his cell, getting no answer. She tossed the phone on the table and sat down, looking at it, and trying

to assess the reason she called his name. Had she been dreaming about him, why else would she call for him?

Scott came into the kitchen, his head still fuzzy with sleep, "Mom? What's going on?"

"Your dad, he's not home. I'm worried."

"Maybe he stopped because of the snow, it was getting heavy earlier."

"But he would have called."

"He knew you were going to bed, he probably didn't want to wake you."

"Scott, it's only an hour's drive from the cabin. I know with the snowfall, he was being careful, but if he would have pulled off, he would have called."

"What was he doing up there this time of night?"

"I don't know, I didn't ask. He told me he would tell me when he got home. I didn't care, I just wanted him home."

Headlights flashed in the kitchen window from the driveway, "Look mom, there he is now." Scott pointed out, but Emily was hesitant to move, and looked at Scott, fear flashing in her eyes.

"Baby, that's not your father. That's not my car."

"Come on mom, who else would be?"

A hard knock came from the front door startling them both. Emily stood up, wrapped her robe tightly around her, and hurried to the door, Scott on her heels. She pulled the door open to see a sheriff standing on the other side. "Emily Richmon?" his voice was strong.

"Yes, I'm Emily. Can I help you?" she opened the door further, offering him to come from the cold night air. He accepted and entered the house.

"I'm Deputy Patrick Kirk. And I'm sorry to wake you at such a late hour, but I have a few questions I need to ask you."

"Yes, certainly."

Scott walked up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders, feeling the need to give her strength, or maybe gain some for himself.

"Do you own a 2006 Mustang, red exterior, black interior, plate number..." he read something off to her, she shook her head yes. "We found the registration in the glove box, and thought you needed to be notified about your car."

Emily went pale; she felt her blood go cold, "what happened to Eric!"

"Mr. Richmon is in the hospital. His wife said that he lost control of the car and..."

Emily cut him off, "HIS WIFE! I'M HIS WIFE!"

The officer was shocked, "Mrs. Richmon was at the scene, she said that her husband was returning the car this evening, and lost control of it on the mountain, she was the one who called us right after the accident. She said she had been following him here so she could drive him back home."

Scott stepped up to confront him, "Did you get her name?"

He flipped through some pages of his notebook, and looked back up at Scott, "Tangelia Richmon, why is that sir?"

"She's my EX wife, Eric is my father, Emily is my mother, Eric's wife." he felt his mother shaking, thinking she would faint. "Mom, come on, sit down."

He led her to the couch, helping her sit, went to get her a glass of water, and retrieved her purse, rummaging through it for some information as proof for the officer. He handed off her insurance card, and pointed out the photographs of her and Eric, as well as some of his own information to prove who Tangy really was.

"I don't understand," the deputy replied.

"I do, my ex-wife is lying." Scott stated sternly.

"Eric, where's Eric, where's my husband!" in her head, she was screaming, in reality, she was whispering.

"Mom," Scott held her hand, "I'm sure dad is ok." The deputy looked at her, and asked to speak to Scott alone, he agreed and they went to the kitchen.

"Look, I don't know what's going on here, I guess that is what I came here to find out. We found Mrs. Richmon's car in a ravine off the mountain, about ten feet down. It looked like there was a patch of ice and the car slid from the road. Mr. Richmon, your father, is in the hospital, his condition was undetermined when I left the scene. Ms. Richmon, Tangelia, was direct and to the point about who she was and what she was doing there," he looked back into the living room, "But unlike Mrs. Richmon," he motioned to Emily, "she was not shocked by the incident. She was very matter of fact, which I found very disconcerting. I asked to come here because I remembered your mom's car from a few months ago when I pulled her over for her tail light being out. There's no mistaking that Mustang, it's the only one around here that looked like that."

"Do you know where they took my dad?"

"County General, about an hour ago, after they cut him out of the car."

"Do you know how long ago the wreck happened?"

"We received a 911 call around twelve-thirty, and the paramedics have been working to get him out of the car since we got there a little before or about one a.m."

"What the hell am I going to tell mom!" he fiercely whispered.

"Let me call in and see what I can find out, and then I can tell your mother, if you prefer?"

"No, I would rather be the one to tell her, but yes, if you could find out some more information, that would help a great deal." Scott looked over at his mom, "They just made up from a fight, he was coming back from the cabin so that they could talk about things. I hope that what ever they said gives mom strength to deal with this, because I don't think she can handle anything else right now."

The deputy sheriff walked away to call in on his radio, talking for a while to some one. Scott went back in to sit with Emily, who was mumbling something incoherently to herself. He startled her when he took her hand.

"Oh Scotty," she hadn't called him that in a long time. "He knew, when he talked to me earlier, he knew something was wrong. If not, he wouldn't have said all those things, asked me how much I loved him, reminding him of why, telling me why..." she just kept going on and on about their conversation.

"Mom, I need to tell you what happened." he held her hand, she just stared into the darkness, "Emily!"

She flashed her eyes to him. "Scott, he's dying. I have to get to him before he slips away from me." She left him sitting there and ran upstairs to change her clothes.

Scott went to the officer and asked him to wait, going up after Emily, "Mom, you can't, you don't know where he is. You have to, what about Willow, Hayden and Bren, and Brey?"

"I'll take your father's truck. Please, call Erica, and Mal, don't wake Hayden or Bren. I have to make Eric hang on, just for a few more hours. I have to go."

He grabbed her shoulders, "MOM! They cut him out of your car. They don't know what condition he's in! MOM!"

"Scott, I have to go to him. Don't you understand, I may never get to tell him I love him again! I have to tell him about..." She left him standing there and ran back down the stairs stopping at the deputy, "tell me where he is, and what's happening, I know you know."

He took a deep breath, "He's at County, he's in surgery right now. I don't know anything else besides that, but..."

She cut him off, "BUT WHAT! That little bitch there to claim him too!"

"I don't know that ma'am, but I would like to escort you to the hospital, if I could."

"No, I'll take my husbands truck."

"Please, let me lead the way, so you don't get hurt, or pulled over."

"Mom, let him take you, you're in no shape to drive. I'll follow as soon as I get Erica here to watch the kids. EMILY!" he grabbed her, making her look at him, "I love you, please, do this for me, do this for dad!"

She threw her arms around him, "Scott, I love you too, for you, for dad, yes, I'll do it for you both, for all of you." She grabbed her purse and turned to the officer, nodding her head. Scott watched them pull out of the driveway, and went to the kitchen to call his brother and sister.

When they arrived at the hospital, Emily was personally escorted to the ICU and left to wait until a nurse came to sit with her. The young sheriff never left Emily's side, because he knew that if the other woman was there, the truth would come out soon enough, and he was hoping to catch her red-handed.

The nurse collected some information that only Emily could provide, stating that the other woman hadn't a clue about her husband. Emily calmly sat in the private waiting area, her adrenalin overtaking her body.

She couldn't relax, she couldn't settle down, but she could think. If she got her hands on that little bitch, she would... her thoughts trailed off to the officers' words, His Wife! My fucking ass! She looked up to see Tangy standing in the hallway.

'Em, don't, you need to stay focused on Eric. You need to keep your mind clear.' She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes, softly humming a song that Eric sung to Willow.

She heard a scuffle outside and opened her eyes to see Scott and Tangy arguing. She got up, walked to the door, and opened it. "Don't you two know there are sick people in this place, now shut the fuck up, both of you!"

"MOM!"

"Don't mom me, get your ass' in here, NOW!" They both fell in behind her, and she put Scott to her side and Tangy across from her.

"Now, you little slut, you're going to tell me exactly what I want to know, or else."

"Or else what? Your gonna have me arrested for murder?" she scoffed, "Eric's not dead, yet."

Emily's eyes flashed up to look over her, she saw Officer Kirk standing outside of the door, and silently motioned for him to come in, he did so unnoticed to Tangy. "No, I want to know exactly what you have been telling everyone!"

"About me and Eric? Sure, I have nothing to hide about my husband!"

"Your husband?" Emily leaned forward.

"Well yes, he has been my husband for a while now, can't you see, we're expecting our first child together. After all, your divorce was settled a year ago, after he found out what kind of trash you were, he married me." she flashed some kind of cheap ring at Emily.

Emily drew in a breath, putting her hand on Scott's arm. "So, tell me Tangy, if he is your husband, then surely you know about his tribal markings." Tangy looked at her funny, Scott almost busted out laughing.

"Come on Tangy, you know, my dad's tattoos. Being his wife, you should know what each one of them mean, and how many he has."

Emily looked up at the deputy and smiled. "So, Tangy, do you know what's on his upper left arm?"

"No. I mean, I'm not sure what it is, it's, I can't tell because it's so old."

Emily's voice changed, "are you calling Eric old?"

"Well, he is sixty-five, I mean, he is old!"

"Dad is only sixty, hardly old!" Scott pointed out.

Emily had to look away before she laughed. She turned back to Tangy, "What's on his chest, above his heart?"

"A scar, from a motorcycle accident a long time ago."

Emily looked at Scott, she was right about that one. "And what is the tattoo next to his heart?"

"A ribbon with an unreadable name," Tangy wrinkled her nose.

"That name happens to be mine!" she responded sharply, and then contained herself, "One more question Tangy. Where did Eric put your name on his body?"

"HE hasn't, it's not something he wanted to do."

"That's a shock, because everyone that he loves is on his body, either in a sign, or a name." Scott squinted his eyes at his ex-wife.

"I didn't want my name on his body like that. I told him so." She crossed her arms in a huff and turned away from his burning eyes.

"Where's my name on daddy's body Tangy?" Erica's voice shattered the silence, bringing Emily to look at her, "Momma, don't worry, everyone is ok, Mel is looking after the babies, and she's going to get Hayden and Bren off to school. Mal is dropping Bridge and Ryan off at the house and coming as soon as he can." she hurried over and embraced Emily as she started to cry.

"How is daddy?"

"Honey, I don't know, they haven't told me anything yet."

Erica looked at Scott, "You better get her out of here Scott, or I'm going to pummel her!"

"You'll do no such thing," Emily brought Erica's attention back to her, "I don't care how horrible she is, if it is your fathers child she's

carrying, I won't have that innocent child hurt." she looked at Tangy then, "I wouldn't be as cruel and selfish as others!"

"Mrs. Richmon." a deep voice called from the doorway. Emily released Erica and stood at her side, Scott stood behind them, Tangy stood up to look back at the doorway, starting to say something, but changed her mind after she saw the look on Erica's face.

"Yes," Emily advanced towards him, "What's happening with my husband?"

"I would like to speak with you privately if I could." He stood in his scrubs, his mask still around his neck, his kind voice helped her heart.

"Yes, certainly." she walked out the door with the doctor, and out of sight.

"Tangy, the best thing for you to do is walk away now. I don't know what kind of game you're playing, but it's not going to end in your favor. Not after what you've done to dad." Scott remarked.

"I haven't done anything to Eric, except give him myself and a child."

"Be that as it may, I find it too convenient for you to have been there to call the police after the accident." He pulled her to face him, his eyes brunt with fear and loathing. "What did you do Tangy, run mom's car off the road because you thought it was her, and not dad!" He took a deep breath, "get mom out of the way so that you could come in and comfort him, giving him another child to take his mind off of Mom!"

"I would never!"

"Just so you know Tangy, Dad has eleven tattoos on his body so far, each one representing each his children, and his grandchildren, and two for mom. Besides the scar the one on his chest has mom's name on it, he also has EM on his upper left arm, and it's been there since before they even started dating. Mine is under mom's on his chest, Breyden's is under mine, Willow's is on his upper right chest, Hayden's and Brendan's are on his upper right arm, Erica's and Malcolm's are tattooed on each shoulder, and Ryan's is underneath Mal's, that way we all encircle his heart. And all of us are symbolized on his leg in a circle of lineage that he and mom designed after Bren came!"

"I...I..." she stammered.

"I know." he looked past her at the deputy and nodded.

Tangy sat back down and started crying as Scott walked away, motioning the deputy outside.

Erica looked at Tangy, she felt sorry for her in away, but, then again, she didn't, "Why'd you do it Tangy? All you had to do was tell daddy, he would have taken care of you. He would have done it unconditionally, just like he has Brey."

Tangy was in tears now, "Because, I don't know, I don't know."

Erica stood up and walked over to her, putting her hand on Tangy's shoulder, "I don't know what you were thinking, but if daddy dies, his blood is on your hands, and then what's going to happen?"

She saw Tangy go pale, and felt her go stiff. Tangy looked up at Erica, weeping, "I think my water just broke!"

"Oh, that's just great!" Erica rolled her eyes and walked out into the hall, "Scott." she motioned him over, "Tangy's in labor."

"This just keeps getting better doesn't it?" he said sarcastically. He walked back into the waiting room and over to Tangy, she was panting like a cat, he shook his head and rolled his eyes, "Before I do this Tangy, I want the truth!"

"I, yes, Scott, yes, what!" she growled in pain, "What!"

"Did you run dad off the road? Is this dad's baby!"

"NO, NO! NO! I didn't run him off the road! He, I was following him, after we, OH!" she balled over in pain, "Scott, help me!"

"No, not until you tell me what the hell you were doing!"

"I was coming down the mountain, I was following him, I was going to meet him and..." she screamed.

"Where Tangy!"

"I didn't know it wasn't your mom. I thought she was up at the cabin. I thought it was her, I was coming to the house, I don't know what I was doing!"

"You're lying!"

"YES!" she was holding her stomach, the contractions closer, "Scott, help me to the, call someone."

"No, you're going to suffer just like mom and dad are, until you tell me what the hell you were doing!"

"Eric told me to meet him tonight at the lodge. Eric left a long time before I did. When I was driving down the mountain and I saw your mom's car." she stopped to grasp her air, panting heavier, "Scott, I was going to tell your mom, the truth. I wanted her to know I lied. After I talked to Eric, I couldn't do it, my heart wasn't in it after I saw the pain he was in. God Scott, this is your son, not his! I love you, but I couldn't do it, I couldn't lie any more."

"How do I know you're not lying to me now?"

"I was already pregnant when I seduced Eric that night you were in Denver! I drugged him, I fucked him, and it felt good! But I was already pregnant. Yes, I saw the car go off the road, I didn't know what to do!"

"Why didn't you call mom!"

"Because, I didn't want her to think that I did it. Eric already told me that he hurt her because he was angry with me, he was trying to make it up to her!"

"Why did you lie, why did you tell the cops all that shit!"

"Because I was, I don't know Scott. I was upset, and I didn't know what to tell them when they asked me my name."

"FUCK!"

"Scott, please, I let my anger get in the way of everything, please, help me with your baby." When she looked at him, he saw the woman he had once loved, the woman he once knew.

He took a deep breath and picked her up, rushing her out to the nurses' station. Erica came behind him.

"Find mom, tell her what's happening, I'll go with Tangy, and tell mom, I'll explain everything." Erica wasn't buying it, "ERICA! Trust me!"

"FINE!" she threw her hands in the air and walked away, running into Malcolm.

"Where's mom?"

"I don't know, Scott took Tangy to labor and delivery, they won't tell me anything about Daddy! And Scott's yelling at me!"

"Come on, we'll go sit down and talk. Tell me everything. I haven't a clue what's going on except dad's hurt." They sat down and Erica told him everything she knew.

Emily sat with Eric, holding his hand, listening to the monitors. She almost couldn't bare to look at him. His face was swollen, his body was cut up, he was black and blue, and unconscious, but he was breathing, breathing on his own. She laid her head next to him, sniffing her tears away. "Eric, I'm sorry, I wish I hadn't told you to go away. I wish we would have talked it out then."

She looked at him, hoping for some response, nothing. She traced her hand up his arm and to the tattoo of his pet name for her, EM. He had that placed on his body before they even got together, with hopes that she would be his. She thought about their conversation on the night she discovered it.

Eric's arms were strong, and taught. I ran my hands up them and squeezed, noticing a tattoo on his upper left arm, EM, scribed fancy with the red rose laced through it.

"Eric?"

"Yes baby?" he looked up at her.

"What's this for?"

"You."

She thought of the way he continued working his way down, tickling her, making her buck up to him, "How long have you had it?"

"Almost two years now." he was nuzzling down on her trim. She didn't want to ask him anymore questions, but she thought it was beautiful that he would do such a thing for her, even before they were together.

She still thought it was beautiful. "Eric, I love you. I'm sorry that I did all of this to you. Drove you away from me, drove a sexual stake between us. I shouldn't have let Scott or anything come between us."

She kept talking, just to keep calm, maybe he would hear her, maybe he would respond. "Do you remember the last term of college, when you found out I was pregnant with Scott. I wanted to tell you after graduation, but I couldn't hide it from you. You took such good care of me, moving me out of the dorm, moving us here. Then giving me Mal, and Erica, Hayden and Bren, and Willow. It was always easier to tell you about your children after Scott. I was so scared when I found out about Scott. So scared that I would loose you because of the baby. Now, I'm afraid I'll loose you because of my selfishness and stupidity."

"You didn't do anything wrong Em." he squeezed her hand, "I did." he voice was hoarse, but he was awake.

How long had she laid there talking, him listening, and she didn't even notice that he was awake till he spoke and moved. She sat up, looking at him, he smiled.

"Em, baby, I'll always be in your heart, in our children, in our love, that, you will never loose, we will never be apart."

"Eric." it was as soft as an angels kiss when she spoke his name. Tears filled her eyes, she tightened her grip on his hand.

"Em, I'm sorry." he coughed, his throat raw. She stood up and slid her hand over his chest, being careful not to hurt him. He put his arm around her as tight as he could.

"Eric, are you leaving me?"

"Not if I can help it, but if it's my time baby, I have to go." tears stung the wounds on his cheeks. "If this is getting karmatically bitch slapped by Shiva, I deserved it after doing what I did to you."

"No Eric, nothing this bad could have come from that. Besides, I'm all right, and I know you didn't mean to do anything like that, it was just..."

"It was wrong baby, I shouldn't have. I should have taken you upstairs and made love to you, I should have talked to you before, I never meant to hurt you."

"Please, Eric, not now, its over, lets just focus on you getting better."

"I am baby, as long as you're by my side, I'm better." he coughed, groaning. "I'm sorry about your car."

"I can replace the car. I can't replace my husband, my love of my life."

"Emily, I love you." he ran his bandaged fingers up her cheek and across her lips. She kissed them as he did, "Emily, you take care of our kids, you take care of our baby," he let his hand drop down to his side, and rubbed against her tummy.

"You knew?"

"You can't hide it that well baby," he smiled, "that's why I needed to protect you, we have so much at stake." he brushed her tummy again, and she put her lips to his, managing a soft kiss between them as he faded.

"No Eric, I love you, don't leave me Eric, don't leave," she spoke into his lips, feeling his chest as his breathing became shallow. "No ERIC! NO!"

Lights flashed, noises blared, and Emily was pulled from his body, pushed from the room. She stood there numb, witnessing her husbands' death, recalling their last minutes of confessed love, and regrets, made in mere minutes after years of love and affection. She reached up and put her hand on her belly, "Eric, you knew."

Scott came barreling down the hall, "MOM!" he had her in his arms, "Tangy, the baby, it's not dads, it's mine! She's mine! Tangy lied to get even with me, she..." He looked at her as she stared through the glass into the room, then he turned around to see the chaos. His heart stopped as he watched them work on his dad.

"He's gone," she whispered, still holding her tummy, "he told me he loved me, and you, all of you, and to take care of all of you, and the baby."

"What baby mom?"

She looked down, "our baby." Emily fell into his arms and cried.

He carried her back into the waiting room, thinking that it was beginning to be a normal thing toting all of these women around. Mal and Erica sat talking when he burst into the room. Mal took her from Scott and lay her down on the couch as Erica retrieved some water. Emily gathered herself looking at her children, not bearing the weight on her heart well.

"Dad," Scott finally spoke, "I don't know what happened, but they are working on him." he looked around, "Tangy, ok, I know you don't want to hear about it, but we have a little girl, she's my little girl, Tangy told me everything! She lied, she didn't hurt dad, he just lost control of the car, she didn't lie because she told me it all before I took her down there. I wanted to make her suffer like she made mom suffer."

"SCOTT! The poor girl was hurting, you may have hurt the baby." Emily scolded him.

"The baby is fine, she had time, besides, her contractions were far enough apart, but they couldn't give her any medication, so, she went thorough the whole labor and delivery naturally!"

"Oh Scott. How is she doing?"

"They are fine, Emilia is beautiful and healthy."

Emily smiled, "Emilia huh? Your idea?"

"Yes." Scott held her hands.

"I still don't buy it!" Erica spat.

"I agree." Mal admitted, "Why would she be so evil?"

"Look, she agreed to have a DNA test done on Emilia, to prove she was telling me the truth after all this time. If it comes back different from me, then I know she was lying."

"What about dad, if he's gone..." Scott cut Mal a look, pulling him off to the side.

"Shut up, no one has come down here to tell us he's dead. Don't say it, mom's already thinking it. She can't handle that, dad is her world."

"It's not like you can't take his place." Mal sounded jealous.

"What are you talking about!"

"Yeah Mal, what the hell?" Erica asked. Scott shuffled them all to the other side of the room away from Emily.

"Scott's been sleeping with mom." Mal stated bluntly.

"I knew that." Erica admitted.

"I don't mean sleeping with her like he did when he was a kid, I mean having sex and stuff with her."

"Yeah, I know." Erica stated bluntly.

"What do you mean, 'I know!'" Mal blurted.

"SHH! Dumbass!" She bit at him.

"The night that they took daddy to the hospital, when she was pumping in front of us, I knew then." She looked back at Emily, "Come on Scott, I saw the looks that passed between you and mom, and Mel, I about had to beat her off mom!"

"Yeah, I remember that." he smiled.

"Well, it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure it out! Besides, I came home one afternoon and saw the two of you. I just didn't say anything." she smiled at him.

"Thanks sis, but..."

"No need to thank me, besides, if I thought she would go for it, I would take a shot too."

"Oh fuck, you too!" Mal slapped his own head, "I can't believe you two!"

"Well, Mal, I can't help it if I think my mom is a hot piece of work!" Erica smiled, besides, after what I saw between her and Scott, and her and daddy, I would like to taste of her."

"Oh, I'm sure that would be the perfect pleasure for her considering the current circumstances!"

"Hey, I can fantasize can't I?" Erica had a wicked smile to her face.

"About your own mom!" Mal was flabbergasted, shaking his head.

"Have you seen her pussy!"

Mal looked at her, "Am I the only one who doesn't want mom!"

"I guess so!" Scott lightly punched him, "But now, we have other things to worry about." Scott pointed as the doctor came in and sat with Emily, quietly discussing Eric. When he left her alone, she looked at her children, slowly got up and walked to them.

"He's alive, and they have stabilized him. For how long, they don't know, or he will get better." She looked at Scott, "I can't see your dad for a few hours, so can I see my granddaughter?"

"Sure mom," he kissed her softly and held her close, feeling her tremble. "Mom, I love you." "I love you too Scott."

They walked down to the nursery to see the new baby, Emily thinking of Eric's words, 'Take care of our baby', he had never been wrong since the first time they made love, he always knew, how long

had he known? She held Emilia, looking at her, she had Scott's eyes, Tangy's pouty mouth, and yes, there was a resemblance to Eric, but only because of Scott. She rocked her, taking her mind off everything.

Emily left the nursery and went to see Eric. She was exhausted and needed sleep. Her children followed behind her and watched through the window of the room after she went inside. He was stable and resting comfortably.

She sat down and took his hand, where she had been sitting before, and kissed it, talking to him, "I just want you to know, I know the truth about Tangy's baby. She told Scott everything, and now, we have a beautiful new granddaughter." she felt him stir, looking up at his face, not being able to tell anything.

His breathing was steady, but no response other than the slight move of his hand. She watched him now as she talked, "baby, I still don't understand what happened, or why, but what ever was said between you and Tangy, if she is telling Scott the truth, I hope to hear your side of the story. I need to know, I need to hear it from you. If you tell me, then I'll know it's true." he moved his hand again in hers, as if he was responding to her, but his face didn't change.

"Eric, she told Scott the baby was his, and that she lied because she wanted to get even with him because of the divorce. She admitted to drugging you and seducing you, but she was already pregnant before. She told Scott that she has the sonogram photos and the paper from the doctor dating the approximate conception date."

She paused, waiting for another response from him, and continued, "Scott has asked for a DNA test, Tangy agreed, I think they took the blood sample when they checked her, the baby, this morning." his hand shifted in hers. "Scott named her Emilia after me. He named her after me!" she was crying now, leaning against his arm, tears running down her cheek to his skin, and down the tattoo of her name.

She heard a noise behind her and looked up to see Scott. He smiled and walked to her, bushing the tears from her face. "Mom, they said you can't stay much longer. I think you need to go home and sleep. We all do." He looked up at his dad, seeing how badly he had been torn up in the wreck. "Mom, he'll be in good hands, but they won't let us stay. They are going to give Erica and Mal a little time but we all have to leave for a few hours."

"I can't leave him Scott, I can't."

"Mom, it's just for a little while, just to let you rest."

"What if something happens and I'm not here to tell him I love him, or good bye!" she was weeping harder now.

"If something happens, or changes, they will call. We'll come right back here." he was holding her around her shoulders; she still held Eric's hand.

"I've almost lost him, how can I leave and loose him."

"Mom, Emily, your not going to loose him, he's going to pull out of this, aren't you daddy!" She looked at Scott, he never called Eric

daddy, not since he was little. She felt Eric's hand tighten his grip, as if Scott's words were a trigger.

He looked at his dad and choked on his words as he spoke, "Daddy, mom needs to know its ok to leave you here so she can get some rest. She needs to go home to Willow, Hayden, and Bren. Daddy, let her know its ok for her to go, you won't leave her behind."

Eric looked at Scott, and moved his hand, pulling hers with his closer to his body, managing to put it over his chest, over the place of the tattoo. He squeezed her hand again, moving it back and forth, and then released his grip.

"Eric, I don't want to leave you here alone."

"Momma, he's not alone. There are good doctors here, he's in good hands." Scott put his hand over his mom and dad's and cupped them, "Dad, I'm going to take mom home, let her rest, we'll be back after while. Daddy, I love you, but mom needs to go home so she doesn't get sick. She needs to take care of herself and the baby."

Eric's fingers moved to Scott's hand, and put it over Emily's, and nudged it. He squeezed them together and pulled his hand free, letting it slip to the side. She looked at Scott, swallowed hard, and gave up. She pulled her hand free and stood up to kiss Eric. As she brushed his lips, he put his hand against her tummy, spreading his fingers open to cover it. She put her hand back over his and felt her heart race. "Eric, I'll be back in a few hours. I love you."

He tried to smile as he flexed his fingers a little against her and pulled away. She looked at Scott, "I'll be in the waiting room." she kissed his cheek and left them together.

"Daddy, you always knew everything your children have done. I want you to know that I'll take care of Momma if you don't come home. And Daddy, I'm sorry for everything that Tangy and I put you and Momma through, but for what it's worth, my daughter has her grandfathers spirit." he bent down and kissed his cheek, "Daddy, I love you."

Eric caught his hand and held it tightly, looking up at him. "Wait, let me get mom!"

"No son. NO!" he hoarsely whispered.

"But, mom."

"No. You take her home, make sure she rests. I'm leaving her in your hands. Scott, I'm going to try and pull out of this, but if I don't, you have to promise me, promise me you will love her and care for her."

"You know I will dad."

"Don't tell your mother I said this, do you understand me!" Eric's voice was rough, and low, almost lost.

"Dad, how can I not tell her, she sees right through me."

"You take her home and make her rest. Call Elizabeth and tell her she needs to check on your mother." taking a deep breath he added, "I'm afraid if she doesn't rest, she's going to have a miscarriage."

"Dad! You can't be serious."

"Look at her Scott. If I would have known what I did was going to hurt her in more ways than just breaking her heart, I would have never left the house. I never ment to hurt her, I was angry." he took a deep breath, his tone fading, "Scott, all I need to know is that she's safe, and if it's true. When I was knocked out in the car I saw a vision, dream, what ever it was. She was going to tell me tonight, I know she was. But I'm afraid if she doesn't rest, she's going to have a miscarriage. Do this for me, please."

"Yes dad, I'll do it. I promise."

He grunted, and whimpered in pain. "Go, take your mother home, and send in Mal and Erica. I need to talk to them too. I want you to come back later on, without your mother, I need to talk to you some more. I don't want to her to see me struggle though this recovery; it will only burden her pregnancy even more." he squeezed Scotts hand again, "go on, make sure she's resting."

"I will daddy."

"And Scott, I love you too son." Scott reached around and hugged him, Eric squeezing his arm.

Mal and Erica came into the room after Scott left, Eric speaking with them, telling them something similar to what he had told Scott, with out all of the details, but made them promise to help and care for her if he didn't make it. They agreed, and Erica asked about Tangy, why it all happened. Eric told her and Malcolm the story, and it matched Scott's with a few more facts. They were satisfied, and he told them that he would tell Emily, for them not to stress her

out with the details. When they left, he found the button to his pain medication and dosed himself up, putting himself to sleep.

Chapter 8

Scott took Emily home. She was glad to be there, but found it hard to relax. If it wasn't for sheer exhaustion, she wouldn't have slept. Melody and Bridgette agreed to help look after the kids, allowing Emily to rest.

Scott, Erica, and Mal discussed their parents for a long time before they slept. They discussed what Eric had told them, and how worried they were about Emily. Scott telling them of what his dad had said, and they agreed about their mother.

"Scott, what if daddy doesn't come home? What then?" Erica asked him.

"I don't know sis, I just know that I will be the one to take care of her, dad already asked me too." He looked at them, "Did he tell you he thinks she's going to have another baby?"

"No, he didn't mention that." Mal looked up at him quickly.

"You can't be serious Scott!" Erica got up to stretch; she had been sitting so long her body hurt.

"Yeah. Just before we left he told me something's that really bothered me, but made me promise not to say anything. But I wanted you to know about that, because if he, I mean, Mom's gonna

be crushed, and then dealing with that, he thinks if she's not careful, she may lose this baby."

"God, you really think that dad is right?" Mal shook his head in confusion.

"I don't know, but he made me promise, and he wants me to come back by myself later so we can talk." he took a deep breath and looked at them, "I'm scared. I love mom, but I'm not ready for this, I mean, I'm not ready for, damn it!" the tears rolled down his cheeks, frustration building inside.

"Look, Scott, go get some sleep. We all need sleep, and you and mom have had less than we have. Go upstairs and go to bed. Dad will be fine, you'll see."

"I hope your right, but it's going to be a long road of recovery. They still haven't told us everything that has happened, and I'm afraid when they do, it's not going to be pretty. But dad will push himself, you know he will, especially for mom."

"Scott, he's going to be fine, one way, or another, he's going to come home and be back to normal with mom. It will push you out of her bed for awhile any way." Erica snickered.

"Thanks for that." Scott stood up, "Wake me up if I'm not up when Hayden and Bren get home, ok."

"You sleeping with Mom?" Mal shot him a funny look, knowing all too well the answer.

"What do you think." he smiled as he got up and headed towards the staircase.

"I don't want to hear any funny sounds coming from the room Scott!" Erica teased him.

"Don't worry, moms out of it, and I'm too tired."

He left them in the living room and went up to Emily, crawling in next to her, feeling the warmth and security of her body against his, drifting off to sleep. Erica piled up in the guest room, Mal just crashed on the chair in the living room.

Things were quiet in the house, Bridgette and Melody kept the babies fed and occupied. Ryan was even delighted with the company of his cousin and aunt. Melody was very good with the children, and she and Bridgette got along very well. They talked girl talk, things that she and Erica never talked about, and bonded, becoming close friends in the end.

Scott got up before Hayden and Brendan arrived home from school, preparing to tell them about their dad. Emily slept, and he watched her, not sure if he should wake her. He stroked her hair from her face and she didn't even move.

He whispered to her, trying to understand his emotions, "God mom, dad wants me to take his place if he dies, but are you going to accept me like that?" He kissed her gently and left her side.

After a quick shower, he went down stairs to see everyone busy with the babies and his younger brother and sister. It was almost like a

holiday with everyone around. He pulled Erica off to the side to talk to her, "Did you say anything about dad to them?"

"No, not yet. I thought you wanted to do it."

"I do, but you guys need to hear what I have to say as well. All of you." He made it a point to include Bridgette and Melody. They all gathered in the living room and Scott stood before them, he took a deep breath before he spoke. "Hayden, Brendan, I have some news about dad." they looked up at him.

"Is it bad? Did he hurt mommy some more?" Hayden asked.

"I hope not, he shouldn't have been mean to her. I hope someone's mean to him." Brendan smarted off.

"No. No you don't!" Scott snapped at him, not realizing how harsh his tone was.

"Scott, if momma hears you, she's going to bust you for treating him that way!" Erica glared at him.

"I'm sorry Brendan, but you shouldn't say things like that. It's not nice. And I know that he hurt mom's feelings, and... just don't say anything like that again."

"But he hurt momma, and I don't like it when she's hurting! It's like when I tease Hayden, and momma gets on me. It's not nice to make her cry!"

"I understand that. Look, the reason I say that is because dad did get hurt." He blew out a breath and sat between Hayden and Brendan, "Look, dad was in a car accident last night. Remember when he left in mom's car last night?" they shook their heads, "we'll mom called him and he said he was sorry, and then when he was on his way back home, he, well, something happened and he..." Scott choked, trying to hold back his tears.

"You know how mom is always trying to tell me to be careful when I drive in the snow. You've heard her tell me, right?" Malcolm knelt before them, "Well, dad was driving in the snow, and he slid off the road, and got hurt really bad." he looked at Scott, "Dad is in the hospital, but they won't let us see him very much because he's in really bad shape."

"Is he gonna die?" Hayden asked bluntly.

"We don't know." Emily's voice came from behind them all.

"Momma, I'm sorry, I didn't want daddy hurt!" Brendan ran to her, crying.

"It's not your fault Bren, he just had an accident in my car. No one is to blame."

"Yes momma, I wanted some one to be mean to him like he was mean to you."

Emily gathered him in her arms, "Brendan, you only said that because you were angry, but daddy got hurt long before you thought that. Now, daddy is going to be in the hospital for a while, and you and Hayden, and everyone else, need to be strong, and help me out,

because I am going to be trying to help daddy get better. But I need everyone's help." She looked at all of the kids, "I need everyone."

They all nodded and stated their agreement to her.

"Mommy, I'll clean my room really good." Hayden said, hurrying to her.

"And I'll make sure I do my homework, and keep my toys and games up." Brendan hugged her.

"Good. I need all the help I can get. It will be just like when daddy broke his leg, but now, I'm going to be back and forth to the hospital as much as they will let me. So we all have to help here at the house." she looked at her two hugging her, "Do you two have homework?"

"Yes." they said in unison.

"Ok, Hayden, you help Bren, get your homework done. I'm going to find something for supper, and then Scott is going to take me to the hospital for a little while. I can't stay long, but I need to see your dad." she smiled at them, "It's important we all pitch in and do our best to help daddy. Ok."

"YES!" they said again.

"Now, get your books, go to the kitchen, and get your homework done, I'll be right there to get you a snack, after I talk to your brothers and sisters." she shuffled them away and came back to Scott. "Now, you were saying?"

Scott stood up, taking her hands, wanting to hold her and kiss her pain away. "What I was going to tell everyone before, was that dad has left me instructions to take care of you, and the younger ones, if he doesn't make it."

She backed away from him. "When did he tell you this?"

"This morning, when I... right after you left his room."

"What!" Emily snapped.

Scott looked away, "Yes, and he told me to take you to see Liz, and make sure you rest, and don't stress out. Mom, he's intrusting me with your safety and well being."

"I can't believe this. Why wouldn't he tell me?"

"Look, mom, he wasn't, he didn't want you to worry any more, he wanted to tell me that I was in charge if he dies." He bit his tongue, wanting to tell her the rest but left it at that.

"I, oh Eric!" She dropped Scott's hands and went to the kitchen, leaving him dumbfounded.

"Why didn't you tell momma everything?" Erica asked.

"Because I promised dad I wouldn't," he looked back towards the kitchen, "and I'm not going to unless something happens to him."

Emily fixed something quick to feed the kids, and spent some time with Willow before she and Scott left for the hospital. It was almost six before they got there, and she wasn't allowed much time with Eric. He was sleeping when she arrived, and Scott left her to go visit Tangy and his daughter.

Emily spent the next two days with Eric in and out of consciousness, the doctors still not telling her anything. When she couldn't sit with him any longer, she went down to see Tangy and Emilia.

They were getting ready to release her on the second day, and Emily offered to take her home. Tangy wasn't sure, because of Scott, but accepted the offer. Emily checked with the nurses to see what time she would be released, and it gave her a few hours to gather some things up for Tangy.

With a bit of coaxing, she got Scott to help her go shopping for a car seat, some diapers, and other things Emily thought she might need. They took Tangy and Emilia back to Tangy's mothers, Emily spending some time discussing Emilia, and Eric with them. Scott told Tangy he would see them in a few days, and took Emily back home to rest.

After two weeks, they moved Eric from ICU. He was fully awake, but couldn't sit up. Emily sat with Eric, holding his hand. She looked at him, first asking if he was in much pain, and if they had said anything about his condition.

He said no, the medication was helping the pain, and he didn't know anything except that he wrecked her car. She stroked his face in a place that wasn't bruised, and talked some more.

"We told Hayden and Brendan. I don't think it has set in yet that you aren't coming home soon. They are used to you being gone a few days at a time, and working, so, I don't know if they really understand."

"I'm sure they do more than you know," he said with a raspy voice.

She looked at him, face serious, "Eric, why did you tell Scott I was his responsibility? I can take care of myself."

"No, Em, it's not that you can't, it's that you won't." he squeezed her hand.

"What do you mean I won't?"

"You will run your self ragged if some one... look, baby," he coughed a little, flinching in pain, "Just trust me on my decisions. I need you to take care of yourself, and the baby."

"Eric, I haven't even told you if I was or not!"

"Have I ever been wrong before?"

"Only once." she looked away.

"No, I wasn't, remember." he reached up and touched her face. "Even though you had your monthly for the first two months, Hayden still came, and she was right on time."

"Liz said it was break through bleeding, not a monthly, that's why she put me in bed."

"Yes. But I was right, wasn't I."

"Yes. Yes you were." she smiled, putting her hand on her belly.

"How far along are you?"

"A few months."

"We'll, let's see the belly." He motioned her to stand up. She moved away from the bed, pulling up her shirt and showing her already protruding tummy. "MY God Em, I'd say you're more than a few months."

"No, according to my calculations, I should only be a little over three months, working midway on my fourth."

"You've never been that big this close to your third, not even with Brendan, and he was almost ten pounds when he was born."

"I have another doctor's appointment in two weeks. Liz is going to do the sonogram."

"Why didn't you tell me you have already been to see Liz?" He reached up, taking her hand.

"I was going to, the night of the accident, but..."

"Baby, you should have told me. I don't ever want you to deal with anything like this alone."

Emily put her shirt back down, "I know. But, after what happened and everything I've done with Scott..."

Eric shook his head, "I told you Em, we discussed it before, as long as it didn't interfere with what we have between us, then, I'm ok with it." he smiled, putting his hand on her swollen belly. Emily sat back down, he brushed her cheek, bringing her to face him, "Baby, I love you. Nothing will ever change that. You've known that since our first kiss."

"Eric, I can't do this with out you."

"Yes, you can Em, because you have Scott. You have our son to help you. And he love's you, and I accept that. Em," he pulled her to him, trying to hold her, "Baby, if I wasn't afraid that I won't pull out of this, then I wouldn't have ever said anything to him." Emily started to cry and he wiped her tears away, "baby, for me, I need to know he will take care of the only woman I have ever loved. I trust my son to take my place in his family, and care for you as a woman, and his mother."

"Damn it Eric!" she hotly whispered, laying into his shoulder for comfort, crying harder.

"Em, baby, he loves you as a woman, I think we both agree that he is the best choice for all of your needs."

"Eric, it's not about my needs, he's our son, but you're my husband. He can't take that place."

"No, and I wouldn't expect him too. I expect him to care for you, and make sure you're happy, and safe. I know you love being with him, and you love having sex with him, and I like what it has done for the three of us, bringing us closer. I have always trusted my son, and his judgments, and now, I am entrusting him with the most precious thing in my life, You, Em."

"You talk as if you're already dying. Eric," she looked at him, and he brought her to kiss him.

"Emily Kathryn," he said in the midst of the kiss, "even if I live, I may never walk again, and I can't deny my wife her pleasures. Nor will I ever." the kiss deepened as much as it could, and when he moaned in pain, she pulled away. "Too much excitement." he groaned.

Eric held her close, but as much as he was loving the attention, the pain was more than the pleasure. He told her he was sorry, and she apologized for causing him more anguish, and she put her arm over him.

"I love you," she softly whispered, watching his eyes, brushing his hair from his face.

"Emily, I've never loved you more than I do now." he smiled at her, and relaxed, drifting away from her.

When Scott came back, she was asleep, her head lying at his side. His heart ached for her, and his dad. Scott woke her, and she walked down the hall to the restroom and got some water. Scott thought his dad was asleep, and started to leave when Eric called him back. He sat in the same chair Emily had been in, and took his dad's hand.

"I told her everything that I think she needs to know at this time, we talked about the baby. But I didn't tell her about my dream, or whatever the hell it was." his voice was groggy, "Scott, I didn't tell her what the doctors have told me, but I did tell her that I may never walk again."

"No, dad, you have to, you have to walk, you have to..."

He cut Scott off, "Son, whatever happened in that wreck has caused more damage than what I understand. The pain is killing me. The only reason I'm even talking to you right now, is because I'm so zoned out, I'm speeding. In about ten minutes, I'll crash. I'm hurting Scott. I'm hurting bad."

"Dad. I..."

"I know son." he took a deep breath, and brushed a tear from Scott's face, "I don't want Emily to know how much pain I'm in. I don't want her to know what has happened. I told the doctors not to tell her anything negative. If the internal bleeding starts again, and they can't stop it, I'm done for. I got lucky and didn't get but a few broken ribs, but when the car rolled, hell Scott, for what it's worth, I'm glad Tangy was following me."

"If it wasn't for Tangy, none of this would have happened!"

"Don't be angry with her, she's was only doing something she thought was right."

"Dad, how can you say that!"

"Because, at this point in time, it's trivial." he clenched his lips in pain, "Scott, what's done is done, don't blame Tangy for my stupidity! I shouldn't have gone up the mountain, what if it would have been her and the baby instead of me, then I wouldn't have a new granddaughter, and your wife would be laying here."

"She's not my wife any more." he snapped.

"No, but Scott, she still loves you. In her own sick little way, she still loves you." he flinched in pain again, pushing his button for relief. "Scott, Tangy was lost, and what she did was wrong, but what I did to your mother was wrong too. Tangy promised me she would care for the baby, and tell you the truth. Did she?"

"Yes. But I'm still waiting on the DNA tests to be sure."

"Trust her, she's young, and she lost the only man she ever really loved, You, son. She was scared to be without you, and she knew if she was close to me, she would be close to you. Emilia is your daughter, and just like Breyden is your son, you need to take care of her."

"Are you saying I should work something out with Tangy?"

"Do what you feel is right in your heart, but don't make your daughter suffer." his voice was fading, "Scott, take your mother home, make sure she rests, and I'll be better tomorrow." He sighed, "Scott, Em needs to focus on the pregnancy, not me. I need you to help me..." his voice faded completely and he was asleep.

"I'll do my best dad."

Scott and Emily walked out to the parking garage, and he stopped to hold her quietly for a few moments when they reached the car. It had been so long since he could actually do it the way he needed to, that he forgot what it felt like.

He snuggled into her hair and kissed her softly. She held him tightly, leaving a trace of light kisses on his neck and chest, taking in his scent. She wasn't sure if it was her or him that made the first move, but they found each other's lips and took them passionately.

He pulled her tightly to him, and slipped his tongue into her mouth, entangling his with the warmth of hers, licking, and nipping at her lips. She sighed as he touched her, feeling his hands on her back and sides, she felt the tautness of his muscles under her hands, and excitement drifted over her body.

She breathlessly spoke through their kiss "Scott, take me home, make love to me. I want to forget everything but you and me. I want to feel nothing but us together. I want you to make love to me, not fuck me, take me home, and make love to me." He pulled away from her, "Mom, we can't, everyone is there. I mean, Malcolm and Bridgette are home, and..."

She cut him off, putting her fingers to his lips, "then take me up to the cabin, just for a few hours, I need you Scott. I need to be with you, and forget everything, I love you, and right now, I need you more than I ever have."

"Emily, I need you too. I need to feel you. I want to make mad passionate love to you." he kissed her hard, long and deeper than before. "If we don't stop, I'm going to make love to you here in the car." She laughed at him, nipping at his lips.

He pulled the car door open, still kissing her. "Emily, I can't take the place of your husband, but I can love you the way I think you deserve to be loved, like the beautiful woman you are."

He pushed her against the edge of the door, "Yes, I want to make love to you, feel deep inside of you, taste your body, and kiss your soul. I love you, I love you!" he whispered to her, before he broke the kiss.

It was so hard to let her go, he wanted to keep kissing her, tasting her, his want of her flared, as she pushed into him, tugging at his shirt, touching his skin. "Scott, I need you baby." she wrapped herself around him tightly, kissing him deep and then slid away, and into the seat of the car.

They carefully drove up the mountain road to the cabin, and hurried inside. It was cold, but the heat between them seemed to warm up the house. They took time enough to turn on the furnace, and a light or two, locking the door behind them, keeping the kiss.

"I don't want to be your mother tonight Scott, I want to be your lover, your girlfriend, what ever you want me to be. Make me forget

everything but us, make mad passionate love to me, because I need you Scott. I need you so much." she whispered deeply, pushing her body to his.

Emily was out of her clothes and lying in the bed by the time Scott got to the room. She held her hands out to him, bringing him into the bed with her, "Make love to me Scott, take it all away, everything but us baby. Make love to me like we have never loved before, I only want to think about us." she entangled herself against his body, kissing him with heat that drove him mad for her.

"Yes Emily, I want to love you, like I never have before. I want to give you all of my heat and passion." he kissed down her cheek, and to her neck and ear.

She stopped him, "Scott, we have to be careful." she reached down and touched her expanding midsection. "I told your father today, I'm pregnant, almost four months."

He stopped and pulled away from her, "What are you saying?"

"Scott, this may be your child."

"Mine. How can you be sure?"

"Because, if I counted right, it was the night the three of us were up here, New Years Eve. So there's a good chance that I'm carrying your child." she put his hand to her tummy and he smiled, "I love you Scott, I love you."

He was very quiet, watching her eyes, looking over her body, touching her softly, taking in the rise of her forming bump. Excitement and pleasure took over his emotions, and he let a tear roll from his eye. "Oh Emily, what a beautiful gift."

He raised back up to capture her lips to his, kissing her softly, full of love and want of her.

She whispered through their kiss, "Make love to me like you did the night we conceived our child, slowly, passionately, gently. I want to forget everything Scott, but us, make me forget who I am, and the world around me. Love me Scott, love me."

"Yes Emily, I promise." he pulled away to look at her, "with all my heart, I'll love you."

Chapter 9

Another two weeks passed, and the day of Emily's doctor appointment came. Scott accompanied her to the office and impatiently waited while Emily went through the normal poke and prod check up. Even though she had been going to Liz for years, this time, she felt very uncomfortable because she didn't know who the father was. She asked the nurse to get Scott when they took her for the sonogram.

She was already on the table and waiting when Scott walked in the door. He took her hand, standing up towards the top of the exam table. The nurse put the jelly down and slid the transducer around her belly, adjusting the picture. She chatted a little bit, easing the tension in the room.

"Mrs. Richmon, you think you are at the four month mark?"

"That's what we figured out, but we were not so sure. I guess we'll find out soon." she smiled awkwardly, "My husband thinks I'm further along because of my size."

"Well, let's just see how far along we are." The picture became a little clearer and started putting little marks on the screen. Emily looked at it, trying to make out the shapes the marks made, and then she gasped, clenching Scott's hand extremely tight. Tears rolled from her face.

"Mom?" he whispered, "What's wrong?"

"Look." she whispered and pointed, showing him what she saw. He couldn't quite make it out, and then realized he was looking at more than he expected.

"Mom? Is that what I think it is?"

"Twins. Mrs. Richmon it's twins."

"Oh my god!" Emily mumbled. She looked at Scott, swallowing hard.

"Here's one, and here's the other," the nurse added, showing the outline each of them. She clicked off the pictures and printed them out, quickly writing things down in the file and handing the photographs to Emily.

Emily took them, her hands shaking. After that, there was no question in her mind, or heart, about whom she was pregnant by.

"Well, Mrs. Richmon, I'll let the doctor know and give you time to catch your breath. I'm sure she will want to see you briefly before you leave."

"Thank you." Emily could hardly speak. The nurse left them and Scott helped Emily from the table.

"No wonder you're growing so quickly," he stated. Feeling her shake holding her steady.

Scott took the pictures from Emily, looking over them. He was just as shocked. Many things floated through his head. He didn't know what to say to her as he kissed her cheek.

Emily leaned against the table in awe of her circumstances. Could it be true. Was she carrying a child for each of them? It wasn't far fetched, she had heard of women carrying twins of different fathers before, and twins coming out looking different because of the different blood lines and such.

She put her hands on her tummy and rubbed, taking a deep breath. "Well, my little ones, I guess well see who you look like in about five or six months. I hope I can handle the two of you. I may be walking sideways for awhile," she giggled to herself, then looked up and whispered, "Scott, we should go see your dad."

They walked out of the room, stopping long enough to speak to Liz, before they headed back to the hospital to see Eric. She held the photographs tightly, excited to tell Eric the news.

When they arrived at the hospital, and entered Eric's room, he was gone and the whole room was empty. Emily panicked, because no one had called her to tell her anything had happened to him. Scott heard her gasp, and put his arm around her.

"Wait mom, I'll go see. They may have just taken him for some tests or something."

"I'm all right. Just go see what's going on."

Scott kissed her cheek and left the room, walking down to the nurses' station to inquire about his father. He was shocked to find out that they had put Eric back in ICU.

"Why wasn't my mother notified?" He snapped.

"We tried to call the numbers left, but we didn't get any answer. We left a message with the number listed as her cell phone," the nurse looked a little wary at him, "Mr. Richmon, we tried to call and let you know that he was having problems again, I'm sorry that we did not reach you. I'll call down to ICU and let them know you have arrived."

Scott went white. His emotional state went from ecstatic father to upset little boy in the matter of seconds. When he turned to walk away, Emily was standing before him. "Mom, they took dad back to ICU." He swallowed hard, "they said they have tried to call your cell, but didn't get an answer. They said he was having trouble again, and took him back."

"Oh God. I forgot all about my phone. I haven't even turned it on today." She looked stunned, "What kind of trouble?"

"They won't tell me. We have to walk down to ICU, the nurse is going to meet us there."

Emily took a deep breath and put the sonogram pictures back in her purse. "Maybe he just over dosed himself and they took him back as a precaution." She tried to smile, but deep in her heart, she knew it was more. When she reached for Scott's hand, he jumped. Wherever his thoughts were, she pulled him back to reality.

They walked to the elevator and rode it to the floor where the ICU was located. They both looked at each other before they exited the car. Scott knew what was in her thoughts, because he was thinking the same thing about his dad.

"Mrs. Richmon." The nurse approached her, "I'm sorry we couldn't reach you earlier."

"It's my fault, I forgot about my phone. Please, what's wrong with Eric?"

"I'm afraid that his lung has collapsed, and we believe that his broken ribs have caused more damage than what we initially thought." She turned to look back where the doctor stood, and motioned towards him, "Doctor Richardson is taking care of him, and can explain things to you better than I can."

She stared at the doctor, this strange look overtaking her expression, "I want you to tell me everything your not."

"I have told you everything I am able to Mrs. Richmon."

"No, no you haven't. I know that Eric was fine when I left him last night. Something is wrong; there is something you haven't told me. Something that everyone knows, and no one is telling me!" she was almost screaming.

"Mom, calm down. You know what Liz said about you getting upset. It's not going to help dad either."

"Then someone needs to tell me the truth about your father!" She snapped at him.

He had never seen so much fear in her eyes. Usually, she was strong, it didn't matter what any of them had gone through, but now, she was terrified. Scott walked the doctor away from her before she hit bottom and clawed his eyes out.

"Tell her the truth. If my dad is dying, she deserves to know why. I don't care what he told you to do, you need to tell her."

He glanced over at Emily and continued talking to Scott, "Mr. Richmon, your father has a collapsed lung, the internal hemorrhage has begun again, and we can't seem to stop it. We can do surgery on him again, but he might die."

"What is the chance we save his life, and not kill my mother?"

"It's 70/30. But he may be in a coma, or hospitalized for a long time."

"I don't care. You do what it takes to save my father, and you do it now!" Scott poked him in the chest, not really meaning to, but his emotions were taking over his senses. "My mom is pregnant with his child, this is their seventh, and he has to at least live to see him born." Scott's eyes narrowed, "and I don't care what it takes to get him there."

"Take your mom in to see him, and notify your family. I'll have the surgery prepped, and do what I can."

Scott walked back to Emily and took her in his arms, her look was distant, lost. He kissed her on purpose, hoping no one else would see, and she threw herself around him, clinging to him.

"Mom, they are going to try and stop the bleeding again, but he may not make it. If he does, they say he may be in a coma for long time." He snuggled into her shoulder, leaving a soft trail of his lips to her ear, "I love you, I'm here for you Emily."

"I love you Scott. I need to go see him, take me to see him. He needs to know."

"Yes, he does." Scott held her close for a few more minutes, and stole another kiss from her before they walked down to Eric's enclosed room.

Emily stood in the doorway for a moment, Scott still holding her around her waist before she walked in and sat down next to the bed. She took Eric's hand and looked at him, he was pale, the respirator pushed him to breathe, and the monitors beeped in a low tone, echoing the stillness of the room.

Scott stood next to her, watching the machines, swallowing back his tears, thinking about how happy Emily was after the sonogram, and now, how awful she looked sitting there holding his fathers hand.

Emily ran her hand up his arm and traced the tattoo that bore her nickname, and pulled out her cell phone, turned it on and snapped two photos of it. Scott stepped away and gave her some private time.

She stood up and put his hand against her belly and held it there for a few moments, then bent over him, kissing his lips, that she found very warm, and snuggling into his shoulder, whispering to him.

"You were right, but you were always right." She left a little peck on his cheek, "We're having twins this time Eric. I think one is yours, and one is Scotts. But it doesn't matter, because I will love them both, and so will you."

She drew back to look at his motionless form, and eased back to where she was, "Do you remember the night we first made love, how beautiful the moon was? How fun it was on the motorcycle, how wonderful it felt to know that you loved me enough to make love with me under the night sky. I have always loved you Eric, and nothing will ever change that. You have given me a love beyond my dreams, and a life that any woman would be proud to share with you. I love you Eric. I will always love you."

She trailed kisses to his lips, softly kissing their warmth again, and stood, taking a deep breath, running her hand over his shoulder, down his chest, stopping at the tattoo that held hers and Scotts name upon his chest, traced it slowly, and drew away. She turned

to Scott and a tiny smile crept across her lips. "Say good-bye to your father son." She kissed Scott's cheek as she left the room.

Scott walked to his dad, not knowing what to do or say. Two weeks ago, they had this conversation about taking care of Emily; and now, he didn't know if he was ever going to see him again? Why did his mother suddenly tell him to say good-bye? Didn't she have any faith in the doctor, or did she know something he didn't?

They came to get Eric and wheeled him down to surgery. Emily called home and let everyone know what was going on, and as soon as she knew something, she would let them know. Erica agreed to watch the kids, and pick up Hayden from dance class. Emily thanked her, and asked her to please call Malcolm because she had only gotten his cell phone, and didn't want to leave a message.

Emily and Scott sat in the waiting room. Scott took a few moments to call and check on Emilia, then sat back with his mother.

Emily stood as the doctor approached her and took her aside, sitting with her, "Mrs. Richmon. I'm afraid that due to your husband's internal injuries, and with this relapse, he may not make it much longer. I have done everything I can to make him comfortable. Now, it's just a waiting game."

She broke down in Scott's arms. She knew there was nothing more that they could do. Before Emily left the hospital, she was allowed to see Eric. Once again, whispered how much she loved him. She promised to care for the babies, and if he did not come home, she would let them know about their father.

On the drive back to the house, she hardly spoke to Scott. His thoughts were for her, and his family. Was this really going to happen, was he going to have to do as he promised, and take his father's place in his mother's life? He loved her deeply as a woman, and would do anything in his power to take care of her. But losing his father, was something that he wasn't sure he could handle. He looked at Emily, and reached over and took her hand, kissing it softly.

Emily looked at Scott, seeing how much he looked like Eric, and a slight smile creased her lips.

"You won't have to take your father's place, and I would never expect you to. But I never want you to leave my side. Unless of course, you want to."

"I promised to always take care of you Emily. You are still my mother, but in my heart, you are so much more. You have meant more to me than any woman. I love you, and if you want me at your side, then that is where I will be."

MY MOM, MY LOVE

Chapter 1

My mom, Jeana, is the most beautiful person in the world to me. I'm telling you this because it is important for you to realize that no matter what she went through, and all the hell she was made to suffer, she's still a very strong person and beautiful.

As the story goes, I am told by her, and she has no reason to lie to me, that I was conceived with a man several years her senior. She was only sixteen at the time I came to be, and he was four or five years older than she was. Shannon, her best friend in high school introduced them. He was smitten with her right away.

Shannon was dating his older brother, and so, why not get Ron and Jeana together so they could all four hang out, she thought it would be great since they hung out so much. Mom and Shannon didn't think that Ron would be that interested in her, they thought he just wanted someone to hang out with and play pool with, or talk. But they were wrong. VERY WRONG.

My dad took up with her at once, at first thinking she was much older than she was, but when he found out, he didn't care.

They had a lot in common, they both liked wrestling, and back in 1983-84, it was a big ticket. The music was kick ass, mom had her first mustang, and she and my dad loved playing pool.

They spent all the time they could together in his parents bar, and he helped her improve her pool game. Oh, but there's a story there for later. There was a lot of cool shit that happened then, me being one of them... yeah yeah, on with the story.

Ok, so dad, Ron, hooks up with my mom, and there's no prying them apart. She told me the story of the first night they met, how they talked and played pool, had a few beers, (like I said, he didn't know she was that young) and he even picked out a song for them.

My dad played 'Shame on the Moon' by Bob Seger for her, asking her to dance, it melted her heart and burnt into her soul. That song still makes mom cry to this day.

So between the pool, flirting, beers, dancing, all that stuff they did, things went really good between them. She thought she remembered it being about one a.m. or almost closing time when they left the bar and went to his house.

They spent the rest of the night kissing and talking, yeah that was all the first night. Don't be so perverted. My mom said that my dad was a real nice guy the first night, besides, they sat up talking till dawn and she fell asleep in his arms on the couch.

However, the next dates weren't so innocent.

God I wish I could tell you what she told me, but because of her age at the time, I can't say it. But what she told me, after she stopped crying, it was so fucking hot! I can't believe my mom was so naughty. And on the pool table after closing... oh shit! No wonder she cries every time she hears that song!

Apparently, my dad's got a hell of a tongue and a fetish for licking hot pussy. I can understand that, moms pussy is fucking hot and worth every lap. *Eh-hum. Excuse me while I adjust here.* I can't believe she told me this about them either. I'm glad she did.

He would come to meet her at school during lunch hour, calling her during the week, but they hadn't any alone time. (Ya' gotta remember, school was a more open back in 83-84.) She couldn't wait to see him over the weekends. She was craving more than just hugs and kisses from him, and that was exactly what she got, More.

After they dated for about a year, she found out she was carrying me. My dad had gone back to Chicago for something and when he called her and found out, all hell broke loose. He wasn't angry, but everyone else seemed to be. But she wasn't the only pregnant high school girl in existence. I think it was mostly because of her age.

Dad came back to Mississippi with intentions of marrying her, but her parents wouldn't have it. It caused a big fight and mom never saw my dad again.

Her parents married her off to some rich guy, way older than her, like almost twenty years, and shipped her off to Louisiana. My mom wanted to go back to Colorado where she was born, but no one would let her. At the time, it was become a pregnant run away, or marry this man. Lesser of two evil would have been to run away.

This guy beat her every chance he had. He sent her into early labor screaming that he was going to kill her and me if it was the last thing he ever did. When the ambulance and police came, they arrested him for attempted murder. My mom spent two months recovering.

She tells me that the only reason she survived that last beating was because she was protecting me, she was not going to die until her last breath was given to me for my life. And it almost was.

He had kicked her so hard that he broke several of her ribs and arm in two places. But she held steady in the fetal position so that he would not kick me. The last straw was the gun in her face. It has traumatized her to this day, and since I am a cop, I am careful about how I handle my guns around my mom.

Before she was released from the hospital, some people came to see her. They had heard what had happened and wanted to step in and help get her on her feet. She still doesn't know why they helped her out, but they got her a job, and helped her heal both physically and mentally. They also helped her care for me. I will always be grateful to them, who ever they are. Thank you.

Mom went back to Mississippi when she was able. She wanted to start over there so the people that helped her, get back, get on her feet and get going. They were so cool to do that. By this time, I was around two, and a hand full.

She hooked up with a guy she knew in high school and he seemed to treat her really good. She ended up pregnant with my sister and he packed her off and moved them to Florida. He worked odd jobs and for daily labor places and mom took a part time job with some small store. Balancing me, her pregnancy, job and whatever else she was dealing with wasn't easy for her. She just kept going because she had too.

Her relationship ended with this guy when she came home from work early one day because she was sick, and found him tied up with her sister on the couch fucking.

He packed up everything he owned and took the only car they had and left her high and dry. After two weeks of trying to balance getting me to day care and to work on the bus, she got fired. We had to move back to my grandmothers because she didn't have any way to go or any way to take care of me.

The morning she went into labor, she had to ride the bus to the hospital. She bundled me up on that cool December morning and we

walked to the bus stop a few blocks from the house, it was 4:30 am. We hitched 2 buses to get to the hospital. It was a good thing that her water hadn't broke before we got there. She got to the hospital and finally someone came to get her.

A kind nurse took me and got in touch with my grandmother who had been at work when mom left the house. They came and picked me up, took me back home and left me with my aunt. Mom had my sister the next morning.

When I saw my mom, she said I snuggled into her chest and wouldn't let go. They had to wait till I went to sleep to take me away from her. She came home three days later and she said that I never left her side. She kept both of us in the bed with her.

Mom has been through two marriages. The second one was also an abusive one, but it was more mental than physical. I watched her deal with that one, two miscarriages from it, and almost a third. She was six months pregnant, but you couldn't tell it because she was good at hiding it. And she hid it on purpose because she was afraid of him.

He beat her so bad after she told him she was pregnant again, she couldn't walk for a week. That was when I decided that was enough. I was sixteen then.

I took my sister, who was 12, and mom, and drove them to my best friend's house. They rushed her to the hospital and kept her from miscarrying. They nursed her back to health, and by then, I had managed to get us a place to stay and chose my career path after one of her best friends, a county Sherriff, Wes, had come to see her after the arrest that he made personally.

Wes stood outside her hospital room talking to me for awhile about what happened, and I told him everything. He was so angry that he threatened, and I quote, "to kill the fucking asshole if he ever came near my mom again."

Bob hasn't spoken to my mother since before the end of their divorce. He pleaded her to come back, but Mr. Wes stepped in and slapped a restraining order in his face. I had to personally thank him for that.

My little brother came into the world safe and unscathed. I was there, mom said she needed me. Ok, not exactly the best time to see your moms pussy for the first time, but it gave me a new understanding and better appreciation of what a woman goes through in her lifetime.

After they cleaned her up, and handed her Arron, (I think she named him after my dad)and I saw her pussy for the first time in its natural state, was when I wanted to crawl back inside of it.

I felt love in a completely new way that day for my mom. I have never regretted it either.

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The years passed and she managed all three of us on her own. I came to love her even more for her devotion and drive. But I continued to see her go through so much. One night, I happened to be coming home to visit her and my brother.

When I walked in the door, the house was dark and quiet, except for the candles, and their song in the background. I'm guessing it was around my dad's birthday, she always tried to celebrate it, she was

crying. I hate it when she cries like that. She says, "Bo, your so much like your dad. God I miss him." then she starts crying again. It had been that way every year since I could remember. I knew what I was walking into then.

But this year, it was different. She had been drinking something that wasn't wine, and wasn't crying. She had sent Arron off to his friends for the weekend, and she sat in the candle lit room alone, with the song playing, maybe she had cried, but not like usual. There was something different in her eyes.

I walked over to her and sat down, taking her hand.

"Mom? You alright?"

"Yes baby. I'm fine."

"I'm sure if dad knew..."

She scoffed.

"It's not for him baby, it's for me. It's was the night I got pregnant with you, not for him."

"Huh?"

"Yeah." she smiled. I had never seen her smile like that. "It was so beautiful. We just clicked that night. We made love like I can't describe, and I knew the moment he let loose in my body, I was

pregnant with you." She stroked my face. "Bo, baby, you look so much like your dad at that age, but you know what."

"What mom?"

"I love you more." she had a funny tone to her whisper.

"Thanks mom." I whispered. "I love you too."

"Bowen?"

"I want something from you."

"What's that mom? I'll do what I can."

She was hesitant, cleared her throat, quickly downed the rest of what ever it was she was drinking before she actually said anything.

"Bowen, I want you to make love to me."

It was a good thing the room was dark and she was well past her way to wasted because I almost shit myself when she said that, and I'm sure she would have noticed my reaction right away if she wasn't. Then again, she may have never asked me if she wasn't.

"Fuck mom, I can't fuck you! Your... your... you're my mom!"

"Who said anything about fucking! I can fuck myself anytime I want to."

She spread her legs open exposing her naked juice soaked pussy and flicked her swollen lips. I went stiff instantly.

"See! I can fuck myself just fucking fine!" She was panting and moaning with pleasure as her fingers swiftly brought her over the edge of ecstasy.

"Mom. Please. Stop." Oh yeah, I begged her hard, and enjoyed every second of her fingering herself too. "Fuck mom! FUCK!"

"No, make love to me Bo. I don't want to fuck. I want to be touched and licked and loved."

She brought her juice filled fingers to her lips and licked, what a turn on! Then held them to me, I was so tempted, but it was so wrong.

"Come on Bowen baby, I don't taste so bad."

God! She smelled incredible! If it was as awesome as it smelled, I could only imagine what it would taste like. I couldn't help but lick, and when I did, I felt my cock stiffen so hard I had to undo my jeans, revealing the engorged purple head.

"Oh Bo! So beautiful." She whispered, reaching for me. I eased back a bit as she grazed the

pre-cum soaked head of my erection. It shot lightening through my body. "Baby let me see it all."

"Mom, no, your drunk, your, you need to go to bed."

"BOWEN SCOTT I am not!" her voice sank from a scream to a whisper. "And I am going to bed when I feel you, like, when I feel I should, when I feel myself come for you and bed."

I stood up so I could help her to bed, and she lunged for my jeans pulling them open, exposing my massive hard on. I was ashamed that it was because of my own mother I was so stiff, but she was so sexy and so hot at that moment, such a beautiful woman.

"Oh My!" she grinned massively, licking her lips. "Oh Bo, you are so beautiful." she murmured.

I don't know what happened next, it was like some one threw cold water on her. She looked me dead in the eyes, and I saw something, (I'm still not sure what it was), in hers.

She withdrew from me quickly and got up from the couch just as swiftly as she could, stabilizing herself on the arm as she backed away from me.

"I...I...oh god, I'm so sorry Bo, I...I..."

She turned on her heel, stumbled, almost falling, and ran to her bedroom.

I stood there dumbfounded, my manhood limping. I almost felt insulted. I gathered myself together and turned on a small lamp just inside of the hallway, then went back to blow out the candles.

I saw she had been drinking Jose', and shook my head. No wonder she was so bold.

I picked up her glass and what was left of the fifth and carried it to the kitchen. I sighed, rinsing out the glass and looked at my reflection in the window over the sink. What did she see?

I'm not ugly, girls chase me all the time. I don't have time for them because of my career, and... then something caught the corner of my eye. It was a photograph of her and us three kids.

We all resembled her in some way, but each of us had some attributes of our other parent. She was smiling so big in that photograph. It was the day I gave her the keys to the house.

She was so proud, she finally had a home after all the hell she had been through. I looked in the window again and looked away, shaking my head. "Oh god, mom."

I kicked off my shoes and turned the kitchen light off as I went towards the hall. Her bedroom door was ajar and I slipped inside. She was lying on her side, the moonlight caressing her bare shoulders through the window.

I caught a glimpse of her face in the fingers of the light, I had never known my mom to be so beautiful. Her dark hair embraced her, dancing down her body. I fell in love with her that night.

I crawled in bed next to her, gathering her up in my arms. I was pretty sure she was passed out, but she stirred.

"Bo?"

"Yes mom, it's just me." I snuggled against her, remembering doing it was I was younger.

"I'm so sorry." she whispered, tears cracking her voice.

"Don't be mom. It wasn't so bad."

She choked on her tears she was crying so hard.

"Come on mom, it's ok."

"I'm sorry Bowen." she just kept repeating herself.

"Mom, it's ok." I kept trying to reassure her.

She looked up to me, I put my fingers to her lips and rubbed her cheek to calm her down. I knew I shouldn't have done what I did next, but I couldn't help it.

I kissed her. I kissed her deep and long. I felt more lightening shoot through my body when I did. She kissed back, and it was soft and

lovingly. She broke the kiss and drew in a deep breath. I kissed her forehead and drew her into my chest, she snuggled down into me.

"I love you mom."

"I love you Bo."

"Get some sleep mom."

"Thank you baby." she whimpered a little, I felt the dampness of her tears on my arm and chest, but soon, she slept.

I lay there for a few more hours watching over her. She was so vulnerable all of the sudden, this woman who had been so strong for all of us, was suddenly a mental mess of emotions. I cradled her closer and slept.

The night crept into daylight and the phone awakened me. It was Arron needing a ride home because his friends parents had to go somewhere all of the sudden and he needed picked up. I told him mom wasn't feeling well and I would be there shortly to get him.

He asked if I had my patrol car and I said I did, "cool!" he said. I laughed. I hung up the phone and looked over at mom. She lay there naked, and I longed to touch her beauty. But she was sleeping so good. I kissed her cheek and got up, sliding my clothes back on.

I went to the bathroom and took care of business quickly. As I washed my hands, I looked in the mirror, still trying to figure out what she saw that made her act the way she did. Did I look like my

dad? I know I looked like some one besides her. Maybe that's what she saw. I left her sleeping and picked up Arron.

Mom was a wreck the next few days after recovering from her hang over. I spent the rest of that Sunday there because she was in no shape to take care of Arron. I don't think she completely recovered from that hang over for about three days. I had never seen her that bad.

My usual night to visit for dinner was Wednesdays and Saturdays, and the occasional Friday. When I showed up for dinner of Wednesday, Arron was sitting in the living room with take out and mom was nowhere to be found.

"Hey bro, where's momma?"

"Her room. She picked me up from school, got me this and said she didn't feel good." He held up his chicken leg and pointed to the rest of the food on the table. "Bo, she don't look so good."

His voice was worrisome.

"I'll go check on her. Save me a piece of that chicken will ya." He nodded.

I went down the hall to her room and knocked softly. No answer. I eased the door open and saw her sitting in the big chair that sat in the corner of her room next to the picture window that over looked the pond in the back yard.

"Mom?" She looked over at me and looked away. "Momma, you alright?" she just stared out at the pond. I walked over and pulled the footstool closer to sit on. I took her hand and she withdrew from me. We had always been so close, I had no clue what was going on.

"Come on mom, if this is about the other night, it's no big deal." I don't think that sounded right.

I saw the tears roll down her cheek. I took her hand and this time she let me. I reached up and brushed the tears away. "Mom, I know that you weren't yourself the other night. And I'm sorry if what I did made things worse."

She smiled then, "I liked it when you kissed me. But I'm so ashamed of myself for that." she looked at me, her eyes so dark with fear and pain, "I'm so sorry Bowen."

"Don't be mom. It's not like I didn't start the kiss."

"It's not just the kiss, but touching you, wanting something from you like that. Exposing myself and doing what I did in front of you. I'm an awful woman!"

"No you're not mom, you're beautiful and strong. I'm not going to analyze what was going through your head when that happened. But for the record, it was very hot and sexy."

I saw her cheeks redden a bit and felt a tingle in my groin as I thought about it. Damn, it was fucking hot to watch her finger herself and smell of her luscious sex. I cleared my throat.

"Mom, if I wasn't your son, I would make love to you in a heart beat."

She smiled a bit.

She hadn't been with a man since my brother was conceived. She didn't even date for fear of being beat up again. I felt bad for her because there were some really nice guys out there, but she wouldn't because of her track record.

I knew she needed touched and loved, the way she had kissed me that night, my god! It was the best kiss I had ever tasted in my lifetime.

I wondered if I shouldn't be dating her. Sure, she was my mom, but what difference would that make? Instead of going to family restaurants all the time, I would start taking her to places that are more intimate. The more I thought about the idea, the more I liked it. She startled me from my thoughts when she touched my cheek.

"Bo. Why don't you go in there with Arron, I'll be out in a bit."

"Alright mom." I got up and kissed her cheek. "Mom?"

"Yes?" God I loved her eyes. I could see why my dad loved them too.

"How about you and me go out Friday night? Somewhere nice. I mean really nice."

"I don't know. Why don't you ask Arron and see what he thinks?"

"I'm not interested in what he thinks. I want to know what you think. I just want to take you out. Just me and you."

I felt her shudder. "Just us? We haven't been out to eat as 'just us' in forever."

"Yeah. I know. And I think it's about time."

"What about Arron?"

"He can stay at his friend's house that night. Or we can get a sitter. I'd ask Lauron, but...?"

"He won't like that."

"So, call and see if he can stay over at Cody's and we'll pick him up the next day."

"I'd like that." her smile brought me warmth and relief.

"Good. Then it's settled. I'll pick you up at seven."

"Bo, are you sure?"

"Yeah mom. I'm sure." I bent down and kissed her cheek, "love you mom."

"I love you too baby."

I left her sitting there quietly. At least she acted like she felt better now. I went back in and sat on the couch next to Arron.

"Hey, I'm gonna take mom somewhere special Friday. You think you can get one of your friends to let you stay over?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Tell ya what, you do this for me, give me some alone time with mom every now and then, and I'll take you to the store and get you that new video game you want."

"For real!"

"Yeah, for real."

"Cool!"

"But you gotta promise me that you won't get upset if I spend time with her."

"Na. Besides, she ain't feeling so hot. I think it would be good if you were home."

"Yeah. Me too bro." I gave him a noogy and we laughed.

We watched cartoons and ate, mom finally joining us. I still saw some apprehension in her face. I got up and followed her to the kitchen. She had her back turned to me and I put my arms around her.

"Mom, I want to thank you."

"For what?"

"Being my mom. Being strong, and loving all of us the way you do."

I saw her reflection in the window. She was smiling. I kissed her cheek, wishing it was her lips again. I pulled her hair away from her shoulder and snuggled down in the curve of her neck, softly nuzzling there.

She squirmed a bit and I thought I heard her whimper. Her eyes were closed and I kissed up her neck and too her ear.

"I love you mom. I love you more than you'll ever know."

She went a little stiff as I kissed her, but soon relaxed against me, sliding her hand up to my head and holding it there as I did. I knew she was enjoying it as much as I was. I put my hand on her belly and pulled her closer to me, working my way over her cheek to her lips.

She turned to speak and my lips were to hers, softly taking her all in. She kissed me back, as she had before, only a bit more aggressive this time. I took a chance to entwine my tongue with hers, and she accepted.

It wasn't a long kiss, but it was satisfying. I felt my stiff rod between us and she pushed back against me. I knew where I wanted to push it against her.

"Mom, I want to..."

"Oh Bowen. We can't, it wouldn't be right." her lips were still grazing mine as she whispered.

"I don't care. I wouldn't have this fucking hard on if it wasn't for the things you do to me."

"We can't, Arron is in the other room."

"Maybe not now, but he has to go to bed sometime."

"Bowen, we can't." she pushed against me, I know I heard her moan then.

"I don't work tonight, we have all night. I want to make love to you. I like the idea. I did the other night too, but..."

Her expression changed, and I felt her body change.

"Mom, you did nothing wrong, in fact, I think it was right what you did. I just wasn't expecting it." I kissed her cheek again, "You were so fucking hot and sexy playing with your pussy like that. If I had

any sense, I would have been down there licking your beautiful sex. I regret that I didn't."

Tears welled in her eyes.

"Don't cry mom, please."

She turned to face me, still in my arms. "Bo. I don't know what the hell is going on in my head. I'm going to be 42 soon. I haven't had a mans touch in almost ten years. When I think about you, I go crazy because," she paused, looking away, "Because you are the only man in my life. I'm scared shitless because I don't want to hurt you or be hurt again. My god, you're my son!"

"I'd never hurt you mom. NEVER!"

I kissed her fully then. I had the chance and I was taking it. God she tasted so sweet and perfect. I can only describe her kiss as a delicate breeze caressing my body. I pushed up into her and she clung closer to me.

Soft sighs came from her mouth and into mine, I almost couldn't stand it. This time, the kiss was long and heated. She was giving me so much more of herself than before, accepting my unspoken promise of loving her.

We were interrupted by Arron's voice calling her from the other room. I was glad he did or he would have walked in on us, and that was something I didn't want to happen. I broke from her, kissing her lightly one last time.

She withdrew and patted her face, stepping aside of me and calling back to Arron, telling him to come get his drink. He came into the kitchen and I was still standing close to mom, with my arm around her waist, but propped against the sink. He either didn't think anything of it or didn't care.

"You've got a half hour before bath time."

"Yeah mom, I know." he shuffled off from the kitchen. She looked at me. I'm not sure I understood her eyes. They were loving, wanting, worried and tired. But if the feeling that ran through my body was correct, what I saw before she smiled and looked away, was a feeling of want and longing for something she hadn't had in a long time.

She eased away from my side, deliberately brushing my stiffness through my jeans as she did. Oh fuck! That felt so great. My heart went crazy with want of her.

She was bent over retrieving something from the refrigerator and it took all of my will power not to go over there and plow her. I looked at the clock, could I wait a couple more hours to lie beside her? Damn! I had to do something to keep my mind occupied and off having sex with her.

I cleared my throat, "Mom. I, ah, I need to run to the store real quick. You need anything?"

"You can bring me back a coke."

"Ok, I'll do that." I started towards the door.

"Bo, be careful baby."

"Will do mom." I slipped from the room before I walked back over to her and never let her go.

I turned up the music really loud in my truck trying to preoccupy my mind. It didn't work. I just got more turned on.

I pulled off into a darkened part of the parks parking lot and sat there for a moment. My dick was so stiff, it hurt. I undid my pants and released it, slapping against the steering wheel.

It felt good to have it exposed.

I started rubbing it and it just made things more intense, but I couldn't help the feelings it gave me. Thoughts of my mom rubbing her pussy and coming the other night, her kiss, the smell of her skin raced through my head. I realized that I was whacking my rod harder and moaning loudly.

Suddenly, a thought traced my mind about jerking off in an empty public parking lot being against the law, what was even worse, was being a cop and doing it. But Fuck! IT was so intense and I wasn't going to stop. I felt my hips buck up and my swollen head bump the edge of the steering wheel. I pretended it was the inside of mom's pussy as I bottomed out deep within her soft wet boundaries.

"OH GOD! YES! FUCK YES!" I screamed out. The music that was still loudly playing, I continued slapping my extremely hardened head just right against the ridge of the wheel. "FUCK ME! FUCK YEAH!" It sent me over the edge and I blew my load all over the place.

Come covered my hand, the steering wheel, and part of the dash panel. I hadn't gotten off that much since I was a teenager. I looked down at my throbbing cock, semi-hard in my hand, still stroking slowly on the shaft. "Oh Fuck!" I whispered to myself as I panted. "God mom, I won't last long with you at that rate."

I relaxed against the truck seat and let my dick go limp before managing to clean it up a bit. I had a t-shirt in the seat and wiped off myself and the truck with it. I was going to have to get some water soon. I could smell the saltiness of my fluids and thought about mom's fingers the other night. They smelled so good.

I couldn't wait to taste her fully on my own lips. I tucked myself away and tossed the t-shirt aside. I was sitting there trying to regain my composure when a tap came at my window startling me. I jumped and looked to see who it was. I rolled down the window and turned down the music.

"Hey Bo, what's up?" Dan said, shining his light into the truck.

"Dude, get the light out of my face."

"Oh, sorry." he clicked it off. "I saw your truck sitting here, just thought I would stop and see what was going on."

Dan is a co-worker of mine; we've been friends for years. He's about mom's age. I thought about hooking them up once, but now, I'm glad I didn't.

"Nothing. Just had to pull over for a minute." I was freaked that I was busted by my buddy. I could smell it, could he? I popped the door open and he moved away as I slid from the seat. "Just thought I forgot something at mom's house. Had to pull off and look for it before I got too far down the road."

"That's cool. I just was checking. I wondered why your truck was here."

"Yeah, she sent me after some things from the store. I just thought I left my wallet at the house and I didn't want to go too much further if I did."

"That's cool. So how is your mom?"

"Honestly," I shook my head, "she's had better days."

"Really? I don't think I have ever seen her in a bad mood. She's always so perky and you can't help but fall in love with her. She's got a great personality. I never thought anything would get her down. What's going on?"

I felt a bit jealous him talking about my mom like that. Hum. "I don't no. Something's bothering her. I'm considering taking a leave of absence for awhile, see about taking her some where nice she hasn't been in awhile. Maybe back to Colorado."

"She'd like that." he paused, "Hey, your mom dating anyone?"

"You know she don't date."

"I was thinking I would ask her out to the policeman's ball next month. You think that would be ok?"

"Have to ask her." I was steaming. Why was I steaming?

"Ok, I think I will." He smiled. "I'll call on her in a day or two when I'm off."

I felt uneasy all the sudden, maybe it was because I had just shot a hell of a load off and hadn't recovered, or maybe I was really jealous of his words.

"Hey, I got to get going, mom's expecting me back soon."

"Ok. Tell your mom I would liked to talk to her ok."

"Sure thing. I'll see you tomorrow night." I shook his hand, squeezing as if I was making a point to be the alpha male.

He walked away and I loaded back in the truck, slamming the door."Fuck you if you think I'm letting you near my mom!" Damn, I sounded just like I did when I was sixteen.

I backed the truck up and drove to the store, steering wheel still sticky with my own come. I got some wipes and cleaned off the dash and wheel before heading back. I didn't noticed it was so late until I got back.

Mom had locked up the house and left the kitchen light on like she always did. She and Arron were already in bed. I put her cokes in the fridge and took off my shoes. I went down the hall and looked into Arron's room. He was dead to the world like he always slept. I slipped off to mom's room and eased the door open.

She lay naked caressed by the fading moonlight. God she was beautiful. I took off my clothes, laying them over the chair and slipped between the sheets and next to her. She moaned lightly and pushed against me.

I draped my arm over her and pulled her deep to me, snuggling into her hair. Her scent was so alluring. I felt my hardness gain and wiggled closer to her.

"Umm, Ronnie, make love to me." she eased her legs open a bit and pushed towards me.

I was shocked, but knew she was dreaming. I pushed to her a bit more, and she said something that I couldn't understand, slipping her hand down between her legs, touching herself and me.

She gasped suddenly making me realize that she was remembering how it felt between them. Did I take advantage of the situation or did I just bide my time? She rolled on her back, fingers between her sweet sex, pumping and moaning gently. I was stiff before, but now, good god!

She looked dead at me, sweeping her cream soaked hand up to my lips, tracing them lightly.

"Ronnie, make love to me. I've missed you so much. I need you to touch me like you always do baby."

I licked her fingers and let my hand slide down to her wetness, fingering her soft folds. A supple whine came from her lips and she continued to trace mine with her fingers. I licked at them and she withdrew, tracing her nipple.

"See baby, I told you I taste good."

"God mom, you taste incredible." I whispered.

"Love me Ronnie, love me like we always did."

I didn't know what to do. She was either still dreaming, or else she really thought I was my dad.

I felt bad taking advantage of the moment. But fuck, she was begging me to love her.

I decided that I would do the one thing I knew I could get away with, and should have done the other night, lick that sweet juicy sex of hers till she came on my face.

I slid down her body, she coaxed me in the right direction in between her thighs. Her scent was so strong and appealing; it was hard for me to decide if I wanted to forego the oral and just push deep into her.

She always told me how wonderful dad made her feel when he licked her. She had never met another man that made her feel that way. I had been pretty good at it according to my ex's, the ones who liked it anyway.

Mom took her time teaching me Sex Ed. How and what to do to please a woman and do it with out treating her like a piece of meat. Mom felt confident enough to tell me of her 'sexcapades', as she put it. Yeah, there were times when I was shocked at her words, but over all, and after what I had seen her go through, I knew she was right in telling me what she did.

I took a few minutes to adjust her to my liking, giving me a chance to take in what lay before me. I didn't want to rush into anything with her. I certainly didn't want her to wake up and kick me in the face.

Her fingers traced her lips and dashed in and out of her hole, bringing juice to her clit and labia. As she crossed them in front of my nose, it was intoxicating. I wanted to ask her if it was alright, but just went straight to tasting her.

I slowly ran my tongue up the middle, between her lips, she gasped and moaned. That was a good sign. I took my time, pulling and suckling at her, teasing her stiff little clit with my lips. It wasn't long before she was begging me to work harder at her. She even pulled my face down onto her, but I pushed her hands away.

"No, this is my time with you. I'm going to make you come like you never have." I whispered over her belly.

"I know you will," she panted softly as she arched up as my tongue wrapped around her sex.

I went to work a little harder on her, but still took my time. I wanted this so much, and I wanted to make her feel like the woman she deserved to feel like. My thoughts ran with the past, of how she had been treated, what she wanted and needed, and why she asked me to make love to her.

It had been over 24 years since someone took their time making love to her and making her feel this way. I wasn't going to spoil that, but I was going to work more intently.

I pushed into her, moving her legs back so I could get a different angle and lapped at her harder. Her moans became louder, I was afraid she would wake up Arron, so I eased off a bit.

Whatever I did when I eased off brought her over her edge. She bucked up at me and shot hot liquid all down my chin and neck. I was a bit shocked, as I had never experienced something like that with a woman before.

"Please, please, lick me again, make me come again. Lick me here," she begged, running her fingers over the spot she wanted licked. I did as she asked and within a few minutes she gushed again, soaking everything.

"Oh Fuck Mom!" I mumbled as she came. Of course, after the initial shock of the first one, and the strength of the second one, not to mention its heat and intoxication level to my senses, I licked every ounce of ejected liquid I could retain.

My throbbing cock was only getting worse, and I finally had to pull away and sit up on my knees. It stood out like a metal soldier in front of me.

Mom panted and whimpered, her body relaxing after I pulled away from her. She looked down her body at me, scooting herself up a bit for a better view.

"Is that what you have for me?"

I stroked it a bit, lubricating it with her juices that were on my hand.

"Yes. I want to feel deep inside of your wetness and love with it."

She smiled, "it's beautiful baby, just like you are." She opened her legs, inviting me to her pleasure. "Love me baby, push deep inside of me, show me how much you love me."

I wanted to call her something besides mom, and not Jeana. God, what could I call this woman that I was so in love with, who's beauty was overwhelming to my eyes and senses.

"Will you allow me that pleasure my Angel, to take you as my own?"

"Yes, please, make me yours."

I maneuvered to her openness, pointing myself towards her sodden sex and effortlessly slid inside her. I didn't go that deep, but she gasped. I pulled from her concerned that I had scared her or she realized that it was me and not my dad.

"No. No. Don't stop." she begged.

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Bowen, you're not going to hurt me. Please, don't stop."

What the...she knew it was me and let me continue, how long had she... she played me right where she wanted me. Damn! I love this woman.

With that, I shoved as deep in her as I could, right up to the hilt of my size, meeting her hips to mine. She gasped again, forcing towards me. I felt her cervix with my hardened head. God she felt incredible inside! The heat that she extruded was remarkable! I had never felt another woman like this.

I pumped her moderately, but she wanted more. She built up her body and forced herself on me. I couldn't believe what she was doing. I was trying to take my time because I knew I wouldn't last long since I had been so turned on from eating her. She reached up and clasped her nails into my arms, drawing me to her.

"Deeper baby, all the way. Harder." Her hips moved in desperation with her voice. I felt her heat build and quickened my pace inside her. She met my every movement, her beautiful breast bouncing with her body. "Harder my lover, harder!"

"I can't go any harder mom, I'll hurt you."

"Hurt me, hurt me with your pleasure." she groaned and let loose a stream of liquid heat from inside, washing all over my cock and balls. "Come, come deep inside me, I need to feel your cream inside of me!"

"OH GOD! I'm gonna come!" I felt it building, like before in the truck.

She tightened herself around me and I couldn't hold it any more. "Come, fill me!" she screamed. Her clenching muscles and heated insides pushed me over the edge.

I felt her as I bottomed out, feeling the similar sensations this time as I had earlier. Only this time, it wasn't my hand and that hardened spot on the wheel that rocked me.

She looked at me, I could see love and hope again in her beautiful brown eyes. That was my trigger, not just the heat that was built between us, but her eyes.

I gained enough breath to tell her I loved her and shot a load twice as big as before. I collapsed down over her, and she put her arms around my neck, clasping her hands to hold me.

It wasn't long before my softness slid from her body.

I was sad it was over, but relieved that I finally was with her the way I wanted to be. I stayed atop of her for a little longer, she still clasped around me. I heard her cry. God, why did she always cry?

I kissed her trail of tears away and slowly slid to her side. She let go then, and looked away. I pushed her hair from her shoulder and cuddled against her.

"Mom, why are you crying?"

"I don't know Bo. I'm happy, but I'm so confused right now."

Hoping to ease her tension I whispered softly in her ear, "Why are you confused?"

"Because you are my son. But you are the only man I love." she looked at me, she was so beautiful to me in that moment.

"I love you. You are such a beautiful woman." I propped up on my elbow, "I want to be the only man in your life." I stroked her cheek and drifted to her side, holding her close to me. "I thought it was pretty slick how you played me there."

"I didn't play you, I thought you were your father at first. Then when I realized that it was you, I didn't want you to stop." she shied away, "it's been so long, and it felt so good."

"I'm glad mom. I'm glad you're happy."

"I'm scared Bowen. I'm happy, but scared. This isn't natural."

"Who says?" I pointed at my limp member, "Felt damn natural to me. God you were so tight!"

She smiled. "I've never been with a woman who felt this way. Your perfect."

"I'm far from perfect." she moved her hand from my chest and touched her scars on her face and side.

"Yes mom. You are perfect. And you always will be in my eyes."

"Thank you baby." she cuddled against me, "are you staying tonight?"

"Right here with you." I kissed her lightly.

"It's going to be a bit awkward if Arron comes in here."

"Na, he's sleeping hard. I checked on him already."

"How do we explain all this to him if we get caught?"

"We won't, unless we get caught. And then, I'll worry about it." I moved away from her a bit so I could see her face better. "Mom, I'm thinking about moving back in. Do you think that would be alright with you?"

Her face lit up like the stars, "Oh Bo. Yes!"

"I'll take the room next to yours, the one that shares the bathroom."

"Oh. ok."

"Don't start crying again, it's only for show. I can't exactly move into your room and explain that to Arron."

"Yeah, your right."

"But when I'm home, I'll be right here in bed with you Angel."

"I'm sorry Bowen, my emotional state is so confused lately. I don't even know what brought this on. I mean, my screwed up emotions."

"You've been through so much over the last twenty-five years. I would expect you to break down now and again." I felt a pent up of emotions myself began to explode, something I wanted to tell her for so long but never knew how until now.

"Mom, I suffered so much when I saw you hurt. I've worked my ass of to try and make up for everything that you were denied."

"You didn't have to."

"Yes, I did. Especially after Arron came."

"You gave me, Lauron, and him life. It's the least I can do to give you something back."

"I had you, that was all I ever needed Bowen."

she looked at me, her eyes smiled, "Don't get me wrong, I love all of you deeply. But baby, from the first moment they handed you to me and I held you, you were all I ever needed. We had survived so much together already. You were so strong. I held together because of you. Now look at you, holding me together."

"I love you. Not just as my mom either. As the beautiful, strong, venerable, loving person who you are." I gathered her to me. "I'm never letting go of you. I don't care if it is wrong. You are my beauty, my lover, my life."

"Oh Bowen. I love you." I love it when she smiles. I kissed her lightly and snuggled her close.

"So, I can move my stuff back in?"

"You could have moved back in even with out this. You know that."

"I know."

"When do you want to move back?"

"I'll gather up some of my stuff and start bringing it a little at a time. I have to work the graveyard shifts for the next week, so I don't know how much time I'll have with you." I know she saw the regret on my face.

"It's ok. We'll just have to work something else out, maybe in the mornings after Arron leaves for school. If you not to tired."

"That sounds good."

"Do you need help packing and moving?"

"If you're around Angel, I won't get much work done."

She giggled, "If you're around, I won't get much sleep."

"Not a problem with that. You'll just sleep when I do. The rest of the time, when I'm not at work, and were not busy with other things, well be making love."

"Oh listen to my horny lover."

God it was good to see her smile and listen to her laugh.

"How about I wake you up in a few hours and we try this again?"

"Umm, sounds perfect." she pushed into me and kissed me. I met her lips and tenderly kissed her back. I knew she was tired, I could hear it in her voice. And I wasn't too far from being exhausted. After such hot sex, expelling my load twice in one night, and emotional overload, I was bent. She must have sensed it too.

"You know the bed is very wet, we may need to get a towel to sleep on."

"Got it covered." I slipped from her arms and the bed and got a towel, she had moved so I could spread it underneath where she lay. The faint light of the room exposed a huge wet spot that the two of us left. If we had a waterbed, I would have sworn it sprung a leak. I crawled back in next to her and kissed her.

"Go to sleep Angel. I'll wake you up for another round after I recover." I laughed.

"Um-hum. We'll see baby." she kissed my cheek before rolling away. She has to sleep on her left side because she doesn't breathe well on her right since her ribs were broken. She looked back over her shoulder at me, I was getting comfortable against her again.

"Bowen, baby."

"Yeah?"

"Thank you. I love you so much."

"Um, Angel, Thank you." I kissed her shoulder and then her lips, "I love you."

"Good night baby."

"Good night Angel."

It wasn't long before she slept. I was sure she slept soundly because I had worn her out, but maybe, just maybe, it was because I was there beside her.

I lay thinking about my next course of action, moving in, what to do with my place, and if we got caught, what to say. 'Don't cross that bridge until you get to it Bo.'

I stroked her hair again and slowly drifted off with her in my arms. It was the best night of my life. I knew there were more to come.

I woke the next morning alone, still in her bed. The smell of breakfast in the air. I knew that she had been up for awhile and that Arron was probably already gone. I left the warmth of the bed after taking in the smells of her pillows. Umm, they smelled almost as good as she did. Her scent left behind after our sexual liaison lingered in the depths of the sheets as well.

I slipped on my briefs and wandered through the house to the kitchen. She must have heard me coming, because she turned towards me.

"Good Morning Bo."

"Hey mom."

"Sleep well?"

I walked up to her and took her in my arms, "Better than I have in a long time Angel."

My lips found hers and we softly kissed. I felt no need to be abrupt or heated, I just wanted her to be comfortable and feel the depths of my love and desire for her. The kiss slowly ended and she lay against my chest holding tightly to me.

"I'm still a bit unnerved about what happened between us. Don't get me wrong, I loved every second of it, but..."

"But, no buts. The decision is mutual, and no ones business but ours mom."

I could feel her relax a little more as she spoke, "Funny, I was wondering how we were going to be able to go places like a couple instead of mom and son."

"There are a lot of places in this town, and other places out of town, besides, unless there's some heavy public petting," I winked at her, "I don't think they will ever notice anything we do."

"It's been so long since I actually went on a 'real date' I wouldn't know how to act."

"Don't worry. Friday night will be fine." I lifted her chin and kissed her, "I have a surprise for you, so pick out the sexiest outfit you have, and expect a night you haven't had in years."

She giggled, "The sexiest outfit that I have is a negligee and fuzzy slippers."

"Well then, we'll have to do something about that. Since I don't have to be into work until seven, what do you say we go down town and find you something."

"I don't know Bo. I'm, I mean, it's been a while since I picked something out that wasn't business attire or jeans."

"That, my beauty, is about to change." I kissed her deeply and held her close. The phone rang taking her away from me and I rummaged around the cabinet for the coffee. She didn't drink it, but I did. She kept it around for me, and when I wanted it, I made it.

She came blowing back into the kitchen, and grabbed something from her purse, mumbling to who ever it was on the other end. She scribbled something quickly on the paper and hung up the phone.

"Bo, do you think we can manage the shopping trip and me doing a little work while we're out?"

"I guess so, why, what's going on?"

"I need to drop off the finalized paper work for that consultation I did a few weeks back, they want to sign it off. When they do, that means I get that contract."

"That's great mom! Something worth celebrating."

"Yeah. I just hope they don't change their mind before I get there."

"They won't." I walked back to her, pushing her hair from her face, "How long before you will be ready to go?"

"About thirty minutes or so, I still have to shower."

Shower, umm, that sounds like fun. I cracked a sly smile, "Is there any rush to get there?"

"No, just as long as I'm there before noon."

I looked at the clock, it was only 7:30, plenty of time.

"Why are you in a rush?" she bent away from me, a curious smile creased her lips.

"No, no, not at all. I just have to get a shower myself, and find a clean shirt."

"You have some clothes in the back closet, if they still fit."

"Good, I'll go see." by then my coffee was finished.

She kissed me and hurried to the shower.

Umm, the shower, I wonder if she had ever been made love to in the shower.

When I was younger, sometimes I would sneak in to watch her. I always wondered if she knew I was there. There were times when I would walk in on purpose and see her naked, or stare before I said anything.

She wasn't ashamed of trekking around naked in front of me either. And she did that in front of my brother too every now and again. Yeah, I could feel myself getting hard again. Shower, mom, yeah. I looked down to see my hardness sticking out of my underwear, after her I went.

I watched her for a bit, as she rinsed out her hair. The shower was easy to access because the door slid sideways and you could easily step inside.

"Oh, Bo, you scared me." she looked down at my naked hardness, "OH BOWEN!"

I just smiled. "What do you think you're going to do with... OH!"

I picked up her leg and forced myself deep inside her, pinning her to the wall of the shower. I put my hand against the wall for leverage and rocked her body hard against mine. She clawed into my shoulders and forced herself deep onto me. Her moans were delicious and loud. She rode me like a maiden on a stallion.

"Oh yes, oh god. OH!" was about all she could say as I forcefully pumped her. I didn't want to just fuck her, but god, I wanted to push hard inside of her and fill my lust for her in that moment.

She clung hard to my neck and pushed her breast into my chest, flattening them against me. I felt the fleshy mounds jiggle against

me and it turned me on. If I could have only managed to get my mouth on one with out dropping her.

I slid my hand up to where her ass met her thigh and moved her so I could penetrate her as deep as my erection would allow. It was like opening the gates to the Mississippi river during flood season when I did, because mom let go of every last drop of juice that lubricated her vaginal walls. It was hotter than the water we played under.

"Oh God BOWEN. OH GOD!" She panted and moaned, growling my name.

"FUCK MOM! FUCK! God that's so fucking hot, I'm gonna come deep in your hot hole!" I looked into her piercing eyes, oh fuck her eyes, her soul was written there, I saw the woman's soul that moment, she wanted me more than ever, and I let loose in her.

"AHHH YESSS!" I hissed, shooting a hot load off into her, feeling her quiver under my pressure. She threw her head back and let loose her own heat down my legs. I could still feel my cock pulsing inside of her sugar walls and lunged into her, not letting a drop escape.

We both were breathing hard, and I had to let her go before I collapsed. She fell into my arms, still panting. I held her quietly, letting the water cool us down. I felt her shaking, trying to gain her strength back. I ran my hand up her body and to her face, coaxing her to look up at me, she smiled.

"No one has ever taken me like that. Oh, god, that was marvelous!"

All I could do was smile and kiss her. All I wanted to do was take her back to that bed and sleep.

Never in my sexual lifetime had I had a woman that would tire me out like she did. The force of the love between us, and the heat of the sexual moments, were more than I had ever experienced. I was glad it was with her. It made me love her more.

## **Chapter 2**

I moved back in with mom and Arron a week later, breaking the lease to my apartment. I took the room adjacent to moms as we agreed. I was devoted to her and Arron, more so than I had ever been. I felt as if I finally took the place in her life that I was meant for, to be at her side in both life and bed. When I was home at night, after my brother had gone to bed, I slept with her. It seemed to work best when I worked graveyard shift and came in after Arron left for school in the mornings.

Mom and I knew that there was no way we could be together 24/7, but it was exciting to find her in my bed, laying naked and posed. When she would silently slip into the shower with me, and I would take her slowly and energetically, pushing her against the cool tile wall, sliding deep within her softness.

I liked making love to her in the shower more than any thing. There was just something about her when the water over took her body that was enchanting. I can't tell you how stiff I become watching the water glisten over her naked form. Our lovemaking became more vibrant as we got used to being together.

A few months after I moved in, I received an invitation to speak at a Law Enforcement convention in Chicago. I told mom and Arron during Sunday dinner. Mom was a bit shook up, I didn't understand why. She cleared the dinner dishes away sending Arron off to take

a bath and get ready for school the next day as I put away the leftovers.

I was shoving the food in the fridge when she propped herself against the counter and looked at me. "How long?"

"Just a few days. I'll be back by Tuesday."

"Do you really have to go?"

"It's an opportunity to make a difference. If they didn't want me to speak, they wouldn't have asked me." I put the towel down after wiping off the counter and turned to her, "You know the reasons I chose to be a police officer. You know better than anyone."

"Yes baby. And I'm proud that they chose you. I know how devoted you are about the subject of Domestic Violence."

I saw the tears well in her eyes and took her in my arms, holding her. "Come on mom, don't." I whispered into her hair, kissing her lightly. "I know it's still hard to deal with even after all this time. But you're safe now. I'll always keep you safe."

"I know Bowen, I know." she looked at me, "I guess, I just don't want you to go."

I wiped a stray tear from her cheek, "I'll call you every chance I get. I'll phone sex you if that will help?" she giggled. "I'll miss you every second I'm gone, and just wait till I get home." I smiled eagerly.

She nodded and snuggled into me, "Umm, yes. Of course, after the jet lag wears off."

"No, I won't even wait for that to wear off."

"Oh you're so bad!" she smiled up at me.

"I love you." I kissed her lightly, still remembering that Arron was around and about.

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Friday, the day of my flight. Mom insisted that she take me to the airport. I was just going to a taxi to drop me off, but then I thought, why not spend the last few minutes with the woman I love, instead of alone.

Arron hugged me tight as we dropped him off at school, "Be good Bo, and bring me back one of those Chicago dogs or Pizza's!"

"I'll do what I can lil' bro." he started walking away and I hollered after him, "Arron, be good... you take care of momma while I'm gone."

"I'm not hugging her when she cries!" he yelled back at me and waved, I waved back.

Our conversation was light for most of the drive. When we drove into the parking garage, the thought crossed my mind about making out

with my mom in the back seat, FUCK that sounds hot! I could feel my cock get hard just at the want of her. GOD!

She startled me when she touched my hand. She was smiling, acknowledging the hardness showing through my jeans, "Oh you naughty man!" she seductively whispered, "We couldn't, there are cameras all over the place in here."

I smiled, "Damn Angel, but it's a good idea isn't it?"

"Yes baby, it is," she had this look on her face, I could only describe it as mischievous, "I would love to make out with you here." she giggled, "It's been a long time since I had sex in the backseat of a car."

"We will just have to break that dry spell someday won't we?"

"Um, I don't know how. Where would we go? I mean, I can see getting caught with another man, but getting caught with you, that might be a little more risky." She winked at me, I understood, driving the conversation elsewhere, trying to get my mind off taking her right there in the car.

"I wish you could come with me." I whispered, kissing her cheek.

"You know I can't. Besides, who's going to take care of your brother, and the house, and I just got that new contract, and what if I happened to run into your father after all these years, and..."

She stopped talking then, looking in the review mirror, touching her face.

"He would still think you're beautiful. But does it really matter?"

She shrugged her shoulders, still tracing the scars around her eye and lip.

"I don't care what he thinks Angel. I love you. I think you're beautiful."

"Thank you Bowen." she whispered, I could barely hear her, but I saw the tears well. I put my arm around her and held her to me, not wanting to let go. We sat there in silence until it was time to go. My heart ached even more now having to leave her.

We got out and I collected my luggage. I held her hand as I towed the suitcase and the duffle bag behind us. She smiled, walking beside me, talking nervously as we went inside. The closer we got to doors of the airport, the more nervous I became.

All of the sudden, I didn't want to leave her. I felt my heart sink at the thought of being away.

I checked my bags and then went back to where she stood looking out the window. I put my arms around her and held her close.

"You know, if someone who knows us sees us like this, they might think it a bit strange."

"I'm just hugging my mom." I smiled, knowing there as so much more between us. I wanted to kiss her so much. "Come on, let's go

find some where a bit more private. I have a little bit of time before they lock me in the staging area." I laughed, she didn't.

We walked over to a secluded area that was restricted and I pulled her behind a column out of camera shot. I held her close and planted a hot kiss on her, wrapping my tongue with hers. I wanted her passion to hold me through the upcoming week. I wanted to taste all of her. I wanted to take everything I could from her to carry with me.

I thought about that as I kissed her good bye, and held her tightly, whispering my love for her. The look of love was deep in her eyes when I nudged her nose for one last peck. She giggled and whispered she loved me, and thanked me for being who I was to her. They called for my boarding and we wistfully walked back to the gate.

"I love you Bowen."

"I love you too Angel."

I collected her once more and kissed her quickly, hoping no one would see or question my attention to her. "I'll call you as soon as I get to the hotel."

"I'll be waiting baby," we kissed again, "come back home safe."

"I will Angel, don't worry."

I slipped from her arms and through the gates to my destined plane. I turned once more before I got out of site to see her still standing there, she waved, I waved back and then turned to go. I stopped once

more, just to see her again, and she was gone. My heart suddenly ripped from my chest, my knees felt like gelatin, my stomach tied in knots. I suddenly missed her more than I could have ever imagined.

I had been to Chicago a few other times, but this time, the flight took forever and the drive to the hotel even longer. I settled into the room and washed my face, looking at myself, thinking of the first night she wanted me to make love to her, and what had become since then. God I missed her, her scent, her body, her touch.

I thought about the night before when we made love. I remembered sliding down her body to her moistness between her milky thighs, smelling of her scent, her sex wanting of me. I kissed and proceeded to taste her. I don't think I ever tasted her more than I did that night.

She opened herself to me, allowing me to take her at my will. Her flower blossoming with swollen petals, the pollen attracting me like a bee to a rose. I tasted of her, slowly, methodically, taking in every sweet ounce of her honey.

She quietly begged me for more as I licked her folds, gently suckling each lip, working inside and out. Her scent grew as her arousal increased. I pulled her lips apart with my fingers, giving me access to that stiff little stem within her swollen bloom that perched itself desirably atop her beautifully shaped sex.

I teased and taunted her, bringing her to the verge of explosion, only to ease back and work her into another tizzy. By the time I was fully satisfied with my lusting of her passion, and brought her to the edge of ecstasy, she drowned me in her liquid love toxin until I was soaked from my chin to my chest. GOD! I love it when she creams me like that.

I took her slowly, reaching every inch of her insides one spot at a time, feeling her swells with my own. Purposely, I drank her in, every beautiful inch of the woman who lay before me, breathing heavily. Her breast rose and fell as I pumped in and out, her hips meeting mine.

Gradually, we became one rhythmic action, her every stroke encountering mine. She clenched her vaginal muscles around me, forcing up, squeezing. She came, the liqueur of her love flowing about my loins, making it harder for me to hold back until I could stand it no longer, and I released all of myself to her.

I fell away not long after, gathering her to me. She kissed me, never saying a word, and nestled into me. She looked at me so deep, as if what was between us before no longer existed. I felt different in that moment, knowing something had changed, something that no one would ever take away. I caressed her hair and never left her side the rest of the night.

My heart ached and I wanted to be home with her, holding her, loving her, being the family man that I had become. I grabbed my phone and called her just to hear her voice.

"Hello?"

"Hi Angel."

"Hi baby."

"I hear you made it home safe."

"Yes, and I'm making your brothers favorite for supper."

"Ah, fried chicken."

"Yes, with the trimmings."

"That's not fair mom," I whined, she giggled, "will you make my favorite when I come home?"

"Yes. I can do that," she giggled again. I knew what she was thinking.

"You naughty woman!"

"You wouldn't want me any other way." her voice wicked with her words.

I was getting stiff and wanted to feel her on my body. I pulled my hardness from its restrictions and slowly stroked as we talked. "I miss you Angel."

"I miss you too baby." I heard her voice change, it was soft and sensual, "How is my lover?"

"Horny, thinking about your body against mine."

"Umm, and my lips touching you, my tongue entwined with yours, or working my way down your body and gently taking your massive manhood between my lips."

I moaned, stroking a little harder, "Yes baby, oh I love the feel of your lips on my rod."

"I love to taste of your cream, the pre-cum that glistens on the tip as I dance my mouth around you, it makes me hot and my pussy throb at the want of you inside me."

My breathing increased as my strokes did, "Your tongue dancing around my tight balls, sucking on me and then running up the length of my shaft always feels so amazing." I grunted as my hips started to gyrate to the movement of my hand.

"One day, my lover, I will drink your cream from your throbbing cock, drink fully of the love liquid you provide me, tasting its sweet saltiness upon my lips, feeling its heat shoot down my throat, swallowing all of you."

"Oh God Yes!" I groaned, coming closer to the edge of my climax. I had never let her have me that way. I would let her go down on me and bring me to the edge, only to throw her over on her back and mount her until I came deep within her body. But the thought, the sheer pleasure of her lips, and the want of my jism in her mouth was breathtaking. "I'm going to come, Oh yessss!"

I hissed.

"Yes my lover, come for me, let me drink all of your pleasure. Let me taste of your labored love that has satisfied me, let me swallow that

sweet heat of your perfect body, lapping at the cream that spills from your luscious loins!" I could hear her panting. I could only imagine her fingering herself in earnest of the heated delight we were sharing. She moaned, "Oh baby, come for me, come my lover!"

I could only whimper helplessly as I sprayed my load all over my belly and hand, panting feverishly, caught in the moment of her words. She gasped for air, taking herself over the edge.

"Oh baby, I love you," she whispered through deep breathing.

"I love you too Angel." I lay back on the pillows, my head spinning. So much for me phone sexing her. Damn!

"Thank you baby, umm, that was incredible!"

"Yes, you were as well." I looked at my cum covered hand, smiling. "Angel, let me call you back, I need to..."

"Yes, go clean up, I'll talk to you in a little while baby. I love you."

"I love you." The phone went silent and I lay it on the bedside table.

I slept after that, waking to the darkness of the room. It was almost eleven. I hadn't eaten since breakfast, and my flight fatigue on top of exhaustion from the former phone sex had sealed my fate when it came to sleep.

I walked to the bathroom and washed my face, standing in front of the mirror naked. I had taken a quick shower earlier to wash the

drying come from my body and lay in the bed with damp flesh, wishing she were next to me.

I looked at myself, not in a way a male would admire himself, I looked deeper, wondering why I was here and not home with her. Yes, it was a wonderful opportunity for me, but was it worth it?

I found my clothes and put them on, deciding that I would go find something to eat. Hell, this is Chi-town, there has to be a pizza parlor, or something open this late at night.

Before I left my room, I picked up my phone and looked at it, five missed calls, and two messages. I fingered through them, mom, unknown, and some number I didn't recognize. I pulled up the messages and listened, the first was from someone at the convention, reminding me about my appointed speaking time, the second was mom.

"Hi baby, just checking in on you. It was getting late and I was getting ready for bed. Just wanted to tell you I love and miss you. Be careful baby." her voice went soft, "I miss you Bowen."

I saved her message and ended the call, looking at the phone. It was funny, I loved her more now than I ever did, even if it was against ever law of nature and the world. She had become a woman in my eyes, not just my mother. She had been a woman to me since I was sixteen.

I called the house, it just rang. I knew she was asleep, but usually she doesn't sleep that heavy. I tried again and she answered on the first ring.

"Hello?" she sounded sleepy.

"Hi Angel."

"Hi baby."

"Did I wake you?" of course you woke her you idiot!

"No, I was in the bathroom. I haven't been able to sleep much tonight."

"Everything ok there?"

"Yes. I'm just used to having you home, that's all."

"It's not like tonight wouldn't have been my shift." I reminded her, trying to make her feel better about the circumstances.

"I know Bo, but, still, you come home and check on us in the middle of your shift, and, well, honey, I'm just used to you being so close now." she sounded sad.

"It's ok Angel, just a few more days. Besides, I'm sure Arron is happy to have you all to himself."

"Actually, he was invited over to a friend's for the weekend, or at least until tomorrow night. So I'm home alone." I heard a bit of despair in her tone, "Unusual for me, I didn't mind it so much before, but now, I'm lonely."

"I'm sorry Angel. I miss you so much."

"I miss you too baby." she hesitated, "It's awfully late, shouldn't you be getting some rest, after all, your speech is tomorrow."

"I've been asleep since we last talked this afternoon. You wore me out." I chuckled.

"I'm sure it was more the flight than my words."

"Well, I would like to think it was your hot, sexual love that pushed me over the edge to ecstasy, wearing me out the rest of the way."

She quietly giggled, "Well, baby, just wait until you have the actual package, not just the advertisement."

"I can't wait." I mused.

"I guess I need to go, just talking to you has helped me relax. I think I can sleep for a little while now."

"Good. If you need me, call me."

"I will baby. I love you."

"I love you too Angel."

"Goodnight."

### Chapter 3

When I arrived in the lobby, I asked the doorman if he could recommend somewhere close to eat. He pointed me down the street to a small pub, saying they had good burgers and beer. Yeah, I could use a beer. I made my way down two blocks and finally found the place. 'McCally's' the sign read. Hum? That name sounded familiar. Maybe I had been there before.

I walked in, it was somewhat smoky, but not too bad, the music of the live band sounded good, and I looked around to find an open spot at the bar, making my way, and waved the bartender over, "What'll be?"

"Coldest draft you got and your finest burger." I threw a twenty on the bar and he cashed me out, handing me back seven bucks, then drew my beer.

"You aren't from around here are you?"

"No sir, Mississippi."

"Here on pleasure or business?"

"My pleasure is at home waiting on my return, so, I guess I'm here on business."

He laughed hardily, "She must be something."

"Yes sir, she is that and more." I smiled thinking about her.

"What you here for?"

"Convention. Guest speaker." I silently patted myself on the back.

"Law enforcement huh?" I shook my head yes, as I took a drink, he continued, "Next one's on the house." he pointed at my glass, I nodded. Another customer brought his attention away from me and I looked around to see if there was a small table or somewhere else to sit besides the bar. Off in the corner, past the pool tables was a nice quiet spot, so I motioned to him I would be over there, he nodded.

I walked over and sat down, watching the crowd and listening to the band. I hadn't seen any familiar faces, but who knew, I'm not sure if anyone knew I was actually going to be attending.

My burger and fries came up and one of the waitresses brought them too me, along with another draft. I thanked her and she walked away. I saw her a bit later chatting with her co-workers and someone else. They kept looking at me, pointing and giggling.

I ate my food in peace, thinking about mom, and how much fun we had the last time we had gone out to the bar, and then not quite making it through the door before we had our clothes off and were making out on the couch.

She was all over me, wild and free, sitting astride of my lap, holding on to the back of the couch, her breast in my face. She pushed me into a sitting position on the sofa, and was on my shaft at once, gripping claws in to my shoulders, bouncing up and down on my rock hardness, kissing me like a mad woman!

I held her hips, trying to keep a rhythm with her, but it was no use, she was riding me like I was a bronco. I did manage to get a luscious tit into my mouth and suck it until she screamed and came all over me, pulling away and pushing down as hard as she could, forcing me deeper within her body.

"Come for me Bowen, shoot your load into me, fuck me so hard that you blow my mind!"

Yes, she was a bit drunk. I know better than to let her get that way, but after seeing her and Jose' together, I wondered what it would feel like if she took on the tequila again, and what she would do to me if I let her have her way. I will never regret it!

I held her down to me as she ground her hips into my lap, throwing her head back and growling with pleasure, allowing me to nibble at her breast, kiss her body, and hold her as she thrust herself deeper on me. Her hair spilling about her naked body, her eyes, sparkling with lust and heated emotion, her lips, parted just slightly as she sucked in air and licked them with lustful intent.

"Let go Bowen, let me feel your love," her eyes slightly closed, her facial expression that of an animal in heat. She pushed against my chest, her face within inches of mine, her tongue teasing my lips as she clamped around me.

No longer could I hold back, no longer did I want to. I groaned with pleasing assent and unloaded my seed deep within her body. She pumped at me, and came as I did, releasing pent up animalistic rage and energy.

She collapsed against me, and I wrapped my arms around her, both of us grasping for air to recover from our intensity. She kissed me lightly, faint little kisses across my chest where she had dug her nails into my flesh.

I ran my hands up into her hair, holding her close at the back of her head, entangling myself in her more. Neither of us could move, for the lack of energy had overtaken us, and I lay my head back against the couch while she rested against me.

Slowly, we collected ourselves and made our way to the bedroom. Not once did we wake until the day had become the afternoon.

I was distracted from my memories by the same waitress when she came back over and sat down, making herself friendly, "Hi, I know you don't know me, but I was wondering if you might be related to the McCally's?"

I smiled at her, "No ma'am, can't say that I am." my southern accent clashed with her mid-west one.

"Well, my girlfriend over there thinks that you resemble one of the family, and I thought, maybe you might be related to James or Ron."

My mind screamed out! "Who?" I calmly asked her, my heart racing at the thought of...

"Well, you see, she thought you may have been Mike or one of the others. She seems to think that you look like the younger brother." she shrugged her shoulders.

"McCally? You said Ron McCally?" I tried not to sound too shocked.

"Yes, they own this pub, well, the family anyway."

"Hey, can I get another draft please?" I was trying to distract my runaway thoughts.

"Sure, I'll be right back." She picked up my empty glass and hurried away.

Was it true, was I sitting in the... no way? She came back and sat my beer down, I offered her the cash and she pushed it back at me, "it's on me." She brushed my hand, looking at me. I felt very uncomfortable all of the sudden.

"Hey, are there any photographs around this joint of the McCally's?" I asked, drinking down the last of my other beer.

"Yeah, there over there," she pointed to the wall close to the door. "I swear, up close like this, you look like Ron." she almost whispered, her eyes cutting through me.

I stood up and made my way back to the door, trying to make out the photographs in the darkened room. I glanced back over to the table where she stood with the other girl now, and looked back at the wall. What the fuck! Was that my dad?

I could see my reflection in the glass thanks to the neon light that lit the doorway. I squinted a bit, adjusting my eyes to the light, looking at myself, and him, looking like me.

"They say everyone has a twin. If you're Ron's, you're just as hot as he is." She brushed against me, I just looked at her. I saw the look in her eyes, I knew that look, I had seen it in too many women.

"My wife thinks so too." I quickly added, hinting at my uneasiness of her approach, hoping that knocked her down a few notches.

"Where's your wife? Back in Mississippi?" her fingers grazed my open shirt.

"Yes. Yes she is." I took her hand from my chest, pushing it down to her side.

"Maybe what she won't know won't hurt her." the seductress pouted, her eyes full of fire.

"So," I instinctively cleared my throat, "do you know if Ron is around?"

"No, he only comes in on the weekends." she ran her hand up and down my arm stopping to put it on my waist. I pulled away, drinking the last of my beer.

"Perhaps I should stop in and see how much I do look like him then, tomorrow," I turned back to the bar, walking over to put my glass down, straightening out my jacket, and tipping the keep.

"A man alone in such a big city is surely in need of company for the night?" she stopped me as I turned around, heading back toward the door.

"No darling, my wife is all the company I need. But thank you for the interesting conversation, and the information about the McCally's." I pushed past her and stopped at the door to zip up my jacket. As I did, I overheard the other girl talking just behind me.

"I'm telling you, that's Ron's spitting image. There's no way he's not related to my uncle! You saw his eyes, and his reaction. Daddy always said I had an older cousin. My god, could that be him?"

"I don't know, but he's not easily tempted by a hot girl in short pants."

I walked out the door into the cool night, it was almost two a.m.

My hotel room was stuffy after the brisk morning jaunt. I was glad my presentation wasn't until eleven, I was hoping to get some sleep before then. I looked at the clock again, it was four. My mind wouldn't relax with the realization that I came so close to meeting my father, and obviously, my cousin.

I wanted to call mom and talk to her so much, tell her what had happened, but then I remembered the look on her face when I told her I had been invited to come here. Now, I understood why. But what were the chances of this happening, I wasn't even going to begin to guess.

I decided that I wouldn't say anything to her, and that I would walk into that bar again on the pretense of meeting my father. If nothing

else, to see just how much we looked alike, and understand why mom, no, she loves me for me, not just because I look like my dad. She told me that. Besides, she admitted that she still loved him, but... as I tried to make sense of my thoughts, I drifted off to sleep.

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The room's phone woke me after nine. I was glad because I knew I wasn't getting up.

"Your cell is off Scott, we're supposed to meet at ten, remember!" the voice came from the other end.

"Yeah, shit!" I rolled, looking at the clock, "I'll be down in twenty."

"You better hurry, Sarge is waiting on us."

"I'll be down there, just wait on me. I'll meet you in the lobby." I hung the phone up and fished my cell out of my jeans pocket, not remembering turning it off. I tossed it on the counter in the bathroom and got in the shower.

This was one morning when it wouldn't be the long, heated moments making love to Angel. Her soft body, glistening with water, pressed against the cool wall while I took full advantage of her willingness.

Her wet long hair, wrapping around her body, wanting eyes staring at me as I looked up from between her legs, smiling at what she was allowing me to give her. My stiffness grew in my hand at the thought of loving her, and it wasn't long before the shower wall was covered in my come.

I dressed and made sure that I had everything in order before heading to the lobby. I looked at my phone again, wondering why she hadn't called, but then, I hadn't called her either. She knew that today was my presentation, maybe she thought that it was best she didn't disturb me. I decided to call her once we got to the convention hall.

I stood adjacent of the stage, in a quiet place a half hour before my appearance, and called home.

"Hello?" came the squeaky voice.

"Hey lil' bro, mom around?"

"Uh, yeah, I think she's still outside. Mr. Dan stopped by; they are out in the back yard."

Dan! What the fuck! I had to collect myself. "Can you go get her? I don't have much time to talk."

"Sure, hold on." I heard the back door open and he yelled for mom. There were garbled voices in the background and some rustling before the phone was answered.

"Hello baby."

"Hi mom." I said gruffly.

"What's wrong?"

"You haven't called all day, and you... and I'm getting ready to go on, and..."

"Bowen? Don't you remember, you told me you would call me when you woke up this morning?" she said something to Arron about getting her drink, "You told me that when you called me at four-thirty this morning, after we talked a little while."

"I called you this morning?"

"Yes baby, mumbling something about your father."

her voice changed, "Bowen, did you see Ron?"

I felt my pulse race, what the hell was I supposed to tell her when I didn't even remember talking to her? "No mom, I didn't. But the reason I asked was because... I called you this morning?"

"Yes baby, hold on," 'Dan can you hang this up for me, I need to go check on something in the other room, I'll use the phone in there, thanks.' I heard the phone and her voice again as she picked it up, telling Dan to hang the other up. "Bowen, you still there baby."

"Yes mom." I know she heard the displeasure in my voice.

"What's wrong baby?"

"Nothing. What's Dan doing there?"

"He has invited us out for the day, I thought it would be nice to spend the day with him, he is a very close friend of mine." she must have sensed my angst, "Bo, you know I love you, and there is no other man I love more. Danny and I have always been friends, since you two started working together, you know that."

"I know mom. I know." I fell silent.

She changed the subject, "You called me this morning and talked about your father. I still am not certain what you said, you were so tired. But after that, you seemed satisfied and told me you would call me today."

"I'm sorry mom, I just didn't remember calling you."

"It's ok baby." her next words brought life back into me, helping me get over my jealousy. "The bed was so lonely without you this morning. I had to take care of things alone. But the sheer thought of your body entwined with mine brought a pleasure to me that I can never explain. I miss you baby." her voice was so seductive, I could feel myself swell.

"I miss you too Angel."

"Hey Scott!" Sarge came around the curtain, tapping his watch.

"Angel, I have to go, it's almost time for my speech."

"Good luck baby. I'll have the cell phone on. Danny is taking us to the beach, I'm sure to come home sun burnt!" she giggled.

"Be careful mom." I heard my name called again. "I have to go. I'll call you when I get finished."

"Do that, and don't worry about us. You and the boys have a good time after you're done. I know you will all be going out tonight!"

"Scott!" Sarge echoed.

"I love you Angel, bye."

"Bye baby, I love you too."

Dan! Fucking Dan! I was her lover, I was her man! And WHO the fuck was he! But I knew she has always considered him her friend. How could I explain to him I was more to her then just her son. How could she? She wouldn't, would she? So much for having my speech down pat, now all of my thoughts were about her.

She called me several times during the afternoon, leaving messages, which made me feel better. We finally got to talk a bit and she told me she was tired, she wished that I was home to rub down her sunburn, that Arron had tried, but was impatient with her, and Dan, well, he was kind enough to help out and spread the aloe on her back and shoulders, making her back glisten. It looked nice when she put on her halter dress before they went out to dinner. Dan couldn't stop complementing her on her beauty.

"Mom, why are you telling me all of this?"

"Because I want you to know. I don't want you to worry about me. I love you."

"You're just making me jealous."

"Are you not getting hit on by lovely girls there in Chicago?"

"Well, yes." I thought about the girl at the bar, and a few other that had eyed me at the

conference.

When she spoke, confidence came in her words, "And I'm not jealous. I know where your heart lies Bowen." she took a deep breath, "Baby, I miss you. I miss you in our bed, I miss you touching me, holding me. I love you." OK, she made her point.

Angel softly whispered, "If I wasn't so tired, and didn't have company, I would be laid back in the bed with my legs spread, my fingers gently caressing my lips that are longing for your attention. I miss you so much baby." She was quiet, allowing her words to sink in.

I felt myself, my hardness through my jeans, god how much I wanted to hold her, slip between her legs and have sex with her, make love to her. She distracted my thoughts, "You mentioned something earlier about you and the boys going out?"

"Yes, were going to a small pub just down from the hotel. McCally's."

I heard her draw in a quick breath, "McCally's? Oh Bowen." her voice was lost, now she understood our conversation earlier that morning had been about. The one that I didn't remember having with her.

I heard a knock echo from her bedroom door, "Jeana, do you have any..." Dan's voice trailed off in the background, "Jeana, are you feeling all right, you look pale."

"I'm fine Danny, I...I'll just be a few more minutes." she turned her conversation back to me, "Bowen, if you see him, if he asks about me, tell him, tell him I never stopped loving him."

"Jeana?" Dan's voice was closer to the phone now. I knew he was sitting next to her.

"Bo, I...I'll call you back in a little while baby. I love you", her voice cracked with tears.

"I love you too mom." the phone went silent.

## Chapter 4

We headed down to McCally's, it was packed, we found a table out of the way, close to the pool tables, and two of us started a game while some of the others went to get our beers. The music was loud and the smoke was thick, but the company was great. We played several games, eliminating each other until it was just down to just Otto and me.

The same girl that had been there the night before walked over to me about the time I was getting ready to break, "If you win this game, there's someone that wants to play against you, if not, he still wants to speak to you."

"Who's that?"

"You'll see, just win the game." she winked at me and walked away.

"Otto," I suggested, "twenty?"

"Fifty."

"You're on." I broke, practically ran the table, lost two banks, but still beat Otto because he scratched on the eight. He handed me the fifty and walked away, retrieving a few more beers.

"Care to lie that back down?" the deep voice came from behind me. I turned to see an older version of myself, knowing instantly that it was my father.

"Half, I promised my mother I would bring her back something special." I said sternly.

"Half it is, your table." he motioned, at the rack.

The crowd gathered, and the game was even between us. Neither of us ran the table completely, but in the end, I think he let me win. He handed me the cash and shook my hand. "Your mother has taught you well." he smiled. How did he know?

I thanked him and handed my cue off to Otto, allowing him the table and walked away.

"You have your mother's smile." the deep voice came from behind me again.

"She says I look like you." I mentioned, not turning around. "She never stopped loving you, I hope you know that."

"Nor I her." there was guilt in his voice. I did turn to face him then, seeing the sadness in his eyes. "How is your mother?"

"She is well." I pulled my phone from my pocket and brought up her pictures, "She has faired better in these last few years than when you last saw her."

"I regret every day that I was not strong enough to stand up to everyone over her." he stood shaking his head.

"She has suffered so much since then, but she is a strong woman. Stronger than anyone will ever know." I handed him my phone, he looked through the pictures.

"She's still just as beautiful as ever." He looked at me, "is this your brother and sister?"

"Yes, Lauren and Arron."

"I see her in them as well." he smiled, looking at me. "I'm Ron."

"Yes, I know. She had told me everything about the two of you since I can remember." I held my hand out to shake his, "Bowen Scott."

"Bowen, it is a pleasure to meet you son." I was not sure how to read his reaction. He cleared his throat, "When Chelsea told me that you had come into the pub last night, and they thought it was me, I was shocked to say the least. When she said you were coming in tonight, I made it a point to be here."

"Who is Chelsea?"

"The little blonde over there, she's my niece." he pointed to the slim waitress that had been talking with the other girl that made the move on me the night before. I shook my head in acknowledgement. "What are you in Chicago for?"

"Law Enforcement convention," I looked at him over my beer.

"A police officer, I bet your mom is proud of you."

"I'm a deputy sheriff, and she is, but it scares her too." I remembered her reaction when I originally told her I was joining.

"The girls said you were from Mississippi? She decided to go back there?"

"At the time, it was her only choice, and things just seemed to work out best for her. She has her own house, and business, and is doing very well for herself."

"Where are you living? I assume you're not too far from her."

"Her house is down on the coast. And due to recent issues, she asked me to come back and live at the home." I felt no reason to get into details about our current situation.

Someone called his attention away and he excused himself, telling me he would be right back. I drank down what was left of my beer and glanced over at the others, who seemed to be intent on their newest game. My phone vibrated, displaying I had a message. When did I miss that?

I called it up and listened, "Bo, baby. I'm sorry about earlier. Danny and I, you know how much I love you and he and I are just friends. I needed the company, your not home. It was pleasant to get out after all this time with another man who actually likes me and won't hurt me. You understand, don't you? I love you Bowen. Please know how much I love you. Baby, there will never be another man I will love so much." I stared at the phone. Yes mom, I know and I understand.

Ron approached the table again, setting down two beers, and then himself. 'Shame on the Moon' played in the background.

"Mom loves that song." I smiled, thinking about the reasoning behind it. Yes, I understood now.

"I know, it was ours." I could almost make out the well of tears in his eyes as he smiled. "Is she married?"

"No." I sat up a bit straighter, not sure if I wanted to explain things to him but did so briefly, "she's had two very bad marriages, and to this day, she doesn't date anyone because of them. She keeps to herself and us kids."

"That's too bad, she was always such a sexual animal, so full of life." he cleared his throat when he saw the look I gave him. I'm not sure he knew what to say after that, he was quiet for sometime. "So, what about you, a wife, kids, ex's?" he finally asked.

"My career takes most of my time and the rest is spent with mom and my brother." it may have been cocky for me to say, but I added, "I am very dedicated to them both."

He leaned back against the seat, "I have so many questions to ask you about her, how things are with her, but I'm not so sure I should after your previous comment."

"I don't mean to sound vague, but this was totally unexpected. I know how much she still loves you, but I don't know how it would affect her if you were to 'pop' back into her life."

"I know there's no making up for the lost time between us, but seeing you, I know that she will always hold a bit of me in her heart."

"More than you realize." my phone rang, it was mom. I looked at him before I picked it up, excusing myself, "hi Angel."

"Hi baby. Did you get my message?"

"Yes. I'm not mad, I'm not hurt. I'm just..."

"Yes baby, I know. Look Dan and I, we had a great time, but..."

"Mom, you don't have to explain anything to me, trust me, I understand."

Ron was looking at me while I talked to her, it was as if he wished to speak to her, but wasn't sure about asking. "Mom, how would you feel about hearing a voice from your distant past?"

"Bowen? Are you talking with..." she trailed off.

"He's sitting right here across from me. I think we've been talking for the last two hours, after he lost a game of pool to me."

"Oh, you beat him?" she seemed a bit surprised, "He threw the game didn't he?" she commented as if she had been watching.

"Yes, I believe so. But said you taught me well." I smiled as she giggled.

"Baby, I'm not so sure I can find the words to say anything to him." I knew she was unsure about talking to him after all those years.

"Do you really want to? After all, it's up to you Angel." I glanced back to Ron, seeing anxiety in his expression.

"Yes, I suppose a few moments wouldn't hurt." She was hesitant.

"All right mom, hang on." I held the phone out to him, his hand was shaking when he took it.

"Hello Jeana," he smiled, "It's been a very long time baby."

I half-heartedly listened to the one-sided conversation, knowing only that whatever they were discussing was something that should have been said twenty-five years earlier. My only quandary was where it would lead after this. After thirty minutes, he handed the phone back to me, drying his tearstained cheeks, and dismissed himself.

Mom and I talked a bit longer, ending the call with her reassurance that she was fine, and was heading off to bed. Ron came back to the table a little later and asked if I would like to go somewhere that was quiet so we could talk. I didn't see where it would hurt.

We got up from the table, he walked to the bar, and I told Otto I was taking off. He shook his head, telling me he would see me later. I put my jacket on and met Ron at the door. We spent the rest of the night talking about mom, and her past.

She gave me her blessing to relay anything I felt comfortable talking about, concerning her past, to Ron. In the end, with a little uneasiness, and at his request, I found my Dad, something that I had never had in my lifetime.

\*\*\*

Sunday night found me at the pub again, dad and I playing pool and talking about mom. I was amazed that there was so much she never told me about the two of them. He spoke fondly of her every time he talked about her. You could see her never stopped loving her. And I knew, somewhere deep down inside of him, like her, if they were ever given the chance to be together again, they would be inseparable as a couple.

Monday was the last day of the conference. There weren't that many left, just diehards and of course, I stayed because I had to attend a last minute seminar. Otto had stayed behind, but the others left earlier. I packed all but my clothes for the early morning flight the next day, and headed out to the pub. Otto met me in the lobby and we walked the chilly wet sidewalk the few blocks up the street.

"So, how's it feel to meet you dad?" he looked at me, curious.

"It's been ok; he has a lot of regrets over loosing mom."

"You would think he would have gotten over it after all this time."

"Otto, neither of them have gotten over each other. They moved on, because they had to, not because they wanted to." As we briskly walked towards the pub, I remembered dad telling me the actual truth behind their separation, and told Otto.

"My mom only knew that her parents didn't want her marrying him because according to them, he had 'nothing'. Dad told me that his parents liked her, and agreed to take her into the family, that was why he went back to get her, besides the fact that he loved her.

They all knew she was pregnant, but it was too late by the time he got back to her. The man from Louisiana (I refused to mention his name) paid her parents a hefty sum of money, promising to care for her if they allowed the marriage." I looked at Otto, who had this astonished look on his face.

"They sold your mom off like a piece of meat?"

"Yeah, you could say that." I shook my head, still trying to grasp the concept, "dad tried everything to find her, but ran out of resources. After a year of trying, he finally found someone who thought they knew what happened to her, and he was told that she died during child birth, and we were both gone."

Otto looked at me in disbelief, shaking his head, "I bet it was tough on him seeing you in the bar the other night."

"Think how tough it was on me listening to him tell me that story, and I know the rest that he doesn't." I opened the door to the pub, "I don't know if I should tell mom or not."

"Bo. maybe that is one story that you should keep to yourself, maybe, your dad should be the one to tell her. It might be better coming from him."

"Yeah, if he ever actually calls again."

"You give him the numbers?"

"Yes."

"He'll call, trust me."

"Otto, I'm not so sure I want him to."

On our last night, wanted some good food to last me through the night and into the flight. With it being Monday night, I doubted dad would be there. I had said my goodbyes earlier that morning when we parted from the pub.

He hugged me tightly, promising that we would keep in touch. His words to me before I departed his company the night before rang in my ears. "I'm proud of you Bowen. I'm sorry we have missed out on so much together. The good thing is, we have plenty of time to catch up." he told me, "Tell your mother I still hold her in my heart, as she does mine."

When he pulled away from me, there were still many years of sorrow behind his eyes. In the end, I had the feeling that I had sealed my fate with them in that instant.

Otto and I found a table open and sat down with our beers. We found conversation else where besides my mom and dad, and played several games of pool, before leaving for the night. It was almost midnight when we decided it was time to go, and I was trying to remind myself that I had to get up at six a.m. As we walked in the

rainy night air, I thought of everything that transpired over the last few months to the last four days, and how much life had suddenly changed. Not at all, what I was expecting while I was here in Chicago.

## **Chapter 5**

I rode the elevator up to my room, suddenly remembering that I had forgotten to call mom, and started searching for my cell phone. Oh Fuck, had I lost it! I rushed down the hall to my room and saw it laying there on the nightstand. Relieved, I picked it up seeing that she had called a few times, and I assumed the messages were from her. I fingered the menu and brought up the messages.

"Hi baby, guess you are busy packing or finishing up your day. Call me when you get a chance. I love you." I continued to the next one, "It's late baby, I'm going to bed so I can be rested before I come to get you tomorrow. I'm not feeling all that great, I think that I over did it this weekend. I love you." her next message, "Bo baby, call when you get this, I'm willing to bet you're at the pub with your dad, so, call me even if its late. Baby, I miss you." her voice was sad, something was a miss.

Like Dan, I had to admit, yeah, I know, it wasn't like her to be down. I listened to the last message again; she left it just before I got into the room. I called the house, and she answered after the fourth ring, "Hello."

"Hey mom."

"HI baby." she sounded sleepy.

"I'm sorry, I left my phone in the room. I guess I laid it down when I put my jacket on and forgot to put it in the pocket."

"It's all right. I hadn't heard from you and I was worried." She yawned.

"Were you asleep?" I asked, guessing that she had been.

"No, in fact, I had just laid down a few minutes ago."

"I'm sorry mom, Otto and I were having some good games. I didn't even realize that I left my phone behind."

"It's ok. I just wanted to make sure you knew I was picking you up, and make sure that if your flight was delayed that you knew to call. That's all."

I knew that wasn't all, I could hear it, "Mom, Angel, what's wrong?"

She took a deep breath, "baby, I miss you. I want you with me, I'm lonely with out you. Yes, I'm used to you being gone at night time, but you're not gone like this. I miss your arms, your kiss, the heat of your body, waking up next to you. I just miss you."

"It will all be over tomorrow. I'll be there to hold you. I miss you so much, and your body, and your softness against me."

"And I'm so fucking horny!" she giggled.

"Well, I have to admit, jacking off in the shower has it's perks, but nothing like when I'm with you there."

"Yes, I think the shower misses us terribly." I knew she was smiling.

I chuckled at her, "I guess I'm going let you go to sleep. I need to catch a few z's myself, I sure as hell don't want to miss my flight."

"Um, nor do I want you to. If you're not too tired when we get home..." she hinted.

"Definitely Angel." I smiled, thinking of the moment I had her alone, I felt the heat take over my body, "god baby, I love you."

"I Love you too Bowen. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

I stared at the phone for a few seconds, then lay it back on the nightstand and slept.

\*\*\* The airport was crowded, and I made my way down to the baggage claim, awaiting my luggage. I had tried to call her a few times, but she didn't answer her cell. I wondered if she had over slept or if something else was wrong. I grabbed my bag from the luggage carousel and headed towards the door.

As I turned to walk out the sliding doors, I heard a sweet voice behind me."Hey, mister, can I give you a lift some where?"

I never turned around, but put my bags down and stated, "I'm not so sure my girl would appreciate such things. She's very possessive of me, and I don't think you would like to see her angry." I smiled, waiting her answer.

She got closer to me, with in whispering distance, "Well, perhaps your girl would appreciate the fact that you think so highly of her."

"Oh, she knows, trust me, she knows." I smiled, starting to turn around when I felt her hands go around my waist.

"Perhaps, she would like to be your wife, instead of your girl." I knew she was standing on her tip-toes, or she had heels on, because I'm about a foot taller than she is, and she was breathing on the back of my neck, kissing me lightly as she spoke.

"If it wasn't against the law, I would have married her all ready, because there is no way in hell I'm ever going to let her go." Her arms tightened around my mid-section and I turned around to face her, staring into the most beautiful brown eyes I had ever seen. "Hi Angel."

"HI baby." she spoke breathlessly.

I pulled her to me, kissing her slowly, not caring what the fuck anyone thought. Besides, who the hell knew me there anyway. She looked so beautiful when I pulled away, there was no way this woman looked forty-two years old, she looked so sexy and youthful.

"Oh baby, I missed you!" she buried into my chest, holding me as close as she could.

"I missed you so much Jeana. I love you baby." I kissed her hair, kissed her cheek, kept her close. Yes, there were a lot of people watching us, but, we weren't the only ones there doing this. I had to hold her, it had been too many days too long.

After several minutes, I looked down at her, "What do you say we go home and spend some quiet time together?"

"I would like that, very much."

I grabbed up my bags and slid my hand down her arm, taking her hand and leading us out into the parking lot. "You know, if there weren't any cameras here, I'd make love to you in the back seat."

"You can't, I brought your truck." she smiled, chuckling, "too bad we don't have a few blankets, the bed would work nicely." She winked at me.

Huh, yeah, hadn't thought about that, but I did know a nice place where I could take her and we could do that sometime. I smiled at the thought as we approached the truck.

I tossed my stuff in the back and walked over to open the door for her, kissing her long and deep. She brushed her hands against me, feeling of my hardness and longing for her. Speaking through our kiss, she said, "Bowen, make love to me, take me home and make love to me."

"I plan on it baby."

She sat close to me in the truck as we drove home, my hand caressing her thigh, hers caressing my hardness.

Once again, we barely made it through the door before our clothes were off. This time, there was no hesitation and I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom.

I lay her on the bed and then beside her, kissing her fully, tongue entwined with hers, my hands worked over her soft body. I felt the excitement of her flesh as my fingers wandered to her warmth. She was so wet, her lips swollen in anticipating of my hardness.

I eased over her, never letting go of the kiss and slipped deep into her body. She moaned under me as her body responded to me, pushing up, accepting my length.

Our motion became one and I quickly brought her over the edge, as she peaked, she moaned my name and looked at me so deeply. I felt something in that single moment that I had never felt with her.

She took me with her, I couldn't stop. It had been too long since I felt her tighten herself around me, her walls, her heat, her passion. I felt myself stiffen with massive pleasure and buried myself into her shoulder, wrapping my arms around her, pulling her tightly into me, "Oh Jeana, my love, my baby, my Angel, I love you, god how I love you."

I gasped as I exploded into her depths, she whimpered, her eyes rocking me, her body quivering beneath my power. I stared at her a moment and then took her lips in a heated kiss, sealing the end of

our lovemaking. She was still panting, moving her body with mine as I pumped the last of my love seed into her beautiful body.

I pulled away ready to collapse, but kept my arms entwined around her until my limpness left her of its own free will. I could hear her whispering my name, "oh Bowen, my love, Bowen. There will never be another. I love you, I love you." I slid from her body, still keeping her with me, kissing her lightly everywhere I had the strength to until I was completely drained. We slept the rest of the day away.

I woke just before Arron returned home from school. I was rummaging around the kitchen after a nice long shower when he came bounding in the door.

"BO! BO!" he was hugging me so tightly. "Man I missed you!"

"I missed you too lil bro."

"How was the trip?" he pulled away, tossing his backpack in the chair, grabbing something from the fridge.

"It was interesting, to say the least." I sat down at the table with him, "I met my dad. He's shipping us some authentic Chicago style pizza, frozen of course." I shot him a half smile, and he looked curious.

"Your dad, how did that work?"

"I don't know? I just happened to be at the right place at the right time. I even beat him at a pool game."

Arron stuck his lip out, "I wish I knew my dad." I felt a bit of angst and anger creep over me, thinking he was better off not knowing his. I knew him, and I had felt and seen his wrath too many days.

I cleared my throat, trying to find something to say about the time he spoke up. "That's ok, because really, your better than having a dad, for an older brother, that is."

"Thanks man, I appreciate that."

"I kind of consider you both my bro and my dad, you think that's stupid?"

"No, not at all, in fact, I like that." I smiled at him, he took a drink of his milk.

"So, where's mom?"

"She's in bed. I wore her out." I had to catch myself, "I mean, I talked to her late last night, and kept her up, so she went to bed not long after we got home."

"She's been worried about you Bo. She acted real funny around Mr. Dan. He tried to hold her hand and kiss her a few times, and she didn't want him doing anything like that."

"Really now? And what else was Dan trying to do?" I eased closer to him, squinting my eyes at him.

"Nothing really, just wanted to hold her, hug her, like you do, and she told him no, they were just friends, and that was all."

I felt my jealousy and anger spike, but with the thought our earlier lovemaking, I wasn't worried. "So, you think Dan likes mom? I mean REALLY likes mom?"

"Yeah. But she don't like him." He looked dead at me, "I'm glad too, because I like it just being us. And besides, I know how much you take care of mom, she don't need him anyway."

"And how do I take care of mom?"

"I see you hugging on her all the time, kissing her to make her feel better, and she squeals when you mess with her. I know how much she loves you. I'm not blind BO! You are her favorite!"

I about shit, I thought I was busted for sure, how was I going to explain that to him about us? "Look, there's lot's of reasons I hug and kiss mom, one is because I love her, another is because she needs that affection, and I like doing it." I tried to assess his expression, "Besides, I really love her a lot." Did he understand, or was it just he saw it differently, and not the way she and I saw it.

"It's ok. Like I told you before Bo, I would rather you were here, with us, then someone else. Mom needs you, she always has. You have always taken care of us, and especially her. I told you before, she needed you home. Told you that before you moved back in."

"How would you feel if mom and I were closer?"

"I don't know, guess it wouldn't matter to me. Like I said, she needs you, and I need you too." He got up and hugged my neck, "You're the only dad I ever knew. And you take care of me like my dad. If you love me like that, and love mom, then that's all that I care about."

I hugged him tightly, feeling the tears well in my eyes. "You're the best brother/dad anyone could ever have Bowen. I love you!"

"How would you feel if I wanted to be your dad?"

"I don't know, guess it don't matter. Why?"

"Because, I've been thinking about a lot of things, and wondering about things like that."

"Well, it sure would be easier for me at school sometimes. You know, dad/son things."

"You know, all you ever had to do was ask me."

"I know, but it was strange, now, since you're back here, it's not so strange."

I looked at him, "since when did you grow up to be so logical." So wise for his ten years.

He shrugged his shoulders, "I don't know, guess I've been thinking about it for a long time. Just, no one would listen to me."

"All you had to do was tell me Arron, I would have listened."

"I know, but you weren't here then, and well, it doesn't matter. All that matters is mom and you and I are happy now."

"Good. I like that too. So, how would you feel about moving away to a new place this summer?"

"That would be cool! Where?"

"I was thinking about Colorado, back to where mom is from, or somewhere else there."

"I could learn to ski, or snowboard, or have somewhere to skateboard, or..." He trailed off, thinking.

"Yes, that and new friends, new school, and mountains to hike and ride your bike in, hunt for fossils."

"Don't you think we better ask mom?"

"No, I want to keep it a secret until I can find a house and then we'll tell her. Okay?"

"Deal!" he high fived me.

"Do you have homework?"

"YES." He said with dread.

"Get your homework done, I'm going to order pizza, that way mom doesn't have to cook. And we won't have to do dishes!"

"COOL!" he grabbed his pack and left the kitchen. I sat back, thinking over things from what Angel said at the airport, to the passion and love that passed between us earlier, to my conversation with Arron.

Yes, I'm going to take her, and him, and were going to start over somewhere where no one knows about us, as a family, a different family. I called and ordered the pizza and went back to check on her, she was in the shower, and if it would have not been for the sheer fact that Arron was home, I would have joined her.

\*\*\* The months passed quickly, and it found me out of town in Durango, finalizing the paperwork on our new house. I mentioned to the realtor about my wife and son, and that we wanted something nice in the mountain, not too close to the ski areas, but with several acres of land.

She found me a good deal on a small ranch about thirty miles from town. I thought it was perfect. The house was just right, there was a pond in the back, a small barn, work shed. Yes, it needed some fixing up, but over all, perfect for us. Five bedrooms and three baths, even a bathroom out in the barn, ok, it was an outhouse, but what the hell.

I told Angel and Arron that I had to go out there on business, checking out some leads for a case I was working, not far from the truth, I just didn't mention that it wasn't for work. I talked to her

every night that I was away, had hot phone sex with her a few times, and discussed my trip.

She wasn't feeling too well before I left. I guessed she had the beginning of a cold or something, since the weather had been colder than usual for January. She had run herself ragged over the holidays, not to mention all extra stress she had over my holiday shifts, and dealing with Arron at home from school for those two weeks. Even now she was still recovering and it was the end of the month.

I lay and watch through the window of my hotel room as the snow began falling, wondering what kind of change this move was going to make on all of us. The colder weather, the higher elevation, everything. Starting over with a new perspective on life, away from everything we've known for the last ten years.

I picked up my cell to call home, and noticed that I had missed some calls, I panned through the keys to bring up my messages and started listening. "Hi Bo, hey, mom said to call, she's... Anyway, she says she'll see you in the morning at the airport. I'm coming with her! Isn't that cool! Well, see you later man!" I had to laugh at Arron's message, always the clown.

The last message from mom, "Hi baby, sorry about letting Arron call you, I was... anyway, I'm not feeling so well tonight, I hope I'm better in the morning. I haven't felt well all day, in fact, I haven't felt good in a while now." she drew in a breath, "Baby, I'm going to bed, I know it's early, but I just need some sleep. I'll see you tomorrow baby. I love you very much, I miss you terribly, I can't wait to be in your arms again and feel your warmth."

I sunk back on the bed and looked at the phone and played the message over again, she called me at seven-thirty, mom's never sick. But, what did she mean by 'a while now'? She had told me that she had been very busy over the weekend, so maybe she was just tired. But there was something in her voice, something that unnerved me. It was after ten when I called the house, hoping that maybe, she would be awake.

"Hello?" the groggy male voice came unexpectedly.

"Dan? What are you doing there?" I answered back in shock.

"Your mom's really sick, she asked me to come over and help keep an eye on Arron."

I sat up instantly, "What's wrong with mom?"

"I think she ate something that didn't agree with her. She's been throwing up."

"Throwing up?"

He sighed deeply, "She called me before Arron got home from school today, saying that she had been sick most of the day. I hurried over here to see about her. Bowen, if she isn't better by in the morning, I'm going to take her to the hospital."

"Oh god!" I groaned. "Is she awake? I would like to talk to her if I could."

"Hang on, I'll go see." I heard his muffled voice a few moments later, "Jeana, honey, are you awake?" She moaned something; "Bowen wants to talk to you, are you up for that?" his voice came back to me, "Bowen, hold on a few minutes, ok?"

"Sure." my patience was wearing thin from worry, and he called her honey! Damn it!

The phone rustled, "Bo, baby?"

"Hi Angel," I tried to keep my voice soft, pushing my anger and jealousy aside, "How are you feeling?"

"I'm better now. I think I have a stomach bug, but hopefully I'll be better in the morning. I have to pick you up tomorrow."

"No baby, I'll catch a cab or something, don't worry about me. I just want you to get better."

"I will baby, as soon as your home." her voice was weak; my heart was crushing in my chest. "Baby, I need to lie back down..." I heard the phone hit the floor.

"Jeana!" Dan yelled.

"Jeana! MOM!" I screamed, hoping Dan would hear me and pick up the phone.

"Bowen, are you still there?" Dan's panicked voice riveted through me.

"Yes, yes! Is mom ok!?"

"Let me call you back, I need to help Jeana, sorry Bowen, I really need to help your mom."

"DAN!" the phone went dead!

Here I was, god only knows how many miles away, and mom is sick, and I can't help her! I knew I should have brought her with me on this damn trip! I double checked my bags, and lay trying to sleep. I even took a hot shower to try to relax, but it didn't help. I called the house and no answer, I tried again, nothing. So I tried moms cell, and Dan answered, "Hello Bowen."

"Hey. How's mom? Where's Arron?"

"He's sleeping, and Jeana is resting comfortably. Look, I'm sorry about earlier, but she just... she just looked at me, all I could do was catch her as she fell over like a rag doll." I could hear him sobbing. He was really shook up about the whole deal.

"Dan, she's a strong woman, my dad even said so." I was trying to ease my pangs more than his.

"Bowen, I hope your right. I love her so much, I just couldn't stand loosing her."

Wait, what did you just say? Did I hear you right? You said you love my mom? I was so angry about not being there, and now his words,

I didn't even think to ask where the hell they were. Did he take her to the hospital, was she at home, and he just answered her cell, WHAT!

The rest of the night, I fought with the issue of my mom being sick, and Dan, after hanging out with her over the last four days, confessing to me that he loved her! If I wasn't so damn tired. I would have taken my rental car and drove the rest of the night to get home. But it was senseless, and I knew I only had a few more hours before my flight left. The last time I looked at the clock, it was three forty-five.

## **Chapter 6**

My flight arrived on time, and I rushed from the plane to the luggage carousel to claim my baggage, of course, it took forever! I called the house several times, but no one answered. Dan's words ringing in my head, 'If she isn't better by the morning, I'm taking her to the hospital.' "Which hospital damn it!" I said aloud, people looking at me strangely.

I grabbed my luggage and headed towards the door, my stress level so high, I couldn't even think about calling Dan's cell or checking my messages. As the sliding doors opened, Arron came rushing to my side, "BO! Oh BO!" He was in tears.

I dropped my bags and held him next to me, he hugged me tightly, "Mom, mom's so sick, I just, we had to take her, I'm scared BO!" he was crying so hard, it made me start to cry.

"How did you get here?" I finally managed, trying to fight the tears.

"Dan, he's driving around again so we didn't have to park, he said he'd meet us here!"

"Ok, calm down. I'm home; everything is going to be all right." He looked at me, trying to smile. Dan's car rolled up in front of us and he got out, helping put the luggage in the trunk. I stood there staring at him, wondering about his relationship with my mother. He looked at me, his expression saying more than his words, but still speechless.

"Where is she?"

"Mercy General."

I wanted to punch him in the face and thank him all in the same notion. "Take me to see her." The ride was quiet. I saw a relief in Arron's face when I looked back at him. I consoled myself by thumbing my PDA, and seeing that I had several messages. I brought them up and listened, most of them from Otto and my dad, and then the one from mom. I drew a deep breath as I put the phone to my ear.

"Hello baby," her voice was so weak, "I wanted to let you know I was in the hospital, it was my choice that Dan took me. I'm very scared. I haven't felt this way in eleven years." she choked on her tears, making me do the same, "Please come straight to the hospital, Dan and Arron will be picking you up. I know you're tired and worried, but baby, I need you here with me. I love you so much," she was crying so hard. I knew she was going to make herself sick again, "Bowen, baby, we need to talk when you get home. It's very important. I love you."

I ended the call and put the phone on my knee, staring off into the distance. "What room is mom in?" it had been the first words I had said to him since I got in the car.

"What?" Dan looked over at me.

"What room is she in?"

"2407." he looked at me, "She won't tell me what's wrong, and neither will the doctors because I'm not family." he looked back at the road again, "But I don't understand why she won't tell me."

"Maybe it's something personal that she doesn't feel the need to tell you." I snapped, meaning, and not meaning, to.

"Well, if you find out, I would appreciate it if you let me know." he said gruffly.

Dan brought the car to a halt in front of the hospital doors and I jumped out, followed by Arron. We hurried to the elevator and to the second floor, finding our way down the halls to mom's room.

Arron led the way since he had already been there. We tried not to run over any of the nurses or the patients out in the hall, but my heart was desperate to see Angel for numerous reasons.

Arron suddenly stopped, straightening his shirt and taking off his ball cap. I looked at the room number on the closed door, and steadied myself. We eased open the door and crept inside.

She had a private room, which made me feel better about the situation as I looked around. We closed the door and quietly approached her bed. She was sleeping; I. V. hung over her, tube in her arm. My heart fell instantly when I saw her, my mind flashing back to the days when she was in the hospital last. I was thanking God that she wasn't beat up this time.

I heard Arron's voice, bringing me from my thoughts, "Mom, momma, Bowen's home, Momma." She stirred from her sleep as Arron repeated himself. She reached up to his face, caressing his cheek and smiled.

"You brought Bo with you? I didn't think he was due home until tomorrow."

Arron looked up at me, shrugging his shoulders; "Mom, it is tomorrow." he spoke to her ever so softly.

I approached the bed and reached for her hand, she turned to look at me, her lovely brown eyes so worn. All of my memories haunted me, "Hi mom, how are you feeling?" I knelt down, kissing her cheek.

"Oh Bowen, you're home. Oh baby." a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Yes Angel, I'm here."

She squeezed my hand, making my heart jolt, "Help me sit up a bit will you?" I slipped my hand behind her and helped her up while Arron eased the bed forward. She smiled thanking both of us.

"How are you doing mom?" Arron asked her, hoping she was better.

"I'm fine honey; just have a little stomach flu that may be with me a little while." She pushed his hair from his eyes, and pulled him over to hug him, "Can you give your brother and me a few minutes, I need to talk to him alone."

"It's ok mom, you can tell him, I won't tell Mr. Dan."

"No baby, I need to tell Bowen by himself. It's important, because, well, I just need to talk to him by himself. Okay?"

"Alright mom." he hung his head and pouted.

"Arron, there's some money in my purse, you can go down and get you something out of the cafeteria if you like."

"Here," I pulled a ten out of my wallet and handed it to him, "Go down and get us both something to drink, and maybe a candy bar or something, I haven't eaten yet today."

"I can spend it all?"

"You can keep what you don't spend." I added.

"COOL!"

"Arron, don't be gone too long, and don't get lost."

"I won't mom."

Mom sat quiet until she knew he was out of sight and looked at me, she took a deep breath as if she didn't know how to tell me what was wrong. I looked at her and swallowed hard, expecting the worst.

God, we had been though so much together, ever since I could remember, and her, even before I was born. How many times did I sit with her, those nights patching up her wounds, holding her ice, laying with her to protect her in my own way, and now, making love to her, caring for her as the woman I loved, lying with her at night, regretful when I left her side.

"Bowen." her soft voice brought me from my thoughts. I looked at her and sat on the side of the bed, holding her hand. She rubbed my arm, emotion-wreaking havoc inside her heart.

"Jeana, just tell me, I can see your upset, what happened?"

"Oh Bowen," she cried, trying to hold back the depths of her tears. I couldn't help but hold her, it had been too long since I had. Her tears flowed, wetting my shoulder of my shirt, I tired to comfort her, but just let her cry. When she finally calmed down and pulled away from me, I handed her a tissue and waited for her to gather herself again.

I tired to make light of the moment, "So, you have a stomach flu, Food poisoning, Or just a small virus?"

"Morning sickness."

"Yes, that would make you throw up, and make you dizzy and..." I stopped and looked at her, she nodded her head.

"Yes baby, morning sickness. Although mine seems to be lasting longer through the day because I haven't been resting and..."

I put my fingers to her lips, "Jeana, you're telling me, you're kidding right?" she shook her head no, looking at me scared, but happy in a sense.

"Bowen, we're pregnant. I mean, I'm pregnant."

I think I felt ever bit of life drain from me, and I wasn't sure if it was the sheer shock of her confession, or that I was, "Angel, I'm going to be..."

"A daddy." she whispered, smiling. Her voice turned desperate, "I'm sorry Bowen, I didn't even think about it, it had been so long, I didn't even know." She put her hand on her tummy, "Bo, I love you so much, and we were so perfect together, that I didn't even think anything about this happening. I was so happy with your love, and everything we had together, I didn't even realize this could happen to me again." she looked away, as if she were ashamed.

I sat there dumbfounded, trying to let it all sink in. After the talk with my own father, and the depth of the love I held for her in my own right, being away from her and everything else that had been going on since we first made love, it never dawned on me that this could have happened either. I took a deep breath, not knowing if I was trying to contain my happiness, or understand completely what was going on.

She stared out the window, talking, but not directly to me, "They asked me if it was possible, and I told them I didn't think so, but I didn't know. After we discussed the symptoms, they ran the tests. We counted back and guessed it to be about three months ago." She looked back at me, "After I had some time to think about it, I figured it happened after you got back from Chicago," she reached up and touched my cheek, "Bowen." She took a deep breath, "I know this is a little odd, especially under the circumstances, but maybe this is meant to be. After all, besides your father, you're the only man who has ever truly loved me."

I still didn't know what to say to her, I was still quite astonished. I put my hand on her belly and held it to her, not knowing what to do.

"Well, if it makes you feel better, I wouldn't have found out if I didn't have a touch of food poisoning, that's why they kept me in the hospital. Just to make sure I was ok, especially this early in the pregnancy."

I ran my hand over her tummy, she lifted her gown, and let me touch her naked body. All of the thoughts I had about making love to her welled up inside of me as I ran my hand in a small circle of the little hump that was beginning to form. I wanted to show her how happy I was, but under the circumstances, it was impossible.

"Bowen, say something, Please?"

"I'm going to have to be careful how I make love to you for a while." I whispered, looking at her, she smiled. I took her in my arms and kissed her, God how I wanted to taste her lips. I had missed her so much. "Oh my Angel, I love you so much. I can't believe this is happening to us, I would have never thought it could."

"And all the preaching I did to you about safe sex, and look where I ended up." she giggled into my shoulder. She pulled away to look at me, I brushed her hair from her face. "Bowen, are you sure your ok with this, I mean, I need to know so I can..."

"Don't ever think that. I would never abandon my child, or my love." my voice strained against my words. I wasn't angry, but if she was thinking about ending the pregnancy because of the circumstances, I wasn't going to let that happen. The only thing that would end it is if her health was an issue, or it would cause the loss of both her and the baby.

"I just mean, Bowen, if you don't wish to be a father, especially considering that I'm your mother and..."

"You are my love, my heart, you haven't been my mother for a long time Jeana. And now, it just proves that we were meant for each other this way."

"Bowen, I want you to be sure."

"I couldn't be surer baby." I kissed her again, running my hand back to her belly.

"What do we tell your brother and sister?" she brought my attention back to her eyes.

"We tell them they are going to have another member of the family soon, and if they ask who it belongs to, well, we just tell them that it is ours, I mean, ours as in family. No one needs to know how she became except for the two of us."

"She?" I just smiled. "So, would you like to tell your brother, or should I?"

"Tell me what?" Arron's voice rang from the doorway as he came to stand by the bed.

"Mom is going to be a mom again."

"Mom's going to be a mom again?" He wrinkled his nose.

"Yes, you are going to have a baby brother." she shyly grinned at him.

"OR sister." I interjected, looking at her. She just smiled.

"So that's the big secret, Jeana is pregnant?" Dan's voice echoed from the other side of the room as he entered.

I felt my hair stand on end, jealously seethe over my body. She squeezed my hand and looked at me. I knew that look, that was her 'I'll take care of things' look.

I gathered her up close to me on purpose and kissed her cheek, whispering in her ear, "I Love you Jeana, god how I love you. Thank you for the precious gift you have given me."

"I love you too my love." She held me close for a few moments and then nudged me away, "Baby, would you mind going down to the

nurses station and seeing when they decided to do my sonogram, and if they are going to bring me some lunch today?"

"Yes Angel, mom, I'll take Arron down and see for you." I motioned to him as I got up. She mouthed 'I love you', and I slowly let my hand slip from her grasp.

While I was gone, she explained to Dan about the pregnancy, and that the father had been a close friend, and it was just a one night stand between them, but she doubted that he would ever care one way or another, and she didn't care if he knew or not.

She told Dan that she loved him as a friend, and hoped that he would stay in her life that way. But she felt no need to marry again, as she had us to help her, and care for her. If he wanted to be part of their life, that was fine. He seemed happy with that, and our love was safe.

I took a few extra days off to recover from the trip and bring Jeana home from the hospital. After her first day home, and I knew she was resting comfortable, I slipped into the bed with her, holding her close. We kissed and talked about the baby, looking at the sonogram pictures again. It was exciting to see the baby, knowing that it was growing inside of her and it was mine.

When I came home from work Friday morning, Arron had already left for school, and I wandered through the house as I always did, putting my things away and taking a shower. Angel lay in bed sleeping, waiting for me to return home.

We made love softly and quietly, making up for my time away and the few days she was sick. She told me not to worry about being with

her, enjoy her that way as much as I could, because in a few months, there would be less horny spells, and then more, and a bigger tummy.

She laughed, knowing that I knew all of that, but it was different now, I was making love to her, with her carrying my child. And I was very over protective of her, so much more now than I had ever been. As we lay there, I slipped down to her belly and whispered to the stirring inside, she smiled, combing my hair away with her fingers, thanking me.

"Bowen, I love you."

"And I love you, and our little angel." kissing her lightly.

Arron and I talked again about mom having a new baby, and about me being the dad. I told him everything, because I felt he was mature enough to understand that I loved mom and him enough to take the place in their life as husband and father.

I'm not sure he understood that I was actually the cause of the baby's conception, and just thought that I was going to act like a dad, like I was with him. He liked the fact that I had taken over as the man of the house, because it meant that he had a dad to spend time with.

It was a big surprise when I told Angel the reason I went to Durango was to finalize the papers on the farm, and my new job. She was excited about the news and was glad that we were going to start over in such a lovely place.

We put the house on the market, and agreed to stay until school let out. When the end of May came, we had the movers take all of our things ahead of us, her car included. I was concerned for her because I knew she would have a hard time traveling since she was just weeks away from her due date. We stayed behind a few days at a hotel until I could put her and Arron on a plane, and drove my truck myself, with the last of our belongings to our new home in the mountains.

Aurora Rose Scott was born on the summer solstice, her eyes as bright as Angels, her hair as dark as mine. Mother and daughter are doing fine, as is daddy and big brother. I signed the birth certificate, after all, I am her father, and no one needs to know any different.

My wife, Jeana and I are expecting our second child next fall. Aurora will be two when Nichols Rowan arrives, and we couldn't be happier.