

Dust in the Wind

Chapter One

Nobston

Zoe Dean looked up from her phone before slapping it down on the kitchen table in exasperation. *What the fuck is it this time? A chipped nail? Did I buy the wrong moisturizer again? Oh God, no. What if her friend posted a prettier selfie?*

Zoe knew that the last one was unlikely of course. Her eighteen-year-old daughter, Jasmine Dean had inherited Zoe's stunning good looks. The girl was the archetypal tall, blonde, teenage bombshell. With all the depth of a puddle and the brains of a helium balloon to go with them.

Her twins were polar opposites, Zoe thought for about the millionth time. Why was there no common ground between them whatsoever?

"*Mom!!!*," came her daughter's plaintive voice once more. "Jason's still in the shower. He won't come out. I'm going to be late," she continued.

Zoe stalked out of the kitchen and up the stairs. Jasmine was pounding on the bathroom door, exhorting her twin brother to hurry up.

"He won't even answer me Mom. I've been out here for like, ten minutes or something," Jasmine exclaimed as Zoe approached. "Stinky Butt usually showers for about five seconds. But not today, of course. The one day in the year when I'm in a hurry."

What was it? Graduation Day? Her valedictorian speech? Maybe she was Homecoming Queen this year? Ooh, were there college recruiters in town? No, of course not. It's fucking yearbook photograph day. What a bimbo. God, I love her to bits but I'm almost beginning to regret taking sole custody in the divorce. Oh Jack. She's missing a male influence in her life. God knows I am.

"OK sweetie, go use mine. I'll see what's keeping Jason," Zoe said, watching as her daughter skipped off down the hall.

Look at that ass. Dear God, how the hell has she not come home pregnant before now? I must make more of an effort to reconnect with her. Maybe we can have a spa day or something next week. If I can find some fucking time.

Zoe shook her head before turning to bang on the bathroom door, her voice imperious.

"Jason Jeremy Dean? This is your mother speaking. I know what you're doing in there, young man. I want you to take your hands off that thing. Open this door in the next thirty seconds. Or I'm coming in. Ready or not."

Zoe's voice rose in pitch and volume with every word. As she spoke, a mental image of her masturbating son burst into her mind. She had never seen his penis. Well, not as an adult anyway. If he was anything like his father, it would be a sight to behold though. Jack's big cock had prolonged their marriage by almost a decade. It had almost made his other bullshit worthwhile. She shook her head as her cheeks

flushed. She was shocked and surprised at the lewd, incestuous vision her mind had conjured up.

I'm thinking about my son's penis. About him jerking it. I need to get back on Tinder, today. Either that or I need to get back in front of the cameras.

There was no response from behind the door, so Zoe pulled the handle outwards and then upwards. This was a hidden safety feature that she had used many times when the children were younger. Today it was more of an outlet for her frustration... and embarrassment.

The door's latch clicked, and it swung open. Clouds of steam billowed out as a wave of moist heat engulfed her.

"Jesus, Jason. At least open the damn window," Zoe exclaimed, moving further into the bathroom. Into her own personal version of hell.

Through the big, clear, sliding shower doors, she could see her son. He was slumped on the floor of the stall, blood pouring from the back of his head. He was completely inert, despite the scalding water coursing across his body.

"Jason. Jason, baby," Zoe screamed as she burst into the shower cubicle. Ignoring the searing torrent of water, she knelt by her son and took his face in her hands. He was at least breathing she thought, but there were no other outward signs of life. His hair was matted with blood, which continued to trickle down into the swirling water.

Standing, she turned off the steaming deluge and stepped out of the cubicle. Her robe was soaked through, so she sloughed it off and ran naked to her bedroom. There was a house phone by the bed, and she dialed 911 with shaking fingers.

"911, what's your emergency?" the operator asked in a calm voice.

"I need an ambulance. My son fell in the shower, he's unconscious," Zoe said, surprised at how steady her voice was.

"Is he breathing?" the emergency call handler asked.

"Yes, but he's bleeding from the back of his head," Zoe replied.

"OK, press a towel to the wound and hold his head still," the calm voice continued. "It's best to assume a spinal injury just in case. Don't move him but cover him up to keep him warm. What's your name and address?"

Zoe gave him the details. The operator confirmed that paramedics would be there within ten minutes.

Dropping the phone, she opened the door to her en-suite bathroom. Jasmine was stepping into the shower. It was like looking into a mirror. Her daughter stared at her, mouth agape.

"Mommy, you're naked," she squeaked. Zoe had always been careful to maintain her modesty around her children. She knew they would no doubt find out about her secret past one day, but she had never flaunted her nudity at home. In the present circumstances though, she didn't care one jot.

"Jason fell honey," Zoe said, breathless. "He's unconscious. I don't know how bad he's hurt. Paramedics are on their way. Come and help me, we need to look after him until they arrive."

Jasmine blanched, her eyes going wide with shock. Zoe didn't wait for any further reaction. She turned on her heel and ran back to the master bathroom. Stopping in the doorway she stared down at her unconscious son. Jasmine cannoned into her back. The girl's arms flew around her waist as they both teetered on the edge of falling.

Even for that split second, Zoe's heart soared at the unexpected contact. Jasmine's soft boobs were smeared across her back. Her wiry pubic fuzz prickling Zoe's backside.

This is not the time for a Girlsway fantasy scene Zoe. Get it together.

Five seconds later it felt more like a Family Strokes shoot. Both she and Jasmine were staring at Jason's supine form. And his enormous, bloated... cock.

It wasn't a pee-pee or a penis or even a wiener or a dick. It was an honest-to-God, massive, perfect... horse-cock.

How the hell didn't I notice that the last time? Christ if he came to work for me, we'd be millionaires in a month.

By sheer force of habit, Zoe assessed her boy's manhood in a cool, detached, and professional manner. She had done it thousands of times before, but she had never felt a reaction like this. She also noticed her daughter's response. It was rather different.

Jasmine's hands were clasped over her mouth. Her eyes were wide as saucers and her legs were crossed. This was a life-changing moment for the girl, Zoe knew. Just as her own first scene with Johnny Long had been, all those years ago.

Jasmine's mind was in freefall. Jason was lying there unconscious. He was bleeding. And his... thing was right there.

That can't be real... can it? Stop looking Jaz. Forget that, help him. Help Mom.

Her insides felt like they were uncoiling somehow. Making room she suddenly knew. Unbidden and unwanted instincts were reacting to her brother's towering manhood. Her body was preparing itself for his inevitable entry, for her inescapable defilement. She was loosening up inside. Soft, tender tissues were moistening to accept him within her most secret place. She felt faint.

Oh no.

Jasmine began to slump to the floor.

Zoe turned towards her gasping daughter and caught her before she could fall. She spoke to her in an insistent tone. She was a mother, trying to break through the shock that had enthralled the helpless girl.

"Jasmine, honey. We need a blanket from the cupboard under the stairs. We need to keep him warm. Can you get me one please? Come on honey, it's for Jason."

The teenager stirred in her mother's grasp and finally seemed to regain a semblance of awareness.

"OK Mom, I'll get it. Is he alright? Is he gonna be... OK?" she asked in a small voice.

"Yes, baby. He's knocked himself out. He'll be fine. We'll be laughing about it in the morning. Now git, and bring me that

blanket," Zoe pressed. As the fraught girl stumbled off, Zoe grabbed a towel and stepped into the shower stall.

Kneeling by his side she cradled Jason's head and slipped the folded towel under it. A crimson stain began to spread out across the pristine, white cotton. She stared at her baby's lifeblood soaking away. Her hot, stinging tears rained down onto his chest, as she spoke.

"Come on Jase. Stay with me, baby. It's only a scratch, isn't it? You're just taking a little nap, aren't you? Tired yourself out wrestling with that big old thing, didn't you? If the girls at school only knew about that, they'd be queuing round the block to ask you out.

We need to find you a girl who can handle it properly kiddo. Someone like your old momma perhaps. Maybe even your sexy big sister. Who were you thinking about in here? Some big titty bimbo? One of those nasty peepee Eurosluts? Or a curvy, all-American MILF? Your very own curvy MILF?

What the fuck, Zoe? Are you fucking delirious or something?
That's Jason -- your SON.

Zoe. Get it together. This isn't a scene, it's real, fucking life.
Jason is hurt. You're horny. I know you're frustrated. I know.
I'm you. But this isn't the time or place. He's your boy. BE
WITH HIM. HELP HIM.

Zoe shook her head and took a deep breath to clear her mind.
"Wake up baby. Oh god, just come back to me. Please."

"Come on Jason, hang in there. Please, my baby..."

Jasmine returned with the blanket and Zoe looked over her
shoulder at the nervous teen.

"I need to support his head, Jaz. Can you tuck the blanket
around his body? Don't worry about getting it wet, sweetheart.
Just make sure he's all covered."

Jasmine moved into the big stall beside Zoe and knelt on her brother's other side. Her mom was staring into Jason's eyes, whispering to him. Jasmine spread out the blanket and laid it across Jason's legs. Slowly she drew it up his body. He was a slight, skinny boy and with a jolt of shame, she realized how often she has teased him about that. How she must have hurt him. How she had tortured him.

He had always been painfully shy and self-conscious around her. He didn't play sports but year-round he wore loose shorts or sweats. Jasmine had ridiculed him about it for years. And about the fact that he'd never had any friends. And how he would never get a girlfriend. Would never even be kissed.

Jasmine could almost feel the moment when her heart broke for him. Jason. Her twin, who had never had a harsh word for her. Her brother, who had never fought back or retaliated against her relentless teasing. Never balked at the endless waves of abuse she had inflicted. He was a kind and considerate boy, exactly the sort that she had searched for all these years.

A solitary tear ran down her cheek, cooling the heat of the shame it found there. With a silent crack her brittle, mental chrysalis began to split open. As the shackles of her shallow, selfish life fell away, a beautiful new Jasmine was born. There was no sound, no flash of light, no choir of angels singing. There was just a tiny... something. A tickle, a pop. An insignificant little release of tension. She didn't notice it, but it was there.

It was like a snowflake settling on the top of a hill. But it lands on a corner and begins to tip forward and move... inexorably. Another one stuck gets entangled with it and then another. And suddenly they were all moving together... rolling onwards. Down the hill, faster and faster. Bigger and bigger. Gathering momentum, mass, and speed. Where would they go? Who knows...?

As the blanket passed his knees and reached his thighs, it all fell into place. His behavior, the way he dressed and acted. It all made sense. Jason had a secret. A big, giant, monstrous secret.

A magnificent, wondrous, beautiful secret...

And it was right there, scant inches from her face. From her lips. With an exquisite thrill, Jasmine pulled the blanket further up his slim, young body. And before she knew it, she was brushing her brother's magnificent penis with the back of her hand.

It was hot. Jasmine could feel her brother's pulse making it bounce and twitch. She licked her lips once more as her insides roiled and seethed. Her body was oblivious to the appalling circumstances. It just knew that she was touching the most beautiful penis in the world. And that it was urging her towards a spontaneous climax.

With a start, she realized her mom had gone silent. Looking up, their eyes met. They held each other's gaze for a long moment before Jasmine continued. With a sigh, she pulled the blanket all the way up to Jason's throat.

"Thanks, baby," her mother said. "Can you go get your robe? The paramedics will be here soon. We don't want them to be too distracted, do we? My summer wrap should be in my bottom drawer, can you bring it too? You know, the purple one?"

"Yes Mama, I'll get them. How's he doing?" Jasmine asked in a tiny, trembling voice.

"He's OK for now, darling. He seems to be breathing better and his color is coming back. Now go grab us some clothes before the medics get here," Zoe pleaded. She gave her daughter a broad smile, willing her to leave.

With a sigh the younger girl did, looking back one more time from the bathroom doorway.

As she disappeared Zoe turned back to her son.

"Come on kiddo, hang in there. You know I love you with all my heart. Please be OK baby..."

Jasmine returned with her mother's flimsy silk kimono. She found the older woman kneeling over her brother. She was holding the reddening towel under his head, her plump breasts dangling over his face. The firm nipples were distended. Hard, swollen lumps.

"Mom, here's your wrap. I'll take over there. I can hear the sirens, you better go and let them in," Jasmine said.

Zoe reacted with a start -- caught. She regathered her thoughts and nodded, however. Her daughter clambered over her into the shower stall. Zoe showed Jasmine how to hold the towel tight against the wound and support Jason's head. She got up, her knees stiff from the cold ceramic shower base. As the sirens grew louder, she grabbed her wrap and pulled the flimsy garment around her body. With a sigh, she turned and hurried to the front door.

How many times have I begun a scene like this? Flimsy gown, hunky men arriving at the front door, and me horny as hell. Now it's happening in real life. The world has gone mad.

In the bathroom, Jasmine was kneeling over her unconscious brother. Her mouth was by his ear, whispering intently.

She wasn't Catholic. Fuck, she wasn't religious at all. But today she was confessing like a naughty nun from a seventies porno.

"I'm so sorry for all the teasing Jase. You were always such an easy target and you never fought back. You just soaked it all up like a sponge. Why? Why didn't you fight back? I always assumed that that a day would come. When all my bullshit would come to a head. And you would go off like a volcano, like an atom bomb. You would be furious with me. Raging and screaming. But your anger would fade, and you would look at me. And... open up to me. Be my brother again... my best friend.

"I'm such a stupid bitch. I've been chasing all around school and all over town for a man to satisfy me. Not to love me, fuck no. I gave up on that dream long ago. I just wanted someone to make me feel good, to fill me up and fuck me.

"The number of wasted dates I've been on. The number of times I've sighed in disappointment at yet another wasted evening. The number of sweaty, steamy, back seat disappointments I've had to endure.

"And all this time you've been right here. Hidden in plain sight, ignored, and reviled. The very thing that I've been searching for all this time. The only boy... no, man I've ever actually loved.

"If you can forgive me, brother, I'm going to try to make it up to you for the rest of my life. I'm so sorry baby bro."

What are you babbling about, you crazy cunt? He's your BROTHER. You can't fuck him. No matter how perfect he is. Wait, stop. Get your hand off that.

The mortified girl snatched her wriggling fingers away from the tent in the blanket. God, she was going totally cock crazy. The damn thing had her hypnotized.

Then there was a burst of noise and clamor behind her. A female paramedic bustled into the bathroom, her male colleague in close attendance. She entered the shower stall and took over holding the towel to Jason's head. Jasmine got up and moved to her mother's side. She had entered the room behind the male medic.

With a minimum of fuss, the two med-techs had her brother's head bandaged and his limp form strapped to a gurney.

"His vitals are strong ma'am," the female medic said to Zoe. She and her colleague had Jason connected to a monitor.

"We'll get him to Mercy General and they'll do X-Rays and a head CT. Hopefully, there's nothing too serious. Do you want

to come with us?" she asked. "There's no hurry, he'll be undergoing tests all morning."

"We need to get cleaned up. Jaz has big plans today, so I'll get her to school and then head to the hospital," Zoe replied.

"Mom," Jasmine hissed. "Fuck that. The only plans I have today involve looking after Jason. I have a million pictures I can use for the stupid yearbook. Get your butt in that shower, I want to be leaving for the hospital in ten minutes."

The medics were chuckling as they wheeled Jason out the front door. Zoe thanked them and turned back to her daughter. But Jasmine had already closed the bathroom door to have her shower. Zoe headed to her own room to freshen up herself. She was still shaking her head as she hurried into her bathroom.

Who is that sensible, loving girl and what has she done with my shallow, bimbo of a daughter? I don't even care, as long as she's here to stay.

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On the way to Mercy General Zoe called the kids' school to explain why they wouldn't be in. She'd also called ahead to the hospital to be told that Jason was still unconscious but stable. As she hung up, she turned to her daughter. The girl hadn't spoken since they'd left the house.

"Jaz, can we talk?" she asked. "I mean a proper, grown-up talk? Woman to woman?"

"Sure Mom, sounds serious," her daughter mumbled.

Where to start? If in doubt, go with your instincts girl. All in then, the good old Zoe Dean special.

"I couldn't help but notice what happened this morning baby. When you came into the bathroom and saw your brother lying there," Zoe began.

"Huh?" was all the response that Jasmine could muster.

"Your... reaction, baby. You saw Jason and you... almost fainted Jaz. I had to hold you up. Then when you brought the blanket. I saw you... touching it... touching him. What gives?"

Silence. Crickets. Tumbleweeds.

"I'm not mad Jaz," the concerned mother continued. "A little surprised perhaps, but not mad. To be honest I was a bit weak in the knees myself."

The silence continued but out of the corner of her eye, Zoe could see her daughter licking her lips. Those manicured fingers fidgeted with the seat belt in her lap. Zoe decided to wait, Jasmine was building up to a response, she knew.

Then slowly the girl began to speak. Her words were halting at first but grew in confidence as her thoughts crystallized.

"I'd never had a dream come true before Mom, you know? Something I've wished for, dreamt of for years. Until today I mean. My dream came true in the bathroom this morning. In the midst of all that fear and confusion, my wish was granted.

"I've pined and yearned for a man like that for ages. Since I turned eighteen, I've been like Indiana Jones hunting high and low across the world. I've become sort of obsessed about finding him. I knew he had to be out there, somewhere.

"I've been on so many dates, Mom. Had many hopeless, pointless letdowns. Maybe I'm too picky but I want the best. A man who is fun, and sexy, and... big, maybe. One who is sensitive and strong. Who wants a partner, not a trophy. Who wants a family and will do anything to keep it together. The perfect guy. The one, you know?

"And then, like a bolt from the blue, there it was. My heart was pounding with panic about Jason's fall and then in an instant, my search was over. There he was, right before my eyes.

Jason. I saw his... penis and I just knew. I suddenly saw him as a man. A man who embodies all the things I want. With a body that I... want as well. He is all those things and more. At least he was... before. But underneath I think he might be again. I pushed him away so hard. I thought our bond was unbreakable. That it would stretch but it would someday snap back. But I pushed too hard... too far.

"When I saw him there, bleeding on the tiles. I knew, just knew that I had to act. I have to get him back. Maybe not to fulfill my silly, Prince Charming fantasy. But to have our Jason back with me... with us.

"It was our fault, yours and mine. The divorce didn't help but it was such a mystery that I tend to ignore it. But you and I let him drift away from us, Mom. It's our fault.

"I'm sorry Mom but that's the truth," Jasmine finished, her voice trailing off into silence.

"You're right, baby," Zoe replied. "Don't apologize for how you feel. I was shocked... to see him like that as well. I was like two people in that cubicle with him. I was his mommy again. Putting a band-aid on his scraped knee, kissing his owies better. I was responsible for him again, responsible for his health and happiness. But I was there as a woman as well.

"I saw his true form. The body he always keeps covered up. And a primitive part of me reacted to that. It breezed right past my mommy instincts and dived down straight between my thighs.

"I was so embarrassed, so appalled. But I couldn't quit. Jason needed me, like never before. So, I had to stay there and face down my split personality. The mommy side won... but it was a close-run thing. And that other me is still in there... somewhere. I don't know how to control her. I worry that she might end up controlling me.

"We've never really talked about... boys and things, have we hun? Not properly anyway. Not since the birds and the bees, I suppose."

"No," said Jasmine. "I always assumed that you trusted me. You never ask about my dates or boyfriends or whatever."

"Ha, I can't keep up baby. I learn a boy's name when he comes to pick you up but then it's a different guy that brings you home," Zoe laughed and patted her daughter's leg fondly. "It's not a matter of trust either. It's your life. All I can do is hope that you make smart decisions and don't get in over your head like I did."

"Over your head? What do you mean Mom?" Jasmine asked.

"We'll talk about that tonight honey, I promise. I'm sorry that I've not shared my life lessons with you. That's my fault. I've been very busy since the divorce, with work and everything. But that's no excuse. I mean I've just realized I don't even know what you're doing for birth control, Jaz."

"Don't worry Mom. I'm not doing anything yet," Jasmine replied. "I've never even had sex yet. Until this morning I've been on a seemingly endless, albeit epic, version of "The Bachelorette." That's why I go through boys one after another. I only hang around long enough to get a feel for who they truly are. If they don't measure up it's a quick hand job and home for me. On to the next one. Until this morning I've only ever orgasmed to porn."

"Porn?" Zoe exclaimed. "Wow. I never thought about you looking at that. I was always more worried about Jason doing that. Is it rude to ask what you like to watch?"

"Just romance, I think. Something with a story that I can get wrapped up in. We know they're going to have sex, so what's the rush? Let them talk, kid around a bit first. Show us there's a spark between, that they might have a future. Some of the girly, lesbian ones are like that. I enjoy them a lot. But sometimes you just need a big cock too. Oh fuck. I can't believe I said that to my mom. Well anyway, that's what I like. What I want," Jasmine admitted. "If I can find a clip with a girl

who looks like me it's even better. As long as it's a proper film mind, not that POV rubbish. I hate that."

"Yes, that gonzo crap has ruined the industry," Zoe blurted, without thinking.

Shit.

"Erm, so you're still a virgin then kiddo?" Zoe continued quickly, hoping her little slip-up hadn't been noticed.

"Well, technically yes, I suppose," Jasmine affirmed. "I've gone through a few plastic pals but there's never been any flesh and blood up there. Not yet anyway."

"That's impressive, I'm proud of you baby. It can't have been easy for a hottie like you to keep all those horny boys out of your pants," Zoe said with a smile.

"Ha, as long as you keep their balls drained those idiots don't care. They like to be seen with a pretty girl, that's all. They're going to tell each other lies about what happens in private anyway, so what I do or don't do doesn't matter," Jasmine was laughing now. She had never talked like this with her mother before. It was refreshing. And fun.

"I hope you're not shocked, Mom. I know it all sounds a bit slutty, but it's not, I swear," Jasmine continued.

"Don't worry babe, I know more about it than you might think. I'm not worried about what's happened in the past.

They were pulling into the hospital parking lot then. It was time to get their minds out of the gutter and get back to normality. For now, anyway.

Jason was here. He needed them. They were here for him. And they would be. Until they got him home. Where it might be his turn to be there... for them.

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It turned out that Jason was still in the emergency room. He had been stabilized but the staff was waiting to verify Zoe's insurance cover. His life wasn't in immediate danger, so it was profit before humanity as usual. Hospital policy required valid insurance before conducting further tests.

Zoe bit back her frustration and completed and signed the required paperwork. She always ensured that her production company staff had gold-level coverage at least. It was vital, given the risky nature of the industry. As the company owner and an ex-performer to boot, she herself had a platinum level policy.

At that moment she didn't care though. She would have gladly sold a kidney to expedite her boy's treatment.

Jason was wheeled past them on his way to radiology for his scans. He looked pale and peaceful. As if he was sleeping. But Zoe was struck by how slight he appeared though. Jasmine and she were Amazon queens by comparison. She patted his arm on the way past before pulling her daughter into a tight embrace.

"He looked so small Momma," Jasmine whispered, echoing Zoe's thoughts. "I called him an asshole this morning. What if that's the last words he ever hears from me? I've been so horrible to him. Why is that? I love him so much, Mom. It hurts to see him like that."

"Don't be silly Jaz," Zoe replied, holding her daughter tight. "He has just bumped his head. You know how clumsy he is. He'll have a nasty headache for a few days. If you and I fuss over him enough, he'll be right as rain in no time. You'll see. Now, do you want some coffee? I'm hungry."

Jasmine nodded and they headed towards the cafeteria. The admissions clerk had Zoe's cell number, so a nurse would call once Jason was admitted.

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By midday, Jason was installed in his own room. The medical staff explained that the scans looked promising. There was no sign of intracranial hemorrhage or subdural hematoma. There might be a hairline skull fracture, but it wasn't serious.

He had needed twelve stitches in his scalp wound and they'd given him a small blood transfusion, just in case. Other than that, they just needed to wait for him to wake up. Later that afternoon seemed to be the consensus for when that would be.

Zoe had decided to go to work, as Jasmine seemed happy to stay with her brother. She agreed to return by six, or sooner if Jason's condition changed.

As the door clicked shut behind her mother, Jasmine got up from her chair and leaned over Jason's inert form. He never stirred as the medical monitors continued to beep and boop beside the bed. She spoke to him, her voice quiet but firm.

"Hey, Jase. Are you in there? Can you hear me? I hope so. I'm going to keep talking anyway, so if you get bored or annoyed, just wake up and let me know.

"I need to apologize to you. I've been kinda wrapped up in my own life for a while now. It's like someone started making a movie of it and I have to be the star all the time. The lights, the cameras, the microphones, they're all trained on me. All the time. You guys in the background can do your own thing, the director will take care of all that. I just have to make sure that my performance is perfect.

"I didn't know... well, I didn't want to know, I knew what I wanted, and I set out to find it. But I never looked left or right.

It was just full steam ahead, 24/7. If you got caught in my wake? Hard luck. Coming through.

"I never saw you as vulnerable before. As a kid, I was too selfish and dumb to know that you were. Then when you got older and put up your impenetrable shell I had already moved on. You were too much like hard work, so I gave up. You had this steely self-reliance. You weren't vulnerable anymore. If I did check in on you, you had your sword of nerdiness. And your impenetrable shield of silence. You didn't need me. So, I looked in less and less. Until I stopped.

"And this morning I realized that you are vulnerable. As we all are. That unexpected things can just happen and have huge consequences. And I had a revelation. The Universe twisted round by ninety degrees, and I saw the truth. That we are twins, that we should be close. That we always should have been

"So, I'm sorry. I was selfish and wrong. I pushed you away and then blamed you for us not being close anymore. But that is

over. I'm going to be available to you. As a sister and a friend. Please give me a chance. Let me in. It's me. Jaz.

"I love you, Jason. I'm sorry but I never realized it until right this minute. I'm sorry I could never tell you when you were awake. I'm so sorry baby bro for all that wasted time. I didn't know. How could I have known? But I know it now, and I promise I'll make it up to you," Jasmine finished, kissing Jason lightly on the cheek.

Pulling her chair close beside the bed, Jasmine clasped his hand in hers and sat down. Was that a hitch in the monotonous beeps from the monitors? No, it must have been her imagination she thought.

Jasmine didn't mind. There was nowhere else for her to be now. She was with Jason. She was home.

That evening Zoe skipped out of work early and made a beeline for the hospital. Jasmine had called her several times

throughout the afternoon. Jason seemed well, despite the fact that he was still unconscious.

As she hurried towards the elevators Zoe came to a sudden stop. Fishing in her bag she spritzed her favourite perfume onto her neck and throat. She did a quick spray on each wrist too.

The doctors had told her and Jasmine to try to stimulate all of Jason's senses. Smell was particularly powerful it seemed, along with sound. To that end, Jasmine had headed home to collect Jason's phone and a portable speaker. When she returned later, they would play his favorite music to see if it elicited a reaction.

On the fifth floor, she strode towards room 511. She barely registered the admiring glances she received from the people she passed. Zoe had long since become immune to the stares and looks that her appearance provoked. A combination of genetics, healthy eating, and exercise had kept her looking young. Zoe had somehow maintained her striking looks and

figure into her forties. She had always eschewed excessive makeup, opting for minimal enhancement. This had often caused her problems during her career as a performer. The hot studio lights required foundation and bronzer to be applied by the pound.

Then there was her hair. No, her mane. Her rich, golden tresses tumbled halfway down her back. Thick and lustrous with a tiny hint of natural curl. Her hair still looked the same today as it had twenty years before. In the days when Djenni Djerkov had been the hottest adult star in America.

These days Zoe tended to have her luscious locks pinned up or in a braid most of the time. On the odd occasion when she was recognized in the street, it was usually her flowing hair that gave her away. Keeping it constrained was more convenient both personally and professionally.

But tonight, it had been released in all its glory. Wild and untamed it swirled and shimmered as she moved. As a boy, Jason had loved to play with it, twirling it between his fingers.

Tonight, she would see if he remembered. Find out if the old habit triggered his mind on its struggle towards wakefulness.

A grey-haired nurse was pottering around Jason's bed when Zoe arrived. There was a cart festooned with sponges and hygiene products parked just inside the door. The woman looked up at Zoe's entrance, her face flushed, nostrils flaring.

Zoe knew that look, she recognized that feeling. The woman was aroused, deeply turned on in fact. As the nurse looked down to finish tucking Jason's blankets back in, Zoe understood. This bitch. This conniving cunt had come face to face with Jason's penis. She had handled it. Stroked it perhaps. Fondled it for sure. She had enjoyed Zoe's little boy. Taken her own perverted pleasure from the illicit contact with his... perfect prick.

No fucking way.

"Hi, I'm Jason's mom. How is he?" she said, her voice all sweetness and light. Inside she was all seething, raging fury.

"He's fine ma'am," the nurse replied. "A wonderful young man, I think. The monitors have picked up a few tickles of consciousness this afternoon. I bet he'll be awake by morning. I'm Brenda by the way. I've just freshened him up for you.

"I'll leave you two be then. If you need anything just hit that red button on the wall, I'll be just down the hall.

"My goodness, is it getting hot in here? I'm burning up. Would you like me to check the thermostat?" She fanned her face with her hand, making sure Zoe knew what she'd been doing.

No, it's just your sloppy old cunt that's on fire you old bitch. Serves you fucking right. I know that itch. That burning need. Well, believe me when I say Jason will never scratch it for you. Now fuck off and die, you hateful old witch.

"No thank you, Brenda. It's fine. I just want to spend some time with my boy. I'm going to talk to him, see if I can't

persuade him to come back to us. I'd appreciate some privacy please," Zoe replied, a stunning smile splitting her face.

"Of course, Mrs. Dean. I'll leave you to it," the nurse said, nodding. The woman gathered up her wits and left the room, her knuckles white on the handles of her trolley.

Enjoy your ruined panties, grandma. Ha.

Zoe smirked as the door closed and then moved towards the bed. Then her expression changed. This was the second time that she had thought of Jason in sexual terms. It only seemed to happen in times of stress. When her guard was down. Where her true thoughts and feelings were free to come out....

Dear God, Zoe. Really? After all you've been through. After all the trauma and pain. You have feelings for your son? For your little boy? Those feelings? I hope you know what you're doing girl.

Zoe bowed her head. Things were happening that were out of her control. She had been starved of affection for so long. And now she was searching for it in the wrong places. It had to stop. It simply had to. With a deep breath, she entered Jason's room.

"Hey there, my big man," she purred. "It's Mommy, I'm here baby. I'm here for you. I'm here to bring you back. Here to do whatever you want. Whatever you need."

Zoe took a deep breath. She wasn't sure why she had reacted like that to the nurse. She was just doing her job. Looking after Jason. She was a professional. There was no sexual motive to what she was doing. Hell, she must be sixty.

Forget it, Zoe. Forget her. It doesn't matter what you were thinking. You're stressed, freaking out. Jason is alive and safe. You need to be here. You need to be present for him. In case he needs you to make decisions for him. Don't get sidetracked by nonsense like that.

That crap paled in comparison with the importance of what lay in front of her in this sterile hospital bed. Her son, her perfect boy. So different from the rest of his family, so isolated and misunderstood.

Jasmine was essentially a clone of her mother. Beautiful, thoughtless, and spoiled. Because they had so much in common, Zoe had focused most of her attention on her daughter. She had attended to Jasmine much more closely as the kids had been growing up. Jason had seemed so much more self-reliant, so much more... together. Sure, he was different, but he never gave any trouble. He didn't stay out late or get in fights.

So, in her inexcusable ignorance, Zoe had left him to it. Hey, she had a struggling business to manage. One that stemmed from a secret past that she was always striving to suppress. She'd been through an extraordinary divorce. And now she had a tearaway daughter that took up all of her spare time and energy. How much had her and Jack's separation been to blame for that? Zoe had never thought about it before. He had

agreed to zero access until the twins turned eighteen. But that had been months ago.

She had always billed him as the party at fault. Jack Dean, filthy pervert. She had never explained to them the nature of his crimes against humanity, against nature. Had she demonized him unfairly? Had she turned them against their father? He was a wonderful man. He had been a tremendous father to them. But he had a secret that had appalled and hurt Zoe to her very core. So, she had lashed out and taken her revenge. She had cut him off from his precious children.

But in doing that, she had cut them off from him. And now they had gone off the rails. Was it her fault?

Holy shit, Zoe. This is on you. You did this. Well, you enabled it and you certainly didn't do anything to stop it. Can you do something now? Can you try you make amends? You have to, Zoe. You have to...

"I'm sorry honey. I've been such a terrible mother. You were always such a good boy that I thought I didn't have to worry. But now, here you are, needing me for what feels like the first time. Needing me to talk to you, to bring you back to me. And I don't know how. I don't know what to say. I don't know what you're interested in, what matters to you. I'm so ashamed about that, so sorry.

"What can I do? What can I say to get through to you? All I can think of is that I promise to be here for you, right by your side. Whatever you need. Just wake up baby and give me a chance to prove it to you."

Zoe took her son's limp hand in hers and pressed it to her lips, leaving a lingering kiss.

"I love you, Jason," she whispered before pulling up a chair and continuing to talk. Much like his sister had done earlier that afternoon.

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And that was how Jasmine found them two hours later. As she entered the room her mother looked up and shook her head briefly. The young girl hurried to her side and pulled Zoe into a warm embrace.

"It's OK, Mom," Jasmine said, her voice unusually soft and warm. Zoe was stunned. Her daughter was never affectionate or considerate like this. She couldn't remember hugging her close since childhood. In the wake of her fears for Jason, the unexpected contact was warm and comforting. She squeezed her daughter back, with interest.

"Don't worry Momma, he's still in there," Jasmine continued in a reassuring tone. We need to find a way to connect with him. I brought his phone, maybe we can find some music or something to help us."

She touched the phone and held it over Jason's face until it unlocked, and the Home Screen appeared. In the music app,

she found a playlist called Nostalgic Moments and with a quick tap, it began to play.

Neither woman recognized the song, even when they saw the artist's details. But both were pleased that it wasn't the pounding heavy metal they were used to hearing from Jason's room.

Jasmine turned on the speaker she had brought from home and the smooth, jazzy music filled the room.

"Mom, do you think we should look through his phone? I mean when I was here this afternoon, I talked to him. But it was all about me. My life. I'm ashamed to admit that I don't know anything about his... or even him. Maybe there's something in here that can help?" Jasmine said, waving the phone at her mother.

"I was just apologizing to him for exactly the same thing baby," Zoe agreed. "He always seemed so detached from us, I never bothered to get to know him. And now it's like he's a

complete stranger. So yes, I think we should look through it, find out what he likes, what he does. Find out how we can reach him."

They pulled their chairs together and huddled over the glowing screen. Slowly they began to piece together Jason's life, his interests, and his passions.

"There are so many books on here, Mom. Like hundreds of them. How could anyone ever read a hundred books?" Jasmine asked in astonishment. Zoe laughed quietly.

"If this situation was happening the other way round, I bet he'd be asking how anyone could date a hundred guys," she said, teasing the younger girl. Jasmine colored, then smiled and nodded in understanding. Her brother really was very different from her.

"There are literally no selfies on here, Mom. Not one. There are pictures of us though, you and me. Look, they're all things he has snapped around the house. Here's you making dinner.

And that's that time I spilled all the sugar. I'm such a klutz sometimes.

"Wait, most of these are videos. There're tons of them. They all have that same symbol, let's play one."

Zoe felt a tickle of recognition when she glimpsed the tiny logo on the video thumbnails. It turned into a tsunami of revulsion and fear when Jasmine started it playing though. Jason's music stopped. In its place began some cheesy saxophone muzak, straight out of an eighties sitcom.

But Zoe knew it wasn't a sitcom theme at all. It was hers. It was the intro to Djenni Djerkov's "Deep Inside..." series.

"Stop that, Jasmine. Please. Turn it off. Now," Zoe screeched.

"What's wrong Mom? What is it?" Jasmine asked in surprise as she stopped the video.

Zoe was crying. Sobbing. Inconsolable.

He's seen them. He knows. He's watched them. Every scandalous, perverted scene. His mother, the porn star. Djenni Djerkov, the raciest, dirtiest, nastiest slut there ever was.

Jasmine wrapped her mother up in her arms and rocked her back and forth. She had no idea what was going on.

Zoe had always feared that this moment would come. She had meant to sit her kids down one day and explain her past honestly. To tell them how her business worked today. Tell them what she and their father had done way back then. But somehow, she had never gotten around to it. There had always been a reason. No, that wasn't right. She had always found an excuse. And now it was too late.

"M... Mom? What's wrong? Tell me, please. I'm trying to keep it together here but I'm not sure I can. Momma... please?"
Jasmine sounded like she was on the edge of tears herself.

Grow up, Zoe. This is your fault, your mistake. Own it. Be honest with her. It's the least she deserves.

"I'm a porn star, Jasmine. Well, I was. Before you were born. Those are my videos. On Jason's phone. The studio? We don't shoot commercials baby. We're a struggling porno outfit. It's all I know, all I can do. I'm sorry." Getting those few words out was the hardest thing that Zoe had ever done. But at least she had.

Now what?

Jasmine pressed her face into her mother's hair and spoke softly in her ear.

"I know Momma. Well, I suspected anyway. I have for a long time. Some of the things Daddy used to say when you were arguing. They made me think. Was that why you broke up?"

"Wait. No, I don't care now. You're my mom and I love you. You can tell me about the divorce when you are ready. As for the other thing? You're the sexiest, most exquisite woman I've ever seen. It would be a crime against nature if you weren't a model at least.

"Anyway, what's more natural than sex? I bet there are millions of people out there who have fallen in love with you. People who dream of you at night. I think that's beautiful Mom."

Zoe pulled away and stared at her daughter, agog. Of all the possible reactions that she imagined, this one had never occurred to her. Jasmine was supposed to be an eighteen-year-old bimbo, airhead. Wasn't she? How could she be taking this in her stride so easily? Where had this maturity come from?

"Did you hear what I said Jasmine? I've been involved in the porn industry since I was your age. Your father too, although he got out after the divorce. Everything we have has come

from it, from pornography. Why aren't you losing your shit right now? Why aren't you going crazy?" Zoe stopped then, lost for words.

"I don't care, Mom," Jasmine replied. "No one does. Porn is a part of life now. It's important. The world population has pretty much doubled during your lifetime. Modern life is busy, it isolates us from each other. And now we have COVID to make things worse.

"Porn is a way for people to live out their dreams and fantasies without all the awkward bits. All that meeting and dating and wooing crap. Nowadays, no matter how low they feel, they have an outlet, an escape. They pick up their phone and within five minutes they're living their dreams. The horniest women in the world literally begging for their cum.

"You matter, Mom. To millions of people. They choose you over a movie, over a restaurant, over pretty much anything. And by the way, if your studio is struggling it's only because you're on the wrong side of the cameras.

"Now, let me switch this speaker off so we can watch your video in peace. I wanna see if I can pick up a few tips."

As Jasmine did just that, Zoe sat back in her chair and stared at the ceiling.

What. The. Actual. Fuck?

Djenni Djerkov's theme tune started playing on the phone's tinny speaker. Her stage name appeared letter by letter, being written in garish red neon.

"Wait. What?" Jasmine exclaimed. "You gave me your porn name? Jesus Mom... that's awesome."

Zoe was ready to apologize and beg for forgiveness when Jasmine's words sank in. Her daughter was smiling... giggling in fact.

"It's only your middle name, Jaz. Jasmine Jennifer Dean. It was your father's stupid idea," Zoe said. "I was so zonked after the birth. He went ahead and registered your names before I had a chance to object. He was obsessed with the initials JJ. He has them himself, but otherwise, I have no idea why."

"Back then the internet was small potatoes. We never imagined you finding out, never mind watching them. We laughed about it later. I hope you're not mad at me, baby?"

"Shut up, mother," Jasmine scoffed, hitting play on the video. "I told you, I think it's brilliant. Now I want to see how nasty you were. Oh look, this one's called 'Deep Inside Djenni's Butt.'"

Zoe reached out to snatch the phone from Jasmine's hand. But she stopped herself. That wasn't her real reaction. That was just a conditioned reflex. Her real reaction was to cuddle up beside her daughter and watch herself getting railed in the ass.

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At ten o'clock, they had to leave. Jasmine took her mother's hand and led her towards the door. They looked back but Jason was still lying flat on his back, ever unchanged. Zoe blew him a kiss before allowing Jasmine to lead her to her car.

"Are you alright to drive Mom? We can leave your car here and I'll take you home if you want," Jasmine said.

"No, it's fine honey," Zoe replied. "The drive will do me good. I'll follow you though. Could we stop for pizza on the way? I haven't eaten since that snack at lunchtime."

Jasmine blinked at the sudden role reversal, but she took it in her stride. Her mother had been through a lot today. They both had.

"Let's just get home Mom. I'll call Gino's on the way, get them to deliver. It should arrive just as we do. Come on."

The journey home was uneventful. Marco, the pizza delivery man was just arriving as they pulled into the drive. Jasmine waved at him. He was a nice boy she remembered. Tiny cock though. At least his pizzas were big and warm.

She and her mom demolished half of the vegetarian pie in five minutes flat. There was no talking, both of them were too tired and hungry to speak.

Jasmine was the first to look up from her plate and speak.

"He's going to be alright Mom. He will, I just know it.

We're on team Jason from now on Mom. He comes first. We've got so much to make up for. Both of us. Agreed?" Jasmine's eyes sparkled as she blinked the tears away.

Zoe nodded.

"Pinky swear?" Jasmine asked, smiling now. Her mother laughed as they hooked their fingers together. With a brief hug, they headed up the stairs to bed.

"Jaz?" Zoe asked. "Could you stay with me tonight? It's been a rough day."

"Sure Mom," she replied, "I'd like that."

They got ready for bed together in Zoe's bathroom. As Jasmine began to undress, she said, "I don't have my pajamas Mom."

"Don't worry honey, let's just snuggle up close, we can keep each other warm."

They were very cozy under the down comforter and soon both relaxed and began to talk. They whispered and joked, giggled, and cried for hours together. It was the best night either of them could ever remember.

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The following morning found Zoe and Jasmine entwined in bed. Zoe stirred and Jasmine came awake in her arms. Her daughter was snuggled in behind her, stark naked. Zoe could feel her daughter's soft boobs and hard pointed nipples pressing into her back. Jasmine had also reached around in her sleep and taken a firm grip on Zoe's own breasts.

"Erm, morning Mom," Jasmine said as she came awake too. As consciousness took hold, she too became aware of their situation. She flinched, pulling her hands away, trying to push herself back.

"No baby, it's alright," Zoe whispered. "It's lovely. Stay there, stay with me. Hold me."

Jasmine froze, shocked and unsure what to do. Then her mother pushed her bottom back firmly. Her hand reached

over and pulled Jasmine's backside against her. Jasmine couldn't believe what was happening, but her body spoke for her. Her fingers tightened on her mom's luscious tits and pulled their bodies together. Her chin was on Zoe's shoulder as she whispered into her ear.

"You're being very naughty Mommy, or should I say... Djenni?"

"I just want to feel loved, baby. I'm so lonely... and frightened. What if we never get Jason back? I could never forgive myself," her mom murmured back.

"We're not going to lose him, Mom. We're going to find him and bring him home. We're going to spoil him.

After a half-hour of snuggly caresses, they finally got up. Showering separately, they got ready for their day.

"You are going to school, Jaz," Zoe insisted. "You heard the nurse. No change. We shall go together this afternoon. I'll pack some food and snacks. You bring his phone and speaker. We'll try more music."

Jasmine pouted for a moment until a cheeky grin lit up her face. "Can we watch another video? You know Jason likes them. And so do I..." She dodged back from Zoe's attempted smack, but they were both laughing.

"Maybe... I'll think about it," Zoe said. "Now go. I'll pick you up at the back gate after three. OK?"

"Sure, Mom. See you then. Love you. Bye..." called Jasmine as she skipped out the front door.

Zoe reached for the house phone. It was time to do something that she had been putting off. He was still in her contacts.

Fuck, girl. He's still in your heart somewhere. That's just your pussy talking. Let him go. He has his life now. With her...

Of course, she answered.

"Oh, Hi Stephanie. It's Zoe. Can I speak to Jack please?"

Well done, very professional.

Her ex-husband came on the line. Zoe had her name mentioned as the phone was handed over.

"Jack, it's me. Don't freak out, but there has been an accident. Jason fell in the shower and hit his head. He's in Mercy General. Room 511. He's still unconscious, Jack. The doctors say he is fine and it's normal to be out for a while, so don't worry. Jaz and I will be going to see him this afternoon. After school. I thought you might want to take the morning. Maybe more than one? Just so someone is with him, you know? In case it's a shock for him. Waking up alone."

Zoe took a deep breath. She hadn't meant to blurt it all out in one go. But she hadn't spoken to Jack in three years. She didn't know if the conversation would be awkward. Turns out... it wasn't.

"When did this happen, Zoe," Jack asked.

"Yesterday morning," she replied. "I'm sorry I didn't call. I was frantic. I'm calmer now. At least he is safe and in the best hands. We just have to wait."

"That's OK, hun," Jack responded laconically. "I'm a working stiff now. I'll need to arrange it with my boss. Can we leave it that I'll do mornings? I'll leave before two each day, just in case."

"That would be good, yes," Zoe replied. "Talking with him was easy. Like it always had been. Jack... I've been meaning to call

you. About the kids. They're eighteen now. I think they have a right to know."

"You never told them?" he asked, surprised.

"No. I was too scared," Zoe replied, her voice trailing off. "I was too afraid of them judging you. Of them judging me. But it's time. They deserve the truth."

"I agree, Zoe," he said in that calm, relaxed voice he always had. "Would you mind if I brought Stephanie? I think she'd like to be there too," Jack asked.

Come on Zoe. She is his wife. Has been for three years. Be the bigger woman here. Grow a fucking pair.

"Of course," she said. After a pause, she continued. "We need to get past all this, Jack. Get our family back. Things haven't been good here. For a long time. The kids miss you. I miss

you. Even as a friend. When Jason is back on his feet we'll talk. OK?"

"That's all I ever wanted, Zoe," Jack replied. She could hear that broad smile in his voice.

"Good," Zoe said. "I'm glad we talked. You have my cell if anything happens when you're with him?"

"Speed Dial #1, Zoe," Jack said. She smiled, remembering why she had loved him so.

"OK," she said. "Give the nurses your contact details. He's in room 511. We'll talk again soon, Jack. Say hi to Stephanie for me. Bye."

She hung up before he could hear the quiver in her voice. That been hard. But worth it.

Better late than never chickenshit.

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Jasmine was ten minutes late coming out of school. Zoe's heart was lifted when she saw her daughter with a group of girls. She wasn't at the center, but she wasn't on the periphery either.

When she jumped into the car, Jasmine leaned over and gave her mother a chaste peck on the lips. "Hi, Mom," she trilled. "Sorry I'm late. I was working on a gift for Rip Van Winkle. What are we waiting for? Let's go see Jason."

Yes ma'am.

It was a fifteen-minute drive to the hospital. Zoe had worked out that that should give her enough time.

"I called your father today, honey. To tell him about Jason. And I decided it was time that I told you some things about him. About the divorce."

Jasmine turned to look at Zoe. Her mother's lower lip was quivering. So, she reached out and took her right hand.

"Thank you, Mommy," she said in a small voice. "I know it might be hard to get out. And it might be hard for me to hear. But we both need it out in the open. Jason too when he wakes up. I'll shut up now. Just tell me. We'll talk after..."

++++

Jason's condition was unchanged. Nurse Brenda spoke to them briefly when they arrived.

"Your ex-husband was in this morning, with his fancy piece. I can see where Jason got his good looks from. I spruced him up for you earlier. I'll check in on you when my shift ends,

later." She was giggling as Zoe and Jasmine walked off towards Jason's room.

Jason looked exactly as he had the day before. Peaceful and relaxed. The worry lines that used to crease his brow were gone. Apart from the bleep of the heart rate monitor, he might have been dead.

The two girls talked to him, holding his hand throughout. They reminisced about childhood adventures and faux pas. They played his music, even some more raucous songs.

Nurse Brenda came to check if Jason needed a bed bath, but Zoe assured her that he was fine. She left with a curt wave and a sour expression on her face.

Hours passed, but they never flagged. They enjoyed the tuna salad that Zoe had brought. And they kept Jason in the loop throughout.

Until ten o'clock, when they had to go.

"Aw, Mom," Jasmine exclaimed. "We forgot to play a video."

"Maybe we can play one at home, Jaz," Zoe replied. "Just for us...?"

"Ooh, I'd like that, Mom," her daughter cooed. "That sounds exciting..."

As they headed off to the parking structure next door, Jasmine took Zoe's hand in hers. It never even occurred to her mother to question it. It felt natural and right. With a brief squeeze, she pulled the girl closer, flashing her a brief, smile.

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"I could get used to this," Zoe said, taking the mug of hot chocolate from her daughter's hands.

Me too, Mom. Me too...

Jasmine was fiddling with the TV in Zoe's bedroom. She stood back and played with the remote.

"There, all done," she said. "We can now watch Jason's videos on the TV." Zoe stared, amazed. An old quote bubbled up in her brain.

Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.

"Right, what do you fancy tonight, Mom?" Jasmine asked. "I'm guessing from the titles, but we have... let's see..."

"Just pick one at random, Jaz," Zoe suggested. "Let the fates decide."

"OK then," her daughter said, smiling. "Tell me when to stop."

Zoe could see her finger scrolling the video clips. After a beat, she called out, "Stop," Jasmine tapped the screen and set the phone down.

"Can I get in beside you, Mom," she asked.

"Of course, darling," Zoe said with a smile as the familiar music began. The lurid neon letters appeared, spelling out the episode's title.

"Djenni Goes Undercover." Zoe had no idea what it was about and said as much to Jasmine. Her daughter was pulling off her clothes and scooting under the covers.

"Shh, we're on a date," Jasmine hissed. "At the movies, Mom. Concentrate. Or I might try to play some softball."

"What?" Zoe whispered, confused.

"Well, I'm safe on first," Jasmine hissed. "If you don't stay focused, I might try to steal second. Now shush."

Zoe gawped, but then smiled. They had been to first base this morning. It had been lovely. Zoe knew they couldn't do much more. But where was the harm? Their visit with Jason had been hard work. Keeping their energy levels and enthusiasm up. They deserved each other's support. They needed it.

She snuggled under the covers, reaching out to pull her daughter into her arms.

The video was a ludicrous private detective thing. Djenni was taking pictures and sneaking around. Then suddenly two guys were spit-roasting her. Jasmine laughed at that, before turning to kiss Zoe's jawline.

"That looks like fun, Mommy," she whispered. As Zoe turned to reply, Jasmine caught her lips with her own. As their kiss

intensified, a warm hand engulfed her left breast, squeezing gently. With a moan, the forty-something mom started kissing back in earnest.

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The next few days blurred into one another. The visits with Jason became harder and harder. The doctors were beginning to wonder if there was more to his condition. They told Zoe that they weren't worried... yet. But that they were going to perform some more sophisticated tests.

At home, she and Jasmine fell into an easy routine. They would come home from the hospital feeling down. Zoe would have a glass of wine. Jasmine too, once, or twice. They would talk about the other parts of their day. And they would go to bed.

There was never any question of which bed. They would crawl into Zoe's, cuddle up close and watch more of Djenni's

adventures. By the end of the week, they were watching two or three clips a night.

By Sunday evening, they were both very comfortable on second base. Jasmine kept flirting with third, but Zoe was still able to hold her on the bag. Until a clip called "Deep Inside Djenni's Roommate" began to play.

"No, Jasmine," Zoe exclaimed, breaking off their kiss. She was panting, lips and tongue glistening with their shared saliva. "Turn it off. We're not watching this one. We can't. You can't."

Zoe's heart was racing. She remembered this shoot in vivid Technicolor. Jack had nudged her towards such a scene for months until she finally felt ready. It had turned out to be a life-changing experience. But despite all of the things that she and Jasmine had seen. And done. Zoe wasn't ready for her daughter to see her like this.

"Why not, Mom?" Jasmine asked. She didn't whine or wheedle. She just asked. "Is it violent? Do they hurt you? What happened?"

"Oh, baby. I'm sorry," Zoe said after gathering her thoughts. "I remember this one. It was the first and only time I've done this thing. It was spectacular. I came and came. For real. That didn't always happen. But I've never done it since. It's dangerous. But my co-star was a real pro. She's dead now, I think. But she knew what she was doing. She looked after me. OK. You're a big girl now. Let it play. But don't think less of me, will you?"

As the video played, both women were transfixed. Any thought of propriety was lost. Jasmine could have crawled to third base. Zoe was never going to resist. Ever again. She ended up on the same bag with her. Screaming as they came together.

The second play-through found them racing for home plate. The noises they were making were reflected in the video. As

they came down from another toe-curling orgasm Djenni was just beginning her own.

"Teach me to do that for you, Mom," Jasmine whispered. They were both staring at the screen, rapt. "I want to make you feel like that again. I want to be the one that dies that to you. Does it for you. Because I love you, Zoe Dean. As my mom of course. But as my friend too. And as my... lover. Is that OK? Can we do that? Can we be... together?"

There was silence from beside her in the bed. Momentarily.

Then Jasmine felt a hand grip hers tightly and heard her mother's whispered reply.

"Yes..."

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Zoe cracked open one eye. It was still dark outside. And Jasmine was kissing her vagina. Startled, she came to full wakefulness almost instantly.

"Jasmine," she cried. "What...?"

But that was all she managed as her teenage daughter bit down on her clitoris. Not too hard. Not too soft. Fucking Goldilocks got it just right. Zoe felt a huge outpouring of love for the girl, just as a huge climax rolled over her.

Her lover gave her a long, languorous lick and a soft kiss. Then she began to make her way back towards Zoe's head. She finished her journey by nibbling on Zoe's earlobe. Her right hand clasped her mother's ample tit and gave it a reassuring squeeze. After tweaking her firm nipple, Jasmine's hand resumed its journey. Heading back down, to Zoe's hot, humid center. As her fingertips met her mother's slick labial meat once more, Zoe spoke.

"Ooh Jaz, what are you doing?" she squeaked, even as her thighs drifted apart.

"I'm making you feel loved Mommy. It's what you need. It's what I want.

Zoe opened her mouth to protest. But no sound came out. No protest. No objection. It was true she realized. She did feel loved. And she loved Jasmine back just as hard. She made her decision.

"Oh baby. Oh, Jasmine darling... yes. That's what I need. Mmm, Mommy loves you. You sexy little bitch. Put another finger inside me, honey. I want your whole fuckin' hand in there. Christ, I want your entire fucking arm inside me. Just like last night. In the video. You can be my roommate.

"Ooh yes. Come on, fuck me. Harder baby. My clit. Yes, right there. Ooh, you know exactly what you're doing you dirty little slut. How many slippery cunts have you fringed Jasmine? How many slutty little bitches have you fingered?"

"You're the first slutty little bitch I've been with Mom," Jasmine snarled. "I can't believe how hot you are inside. I love the way your pussy is clutching at my fingers, Mommy. You're so wet and slippery. I'm going to put my whole hand inside. I'm going to fist you Zoe Dean, hard and fast. And you're going to cum all over me, aren't you? Deep and nasty, the way I know you like it... Djenni."

Zoe was surprised at how easy it was to slip into her old role as Djenni. It had been twenty years since she had last donned her alter ego's campy, faux-Russian persona. Back then she had been lauded for her sexy portrayal of an irresistible siren. Pornography had been more of an art form in those days. Scenes had had a coherent story, even a script most times. Characters had backstories, real motivations. Reasons to exist in truth.

Zoe had loved it. Sex had been a big part of it of course but not the whole. Seduction and titillation had mattered. Like good lovemaking the sex had been but one part of the process. The buildup had counted for something. The scenes they

filmed had always built towards a climax, but that one moment was not the be-all and end-all.

She remembered an old song lyric that summed it up for her -- "the point of a journey, is not to arrive." Her own studio was harking back to that golden era today. She was striving to shoot scenes in that vein. But it was so difficult nowadays.

The market was awash with endless content. Good, bad, or indifferent, it didn't matter. It was all just noise. Anything with decent, quality production values was lost in the maelstrom. It was a numbers game these days. Keep pumping out any old rubbish. Day after day, week after week. Numbers, numbers, numbers...

Where is the art in that?

Zoe shook her head. That was work. This was FUN.

Jasmine squeezed her fingers tightly together. With infinite care, she began to worm her entire hand into her mother's vagina. As Zoe opened her mouth to squeal, Jasmine's lips closed over hers. As their tongues met for the first-ever time and Jasmine's fist began to move within her, Zoe had an orgasm.

Well, what she experienced could technically have been described as an orgasm. But in truth, it was more of an explosive, grand-mal seizure. Every nerve ending in her body short-circuited and overloaded, all at once. Her body twitched and convulsed, electric shocks sparking across her skin. Her mind was a swirling vortex of chaotic images and sensations. She was lost on a tossing ocean of sexual ecstasy and love.

Jasmine worked her slowly, bringing her back to earth for a soft landing in her warm, safe bed. The young girl's fingers slipped from within her mother's clasping body. She wrapped the quivering woman in her arms and held her tight. The tension left Zoe's body as her fevered spirit calmed and she slowly relaxed.

Both of them were breathing hard, neither felt able to speak. A cheeky smile formed on Jasmine's lips, and she brought her hand up to her face. Her mother's exquisite scent assailed her nose. Her hand was smeared with Zoe's creamy fluids, up beyond her wrist. The tip of her tongue met a moist fingertip, and her mind flipped over at the extraordinary flavor.

She was ravenous. With rabid ferocity she licked and sucked and slurped at her fingers. Her tongue and lips flailed over her skin, desperate for more of her mother's delectable essence. Her moans of pleasure brought Zoe out of her carnal fugue, and she spun to face her daughter. Face to face, nose to nose, she spoke.

"I love you, Jasmine," she said, trying to put every ounce of her soul into the words.

"I thought I had done every sexual thing there was, a hundred times over. But I hadn't. I'd not done that. Not with someone I love. I've never been with someone so giving, so selfless. Someone who loved me and who I loved back just as much. I

shall never forget this moment baby. Come here, let me hold you. Let me love you, baby."

Their lips met once more in a tender, loving kiss. Their tongues moved dreamily together. Loving. Learning. Exploring.

It wasn't an overtly sexual moment. It was more of a sensual, erotic experience. A sharing of intense feelings and emotions. Through their kiss, they sealed their pact. They would love and care for Jason, together. And they would do the same for each other.

Forever.

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It was Wednesday morning. Crunch time for Jason. For the last few days, the doctors had been giving him a cocktail of stimulants and steroids. They were trying to kick start his

brain, shock it back into life. When Zoe had called the hospital that morning, they seemed more hopeful. There were signs of... something. There was hope, more than they had had to date.

Then there was Jasmine. Her daughter. Her lover. Zoe had no idea if their affair was just a result of stress over Jason's condition. Whether it had any future whatsoever. But she did know that she loved the girl. Passionately. They had made sweet love that morning, rising early for exactly that purpose. She was dropping her daughter off at school when all she wanted to do was take her home. To bed.

"It's your last day of high school Jaz. You may never see some of those people again. It's important for you to be there. Jason will be busy with the doctors all day. They won't let us see him until this afternoon anyway.

"Go on, git. Have a fun day baby. I'll pick you up here around three, as usual?" Zoe was trying to play the role of concerned

mother. At the same time, she could still taste her daughter's sweet pussy juice on her lips.

"Alright bossy boots, I'll go. But I want a proper kiss before I do," Jasmine pouted.

"Challenge accepted. But remember, I'm not the one who has to go in there if someone sees us," Zoe teased.

"Fuck that, I don't care. Come here," Jasmine said moving towards her mom.

Their lips met, slippery tongues entwining, hot juices flowing once more. Zoe inhaled deeply through her nose. The wild miasma of Jasmine's natural scents was driving her crazy. She could detect a hint of coconut shampoo, all underlying a light, flowery perfume. Zoe pushed her daughter back, panting.

"Go. Before I drive up to the lake and rape your ass," she growled.

"Promises, promises, mother dearest," Jasmine giggled. She blew Zoe a kiss as she stepped out of the car.

The flustered mother took a deep, calming breath as the door slammed. She returned the blown kiss as Jasmine looked back over her shoulder and waved.

Dear God Zoe, what is happening here? I love her. I mean, I've fallen head over heels in love with her. And now there's Jason. Do I have the same feelings for him? I don't know. I'm not sure. It would be the worst thing I've ever heard of. And I'm right in the middle of it all.

She pulled away from the curb, wondering how she was ever going to concentrate at work.

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Zoe and Jasmine had a long talk with the doctors. Their machines were telling them that Jason was rising towards consciousness. It wasn't an exact science though. He was closer than he had been, but they didn't know if that meant a day... a week... or a year.

All that they could do was visit him, talk to him, and love him. So that's what they were doing that afternoon. Listening to some Swedish heavy metal band, which was surprisingly good, Zoe thought. Jasmine had told him about some memes or something that were going around.

Now they were sitting side by side at the foot of his bed, talking quietly. Like the lovers they were.

When he awoke, he came to with a start. Moments before he'd been drowning, deep down underwater. He'd somehow fought his way to the surface, lungs burning and vision fading. Finally, he broke through and filled his lungs with sweet, delicious air. But he was dry. In a warm bed. And people were screaming.

Zoe and Jasmine were giggling together conspiratorially. They were discussing how dreadful Zoe's male co-stars had been. There was no comparison to their clean-cut, modern equivalents. "Apart from their fat dicks," Zoe screeched.

And at that moment, Jason surged up out of his bed, with a huge gasp.

The girls were so startled that they both screamed. Initially in shock but latterly with joy. Jason was awake.

They descended upon him like a pack of ravenous dogs, hugging and kissing him for all they were worth. After a minute or two they moved back to give him some air. He looked at them in incomprehension. There was a moment of stunned silence, the only sound their labored breathing.

"You're awake baby. You're back," Zoe gushed.

He could only stare. He knew this woman, somehow. Well, he knew that he'd seen her before. Her name was on the tip of his tongue. The younger girl was a complete mystery, but the woman... no, the angel, was shockingly familiar. And she knew him. She called him baby. Who was she?

"Hi," he said shyly. "Erm, I'm pleased to meet you. Who are you, exactly?"

"Jason," she shrieked, "don't be so silly. It's me. Mom. And Jaz. We've been so worried. You gave us a real scare young man. Do you feel OK? They said you might have a headache. Here, drink some water. Are you hungry? It's late but we can get you something. Oh, darling, it's such a relief to have you back."

She was busy pouring water into a cup for him. He was very thirsty actually and he accepted it gladly. Come to think of it he did have a headache, a real thumper. Looking around as he drank, he realized he was in a hospital.

As his eyes became accustomed to the lights, he looked at the two women again. They were... extraordinary. One was young, fresh-faced, and pretty, but with smoldering, knowing eyes. The older one was all woman. Wow. She was the most magnificent... well, anything, that he had ever encountered. Voluptuous but toned, her beautiful face was exquisite but homely too, a mom like she'd said.

His mom though? He had no idea. That was worrying. Who was his mom? Holy shit... who was he?

"Ma'am, could you get a doctor, please? I don't mean to alarm you, but I honestly don't know who you are. I'm not even sure if I know who I am. I'm sorry, but this is getting scary. Can you get someone? Please?" His voice was trembling as shock and fear took hold of him.

"Jaz, honey? Hit that red button over there. Don't let go until someone comes," Zoe said, her voice quaking too. Looking at her son she spoke once more.

"Your name is Jason Dean. I'm your mom Zoe and that's your sister Jasmine. You're twins. Do you know what that means? Of course you do. Sorry.

"You fell in the shower this morning. Hit your head. Knocked yourself out. You've been here all day. They did all sorts of tests, said you weren't hurt, just needed time to come round.

"Do you feel anything when you see us? Any hint of recognition or familiarity?"

"I feel like I know you, ma'am," he said. "Or I recognize you from somewhere at least. It's like looking through frosted glass. There's something there but I just can't quite catch hold of it. There's something on the tip of my tongue when I look at you. A word, a name perhaps..."

"Aargh, it's right there but I just can't get. I'm sorry."

"Don't worry honey," Zoe said, "it's great that it's that close. It will all come back soon, just you wait and see."

Oh Jason...

'Blowjob Brenda' burst into the room and demanded to know what was going on.

"He woke up," Zoe said. "But he doesn't know who we are. He says he doesn't know who he is either. He can speak and understand us but that's all. Is it amnesia? Can you treat it?"

"Sounds like it," Brenda said. "It's rare but it can happen. Usually it's temporary, but we should let the doctors see him. It's better if you leave now. This can be very confusing for the patient. Go home, get some rest. He's safe here, I'll make sure of it. When the doctors know more, I'll be sure to call. Don't worry, everything is going to be fine. I just know it."

"Come on now, let's give him some space."

++++

Zoe and Jasmine sat in stony silence on the way home. They were shellshocked.

Jasmine was the first to look up from her lap and speak.

"He's going to be alright Mom. He will, I just know it. This is a temporary thing, a little speed bump on the road to recovery. You'll see."

"I hope you're right darling," Zoe said. "But it was terrifying there tonight. When I looked into his eyes, I saw nothing of Jason, just a frightened stranger."

"It's partly our fault too," Jasmine said, tears welling up in her eyes. "We kind of ignored him. Not on purpose, not to hurt him or anything, but he just seemed sort of irrelevant to our lives. Well, mine anyway."

"Mine too," Zoe moaned as another wave of shame washed over her. "He was like a background character in a sitcom. Like the coffee shop guy in Friends. He was there, but not there at the same time."

"Well, all that ends today mother," Jasmine countered. "Jason becomes our sole focus. We owe it to him to help him get his memories back. His world is very confusing now. I think we need to try to make things simple for him. We have to help him."

"Ok," Zoe replied. "In that case I want you to promise that you won't mention your father to him. Or the divorce. If his world is confusing now, that knowledge might just push him over the edge."

"Of course, Mom," Jasmine agreed. "And I guess that goes for whatever our thing is too?"

"Yes, baby," Zoe said through a tight smile. "I'm not sure I even understand that myself."

~~~~~

Jason... Jason... Jase... Jay... Jayster... Jaybom... JJ... JR...

He ran over every combination and derivative he could think of in his mind. None of them clicked. Nothing did.

Well, one thing did. His... mom?

The doctors and nurses had finally convinced him that all of this was real and not a dream. She was his mother and the girl his twin sister. She was a real hottie too, but... Zoe was something else.

The Ancient Greeks had imagined their gods and goddesses taking human form sometimes. Walking among the common people. Interacting with them.

Aphrodite was held up as the physical manifestation of feminine perfection. For thousands of years, she had been 'Numero Uno.' The 'big kahuna' of hot babes. But the twenty-first century had her licked. Zoe Dean surpassed her in every possible way. That face... those boobs... that golden mane... and her sweet, sweet as...

His train of thought pulled up short. That was his mother. Apparently. She was due to visit him in the morning. No doubt she would have photographs, videos, and paperwork to prove it. He didn't want it to be true. He wanted Zoe, not Mom.

No, that wasn't quite true. His throbbing groin wanted that. His mind didn't know what it wanted. The truth mainly he thought, whatever that was.

He considered his affliction. It was so incredibly specific. He seemed to be widely read. He felt reasonably intelligent. He

knew... stuff. But nothing personal. Nothing real, nothing... important.

The doctors had said they were going to test his long- and short-term memory tomorrow but he knew it was fine. All that was missing was his identity, his unique personality. It had been removed with surgical precision. It was hard to believe that it had been random. Pure dumb luck? Surely not.

Why couldn't it have taken his extensive knowledge of classic literature? Fucking Shakespeare. His brain was brimming with incomprehensible sonnets, yet he didn't know his own mom.

He was scared. This was bad.

Jason was tired. His doctors had subjected him to myriad tests. Scans, ECGs, written, oral, and computer-based cognitive assessments.

Brenda, the grandmotherly nurse had just left after administering yet another bed bath. It was the third of the day. She had said something about sweat and skin conductivity. But then she had spent most of her time on his privates. There hadn't been any electrodes attached down there.

Oh well, he didn't mind as she had accidentally left her top buttons undone. He'd had a terrific view of her massive, jiggling breasts. This last time he was sure that she'd not been wearing a bra. Acres of pale, blue-veined tit-flesh had been smeared across his chest and torso.

He was lucky that she was such a professional. She had only let out one tiny gasp when his dick had begun to stiffen. She hadn't said a thing, despite it being so embarrassing for her. He couldn't remember washing around the tip like that before. But Brenda certainly seemed to know what she was doing. He would be trying that himself next time he showered.

His mother and sister were coming to see him this afternoon. He was looking forward to it, but not for the usual reasons. They were just so freakin' hot. He seemed to be feeling horny all the time now. He wondered if he was some sort of sex maniac. Of course, he couldn't remember, but he had gotten aroused with granny Brenda...

Fuck. What if I'm some sort of freaky pervert? I mean, they're my mom and sis. And all I can think about is fucking them. Jesus H. Christ. You need to be careful... Jason.

He still wasn't sure about the name, but he was getting used to it. Just about.

++++

The door opened and his goddess bustled in. He sat up as she crashed into him, hugging him close. Her wondrous boobs were smashed into his chest, her lips kissing him on the cheek and ear.

"Jason, baby. It's so good to see you. We spoke with the doctors and we're taking you home today. Isn't that wonderful? You're as strong as an ox. We just need to get your pesky memory back.

"Jaz had finished school now, so she'll be with you all the time. We're going to take a trip down memory lane until you find your way back to us."

Mmm, mammary lane.

Jason's cheeks colored at the inappropriate thought. Then his face paled as the blood raced away to fill his burgeoning cock. He eased his mother back, looking at her from arm's length. She did look so familiar but... different somehow. Like she was wearing a disguise or something.

Over her shoulder, he saw Jasmine. Their eyes met and she gave him a cute little wave.

"Hi Jase. It was the last day of school today. I got your class to sign your yearbook. I thought it might help you remember," she said, handing him the book.

As he took it their fingers touched. He wasn't sure if the spark was real or just imagined. But he'd felt... something.

Jeez, she is REALLY pretty. She's a younger version of her mom. My mom, I suppose. Hmm, younger...

He thanked her and for some reason raised her hand to his lips, kissing it lightly. Jasmine's delighted giggle did all sorts of wonderful things below his waist. He tried to ignore it and began to chat with them.

Well, if I have to go somewhere it might as well be with the two prettiest girls I've ever seen. They seem to like me, so that's a bonus, I guess.

They had brought him some clothes. Loose-fitting basketball shorts, a black Ramones t-shirt, and a faded blue hoodie. He went into the bathroom and changed. The clothes felt comfortable. Familiar.

That damned word again, it was so frustrating. He decided then and there to trust the girls. He wanted to get his life back as much as they did. He would let them help.

OK, let's do this.

"I guess we should go then," he said on exiting the bathroom. "You'll have to lead because this room is the whole world to me. I don't even know where we're going. Jeez, I don't even know where we are."

"Orland Park. It's a suburb southwest of Chicago. In the United States," Jasmine said.

"Shit, sorry, that was really patronizing, Jason," she continued.
"But we don't know what... you don't know yet."

"Don't worry about it... Sis. Neither do I," Jason said laughing.
"Can we just agree that for now, nothing is embarrassing or patronizing? OK? Don't censor yourselves. If you tell me something I already know, that's fine. It's just reinforcing my knowledge. I'll try not to get mad or frustrated."

"And you guys start by treating me like a kindergartener. Assume I know absolutely nothing. We can build things up from there as we go. OK?"

Both girls beamed. They had been worried about how Jason would react to them. About how they should treat him. But he'd got straight to the heart of the matter by himself.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said Zoe.

"So help me God," Jason finished.

Zoe and Jasmine stared, then burst out laughing.

"Praise Jesus, it's a miracle. The atheists' poster boy has found religion," Jasmine squealed between peals of laughter.

Atheist? Hmm, that actually feels right. Good. Progress. Ha.

"Hail Satan," Jason exclaimed, trying not to laugh. "Hmm, on second thoughts I think I'll take the middle path. Atheism it is then. Anyone know if the new Sam Harris podcast is out yet?"

The three musketeers headed to the elevators, arm in arm. Gales of laughter filling the quiet hospital corridors. Nurse Brenda watched them go, with a strange, empty feeling of loss growing in the pit of her stomach.

~~~~~

Zoe drove. Jason was in the front seat with her. She toured the neighborhood, visiting all of the kids' childhood hangouts. She and Jasmine pointed out things like the park. Then there was the movie theater, their old junior school, and myriad other locations. Nothing resonated with Jason unfortunately.

"It's such a beautiful place," he said. "I guess I've been lucky to grow up here. I just wish I could remember some of it."

"Baby steps, hun. Baby steps," Zoe said. "You guys hungry? I sure am. What would you like for lunch?"

"Gino's," cried out Jasmine and Jason together. The call back was an old family tradition started by their father when the twins were toddlers. Zoe had reached way back into her memories for something and decided to try it.

Even then she nearly swerved onto the sidewalk when Jason joined in. His face conveyed the shock and surprise that they all felt.

"Alright. Now we're cooking," Zoe sang out, her heart bursting with joyful excitement. Jasmine grabbed Jason's shoulders and shook him. "He's still in there, Mom. Ol' Stinky Butt's still in there," she cried.

A smiling Jason grabbed one of her hands and squeezed. He didn't let go. This felt right. This was his family. This was where he belonged.

Suddenly something occurred to him, and he blurted it out. "Gino's. Corner booth? Up some steps? Ice cream for dessert?"

"Yes, yes, yes," the women exclaimed in unison. It was working.

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After a splendid meal, they headed for home. Zoe should have been affronted when Jason let out a rasping burp. Instead, she and Jasmine laughed and giggled.

"Hurry up Mom," Jasmine said. "Get us home quick, we both know what comes next."

"Ol' Stinky Butt," the three of them called out as one. Jason adored those moments when he got a tiny glimpse of his real life. His heart soared to be part of this family. The morning had been one of highs and lows. But for now, they were all on a high.

The family had lived in the same house since the children were born. Zoe was hopeful that Jason would have a very strong association with the place. But as they were learning, there was neither rhyme nor reason to the workings of his mind and his recall.

"I feel safe here," he announced in the driveway. "Is there a swing in the backyard? Tied to a big tree?"

"There was honey," Zoe said, a little disappointed. "The tree came down in the big storm of '13. The good news is that when they dug out its huge root system, your dad put in a pool. Do you remember? It's a nice afternoon, maybe you and Jaz can sit out when I'm at work?"

"Cool, sounds fun. You up for that, Jasm... Sis?" Jason replied. He was trying hard to loosen up and be less formal with them. It was difficult though. His rational mind knew the truth. They were his mom and sister. But his emotional self still viewed them as strangers he had met the day before. It was a weird, complicated situation.

It's a good job I'm such a weird, complicated kid then.

"Definitely. With all the studying I've been doing, I'm as pale as a ghost," said Jasmine.

"Pfft, studying..." Zoe teased. "Kneeling in dark movie theaters and college fraternity basements more like."

"Mother. I resent that," Jasmine exclaimed. "I kneel for no man," She flounced off towards the house before running back to hug her mom.

The girls creased up as a shocked Jason stood gulping, like a fish out of water.

"Get off to work, Mom. Jason and I will make a nice dinner," Jasmine said, patting Zoe on the butt.

Jason had stopped gulping, but that made him want to start again.

WTF?

"Come on Jase, I'll give you the grand tour. We haven't touched your room so it's still a shit hole, as usual," Jasmine shouted, running off around the side of the house. Jason followed in what felt to him like a very natural and familiar manner.

Zoe waved at their receding backs, hearing Jasmine shriek as Jason chased her. It looked and sounded almost normal... if it was 2013. But she would take what she could get. With a smile, she returned to her car and headed back to the studio.

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"And that is my room," Jasmine said, finishing the tour. "It won't trigger any memories, as you've never been in there before."

"Not since I installed the cameras anyway, Sis," Jason smirked.

"What?" Jasmine shrieked, her hands coming up to cover her mouth in shock. But then she relaxed. He was joking. It had been a good one too. But Jason never joked like that. Well, not since they were kids. Not since... Dad.

Wow, I never thought of that before. Did the divorce affect him? He never said anything. But that's just it. He never said anything. Ever...

Jason was different now. There had been darkness in him before. Or sadness. Or something. But now he was sillier, flirtier. She liked it. She liked him.

"Bastard," she cried. "I never bothered putting cameras in your room. There would be crusty sperm plastered over the lenses inside a week."

With that, she ducked into her room and slammed the door. "Get your swim trunks on, I'll meet you down at the pool in five," she shouted.

"More like twenty-five," thought Jason with a smile. Another little bubble of memory had leaked out of his mental prison, and it felt good.

He hunted through the drawers in his room but found nothing. Most of his clothes seemed to be strewn across the floor. Jasmine had been right, it was a bit of a shit hole. There was a pair of red swim shorts hanging on the wardrobe doorknob and he slipped into them. In doing so he caught sight of his reflection in the mirror.

Fuck me. I need to hit the gym. I wonder if we have any workout stuff in the basement. I'll ask Jaz.

That thought had felt strange but normal at the same time. Not for the first time, Jason wondered if his old personality would return with his memories. Were they the same thing? Were they linked? Or could he change it? Could he make a new one? He got the impression that he had been a bit of a dick before. But his life was perfect. An amazing, loving

family. Reasonable wealth and comfort. Shouldn't his personality reflect those gifts? He thought he would try to make sure it did.

That wasn't to say he wouldn't annoy the living shit out of his twin sister though.

He was lying on a lounge by the pool when he heard her slide open the patio door. He had found some silly mirrored shades in his room and wore them now. He used them to surreptitiously stare at Jasmine as she padded towards him.

She was a vision. He had focused on Zoe because her classy, mature form was so alluring to him. But now he truly saw his sister, as if for the first time.

She was 5'8" or so, 130 lbs. maybe. Her flawless skin was pale he realized, and he wondered about what Zoe had said before. Hmm...

Her long legs were muscular. She must play sport or something he thought. To his chagrin, he realized he didn't know which one. Her toned thighs, slim hips, and trim waist led his eyes up to her plump boobs. A nice C cup at least he guessed. Her face and hair he knew of course, but they looked different now, somehow.

Her hair was blonde like Zoe's. A little shorter perhaps but curlier. It framed her pretty face perfectly. He had to admit the truth. His sister was a babe, a stone-cold fox.

Fuck's sake Jason, she's your sister. You shouldn't be checking her out like this. No, don't give her a score. Please don't. No, no, no, stop it. OK, she's a TEN, obviously. Fucking pervert. She's your SISTER. Try to remember that.

And he had been caught fucking staring at her. Mirrored shades or not he froze like a deer in her headlights. Captured dead to rights.

Jasmine didn't seem to notice though. She just dropped her towel and began to run towards him. The pool was between them, so Jason wondered what she was doing. Then she was flying through the air towards the water. Like a dinosaur-killing asteroid, he realized. A supersonic wall of water surged towards Jason. It soaked him 'from ass to tit' as his father might have said. He threw off his shades and raced to join his sister in the water.

His growls of outrage and her shrieks of terror and excitement could be heard halfway down the block.

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The Dean twins wiled away the afternoon, playing in the pool and soaking up the sun. They talked too. A lot. Nothing special, nothing planned.

They had found that they could trigger Jason's memories if they just shot the shit. If the conversation flagged, he asked

her questions. Otherwise, they teased each other the way they had as children.

There had been one awkward moment though. Jasmine had pushed things too far and he had reacted badly. It had caught them by surprise. On the face of it, her request had seemed pretty innocent.

"Hey Jase, could you put some lotion on me? I don't want to burn," Jasmine had asked.

"Erm, I'm not sure Jasmine," he had replied carefully.

"What do you mean?" Jasmine had asked. "It's just my back and shoulders. It's not like I'm asking you to do my tits and ass."

"Jesus, Jasmine. Stop acting like such a slut," Jason had exploded. Before he knew what he was doing he was halfway to the house.

Jasmine called after him, but he marched inside, ignoring her. She was bewildered. They had been kidding and joking all afternoon. What had changed? After a few minutes, she got up and followed him inside.

There was no sign of him downstairs, so she headed to his room. The door was closed so she knocked. There was no answer, but she opened the door anyway.

Jason was moving around the room like the Tasmanian Devil. He was throwing dirty clothes into two large trash bags.

"Hey, Jason," Jasmine began, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you back there."

He just kept bagging up everything in sight, ignoring her completely. Jasmine stepped forward, putting her hand on his shoulder.

He froze and spun to face her, tears streaming down his face. He looked so lost and confused that all Jasmine could think of to do was take him into a warm embrace.

"Hey, little bro, it's OK. Shhh, hush now kiddo. I'm here," she crooned, running her fingers into the hair at the nape of his neck.

"That's just it, Jaz. You're here, with me. Wasting your time with your loser brother. It's your final summer vacation before college... or whatever. You should be out with your friends. Christ, I don't even know if you have a boyfriend. You're here. And all I can do is try not to look at you, try not to think about you.

"And then you asked me to... touch you... your body. And then I called you a slut. I'm such a terrible brother," His voice trailed off and he began to cry.

On the one hand, Jasmine felt so sorry for him, heartbroken almost. But on the other hand, she was elated.

Jason was confused yes, but he had feelings for her. Nasty, dirty, sexual feelings. They weren't precisely the sort she wanted him to have. But they were something. As she cradled his head and whispered comforting words in his ear she was shivering. With excitement. At his returning memories. That was all. Wasn't it?

"Jason," she said, guiding him to sit down on his bed. "I'm here because the most important person in my world needs me. I'm here because I want to be. There's nowhere else I'd rather be. I'm here to talk, to get your memories back. To get my baby brother back.

"I'm a human being. I exist. I have a body. I like it. You're allowed to look at it. At me. I don't mind. Do you think I'd wear a skimpy bikini if I didn't want you to look?"

"The thing is, I do want you to look. I like it when you look at me. Other boys would no doubt say something crude or

shove their tiny dicks in my face. But I can trust you. You're my brother. You may not know it yet, but you are.

"The rules are simple. Don't hit me. Don't rape me. That's it. That's all. Anything else is OK.

"I love you. I'll always love you, no matter what. Those things you said? Those are just words, gone on the breeze. They don't matter.

"We're not reading off a script here. We're gonna make mistakes, misjudge situations, say the wrong things. That's normal. That's human. Words don't matter. Love matters. That's all. That's family. That's what we are."

He looked up at her, a hint of a smile appearing on his tear-stained face.

"So let me get this straight," he began, "you're telling me that I can look at your sexy body. I can say whatever I want, but somehow... I'm not allowed to rape you?"

He leaped on top of her and began tickling her right under the ribs.

"Who came up with those stupid rules?" he asked, trying, and failing not to grin. "Fucking Gobbles McSwallow?"

Jasmine had always hated being tickled. Jason had tortured her that way as a child. Clearly, those memories lived on because he hit every one of her vulnerable spots. With unerring accuracy.

But today his wriggling fingers felt like heaven. She was proud of herself. He had had a rough moment there, but she had brought him through it. And she had got his hands on her body. Exactly where they belonged.

He had also remembered the nickname he'd given her during their junior year of high school. Whether by accident or design he was coming back to her, piece by piece, step by step.

But now it was time to get back to her role as the annoying sister...

"Stop it you freak," she screamed. "Leave me alone you bastard. I'm gonna pee my pants, Jason. Really. Oh my God. I'm on your bed remember. It's going to go fucking everywhere. Here it comes. I warned you motherfucker... Ooh yes, here it comes. Ahhh," Jasmine let out a huge orgasmic sigh as if she was finally releasing a long pent-up pee.

Jason jumped back, his expression aghast. Jasmine took the opportunity to leap up giggling and run for the door.

"Fooled you once again, dumbass. You're so easy Jason. At least that's never changed." And with that, she was gone.

Jason fell back on the bed, awash with warm, familiar feelings. Or were they familial feelings. He wasn't sure and he didn't care.

They'd done this before he thought, or something very similar at least. It was comforting. The memories weren't clear at all, but his feelings were. He loved and was loved. It was confusing for sure, but he was safe. Jasmine was amazing. She was so accepting of him. No matter what he said or did. He could almost believe that her rules truly were as simple as she had suggested.

Time to find out, I guess...

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A week passed. Jasmine had spent pretty much every waking moment with Jason. They had fun together, driving around town, visiting places from their shared past.

Jason's memories seemed to be coming closer and closer to the surface. He sometimes got a tingling feeling, a vague sense of... something. Just out of reach. Jasmine tried to coax him towards recall with pointed prompts and questions. Once or twice, he got little flashes of real memories, as he had about Gino's on the first day. But these moments were the exception rather than the rule.

Interestingly though, he seemed less and less bothered by his loss. He had access to almost all of his third-party knowledge from before. Sports, movies, tech, and more. You name it, he could remember and understand it. It was just his personal life that remained out of reach. And he was building that back up. New memories stuck just fine.

Jasmine and Zoe were open and honest with him, so he was learning about them very rapidly. And they were learning about him. Jason had been a shy and secretive boy before his accident. He had never given Zoe any reason to discipline him, nor had he ever offended his sister. But they hadn't known anything about him.

Until now. Now he was an open book. His thoughts and feelings sat right on the surface. He hid nothing. Jasmine and Zoe had discovered his wry sense of humor, and his thoughtful, gentle nature. He was a pleasure to be around as both a son and a brother.

The whole experience had brought Zoe and Jasmine closer together too. Mother and daughter had always been so similar that they clashed constantly. Now focusing on Jason had allowed them to come to appreciate each other much more. They had not however talked about the night of Jason's accident. Yet...

It was after seven when Zoe got back home. It had been a rough week at the office. She had ended up firing her assistant and the studio floor manager. Thankfully, it was Friday, and she could forget about it all until Monday. She had called the house earlier and Jasmine had told her not to rush. That she and Jason were making dinner again.

As she entered the kitchen her senses were assaulted by a wall of hot, steamy aromas.

"Glass of wine Mom?" Jasmine called out. Zoe nodded, smiling. Jason went to the fridge and poured a tall glass of her favorite Zinfandel Rosé.

"Madame," he said, presenting it to her with a flourish.

She giggled and thanked him. Tilting her head, she looked at him. He hadn't interacted with them at mealtimes for a long, long time. She couldn't remember him ever getting involved in the process before. Looking up she caught Jasmine's eye and they shared a smile. Her daughter gave her a small nod. They'd had another good day, which was all that mattered.

She took a long swallow of the delicious wine. It hit all the right spots and she felt her work-related tension melting away.

"What's on the menu Jaz?" she asked.

"Pad Thai. Steamed vegetables and tofu for us. Yucky beef for Captain Caveman over there," she replied over her shoulder.

As for the Captain, he was studiously studying the cutlery drawer, scratching his head.

"Can't remember, baby?" Zoe asked him as she sidled across the room towards him.

"No, not a clue, Mom," he said forlornly. "I don't know what we need for Pad Thai." Then in a conspiratorial whisper, he continued, "I don't even know what Pad Thai is."

Zoe had almost swooned when he called her mom. There had been no hesitation, no stutter. It had just rolled off his tongue as if he said it every day. She looked at Jasmine. Their eyes met, she had picked up on it too.

"Don't worry Jason, it's not your memory. You haven't eaten with us for years. You've never set the table. And you always said Jasmine's Pad Thai smelled like ass," Zoe said, suppressing a giggle.

"No, that's wrong, Mom. It smells incredible. Jaz, it does, I can't wait to try it. I swear," Jason replied, his eyes wide.

"It's spicy noodles babe. The big bowls are in there," Zoe said pointing. "A fork and a spoon each from the top drawer will be fine, and a couple more wine glasses. Come on, we're celebrating."

Soon they were all settled at the table and Zoe raised her glass to propose a toast.

"Thank you, Jasmine, for this delicious dinner, it smells terrific. Thank you, Jason, for...just being you. I love you guys. Here's to us."

They clinked glasses, repeating her final words. Then it was total concentration on the food. Zoe found herself laughing at the sounds they were making. It sounded like a nasty porno shoot.

"Mom, I thought I would take Jason out to see a movie tonight," Jasmine asked around a mouthful of noodles. "Is that OK?"

"Of course, what are you going to see?" Zoe asked.

"It's a surprise. One of his favorites is on at the Cineplex downtown. I hoped it would trigger some memories," Jasmine replied.

"That's a great idea," Zoe said. "What do you think Jason?"

"A movie date with the hottest girl in town? I'm there, dude," he chirped.

Zoe stared and then saw his cheeky smile. "Oh you. Here honey, buy your sister some popcorn," she said, fishing \$40 from her bag.

She looked at her daughter. Jasmine's gaze was fixed on her oblivious brother, a beaming smile on her lips. They still hadn't talked about what had happened the night of his accident. They hadn't talked about Jason. They didn't need to, Zoe realized. It was full steam ahead now. Whatever would be, would be. There would be no jealousy, no recriminations, no doubt. Just love. Lots and lots of love...

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"Don't cheat Jason, please. I want this to be a proper surprise. Promise you'll keep your eyes covered," Jasmine said. They had just parked up outside the Zarco Cineplex in downtown Orland Park.

"OK, I promise. But only if you guide me. If you let me fall like a doofus, I'll kick your ass," Jason replied.

She snickered and took his elbow before leading him inside.

"Wait here while I get the tickets," Jasmine said. She was back in two minutes and guided him towards the concession stand.

"You can look now, dummy," she said when he just stood there.

"Fuck, look at these prices," Jason exclaimed. "Are you sure I was only out for a day? It feels more like a decade."

"Shut up," Jasmine said, elbowing him in the ribs. "Mom is paying anyway. Now, what would you normally buy for your date."

"Fuck all. Bitch can get her own stuff," Jason teased, sticking out his tongue at her. Jasmine pouted, before smiling and batting playfully at his arm.

In truth, his mind was a blank. He had nothing. Mom had told him to buy Jasmine some popcorn. But something inside told him that was wrong. He looked around at all the overpriced crap on the stand. Suddenly he saw a red bag of candies towards the back. He didn't recognize them, but the packaging spoke to him somehow. He reached up for them and read the label.

Maynard's Wine Gums. What the hell were they? He didn't know but somehow, they felt like the right choice.

"These," he announced, "plus an XL butter popcorn and two large slushies."

"What flavor, man," the guy at the counter asked.

"Erm, one red and one blue please," Jason blurted. That was pure guesswork.

Once he had paid, he handed the candies to Jasmine and held on to the popcorn and the ice-cold drinks. His sister was starting to cry.

"What's wrong, Sis? Did I fuck up again?" Jason asked in a plaintive tone.

"No, not at all. You remembered, JJ," she said grinning. Wiping a tear from her eye she continued. "They're wine gums, from England. Dad brought them over that time. You hate them, but they're my Kryptonite. I can't believe you remembered. Wow."

"I got a tingle, thought I'd trust it," Jason said. He offered his elbow and Jasmine took it, leading him towards screen number six.

Jasmine leaned her head on his shoulder as they walked. Jason's eyes rolled back for a second.

Fuck, she smells incredible.

She began speaking in a silly voice. "What is this tingle you speak of youngling? Tell me more you must, my padawan. Intrigued I am."

They were both still laughing as they took their seats at the back of the dim theater.

"OK, I'm here now. I can't escape, so tell me what we're here to see," Jason asked as they got themselves settled.

"Well, if you must know it's a Double Feature," Jasmine mumbled, her mouth full of the chewy wine gums. "They're showing a classic from 1986, followed by the 2017 reboot."

"That doesn't help, Sis. My fucking memories only start last week," Jason retorted.

"Come on Jase," Jasmine replied. "This is a test. Get that big brain of yours in gear. Work it out..."

"I don't even have my phone," Jason complained. He paused.

Now that's interesting. I haven't even thought about my phone all week. Normally I'd be on it 24/7. Wait, how do I know that? Aargh. This fucking memory crap blows.

"It's at home," Jasmine said. "I'll text Mom to make sure she charges it up for you," Jasmine said. She made sure Jason couldn't see what she was typing.

[JAZ] Hey, Jason bought me wine gums without me asking. FTW. He asked about his phone. I forgot to tell you I switched off his FaceID that night in the hospital. He'll have to remember his passcode to get into it. Can you charge it up for him? I said you would. Don't worry, even if he gets in, we can still sit him down and talk. He's not the same Jason anymore, Mom. This one just has all the good bits. Sugar and spice.

BTW, is a hand job too forward on the first date?



Within a minute her phone buzzed with Zoe's reply.

[MOM] Very cute, lol. I plugged in his phone. Hopefully, he'll not remember his PIN until we can talk. Come see me when you get in tonight, baby. 🤗😄😄😄😄🌸🌸🌸😊😂🤗

[JAZ] Nice, they're going have to steam clean this seat now you kinky bitch. It's a double feature, we might be late. Moving on though, do you remember I showed you how to back up your phone? iTunes? On Jason's computer? Text back when you're on it.

[MOM] OK. I'm there. iTunes is open.

[JAZ] See the list of backups? His should be on there as Jason's iPhone 11? Delete it. That means he can't just restore

everything to get back in. Don't worry, I know his passcode so we're not screwing him completely.

[MOM] Not yet anyway babe. 😬 Done. Love you. Look after him for me. ❤️ ❤️ ❤️

[JAZ] Always. Luv you too, Mama 🐻 ❤️ ❤️ ❤️

"All that just to plug in a phone?" Jason sniggered.

"You have no idea," Jasmine replied. "Anyway, you work out the movie yet?"

"I've been thinking. 1986 was an important year in Hollywood," Jason said. "Lots of bigtime classics. But it's something I like, so that narrows it down a bit. I'm thinking Aliens or Top Gun, maybe even Crocodile Dundee. But it's 2017 that's throwing me off. That's a big gap, even if there were more sequels in between. But you said it was a reboot, so

that's not a direct sequel anyway. Even then, none of those series fit. I've tried hard Jaz, but it's no good. I'm stumped."

Jasmine felt bad. He sounded deflated not to have got it. But that wasn't the point.

"Don't worry Jase," she said. "I was messing with you. I just wanted you to see if you could think it through. Find out what you could remember. You did great, don't you think?"

He smiled, his relief obvious. Then he tilted his head at her and said, "Hang on. You're messing with me. It's something shit then, isn't it? Wait. Fucking hell... My Little Pony. It fits. Oh no, Jasmine. You utter bitch."

He hissed the last bit, sotto voce. Other people were filtering into the theater now. Jasmine had started nodding and laughing.

"Fine your memory is my padawan," she muttered through her giggles. Jason's stony face was a picture. Luckily, she was saved when the lights dimmed, and the Marvel comic book intro began. As he realized what Jasmine had done, she leaned in close and took his hand before whispering,

"It's Infinity War. And Endgame. If you were wondering."

Jason turned and kissed her. On the lips. Hard. His face was a picture once again. A picture of joy and excitement this time. Jasmine just sat there, her eyes wide. Cumming.

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Jasmine didn't really understand the movie. It was certainly spectacular. And loud. But she enjoyed it immensely, mostly because of Jason. His eyes were bright, and he was on the edge of his seat with excitement. Several times he turned to her and asked if she got a particular reference. She always nodded enthusiastically, even if she hadn't.

Then, towards the end, everything got very quiet. Jason's lower lip was quivering, and Jasmine could see a shiny tear in his eye. Up on the big screen, the heroes began to... dissolve. Wait, what?

Jason grabbed her hand and squeezed it tight.

"This bit gets me, every time," he whispered.

Suddenly the cute young Spiderman, that English kid, realized he was going to die too. He cried out to his father figure, but it was no use. He was gone.

Jasmine didn't know what happened in the second movie, but superheroes didn't die like that. They were... well, super, weren't they?

"It's like my memories, Jaz," Jason said in a low, reverent voice. "They're like dust in the wind. What if they're never going to come back? What will I do?"

"We'll make new ones Jason," she replied. "We've already started. Anyway, it's only the first act of our lives. For you, it's only the first week. There's plenty of time. Even the Avengers needed a whole other movie."

They sat back as the credits rolled. Jasmine noticed that Jason was still holding on to her hand. She smiled.

"You want another drink? More multicolored rubber?" Jason asked. He had not enjoyed the wine gum Jasmine had given him.

"No, I'm good," Jasmine replied. "It's about twenty minutes until the next one. I'm going to the ladies. Keep my seat for me."

"Bring some tissues, you've spilled something on it, look," Jason pointed as a giggling Jasmine slipped out.

When she returned, he headed back to the concession stand. He brought her a coffee this time.

"This one's over three hours long and you're driving -- come on, drink up," said Jason.

"Mmm, half fat latte with caramel whip. You remembered. See, I told you it would all come back," Jasmine said, smiling.

"What can I say? You inspire me, Sis," said Jason. "Here, I kept the English theme going for you."

He handed her a candy bar with an unusual orange wrapper. Double Decker it said. Jasmine had never heard of it before. As she tore off the covering, she asked Jason a question.

"Tell me a secret Jason. Something no one else knows about you. Not even your twin sister."

He looked thoughtful for a second before turning to her and beginning to speak.

"I don't think I want my memories to come back, Sis. This past week has been, well... perfect. I know enough about the world to function as an adult. Getting a job might take some time but I'm young and I have the best support team in the world. I worry that if my memories come back, I might not like myself, might not like the person I was.

"I worry that if I turn back into that person, I'll lose you and Mom. From what I've picked up this week, that guy had already lost you and he didn't seem to care. That would be a tragedy for me. I don't think I could take it. I like who I am now. I fit into my life. And I want to fit into yours."

"Don't freak out, Sis. I'll still try to get them back, but I'll try harder to hold on to the new me. Hey, what about you? You

must have some pretty juicy secrets. Lay one on me. Come on, hit me with a real doozy. Blow my mind. I promise I won't tell a soul."

Jasmine stared at him. He was like a different person these days. No, he was a different person. A lovely, warm, engaging person. He was fun to be around. She loved him. Fuck, she was a mere hair's breadth from falling in love with him.

When she and her mom had swooned over his perfect prick that morning, their hormones had been in charge. They had succumbed to a heady mix of adrenaline and estrogen. They had only been able to see a perfect cock with a pesky teenage boy attached to it.

But now it was the other way around for her. She feared letting her sexual emotions screw up her loving, family instincts. Jason was becoming the most important person in her world. In fact, he was becoming her world. She wanted to let him know but was so afraid of spooking him. Maybe there was a way...

"There's this boy I like," she began. "He ignored me all through high school. Junior school too when I think about it. We had a few classes together this year, but not many. He's cool, in a weird way. He's always had this steely inner self-confidence. He doesn't seem to need other people, never succumbs to peer pressure. I didn't have a conversation with him of more than ten words our whole senior year.

"But just recently he's begun opening up to me. I think I'm the first person he's ever trusted to get close to him. He kissed me once and I had a freakin' orgasm right on the spot. Shaky legs, butterflies in my tummy, soaking panties. The girl-cum trifecta.

"I think I might be falling in love with him, but I don't know how to tell him. I'm so afraid of screwing it up."

Jason took her hand and looked deep into her eyes. "You have to tell him, Jasmine. He's the luckiest guy in the world and he doesn't even know it. There's not a man alive who wouldn't

walk through fire to be in his shoes. I'll tell him if you want, break the ice and stuff for you. Then I can lay out the rules for him too."

"The rules? What do you mean Jase?" Jasmine asked.

"The usual," he said. "Don't touch her. Don't go near her. Don't speak to her or even look at her. Treat her like a queen. Worship at her feet. Did I mention the no touching thing? Standard brother rules, the ones they taught us in kindergarten."

She punched his arm, laughing at his silliness, all the while just wishing she could blurt out the truth.

It's YOU, dumbass. I don't even care about sex or anything. I've just fallen in love with you, dear brother. I just want to be with you, doing stuff like this. Movies, wine gums, talking, holding hands. It's wonderful. It's all I want.

Instead, she smiled and said shyly, "We'll see. He's hard to read sometimes. You never know, maybe he'll make the first move someday. Hey, is there a secret signal that boys have? You know, like a tell in poker? Something I should look out for. The 'I love you' bat signal?"

"Tell you what, I'll show you mine if you show me yours then, Sis," Jason said with a mysterious smile. Jasmine giggled before replying.

"Come on, Jase. Girls are an open book. We have to work hard not to give our emotions away. I bet if a pretty girl was interested in you, you'd know straight away."

"Yeah, sure. OK," her brother replied. "I'll give you the skinny on how to tell if a boy likes you. Here's what to look for if you're talking to one. The first thing to watch out for is the cool suave guys. They're simply not interested, they're just being polite really. Probably gay."

"No, if a straight guy likes you, the first thing he'll do is try to make his face go all red. He'll stutter and trip over his words a bit too. If he can manage it. It's not as easy as you might think. He'll try to make sure to talk mostly nonsense as well. Utter drivel is a dead giveaway for strong sexual attraction. Especially if there's the tiniest lull in the conversation. He'll just talk and talk and talk. Verbal diarrhea is the sign of true love. It's a well-known fact. If he's making any sense whatsoever at this point... RUN.

"Some guys can even make themselves look all sweaty and fidgety. It takes real skill and a lot of practice but it's worth it, or so I'm told. It's a sure sign that they're ready to start a family.

"Oh, and direct eye contact is the clincher. If he likes you, he will absolutely not make eye contact under any circumstances, ever. He might try to look a bit shifty. You know, he'll pretend to be trying to glance at you but then look away at the last moment. That's real A-grade stuff though, not many guys can pull it off convincingly.

"It's a complicated process all told, a bit like the mating dance of the South Sudanese pygmy iguanodon. It's amazing that the human species has survived this long when you think about it."

Jasmine had been giggling since the cool, suave bit, but she was full-on ROFL by the end. Jason smiled. Making his sister laugh like this was just about the greatest thing he could think of.

You can keep your heroin and fentanyl, boys. This is my drug of choice. And I plan to OD every single day, for the rest of my life...

"Hey, are you cold Jaz? Here," he said, raising the armrests between them. He took off his jacket and pulled his sister against his chest, covered her up, and cuddled her close.

Jasmine sighed in contentment as the lights dimmed and the familiar music started. She was on the perfect date and there wasn't a hand job in sight.

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As they sneaked into the house it was gone one in the morning.

"Thanks, Jaz," Jason whispered. "That was a fantastic date, erm... I mean a fantastic idea. A great idea... the movies I mean. I had so much fun. Thank you. My treat next time. I'm going to bed. It's late and I'm done in. See you for breakfast?"

"Night, Jase," Jasmine said. "I had fun too. I'm still wired from all that coffee though. I don't think I could sleep. I'm gonna go and see if Mom is still awake. She's been worried about work for the last few days. She might want to talk. Maybe we could do brunch instead of breakfast tomorrow?"

"Sure, sounds good. G'night," Jason waved as he slipped off to his room. After a beat, Jasmine followed him up the stairs. Instead of going into the bathroom, she turned down the

corridor towards Zoe's room. She gave the door a light knock and slipped inside.

Her mom was sitting up in bed staring at her laptop screen. She turned her head and smiled as Jasmine entered.

"So," she said, "wine gums, eh? Sounds like he's making real progress Jaz. I want to thank you for spending so much time with him this week. I'd love to do it, but work is..."

"Fuck work, Mom. It's the weekend now. Work is over until Monday. I've got so much to tell you too," Jasmine whispered.

Zoe closed the laptop and set it aside. She threw back the covers revealing her sumptuous naked form. Looking up at her daughter she said, "Come on then. Let me sit on your face, and you can tell me all about it."

"Ooh. But it's ever such a long story Momma," Jasmine said, pulling off her blouse.

"I'm counting on it, baby," giggled Zoe as she lay back, spreading her shapely thighs. "I've been stroking my kitty all evening thinking about you two. Wondering if I'd get to lick Jason's crusty sperm off your sticky fingers."

"Not tonight Mom, but soon. I promise," Jasmine replied, peeling her panties down slowly whilst gyrating her hips.

"Quit teasing or I'll spank that tight little ass of yours, Jaz. I'm burning up for you here," screeched Zoe, long fingers flying over her distended clit.

Jasmine slid onto the bed and rolled onto her back as Zoe rose onto all fours. Jasmine marveled at her mother's pouting pussy as it hung mere inches above her face. It was bald as could be. Zoe kept it waxed to within an inch of its life. Baby smooth flesh ran from her mom's belly button to her cute, little butthole.

Unlike her own, Zoe's lips stood out, proud and fleshy. Slippery mommy-honey glistened along the length of her pussy meat. That was a term that her mom had used to describe herself. Jasmine liked it. And she was hungry.

Reaching up to grab Zoe's ass, Jasmine pulled that delectable feast down onto her ravenous mouth. She knew that her mother wanted her to focus on her clitoris. The desperate humping motion of her hips made that more than obvious. But Jasmine wanted to delve deeper. She wanted to taste that sweet honey direct from the source. From way down deep inside.

She extended her tongue as far as it would go and speared it into Zoe's vagina. The ribbed walls felt rough as her tongue wriggled around inside her mom. Its fluttering tip veered back and forth like a heat-seeking missile. She pushed it as deep as she could, desperate for more of that delectable juice. Jasmine's lips were plastered against her mother's. It was the most obscene French kiss imaginable. She squeezed and bit at them, grinding her teeth and lips against them.

Zoe had moaned out loud at the start of Jasmine's assault. But now she had recovered enough to begin returning the favor. She lowered her head towards the apex of her daughter's muscular thighs. Downy blonde hair covered Jasmine's pubic mound. It was fine but curly, moistened with a sheen of musky sweat. The smell was intoxicating but Zoe knew that the taste would be even better.

As her lips closed in on their target, she examined the hair around her daughter's vagina. It was soaked, with more than sweat Zoe imagined. It looked beautiful she thought. A real throwback to the "au naturel" look from her formative years in the industry. She liked it but they had both agreed that Jasmine would get a proper wax at the studio next week.

The big advantage of having all that hair close to her pussy was one of flavor. Jasmine must have gotten pretty turned on with her brother at the movies. Her tangled pubes had soaked up pints of her lusty emissions. Without her cute fuzz, it would have soaked away into her panties.

All the more for Momma Bear, little girl.

Zoe dived in, slurping, and nuzzling at every square inch of skin around her daughter's vagina. Jasmine's exhilarating tang exploded across her tongue. Zoe sniffed and snorted wildly, trying to fill her lungs with the girl's pungent essence. She was like a pig at a trough, greedily devouring every morsel of her daughter's sweet treats.

And then, after reaching around and grabbing Jasmine's butt cheeks, she latched on to the holy grail. Her daughter's slim lips resisted her efforts to suck them into her mouth. Zoe worked them mercilessly with her skilled mouth. As she moaned, her baby's petals began to relax. To distend out from their protective slot. And Zoe began to chew on them in earnest.

Jasmine squealed out loud. The grinding weight of her mother's plump ass served to muffle the sound. The youngster had finally withdrawn her tongue from her lover's fervid tunnel. She had extracted every last drop of love juice

that she could find. Her lips were now pursed around her mother's pulsing clit. Her tongue was lashing the taut little knot back and forth. Its relentless motion was driving Zoe to extraordinary heights of excitement and arousal.

Jasmine worried at Zoe's sexual focus with the tip of her tongue. She flailed at it like a kitten playing with a ball of wool, batting it this way and that. Zoe writhed above her, matching Jasmine's squeals with those of her own. Jasmine knew her mom was close, that a surge of her exquisite juice was only moments away.

She moved her mouth back to the pouting entrance to her mother's vagina. She replaced her wriggling tongue with her dancing fingertips. Above her, Zoe was using her fingers too. Her left hand was working deep inside her daughter's sweet hole. The right was manipulating her lips and clit. Her restless tongue had found a new home, buried deep in Jasmine's hot, spicy asshole.

Both women were teetering on the brink of an enormous, carnal explosion. It was testament to their close, familial bond that they were cresting the hill together.

Last time, Zoe had orgasmed with a huge squirt of steamy fluid from her vagina. It had smeared along Jasmine's arm and soaked away into the mattress. The younger girl was determined not to waste it this time. And she was perfectly placed for the eruption this time. With one final flick across her mother's clit, the dam burst.

A monstrous blast of hot, creamy liquid sprayed into her mouth. Cum? Lubricant? Pee? Jasmine didn't care. To her it was pure, liquid gold and she had worked hard to obtain it. After all that effort that she wasn't going to waste a drop this time. She sealed her mouth around Zoe's convulsing opening and sucked for all she was worth.

Pure nectar flooded across her tongue. There were gallons of it. Jasmine swallowed, again and again. Again, and again, she gulped down the slimy treat. Its sweet, tangy flavor only

served to feed her addiction. Her mother's hips were bucking and squirming above her, but Jasmine clung on tight. Having come so far, she was unwilling to miss an ounce of her prize. Her tongue still moved, trying to coax one final, orgasmic twitch from Zoe's spastic core. Her mom finally calmed, settling her trembling bottom onto Jasmine's exhausted mouth.

At the same time, her own body was twitching below Zoe's. The older woman was cumming harder than she had in twenty years of marriage. Her body was humming. Vibrating with sexual energy and its stunning release. She had to somehow return the favor. Had to repay her beautiful girl for the life-changing pleasure she was providing.

To do so Zoe reached way down into her box of tricks. Some women are skeptical about the existence of the G spot. Zoe didn't believe that it was a discrete organ, more a tight bundle of sensitive nerve cells. Years of experience had convinced her of its existence. It didn't reside in a unique spot, so stimulating it tended to be more art than science. Trial and error even. But as so often in life, practice makes perfect.

One hand nipped and tweaked at her daughter's tiny clit. The other was hooked up inside the entrance of her vagina. Zoe swept her fingertips over Jasmine's soft, slippery insides. Exploring, stroking, pushing, and pressing. Then her daughter flinched with a frenzied yelp.

Yes. Paydirt. X marks the spot baby, you're all mine now. Hold on tight, this is going to blow your mind.

Going full-on porn star, Zoe began a feverish assault on her daughter's most sensitive spot. Surely the poor girl was utterly defenseless now. But then Zoe shrieked. Another gout of her scalding girl-goo had been sucked into Jasmine's insatiable maw. Below her, Jasmine felt like she was ascending to a higher plane of being.

The feelings and sensations from her orgasm didn't fit inside her young body. They exploded out of her, taking her thoughts and awareness with them. Waves of indescribable joy washed across her scrambled consciousness. They imbued

every atom of her body with ecstatic bliss. She was floating above the bed looking down at sexual perfection. Two beautiful lovers clutched together, writhing across the mattress.

She could see herself through her mother's eyes. She could see the moon and the stars, the rising sun, and a fiery, red sunset all at once. She was at one with the universe. Peace and harmony were hers to enjoy.

She was cumming, her orgasm both bigger and better than any that came before it. Perfect pleasure was pummeling her from every direction. Every cell of her body was crying out for it to stop, and for it to carry on forever.

But it could not, and it did not. The perfect moment could not endure, but its memory did. It would remain with her forever. A shining beacon of sweet love and exhilaration that she could recall at will for the rest of her days.

As her senses were restored, as awareness returned to her body, she squeezed her mother tight. She kissed the quivering lips of Zoe's sex once more. With incredible reluctance, she began to disentangle herself from the woman she loved.

Zoe was doing something similar. She placed a lingering kiss on Jasmine's peachy bottom. The next one was on her twitching pussy lips and the last on her sweet, sweaty pubic mound. She righted herself on the bed and took her daughter's face in her hands. Both women had tears of joy in their eyes. Each wanted to express the love and gratitude that they felt for the other. And they did. With a perfect, lingering kiss.

"I love you, Mom," Jasmine sobbed, her cheeks moist, heart soaring.

"I love you, sweet daughter," Zoe replied. She rested her forehead against Jasmine's for one more brief, loving moment. Then, as if a switch had been flicked, she was just a mom again.

With a minimum of fuss, she spooned in behind her daughter, pulling her close. Zoe drifted off to sleep, dreaming of a glorious future in the arms of her perfect babies. With a sleepy smile, Jasmine did the same beside her.

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In his bedroom on the other side of the house, Jason was pretty wired too. He couldn't believe how amazing his date with Jasmine had been. He knew it was wrong to think of it in those terms. His sister was trying to help him and had organized a terrific night out for them. But for Jason, it had been a date and he had a feeling he'd never enjoyed one more.

Jasmine had given off all sorts of confusing signals. There had been the flirty conversation, the telling of secrets. She had cuddled up beside him for the whole of Endgame. His arm had snuck under her breasts, and she had said nothing. She hadn't been wearing a bra. He knew because her nipples had hardened against his arm. And she had said nothing.

His dick had got harder and harder as the night wore on. He had tried to be unobtrusive when he adjusted it. But she had known. Every time he had done it, Jasmine had snuggled closer to him. Now that he thought about it, her taut nipples had dragged across his bare forearm every time he moved too.

Halfway through she had had to get up to use the restroom. To get out of her seat she had turned and placed her hand directly on his cock. She had looked him right in the eye as she squeezed it. And then she was gone. When she returned to her seat she had stumbled as she passed him, her butt landing square on his prick. She had giggled and apologized before squirming in his lap and sliding slowly back into her seat.

Then she snuggled back into his side and rearranged his jacket over them. When he tightened his arm back under her boobs, she had taken his hand and slid it down onto her thigh. Right at the top. Two minutes later she slowly crossed her legs. His

fingers were now trapped between her thighs. Jason had almost shot at that very moment.

But she never looked at him. She never spoke. Throughout the first movie, she had been completely lost. She had relied on him to explain the plot and identify the characters. The sequel was even more complicated, but she just stared at the screen, rapt. With her brother's sweaty fingers jammed tight against her vagina.

As he always did, Jason tried to make a list of the pros and cons of the situation. He had about twenty things in the pro column. In the cons, there was one. SISTER. That trumped everything else. If any other girl on earth had acted like Jasmine, they would have left the theater early. His emergency wallet condom would finally have been called into action.

But Jasmine wasn't any girl. She was his sister. His twin sister. They had shared a womb. They had been inextricably linked ever since. And now he had fallen for her, hook, line, and

sinker. But it was impossible. But she had let him touch her. She had squeezed his wiener. She had placed his hand on her coochie and trapped it there.

And he had kissed her. He'd almost forgotten about it. It had been earlier in the evening. He hadn't meant to. It had been a complete accident. She had told him which movies they were going to see. They were his all-time favorites. He'd felt elated and had turned to kiss her cheek. She had turned towards him at the same instant. Their lips had met. And so had their tongues.

Holy shit. I never even noticed. I was too excited. She kissed me back. With tongue.

As he had turned back to the opening titles, Jasmine had clamped down hard on his fingers. Very hard -- ouch. He had glanced over at her, but she was staring wide-eyed into space. At the wall of the theater actually. It looked weird but he knew that the movie's action started immediately, so he focused back on the screen.

Her secret. "There's this boy I like..." "He kissed me once..." "I had an orgasm right on the spot..." "I think I might be falling in love with him."

HOLY... FUCKING... SHIT. It's me. It's fucking me. YESSSSS. Confusing signals my ass. She straight up told me.

He was halfway to the door before he caught himself. No, not here, not with Mom in the house. This was a special thing. It deserved a special moment. He would make an effort, as Jasmine had done for him tonight. He would treat her like his queen. He would leave her in no doubt that he loved her as much as she loved him. It would be a proper love story. It would make Romeo and Juliet look like a kindergarten picture book.

He laid back on his pillow, staring at the ceiling. Planning, that was the key. Blow her socks off. An evening neither of them would ever forget.

My phone. Of course. Time to do some research.

It was plugged into his computer, so he leaned over to grab it. Holding it up to his face he waited for it to unlock. Nothing happened.

Shit. Passcode. What the hell is it? No. How can I remember every other fucking thing except that? Surely not. OK, let's science the shit out of this. Birthdays...

Mine? No. Jaz? No. Mom? Shit. Dad? Why not? Fuck. How many attempts do I get? Six? OK, two more tries. Think, you idiot.

He looked at the keypad, searching for a pattern. Nothing popped out for him.

Other numbers... Debit card PIN? Ooh, that feels right, but it's only four digits. What would I add? 00? Yes, that must be it.

Bastard. OK, debit card plus what... my age? Worth a try... No, it wasn't. You dick, Jason, now it's locked for 15 minutes.

Wait, I can just do a restore. Shit, have I backed it up? Better check.

Jason woke up his computer and launched the app he needed. Sadly, there was no backup that he could use to reset his phone. He would have to think about it. He decided to sleep on it. His memories would either come back, or they wouldn't. Anyway, he liked his life now, loved it in truth. He worried that his memories could only make things worse. He feared that they might do much more than that. He wasn't going to sweat it anymore.

Who cares? I'm in love. And she loves me back. That's all that matters.

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He was walking through a sleazy part of town. Bright neon signs flashed, desperate for his attention. GIRLS. NUDE. SEX. JENNI.

No. Not her. She's mine, she's perfect. She's not here. Jaz? Where are you?

All of the signs morphed into her name. Their colors changed, every one of them was glowing, neon red. JENNI, JENNI, JENNI... Everywhere he looked that's all he could see. He began to run. Ducking down a side street he sprinted as fast as he could. Left, right, double back. But the lights were everywhere. There was no escape. JENNI, JENNI, JENNI...

He fell to his knees, overwhelmed with panic. I'll call for help. Mom... Dad... who? Looking at his phone the keypad appeared. The numbers 3, 4, 5, and 6 all glowed a lurid red.

What the hell? Now my phone's fucked too. What is going on?

He looked more closely at the screen. There were tiny letters on those number keys. They were glowing too, pulsing in fact. Wait, was there a sequence? He paused, trying to understand what he was seeing: 5,3,6,6,4,2. When each number flashed a letter flashed too -- J,E,N,N,I,D.

Jasmine D? Who was that? Jasmine R might have made sense. He looked again. There was a slight pause before the sequence repeated. Ah, it actually went: 2,5,3,6,6,4.

D,J,E,N,N,I...

The lights went out. The buildings began to spin. A swirling vortex opened below his feet. Jason's stomach lurched, nausea engulfed him. He was falling, tumbling through space. There was pressure, heat, pain. He couldn't breathe. He was going to die. His heart rate went through the roof, panic took hold. There was fire... everywhere.

Jason lurched awake. Sweat was pouring from every pore. His breath was coming in rasping gasps, his heart was racing. His

memories were back. He began to cry, sobbing into his pillow. He could remember. Everything.

Oh no. I'm a sick, perverted weirdo.

He picked up his phone and typed in the passcode -- 253664. Up came his home page. There were no unread emails or messages. None. He looked at WhatsApp. Nothing. Facebook? Zip. He didn't bother with Instagram.

Jason frowned. He hadn't checked his phone for a week, and no one had tried to contact him. The saddest thing was that he wasn't surprised.

That's normal for you, Jason. You're invisible. Hence this...

He opened up his video app. There they were. 406 Djenni Djerkov videos. His mom, his life-giver, and indefatigable supporter. Reduced to a tawdry, masturbatory fantasy. His tawdry, masturbatory fantasy. She did it all did ol' Djenni.

Forwards, backward and upside down. She had no shame. Or gag reflex either. He loved to watch her fuck.

He looked in his word processor app. He had written over thirty scripts for her, every one of them starring him. She would service his every lurid dream. Nothing was off-limits for her. His mom.

Dear Jesus, what have I done?

His photo app was next. They were mostly fun pics of Jasmine and Mom around the house. No selfies of course, bleurgh. But he knew there were more. In the hidden album, there were over three hundred others. Nudes, upskirts, fakes, and myriad other perversions.

He particularly loved photoshopping his sister's face onto porn stars' bodies. Anal was his favorite. He had dozens of pictures. Most showed massive pricks stretching the stuck-up bitch's tight poop chute.

No. That's Jaz. She's not like that at all. She's perfect. What have I done? What have I become?

His fledgling conscience was steamrollered by the inexorable tide of his rancid memories. Putrid, bilious excrement flowed over him. He couldn't stop it, couldn't look away...

Luckily, he had snapped a couple of pictures of Jasmine with an annoyed or pained expression. She had dropped a bowl of sugar once and he had caught it. A Kodak moment for the ages. Agony and rage. The perfect match for all those brutal, anal fuck pictures.

Jason felt sick. He was going to hurl. Popcorn, lurid blue slushy, and slimy chocolate. It sprayed all over his bed, and halfway up the wall. A fountain of vileness matched only by his perversions.

He was hyperventilating, deep in the throes of abject panic. He couldn't stay here. He had defiled the two most wonderful women in the world. There was no apology, no reparations that he could make. He had taken their pure and simple love and smeared shit all over it. He had pissed on their trust and faith in him.

There was no way out. He wasn't worthy of them. He wasn't even worthy of the air he was breathing. What could he do? Run away? Of course, but that wouldn't absolve him of his appalling behavior. That wouldn't expunge his shame. There was only one answer. The Bluffs. It would never end otherwise.

He rolled up his disgusting bedding and padded downstairs to the laundry room. After starting the washing machine, he went to the cupboard under the sink. He grabbed the Formula 409 and scrubbed the stinking vomit off his wall. Then it was time to go, but he couldn't just disappear.

Mom and Jasmine would hate him forever of course but they deserved the truth. They deserved whatever worthless apology he could muster.

Dressing quickly, he grabbed his phone and looked around his room. There was nothing more to do. With a deep breath, he turned and headed for the front door. There he paused to look around. At all the familiar, family items and mementos. That he would never see again. With that thought ringing in his ears, he slipped out into the night.

It was 3:35 am. When his father had taken him up to The Bluffs as a kid it had been about a twenty-minute drive. Google Maps told him it was a three-hour walk.

Stop messing about Jason, it's time to go. You've got a thermal to catch...

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Zoe was floating on a warm, tropical sea. She could smell the coconut palms and the fresh, citrus flowers near the beach. And the sex.

Wow, that's a lot of stinky girl-cum. Where am I? MILF Island?

She awoke with a start, confused for a moment. She was in her bed at home, but the smells from her dream persisted. There was a hot, wriggling body beside her, heading south.

"Morning Momma, sleep well? I'm hungry, so I'm just getting a snack," came a muffled voice. Zoe's sleep-addled brain was slow to recognize it somehow. Then a hot, wet tongue slipped between the folds of her vagina. The world righted itself and Zoe smiled... Jasmine. Ooh, life was good.

"Hi there, baby," she said, ruffling her daughter's hair. "I think the cupboard might be pretty bare down there this morning. You feasted long and hard last night."

"I think there's still something tasty right at the back here. Let me see if I can reach it," Jasmine replied.

Zoe relented and fell back on the pillow. Her legs fell wide apart, giving her snuffling lover unfettered access to her holes. Jasmine's hot, wriggling tongue was soon worming its way inside her mother's body.

After a few moments, Zoe tugged gently on the ardent girl's head, pulling her up into a warm embrace.

"Good morning, darling. Mind if I taste myself?" Zoe asked. Without waiting for an answer, she kissed her daughter's lips. It was a long, soulful smooch, full of love and hope and joy. At its end, Jasmine's head fell down beside her mother's as she lay atop her, cheek to cheek.

Whispering in her ear, Zoe tried to tell the girl just how much she had adored their latest salacious tryst. How she loved her and hoped that they could continue in the future. Jasmine nodded in fervent agreement.

"Just try and stop me, sexy lady," she whispered. With a final peck on the cheek, she rolled off her mom. They lay side by side, Jasmine tracing her fingers around Zoe's plump nipples.

"Baby," the older woman began. "I've got an idea that might allow us to spend a little more time together."

"Sexy time you mean?" Jasmine giggled.

"Possibly," Zoe answered. "I had to fire my assistant Clare yesterday. She's been stealing my scripts and selling them to rival studios before we could shoot them. I might have to sue her, but I'm not sure if it's worth it. I'm seeing a lawyer on Monday."

"So, you want me to what?" Jasmine asked quizzically. "Recommend an attorney? I dunno Mom, Dad took care of all that stuff, didn't he?"

"No, silly," Zoe replied, suppressing a laugh. "I want you to be my assistant. Would you be interested? Come work with me. I could really use the help. Plus, my office door has a good, stout lock and I still have that big casting couch in there..."

Jasmine laughed out loud. "Ooh, fucking the help? I think there are laws against that sort of thing, Mrs. Dean."

"Yes, the same sort of laws that forbid... this," Zoe replied. She leaned closer, running a finger along the length of her daughter's slippery vagina. "Hey, you're all wet. What gives?"

"Well, let's see if we can figure it out, Sherlock. Ooh, by Jove I think I've got it. I'm in bed with my mom," Jasmine exclaimed. "Who I love by the way. I'm lying here with her, after the hottest night of sex I've ever had. We're naked and I can still taste her pussy juices on my lips. What else do you need to know? Oh, and that's a big fat yes on the job thing too by the way. As long as you're serious about the couch. I'm not that bothered about the door lock though, to be honest. I like a little bit of danger sometimes."

"Ooh, that's lovely darling. There is a uniform policy though, I must warn you," Zoe said with a smile.

"What? Day-Glo orange and a hard hat?" Jasmine teased.

"No, not that at all. High heels, stockings, and no panties are the prerequisite. The rest is up to you," Zoe teased.

"As long as the boss follows those rules too, I'm in," Jasmine agreed, laughing.

The deal was sealed with another lingering kiss, before Zoe said, "Stay here. I'm going to put some coffee on. I know it's early, but I feel fantastic, and I want to make the most of the day with you two."

Jasmine flopped back on the bed as Zoe headed for the bedroom door.

"Mom, your robe," she exclaimed as the bedroom door opened.

"I like a little bit of danger too, lover," her mother said blowing her a kiss as she disappeared.

Jasmine stared at the ceiling. Her life had never been more together, and she had never felt better. She couldn't wait to see what the day might bring. Sitting up she saw the bedside clock -- 5.53 am.

I'm gonna wake Jason up. He is gonna be so friggin' pissseeddddd.

Her mother's plaintive wail brought Jasmine's head up sharply. It hadn't been a scream, more a howl of anguish. It was the worst sound the girl had ever heard in her life.

Zoe was slumped against the kitchen counter, a crumpled piece of paper in her hand.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Jasmine asked in a fearful tone.

"It's Jason," Zoe cried through a veil of tears. "He's gone. He's going to hurt himself, Jaz. Look," Zoe thrust the note towards her, and Jasmine took it. She recognized Jason's scrawl immediately. Her heart sank as she read his words, a huge lump filling her throat.

His note was short and to the point. Devastatingly so.

"To Mom and Jasmine, I'm so sorry.

"My memories came back. All in a rush and they are horrible. I relived them all in a matter of moments. A stream of filth and shame that I can barely even comprehend.

"I know about Djenni, Mom. I've known for some time. And I've been absolutely obsessed with her ever since. With you.

"I've seen all your videos, over and over again. I've worn myself out... watching them. I dreamed it was me, doing those things to you. Being with you. Defiling you. The shame of what I've done is making it hard to breathe.

"I was given a second chance this week. And I blew it. I like to think that you saw a little of the real me over the last few days. Without all the darkness. Without all the pain. I loved every single second of it. I loved spending time with you. Your laughter makes my heart soar. I think I shall miss that most of all.

"I'm sorry that I never appreciated you properly Mom. The things you've had to do, to endure, in order to look after me and keep me safe. Thank you is all I can say, inadequate as it is. Please believe me when I say that my only feelings for you stem from boundless love and affection. I was sick before. That wasn't me. I love you.

"Jasmine. My forever-love. I worked out your secret from the movie theater. All I can say is that I return your love a

thousandfold. My eyes have been opened to your perfect grace and beauty. I have fallen more deeply in love with you than I thought humanly possible. I worship the ground you walk on.

"My dreams this week were of a fantasy future. You and me together. Growing older with our children and their families.

"But that can never be. I am too twisted up and ruined inside. I have taken you both for granted for far too long. You must forget about me. Move on with your lives.

"Please promise me that you will find partners who are worthy of your perfect love. Try to live your best lives. The sort of lives that I saw in my dreams. Never look back. Never think of me or my shameful behavior again.

"I am sorry. I have to go now. I must end this vile, travesty of a life before I hurt you any further. I can't imagine the damage that I have done to you already. I can't repair it. But I can end it.

"I love you both, to the moon and back.

"Jason xxx"

Jasmine clung to her mother as they sobbed. Their hearts were breaking. The pain that Jason had suffered was unbearable.

Eventually, they broke apart.

"Mom," Jasmine shouted. "Come on. We have to do something. There's no time. Call the police. Tell them what's happened. They have to find him. It can't be too late."

"But the... incest. It's in his letter. We can't tell them about this," Zoe cried. Anguish and confusion washed across her beautiful features.

"Fuck that," Jasmine screamed. "It's just words on paper. He's a fucked up teenage boy. That shit's normal. Call them. Now. I'm going to try Jason, then Dad. Call them, Mom. Please."

As Jasmine went to get her phone, she could hear her mother speaking on the house line. Jasmine's clothes lay strewn across Zoe's bedroom floor. She hunted through them until she found her handset.

Jason you idiot. We could have talked. We have so much to look forward to. I'll kick your ass if you screw that up for us. I swear.

Jason's number went straight to voicemail. There was no personalized message, just his number.

"Jason, it's Jaz," she began. "I love you. Come back to me. I don't care about the past. Neither does Mom. We love you and need you. Come home to us. We want to talk and laugh with you. I want babies with you. I want you. Forever. Please..."

She screwed up her eyes to stem the tears. That was the hardest thing she had ever done. With a deep, sniffing breath she worked her phone again. This time she sent Jason text messages and a short video she had recorded. She used Facebook, Instagram, WhatsApp, and everything else she could think of.

Finally, she opened her contacts, looking for her father's number. Despite the early hour, he answered after just two rings.

"Jaz, baby. Are you alright?" She hadn't heard his deep resonant voice for almost three years. He had disappeared from their lives completely after the divorce. Her heart lurched to hear him speak. His voice had always had such a calming influence on her. Even in these dreadful circumstances, she could feel her tension leaching away.

"Daddy, please listen," she began. "Jason had an accident. He hit his head and lost his memory. He's been like a whole new

person this past week. But he got his memories back last night and hated what he was like before. He's run away. He left a note. I think it's a... a suicide note. Daddy, have you heard from him? Have you?"

"No pumpkin, I haven't," he said. Calm and strong, as he always had been. "You know him best. Where do you think he would go? Have you called the police?"

"Mom's calling them now," Jasmine confirmed. "I don't know where he would go. Would he come to you? It's been a long time. We both miss you, Daddy."

"Me times a million, kiddo," her father said. Jasmine could hear the smile in his voice. "But it was in the divorce that I couldn't see or talk to you. Your mom was hurting. But you're eighteen now, that's all over. We'll get together when Jason comes home. I promise."

"Now, did he take a car? Or his bike? It might help us to know how far he could go. It's still early, so there won't be many buses or trains running yet."

Jasmine loved how serene her father was. Mom had always said he was the go-to guy in a crisis. She skipped down the stairs and looked in the garage.

"Both cars are still here and so is his bike. He must be on foot, Daddy," she said, a hint of excitement entering her voice.

"Not so fast, baby," her father replied. "Chicago is still a car town. Steph and I will start calling taxi companies. Can you contact those new ones? Umlaut? Shift? I don't understand them."

Despite herself, Jasmine giggled. Her dad had always been able to make her laugh. "You mean Uber and Lyft? Yes, I'll do that. What else?"

"Can you still track his phone?" Jack asked. "That always used to blow my mind."

"I checked, but his phone seems to be off," Jasmine said, her voice mirroring her disappointment.

"Or somewhere with no signal?" Jack mused. "He never turns his phone off, does he. Ever. So maybe the subway?"

"No, his wallet is on the kitchen counter," Jasmine replied. "He doesn't have his transit card."

"So rural then," Jack said. "The woods? Fuck. Jaz, The Bluffs. I used to take him up there all the time. Told him it was my escape because there was no signal. That's it. It has to be. I'm heading there now. Get Mom to try taxi companies. Start at Z, Steph will go from A. But I think that's where he'll be. I'm gonna hang up now baby. We'll find him don't worry. Call me if you hear anything. I love you."

The line went dead. Jasmine was shocked. Her father was a true force of nature. He had seen through all the panic and bullshit and got straight to the answer. She could only hope he was right.

Back in the kitchen, her mom was hanging up the phone.

"Do you have a recent picture, Jaz?" she asked. "The police want us to email it to them here." She passed Jasmine a piece of paper with an email address. "Use that code number so they know what it's about."

Jasmine sent a selfie she had taken of them at the movie theater. Jason was smiling. Happy. She needed to see that ugly mug again. She had to.

"Dad thinks Jason is heading to The Bluffs," she said. "He's going there now, he knows it well. Knows where Jason would go."

"Yeah, they went there together a lot, didn't they?" Zoe said with a wan smile. "To get away from my drama, I think. The police will keep a lookout for him. Trains, buses, that sort of thing. Oh Jasmine, what if he... if he..."

Zoe trailed off into silence. Bereft.

"Mom," Jasmine said, raising her voice. "That's not helping. Get out your phone. Start calling taxi companies. Find out if they did a pickup here. Start at the Z's. Stephanie will start at the A's."

Zoe looked confused for a second before she recognized the name of Jack's new wife.

"OK, yes. That's a good idea, Jaz. I'll do that," Zoe said. Her expression cleared. She needed something to do to keep her mind from spiraling out of control.

Jasmine confirmed that none of the rideshare companies had picked Jason up. Then she set to in the kitchen.

A pot of strong Bolivian coffee was first. Then came a batch of her grandma's pancake batter, plus a handful of blueberries. She fired up the cast iron skillet and got the production line underway. Half a bottle of maple syrup completed their sumo wrestler breakfast.

She forced her mother to eat. They needed fuel on board. Today was going to be grueling, and emotional.

Zoe was making no progress with the taxi companies. She was in the S's now and seemed to think that no news was good news. Jasmine wasn't sure about that, but she shrugged and carried on eating.

Leaving the dishes on the table, Jasmine took up the mantle of making calls. In less than an hour they were at F. She called her father's landline back. Stephanie answered. They didn't

really know each other but Jasmine told her how far they had got. Stephanie was on G, so they had done all that they could.

Jasmine thanked the woman, trying to remain polite. The home-wrecking bitch had ruined her mom's life. But if she was going to rebuild a relationship with her father, Stephanie would be a part of it. She hung up after each agreed to call if they got any news.

She looked up at the antique kitchen clock. It was after eight. The sun had risen above the horizon, a fiery orange ball. A new day was dawning. Would it be a day to remember? Or one to forget?

Suddenly a loud, sing-song tone rang out. The front doorbell. Jasmine ran to open it, only to be greeted by two grim-faced police officers. Their heads were bowed, hats held in their hands.

Jasmine just knew it had to be bad news. The worst. She howled in agony, collapsing to her knees. Zoe came up behind

her and spoke with the officers. Jasmine didn't hear what they were saying. A great wave of sadness and terror engulfed her as she fainted dead away.

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Fucking dumbass. You couldn't even do this without screwing it up. Walk faster, you don't want to collapse from hypothermia before you get to The Bluffs.

Jason was freezing. He hadn't thought to bring a jacket or gloves or anything. He was walking as fast as he could to try and keep warm. Unfortunately, that made him sweat, causing the wind to cut him to the bone.

He was nearly there though. Just another mile or so, he was sure. He had been pleasantly surprised how much he had enjoyed the strenuous walk. When he'd left the house, his mind had been scrambled. His thoughts churned with a multitude of different and confusing images. As his heart rate

had risen and his muscles warmed up, most if not all of his mental distress had melted away.

He'd had to concentrate on his route, on his breathing, and latterly his footing. He had only ever come up here in daylight and had forgotten how rough the track could be. It was nice to have it to himself, though. For an act that would have such public consequences, he welcomed these moments of privacy.

Finally, he broke through some brush to reach the summit of The Bluffs themselves. They formed an angled basalt ridge. It had been pushed up through the surrounding sedimentary rocks eons ago. They in turn had been ground away by enormous glaciers. Before men had set foot in this land, these steep, russet cliffs had been left behind.

There were warning signs and a chain-link fence in his way. It still had the same gap that he and his father had used ten years before. Squeezing through he moved carefully towards the edge.

Why the fuck are you being so careful? You're going to jump, aren't you? Get on with it.

But Jason's animal instincts insisted on caution. About fifty yards from the highest point, he sat down and dangled his legs over the edge. It was a drop of around two hundred feet he remembered. He wondered how fast he would be going at the bottom. Mr. Lowes, his math teacher could probably work it out. Turns out all that crap could be useful in the real world.

Looking west he could see the first glimmer of the sun turning the upper atmosphere from black to purple.

Might as well see one last sunrise...

He could see the lights of the town below him. Not much traffic was visible, no planes in the sky. It was just him and his conscience. To his left, the crags fell away towards the woods. To his right, they climbed up a little higher. He noticed that

someone had built a small cairn or something up there. It was new and he decided to investigate. He was going to wait for the sunrise anyway. What harm could it do?

He scrambled and clambered up towards the little pile of rocks. There was metal and stuff there too, but it was still too dark to see.

Out of nowhere, his phone pinged. Ding, ding, ding. Multiple notifications. He had kept it turned on for directions initially. Then the flashlight had been useful when the path had become overgrown. He pulled it from his pocket.

What the fuck? There are no bars. Wait... WiFi? How the hell am I getting WiFi?

But there it was, the three little arcs of a strong WiFi signal. He had messages in every app. By pure force of habit, his thumb opened the WhatsApp notification. He was launching the video before he could stop himself.

His sister Jasmine stared out of the screen at him. Her features were streaked with tears. Her eyes were red, her hair askew. She was so beautiful. It was clear that she had just woken up to find his letter. He hated seeing her in pain. Pain that he had caused. And then she began to talk to him.

"Jason. Don't do it. Please, my love. We need you, Mom, and me. We don't care what you did before. We know the true Jason. Whatever pain you went through back then is gone. Your life is full of love and potential from now on. We want you back, to be with us and to love us. As we will love and cherish you. I'm not saying this right, but I'm so frightened. I can't live without you. I'll never survive without you in my arms. And in my bed. I don't care what the world thinks. I just want you, here, with me. That's all that matters. Our babies, Jason. Don't take them away from me. Come home, my love. We are here for you. We always will be."

The video ended and he switched the phone off, blinking back hot, stinging tears. Looking skyward he sighed, puffing

out his cheeks. We walked up to the cairn to find a cluster of solar panels, a small satellite dish, and a grey, metallic cabinet.

Ah, Starlink. Good old Elon, the Maddest Fucking Hatter himself.

There was a plaque beside it with something written on it. Fishing out his phone he turned on the flashlight and read,

Stevenson Memorial Park

Free Public WiFi

"I used to bring my son up here to enjoy the climb and the view. I always told him that I needed to get away from phones and the stress of the modern world for a few short hours. But it was the precious time with my boy that made it special. Please use this service to contact a loved one. Tell them how special they are to you. Tell them how much you miss them and need them. Before it's too late."

Presented by

Jack J. Dean

October 2020

Jason was stunned. Of all the things, in all the world to find at this moment in his life. It was too much. It was a cosmic coincidence of ludicrous proportions. He threw back his head and laughed. Receiving a message from Jasmine via the WiFi that their father had secretly donated to the town. And the message from his dad, seemingly directed at him across time and space. A final meaningful insight at Jason's lowest possible moment.

His decision was made. With a deep breath, he looked at the red-gold tip of the sun peeking over the horizon. Closing his eyes he said, "I love you, Jasmine Jennifer Dean. With all my heart."

He looked at the edge of the precipice. At the finishing line to the race that had been his life. He made his decision. He imagined Regis Philbin asking the question.

Final answer?

With a bestial roar, he raced towards the edge of the cliff, as fast as he could.

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Jack Dean drove like a maniac through the pre-dawn darkness. He was heading towards Stevenson Memorial Park. He was convinced that his son would be there. He had taken Jason up to The Bluffs as often as he could during the boy's childhood. They had walked and talked there for hours at a time. Jack had made up stories and adventures that Jason had lapped up. They had played hide and seek. They had climbed trees and raced each other along the overgrown trails.

It had been their haven from the world. Looking down on the sprawling landscape had made it seem insignificant. Manageable. As well as the problems that went with it. Those days had kept Jack sane, even as his own life had begun to unravel.

Today, Jason was in the same position. Lost, confused, and ashamed. Emotions that Jack knew only too well. He was sure that Jason would seek out the peace and quiet of The Bluffs. He needed a place to decompress, to refocus, and find understanding. He prayed that he was right. That Jason was still a thinker rather than a doer.

Skidding to a stop outside the ranger station he ran to the door. He hammered on it like John Bonham on PCP. After a few nervous moments, a light came on and a gruff voice could be heard muttering inside.

Jack stood back and raised his hands. He realized that the ranger could be armed and nervous at this pre-dawn

intrusion. He needn't have worried. Harry Metcalfe opened the door and stared out at him. Harry was an old school friend who was definitely, 100% a doer.

"Jack," he shouted. "What in the name of Jesus H. Christ is going on? Another WiFi emergency?" Harry ran a hand through his unruly Afro and rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"Jeez, Harry," Jack said. "Thank fuck it's you. There's no time. I need help. Jason, my boy. He's suicidal. I think he's up on The Bluffs. Can you get me up there? Please?"

"Sure, we got those new electric motorcycles now," Harry said, waking up fast. "Do you still ride?"

"Two throttles, no brakes," Jack laughed. That had been their childhood motto, whether on bikes or in cars. "You betcha. Lead on MacDuff."

"I'll get dressed. The bikes are round back. You go now, I'll catch up," Harry said before waving Jack in. "They're heavy brutes but they shit all over gas for torque and acceleration. Take it easy on the turns. The northern yellow fire trail has some trees down, take the red. You got a helmet? Fuck, who cares? Just don't get yourself killed up there."

There was a pregnant pause as Harry realized what he had said. "Shit man, sorry," he said. "You know I don't mean nuthin' like that."

"I know, man. I know," Jack replied, clapping his friend on the shoulder.

They stepped out into a fenced-off yard. Harry hit a switch and huge spotlights turned night into day. He unplugged a cable from the nearest motorcycle.

"Main power is here," Harry said pointing to the bike's controls. "On and off. Simple. No gears, just twist and go. Two throttles, no brakes, baby. That's the headlight switch. They're

LED, brighter than the fuckin' sun. Go get your boy, Jack, I'll see you up there."

Jack threw his leg over the bike and walked it around towards the gate. Flicking on the astonishing headlights, he twisted the throttle wide open. And just about broke his neck.

The bike shot forward like a stone fired out of a catapult. Jack was a skilled motocrosser, or at least he thought he was. This electric motorcycle was in a different league to anything he had ever ridden before. He recalibrated his brain and skidded left. Gunning the throttle, he headed for the trail that Harry had recommended.

The bike was heavy and had a lot of momentum to manage in braking and turning. But its epic acceleration and responsiveness made it a joy to ride. The silence was unnerving though. He felt like he was on a speeder bike in a Star Wars movie. A hike that would have taken an hour on foot was going to be over in five minutes.

Tires spitting gravel he screamed through the valley. Laughing out loud with fear and hope he turned to race up the mountain. He had to be in time, he just had to be. He burst from the tree line at over 60 mph. The WiFi base was on his right. As he braked, his headlights picked up a figure running towards the edge of the cliff.

"JASON," he screamed, skidding to a halt. Dumping the bike, he sprinted after the boy. He was too late though. There was no way to catch him. No way to stop him. His beautiful boy was going to die right there in front of him.

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Jason tried to judge his stride pattern as he neared the edge. He heard a noise, sensing movement behind him. But he didn't stop. He was committed now. With four steps to go, he relaxed. This was the moment. Finally, he could release all of his pain and frustration. It was coming to an end.

Three steps to go.

His breath ran out and his roar cut off. With a monumental effort, he planted his left foot hard on the ground. Ready for the final, irrevocable step.

Two steps to go.

Bracing his left leg, he put everything into it. His throw.

With a scream, he launched his porn-filled travesty of a phone into the Stygian abyss. Grunting, he slid to a shuddering stop.

One step to go.

All of the tainted Djenni Djerkov videos. All of the hate-filled revenge porn fakes. All of the peeping Tom photos from home. Everything sailed out into space. With them went his revolting scripts and perverted fan fiction stories. He was

releasing them, both literally and figuratively. His connection to them was gone, his obsession finished.

He had left the phone's flashlight on so that he could watch it tumble artistically to the scree and rocks below. Before it hit, he was slammed to the ground with tremendous force.

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Straining every sinew Jack launched himself into space. There was no thought or planning involved. No calculation of vectors or angles. There was just a man driven to utter desperation. Millions of years of paternal instincts pushed his body beyond its limits. His last desperate effort was fueled by nothing more than a father's unbreakable love for his boy.

Together, they proved to be just enough.

Jack crashed into Jason and the two tumbled towards the cliff edge. But not over. They lay there in a tangled heap. Hearts

racing. Lungs burning. Breathing ragged. Their minds trying to catch up to the cataclysmic events of the last hour.

Then Jason produced the line, the perfect footnote to the whole desperate debacle.

"You took your time."

Jack could barely catch his breath. He had tweaked his knee and his right shoulder ached like fury. But he had never felt better, more exultant, in his entire life. And then his mad, suicidal, basket case of a son had said that.

They were still laughing and hugging when Harry found them ten minutes later.

~~~~

They sat side by side on the chair by the WiFi cairn staring at the sunrise. The sky was turning from red to orange as the sun

crept up over the horizon. Neither looked at the other. But that was OK. They were alive. They were safe.

Harry had radioed the cops to call off the search. They would inform Zoe and Jasmine and bring them to the hospital later.

Jack turned towards his son, trying to decide what to say, what to ask.

Jason saved him the trouble. "I made some mistakes Dad. Bad ones. It's not your fault I know, but after the divorce, I was pretty lost. I came up here once, but it wasn't the same. I began to cut myself off. From school, from friends, and worst of all, from Mom and Jasmine.

"It was just easier to be by myself. No one could hurt me if I didn't invest myself in them. I began to spend a lot of time online. Then one day I found something, and I fell down the rabbit hole. It was a video. Of Mom. A porno. She was called Djenni Djerkov. She was supposed to be from Russia."

"I know, son," Jack said. "I produced them. It was my idea."

Jason stared.

What? I assumed it was a secret. Wow.

"Yeah," Jack said, continuing. "She was so hot Jason, so sexy. We had nothing. No qualifications, no skills. We were desperate. It was a different time. The internet was just for techie nerds. People had dial-up connections. A video could take days to download. We sold VHS cassettes. Posted them to people. No one knew who we were. No one could find out.

"And it worked. We made a lot of money. We bought the house for cash in the first year. But it got out of control. We needed help, so we signed a distribution deal. Slowly our control disappeared, and our share of the money soon followed it.

"We always planned to sit you and Jasmine down one day and explain. To prepare you for it. But then the divorce came along. You know the rest..."

Jason bit his lip. He hadn't seen or spoken to his father for three years. The man had just saved his life. Or believed he had anyway. When would they talk again? Who knew? So, he decided on absolute candor, the whole truth.

"Dad. I have to tell you this," Jason said. "It's going to be difficult to say. It's going to be difficult to hear. Can I ask you to let me get it out before we... talk?"

"Yes, son. I think that would be best. Go ahead," Jack agreed.

"I became obsessed with Djenni... with Mom," said Jason. "I masturbated to her four or five times a day. I scoured the net for her videos. I lived in a fantasy world where she was my personal fuck slut. My slave. I avoided her in real life. The line between Djenni and Mom became blurred until it disappeared. Two became one.

"I wrote porno scripts starring me and her. Horrible, degrading things. I wrote stories about pimping her out, screwing her in public. I lost my mind. I was in a tailspin. And then I realized there was another woman in my life. Jasmine.

"I began to include her in my fantasies too. I took pictures of them both in the shower and by the pool. I stole their underwear. I photoshopped their faces onto some appalling porno pictures.

"I never touched them though. It was all in my head, my twisted, perverted reality. I drifted out of their lives, existing on the periphery. We didn't eat or talk together. I might as well have been the weirdo lodger.

"And then I fell in the shower. Jaz was in a hurry, I could hear her banging on the door. So, I grabbed my cock and began to jerk it, imagining her bursting in and blowing me. Then, in my excitement, I overbalanced and fell. I know now that I hit my head. I was out for almost a week.

"When I woke up, I remembered everything, except my family, my life. So, I was introduced to Mom and Jaz as a stranger. And I saw them as they truly are. Two stunning, loving, warm, nurturing women. Over the next week, Jaz never left my side. I developed a small crush on her which bloomed into unconditional love. I was head over heels for her. I still am.

"And then this morning my memories came back. I saw my behavior from the outside. From the perspective of someone who loved and cherished Mom and Jaz.

"It broke me. I snapped. I hated myself so much, I could see no future, no way back to them. So, I came up here. I knew no one could contact me. You always said that. I could do it before anyone intervened.

"But I didn't know about fucking 'Generous Jack' and his mountaintop WiFi shrine. I got a message from Jaz. I was so surprised that I opened it on automatic pilot. And there it was.

She forgave me. She didn't care about any of it. She loved me and wanted me back home safe. Then I read your plaque and realized how selfish I had been, how ignorant.

"And I had an epiphany. I found the answer. Control-Alt-Delete. I'd been given a second chance. I just had to take it. The last three years were an unmitigated shitshow. But they were all wrapped up in my phone. For the week after the hospital, I never looked at the damn thing, never even thought about it. I was falling in love. I didn't need it. Then when I finally got around to checking it, all the horrors rose up again to swallow me.

"So, I decided to throw it away. Well, technically I deleted everything first. I didn't want some kid to find it. But symbolically, emotionally, I was throwing my old life off the cliff. Erasing it forever. And I think it worked. I feel good. I feel safe. I can't wait to get back to Jaz and Mom.

"I don't know what's going to happen. How we get back to being brother and sister. Mother and son. But if it takes a lifetime of trying, that's what I'll do.

"I'm sorry you got dragged into my nightmare, Dad. But thank you for coming. Thank you for caring. I love you."

Jack looked at his son. He couldn't fathom how difficult it must have been for him to admit those things. He was astonished at how brave Jason was being. How mature. And how utterly, utterly wrong...

He took a deep breath, composing himself before speaking.

"Son, that's a horrible story. Just dreadful. And I'm so proud of how well you've coped. Admittedly you gave us all a bit of a scare there, but all's well that ends well. But I don't think you've got everything right. Life is more complicated than you realize. And more wonderful..."

"You've fallen in love with your twin sister. By the sounds of it, it's mutual too. You think it's the worst crisis in human history. You think that there is nothing but blame and retribution to come. Jail. Infamy.

"But that's not true. Because a love like that? It trumps everything else in life. Emotions that strong are out of our control. You've felt something of that today.

"You and Jaz should be together. You must be. I know, pretty shocking stuff from dear old Dad. But I know more about it than you think.

"I love your mom with all my heart. I have from the day I met her. You and Jaz are the greatest gift that I could ever have received. But we divorced. We went our separate ways. Not because we don't love each other. Not because we cheated or messed around. It's because of something that happened in my childhood, at about your age in fact.

"I fell in love with my sister."

Jason stared at his father.

No freakin' way. What's the punchline? Why is he messing with me? Why is he not laughing? Oh, shit, he's serious.

"But Dad, you don't have a sister. She'd be my aunt. I think I'd remember someone like that," Jason exclaimed. Then he was struck by a thought so horrible, so hideous, that he almost wanted to jump again.

Maybe she died. He loved her... and then he lost her. And I put him through this. He thought he was going to lose me too. Oh, Dad... I'm so sorry, please forgive me...

Jack lifted his gaze to look his stricken son in the eyes, and said, "I do have a sister Jason. Her name is Stephanie."

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"Mrs. Dean?" the female police officer asked. Zoe nodded, a hand going to her mouth. Jasmine was slumped on her knees in front of them. The male officer, Marquez caught her and lowered her gently to the floor.

"What is it?" Zoe cried. "I can't take any more," She fell to her knees and hugged her daughter to her breast. Jasmine was stirring, coming round, thankfully.

"Jason is safe," said the cops in unison, realizing that these people were teetering on the very edge of sanity. "Your husband found him up on The Bluffs. He and a park ranger are taking him to the hospital for a checkup. We'll need to talk to him there but he's OK. He's coming home."

"Can we get you anything? Call anyone?" the female officer asked. Her name badge read Carrasco.

"Take us there. To Jason. Please," Zoe managed, before dissolving into tears.

The officers managed to get Zoe and Jasmine inside and settled on the sofa. After a few minutes, the female one spoke.

"Ladies, my name is Ana. We need to get going. Jason will be busy for a while, but you want to be there for him. Don't you? So, let's get you two ready. Showers first? Then clothes. Can you do that? That's it, come on."

Officer Ana Carrasco ushered them towards the stairs to get dressed. Turning to her partner, she called out, "Marc? Bring the cruiser up to the door. We'll be ready in five. Radio dispatch to let them know we'll be going to the hospital. Lights and sirens. Thanks."

Within five minutes they were heading back to Mercy General.

~~~~~

Jack saw them arrive as the police car had its flashing lights and siren on. Zoe and Jasmine fell into his arms, and they reveled in the simple joy of human contact. Jack broke the circle first.

"I think we need to have a family meeting, ladies," he said. "Jason has been very brave and honest with me. And I have returned the compliment. Yes, Zoe, I told him."

Zoe nodded. The epic secrets that they had all been keeping had almost torn their family apart. Nothing was worth that. Nothing.

"Jaz," she said, "why don't you and Dad go get a coffee. I'll wait here for news." Her daughter nodded mutely. Like Jason, she hadn't seen her father since the divorce and was desperate to spend time with him. As they headed off, Zoe heard a low cough behind her. She turned.

It was Stephanie. Her girlhood best friend. The person who had introduced her to Jack.

Zoe held no ill will towards the woman. She had found herself in an impossible position. Zoe now knew the strength of familial, sexual attraction. It was overwhelming, inexorable and it seemed now, somehow inevitable.

She hadn't understood or accepted it when Jack had explained his feelings that first time. She still hadn't, until she and Jasmine had woken up together that morning. Then everything had fallen into place. Her hatred and loathing of her ex and his perverted sister had shriveled up and blown away. This woman was a kindred spirit. She was her friend. She was family.

Zoe opened her arms and pulled Stephanie into a warm hug.

"I'm sorry Steph," she said. "For everything. I understand now, where I couldn't before. Can you ever forgive me?"

"What's to forgive dear sister," Stephanie whispered. "We love him. None of us planned it. No one did anything malicious. Our lives happened. I'm sorry you've been through such a trauma today. But sometimes we need that, in order to recognize what matters most in life. To understand who we truly love. Who we need."

"Amen, sister," said Zoe, squeezing her tight.

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Jason had been given a clean bill of health by the doctors. A police psychologist had interviewed him and signed off on his condition. Jason had committed to some state-mandated therapy sessions, which he actually welcomed.

At lunchtime, a door opened, and he stepped out into the waiting room. Zoe and Jasmine were sitting there, hands clasped, talking intently to each other. When they saw him there was a flailing arm sprint to get to him first. They crashed

into him, holding on tight as if they would never let go. He never wanted them to.

"I'm sorry," he began but Zoe shushed him.

"No. Stop that," she said. "We all have regrets in life. We've all made mistakes. But those are behind us. Our lives start anew today. The past is just that. It has been wrapped up and dumped in the trash. Our future is a clean slate. We're all here, safe, and together. I don't know about you two, but I want to go home and make plans."

"I want to go home and make lov... erm, lunch," said Jasmine.

"There's very little I can add to that," said Jason after a moment's hesitation. "Other than... go, go, go. Hurry up. Run."

Their laughter echoed down the corridor as they headed for the exit, arm in arm. It only increased in volume at the front

door, when they realized that they had no car or phones with them.

A loud car horn rang out, startling them. A huge, black Escalade pulled up beside them. Its blacked-out passenger side window rolled down.

"Do you guys need a lift?" asked a smiling Jack.

This was the moment, Zoe realized. Their single chance to lay the past to rest, to slay their dragons, and to make amends.

"Yes please," she said. "I need you to teach Jason how to use the grill. If he couldn't scan barcodes into the microwave he would starve."

~~~~~

Jack Dean looked around him.

A family cookout on a lazy afternoon. What could be more American? More fun? Nothing.

The beer was cold, and the charcoal was hot. Music and laughter rang out across the Dean's yard. There was a shriek and a splash as Jasmine pushed her stepmom... aunt into the pool. Jack put his arm around Jason's shoulders and pulled him close.

"No," he bellowed as Jason poked at a sizzling steak. "Leave it alone. Let it sear first. Less is more, grasshopper. That advice is said to work for women too, by the way. Although I'm not sure the normal rules apply when you've got two to worry about."

He turned to look at his ex-wife and daughter. They were standing, heads together, staring back at him. No, at Jason. Their man. He shook his head. They had had a long and very frank discussion that afternoon. No topic was off the table, nothing was held back.

Zoe had mentioned that Jasmine was going to come to work at the studio as her assistant. She then asked Jason if he wanted a job as an assistant floor manager.

"What's that Mom?" he asked.

"Ask your father," she replied. "He was the best in the business. It's never been the same since he left."

"Dad?" Jason said, turning towards him.

"It's the best job in the industry son. Unless you're a performer of course," he continued, winking at Zoe. "You control the shoot, organize the talent, the lighting, the sound. Put simply, you make sure that every silly bastard on set knows what they're doing. And where. And most importantly, when. You get to kick a lot of ass, but it's very rewarding. A good floor manager can make everyone's life easier."

"I loved it. I'd go back in a second if I could."

"Why don't you?" Stephanie asked him.

"It's porno, Steph. Naked people fucking, remember? And most of them are pretty hot too, babe. I thought you would freak," Jack replied.

"Why?" Stephanie asked. "All I know is that you hate the hardware store. I just want what's best for you. I hate seeing you come home depressed every night. And your bedtime stories. Dear God. If I have to hear one more thing about lawnmowers or hedge trimmers, I swear I'll flip. That shit doesn't exactly get my juices flowing, darling. Do you think I don't trust you or something?" Stephanie finished and looked at him expectantly.

"Well, no. But... you know. Come on honey. Really?" Jack was rarely lost for words. This was a doozy.

"Zoe, would you have him back? He could help train Jason too," Stephanie asked.

"In a heartbeat," Zoe said, nodding. "The place needs a proper shakeup. I want to go old school, back to the way we used to do it. With passion and love. Not with measuring tapes and fucking Viagra. Would you come back, Jack? Please? We need you."

And so, Jack found himself with a new job too.

Long live the new job, same as the old job.

"Dad, do we get to watch... you know, the ah... talent, did you say? Working I mean. Performing?" Jason asked him.

"Son, the assistant floor manager caters to their every whim. Coffee, snacks, cigarettes, lube. Whatever they need, you're the guy. You'll be close enough to smell them," Jack smiled to let him know that he was teasing. Sort of.

"How's the catering these days?" he asked Zoe.

"It went to shit after Pedro left," Zoe replied. "Everyone kinda just brings their own stuff now. It's a disaster because we don't have enough refrigerators. Then people go out to eat and come back late. It screws up almost every shoot. Now, do you see why we need you?"

"What you need is a reliable craft services truck," Jack said. "Steph do you know anyone with a new food truck business who could help out?"

"I've heard that Stephanie Dean's new taco truck is struggling to get a city permit," she giggled. "Zoe, if you wouldn't mind, I'd love to swing by a few days this week. See if people like it? The permit thing is killing me, but the studio is private property, isn't it?"

"Yes, we can do what we like. Big Titty Tacos would be perfect, Steph. Would you?" Zoe implored. Her eyes had lit up at the suggestion.

Stephanie cackled at the ludicrous name. She got up and hugged her old friend. The two women had talked for almost an hour, finalizing the details.

Jack sat back and drained his beer. What a difference a little bit of intra-family communication could make. Shaking his head he wandered towards the pool, spinning on his heel to push Jasmine in with a playful growl. She screamed and flipped him off, before splashing his pants with water.

Life doesn't get any better, Jack. Seize this moment, these opportunities. These are your people. Don't let go of them again.

Later, as the wine flowed, the stories continued. He had been genuinely shocked to learn that Zoe and Jasmine had slept together. And that they would continue to do so. His dear,

sweet daughter had done some research and introduced them all to the idea of a throuple. He learned it was a "marriage" consisting of three people. It may have been the beer he'd drunk, but the more she explained it, the more sense it made.

She described it as a three-legged stool. It looked like it should be wobbly, but it was actually the most stable design there was.

The concept rested on the participants agreeing to accept majority decisions. If they didn't all agree, the majority decision was carried. Each calendar year a different member was made the de facto leader. This only mattered if all three disagreed and a majority wasn't possible. So, they shared the casting vote over time.

Jasmine addressed Jason directly when she said she wanted a sexual future with him. And then she said, "but only if it includes Mom too." If Jason hesitated for even a millisecond before accepting, it wasn't noticeable. Jasmine had even written out some vows that she wanted to make to the other two.

Stephanie had turned to Jack at that point and said, "I want to do that too. You and me. We can't marry but we can make those promises to each other. Here, in front of the people we love."

Jack had smiled at her, nodding his wholehearted agreement.

So that's how he had found himself kneeling by the pool, holding Stephanie's hand. The others had undertaken more complicated vows, but his were straightforward. Much like himself.

"Stephanie, my love," he began. "My darling sister. We might not be a conventional couple, but you are my soulmate and best friend. I promise to love and cherish you for as long as we live. I shall try to delight you at every turn and no doubt I shall often fail. Just know, that my every waking moment will be dedicated to you and your enduring happiness. I ask that you be my everything. I love you.

They had sealed their commitment with a kiss. Just as Jason, Zoe, and Jasmine had done together before them.

And now he was at the grill with his son. The same boy who had teetered at the top of a cliff with him only hours before. How strange the human spirit was. How adaptable, how resilient. He watched with pride as Jason began to turn the steaks, exactly on cue.

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The three of them waved goodbye to Jack and Stephanie from their front yard. It was warm and muggy. Dark clouds were massing on the horizon. Conditions were ripe for a massive thunderstorm.

But another, smaller storm was brewing closer to home. A hot, sweaty air had settled over the Dean family. Hormones and pheromones had been stirred up by the day's climactic events. Passions were rising, libidos charging. Something had to give. In the end, it was someone.

"That was lovely. I can't wait to do it again soon. But there's something I need to do even sooner. Right now, in fact. I need to go inside and fuck you both until the sun comes up. I'm going to fucking explode if I don't. I thought they would never fucking leave."

"You got it, Mom" cried Jason, scooping her up into his arms. "It's been eighteen years. I think I've waited long enough to be back inside you."

Jasmine didn't say anything. She just shrieked with joy and sprinted for the front door. As Jason set his mother down in the hall inside, Jasmine shouted,

"Wait. Jason, you just carried Mom over the threshold. You have to do me too."

"Quick," he replied. "Before the neighbors see."

They stepped outside onto the porch. After a furtive look up and down the street, Jason carried his sister inside. Her arms were around his neck, and she pulled herself up for a quick kiss. As Zoe closed the front door, Jason continued up the stairs with Jasmine still in his arms.

"Your bedroom, Mom?" he asked.

"Our bedroom, darling," she replied with a broad grin. "I'll order a bigger bed tomorrow. Luckily, I don't think we'll be doing much sleeping tonight."

Jason tossed a squealing Jasmine onto the bed. She landed on all fours and snarled back at him, her eyes flashing with passion and feral energy.

Zoe was on her knees at Jason's feet. "It's time, darling," she said. "Time for Momma to finally get her hands on your perfect prick. Time for me to show you what it's truly for." His belt was loose, and his pants were puddled at his feet before he could react.

"Wait, Mom," he cried. "My condom. It's in my room. I have to get it."

Zoe smiled up at him. "Woohoo, look at Mr. Responsibility over here everybody. I'm proud of you for thinking that way Jason, that's very mature of you. But it's not necessary, for a number of reasons. First, you said condom, singular. A full box might get you through tonight, but one won't even take the edge off. Two, if you meant that ribbed Trojan that's been moldering in your wallet for the last three years, forget it. You might as well use a damp tissue. Three, I'm fixed. You can pump your sweet cum into me until it's coming out my ears. I can't get pregnant. Four, she very much can. So, until I get her to Dr. Newsome this week, your big cock won't be going anywhere near her..."

"Mom. What the fuck? I'm on fire over here. I need it. I need him," Jasmine wailed, as Jason groaned in dismay.

"As I was about to say, children," their mother exclaimed. "His big cock won't be going anywhere near your pussy Jaz. You can fill her stomach to the brim for all I care, Jason, but we have to be smart about this. I heard the B-word a few times today. And that's fine. When the time is right. For the B. When we're all a bit more financially secure I'll be the proudest grandma on earth. But not just yet.

"Are we good? Ready to go? I mean cum. OK then, let's FUCK," Zoe squealed, hauling down Jason's underwear. Before he had stepped out of them, she had engulfed the swelling head of his penis in her mouth. She let out a satisfied moan and began to nurse.

Jason shuffled towards the bed with Zoe's face still attached to his groin. He threw off his t-shirt and crawled up next to Jasmine. They kissed, as Zoe clambered into position below him. She gripped his buttocks, directing him to begin thrusting slowly into her mouth. Then down deep into her throat.

Jason had been terrified about milestones like this. Times when Zoe would do something to remind him of Djenni. Of her porn star past. What if he reverted. What if his phone ceremony had been a crock of shit?

But he needn't have worried. Looking down, all he saw was his beautiful mother deep throating his cock. She was snorting and drooling, her face turning red. But it was Zoe, his mom who he loved with all his heart.

That realization created a huge surge of sexual excitement within his body. He was turned on beyond belief now. And naked. The other two were fully dressed.

"Show me your body Jaz," he said. "Let me see you. Let me love you."

His sister stood up and began to strip. She wasn't a dancer, but her strong, gymnast's body was built for this job. Her poise and balance allowed her to tease him. Some side boob here, a hint of butt cheek there. But slowly she revealed herself to

him. As her t-shirt was pulled up, the taut swell of her tummy gave way to the perkier, bouncier breasts he had ever seen. The nipples were tiny bullet points, begging to be tweaked and sucked.

The fire in his balls was growing. Zoe was beyond expert. She was the queen of blowjobs. She seemed to know instinctively where his hotspots were. She played him like a Stradivarius. Every suck, kiss, lick, and caress was calculated to excite and delight him. She needed no guidance. He was but a ball of wool to her Nala.

Jasmine leaned down to whisper in his ear. "I'm all hairy Jason. I'm getting a wax at the studio. Mom likes it, but I know boys don't. I'm sorry."

"Don't care. Love you. Wanna see it," he grunted. Shakespeare it was not. But Zoe seemed to have sucked pretty much all of the blood out of his brain.

Jasmine shimmied across the bed in front of him. She stuck her bum in his face and began to work her jeans downwards. Jason was at risk of losing consciousness. He felt both better and worse than he ever had in his life. Every ounce of willpower and energy that he possessed was working to hold his sperm inside. He knew it was a losing battle, but every extra second felt like a lifetime of mind-blowing pleasure.

Zoe was working her fist along his length now, worrying his tip with her four tongues. It might have been more, he wasn't sure. He was becoming delirious. But now there was a hand on his balls. Tugging, squeezing, and rolling. She kneaded them like a champion baker. There were only seconds left. He tried to find the energy and willpower to focus back on Jasmine.

He managed it, only to find that her beautiful bare pussy was mere inches from his face. She was kneeling on all fours, staring back at him over her shoulder. With an evil grin, she wiggled her delectable derrière at him. As he stretched forward to taste her for the first time, Zoe pulled the pin. He

knew that gave him five more seconds at most. Jason stuck out his tongue and entered paradise.

In their current position, the tip of his nose met Jasmine's pretty, pink asshole. He sniffed, inhaling her fresh, fruity scent. There was an underlying hint of sweat and an intriguing, earthy musk. His penis lurch as his body reacted to this fantastic new stimulus. The tip of his tongue tickled her lips, before slipping inside. A pulse of liquid perfection smeared across his tongue. As the indescribable flavor registered in his fevered brain, the fuse ran out. His balls detonated.

Pure, liquid fire surged from his very core into his mother's gulping throat. She was already pulling back to savor him in her mouth, sealing her lips to his tip. Jason grunted as another wave of pleasure washed across him. As another glob of his precious milk surged into her.

His tongue felt cold as Jasmine's silky tunnel pulled away. She was cavorting across the bed, desperate to get her mouth

down beside her mother's. As if by magic, Zoe used the tiny pause between Jason's pulses to transfer his cock to Jasmine's mouth.

It felt so different. So ardent. So earnest. So excited. Her lips and tongue were everywhere on the head of his penis. He rewarded her enthusiasm with three more quick ropes of cum. They were mere dribbles compared to what Zoe had got. But Jasmine treated them like a sacred offering. She was sucking now, desperate for the final remnants of his load. But it was finished. As was he. Jason toppled forward onto his belly. Utterly spent.

From the corner of his eye, he saw Zoe raise herself up above Jasmine and lock lips with his sister. Jasmine's eyes flew wide, and Zoe moved slowly apart from her. A slimy, pearlescent ribbon of spunk passed between their mouths. Jasmine slurped at it eagerly, keen to sample more of Jason's thick, glutinous seed.

His eyelids felt like lead weights. He began to pass out, dreaming of his sexy, cum swapping sirens. He had watched a lot of porn. He had written porno scripts awash with depravity and wickedness. But even his sick mind had never conjured a scene that affected him like this.

He had waited a long time for this journey to start. His last thought before sleep was that if this was but the first step, where would it lead from here?

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"Is that normal, Mom?" Jasmine asked. "To just zonk out like that? He barely did anything, just a few grunts, and groans. He never even moved."

"How good did his cum taste?" Zoe asked her. "How turned on did you feel when it splashed across your tongue?"

"Oh, it was amazing, Mom," Jasmine replied, a dreamy expression crossing her face. She licked her lips as she remembered. "And the taste. My God. Ooh, and the feel of it in my mouth was... intoxicating. Like nothing I've ever felt before. My pussy kept twitching and my tummy was churning. My head was spinning. I was so turned on I could hardly think straight."

"I know, right?" giggled her mother. "I'm the same. Every fucking time. It's like magical, unicorn sauce or something. It's the best thing ever. And these are the only places on Earth where it's made. Your man's cum. These delicate, furry eggs. They produce the stuff that we crave, that we need."

"So, that's the price we pay for our drug of choice. When we get our fix, the man's tiny brain goes haywire, and he needs a few minutes to reboot. It gives us time to freshen up or make out with our favorite girl. Or we can play with him. Like this..."

Both girls were naked now. They had played with their sticky prize for a minute or two before making out. They had taken

off Jason's socks, which were making him look ridiculous. They had rolled him over and spread his legs lewdly. Then Zoe had taken the opportunity to give Jasmine a brief, male anatomy lesson.

Now they were sucking on his balls, preparing for round two when he woke up.

"Can boys get a wax, Mom?" Jasmine asked. "All this hair... well, it sucks balls."

Zoe spat out a slimy nut with a snort of laughter. "Yes, baby but remember how delicate these things are. All joking aside, they are very easy to injure. I've ruined a few good scenes accidentally. That's why they're such a great target in self-defense class. They're every man's kryptonite. You can damage them permanently without meaning to. So yes, we can get him waxed for you. We'll get Ingrid at work to do it. She's a wizard with a wax kit."

"Good," said Jasmine. "I still love them though, hairy or not. I just adore that smell when I'm nuzzling him down here. We need to find out how to bottle it."

"Mmpf," was the best that a slobbering Zoe could manage in reply.

Jason's eyes fluttered open. He groaned and tried to sit up. Looking down he could see his mom releasing his scrotum from her mouth. A flood of her hot, gooey saliva washed over him as she did. Jasmine was licking along the underside of his hardening cock. She stopped and sucked at his flesh, nibbling at him with her delicate teeth.

"It's real. I was sure it was a dream," he said.

Two smiling faces turned towards him.

"He's alive Momma," cried Jasmine. "You were right, the special CPR worked."

Zoe laughed throatily. "Every time baby," she agreed. "Now why don't you sit on his face and see what his tongue is like? I'm going to do some stretches."

"Stretches? What, like yoga? Now?" Jasmine asked, already clambering over Jason's head.

"No baby," Zoe said with a grin. "I'm going to stretch my cunny to its absolute limit with this big ol' thang until it's full. If you want more of his cum today Jaz, you're going to have to suck it out of me."

Jason tried to laugh but his sister cut it short by plastering her dripping snatch onto his lips. He took a second to savor the moment. His sister's forbidden, illicit vagina. Sweet and unsullied, was pressed firmly onto his mouth. Something he had dreamed and fantasized about for years was finally happening. This was it, the absolute pinnacle of sexual pleasure.

And then his world changed forever.

As he opened his mouth to explore Jasmine's precious peach... his Mom sat down. On him. On his prick.

Molten cunt butter oozed around his cock. Zoe's tight, elastic fuck-tunnel oozed over his flesh. She drew him into her body by pure hydraulic action. She was always moving. Wriggling, shimmying, twerking. Whatever it took to ensure that he kept easing further inside her.

The noises in the room were muffled by Jasmine's thighs which were clamped over his ears. But he could still hear Zoe. She was growling. Deep, animal noises were coming from his mother's throat. Howls of ecstatic agony rang out as she strove to embed him completely.

Jason reveled in the erotic sensations he was experiencing. He had never imagined that being inside a woman could feel so good. And it was his mom. He couldn't see her, so he gave her a small, ridiculous wave. She grabbed his hand and drew it up

to her mouth. She kissed his fingers and palm until she finally bottomed out.

I can come in her. Any time I want. I'm inside her... bareback. She's fucking me without even moving. I can feel her insides squeezing me. The pleasure is almost unbearable. And it's going to get better. And then when it's all over... I can come inside my mommy.

Jason was beside himself with excitement. Nothing in his life had prepared him for this moment. Not masturbation, pornography, or his fantasy writings. The past was a sepia-tinged, silent movie. This was 8K, HDR on a 1000" screen.

And that was only the half of it.

There was nothing he could do to help his mother now, to enhance her pleasure further. She had things well in hand. Jason's job was to love the slippery, oozing folds that adorned his face. He began to explore.

He used his tongue to part the delicate lips of his sister's... cunt. He tasted her insides, so different to anything he had ever experienced before. Jasmine's scent was always light, flowery even. He would have known her in a dark room with a blindfold on. Her shampoo smelled of coconut, as did her sunscreen.

But this. This was utterly different. These were her hidden, secret tastes and smells. This was an earthy, natural thing. This was the taste of her insides. This... was heaven. This was the taste of his life. He would take this wonderful, tangy musk to his grave. And far beyond.

His exploration became more frantic. His tongue fluttered back and forth like a demented bee. A bee that saw a million pretty flowers. Which one? Where do I go? Confusion reigned. He wanted to lick and suck and taste every inch of her. There wasn't time. A thousand lifetimes could pass before he found satiety. But he had a mission now. A new purpose in life. To bring pleasure to this woman. To learn the tides and

seasons of her wondrous body. To explore her secrets, unlock her mysteries, inside and out.

To make her cum.

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Zoe felt twenty again. Jason's cock wasn't the biggest she had ever ridden, but it was the prettiest. Its proportions were perfect, its smooth texture divine. And it was hard. It bulged inside her obscenely. Stretching her in ways that plastic and rubber never could. She writhed atop his body, squeezing her internal muscles along his slippery length.

She was leaning forward at the waist. Partly to generate some delicious friction on her clit. But mostly so that she could kiss her beautiful daughter-wife.

Jasmine was moaning in ecstasy. There was no way that Jason could be as expert down there as she was, but this was pure,

emotional joy. Physical satisfaction was all very well. But that emotional connection was what made proper lovemaking great. And there was no greater emotional connection than this. Zoe knew how Jasmine had ached for her brother's touch. His love. She knew that anxious sensation, of waiting, of hoping. And she knew the epic release that came when the wait was finally was over.

But that wasn't all. Jason was Jasmine's true love, her soul mate. And now he was buried between her thighs giving her pleasure. Dark, depraved, and sinful pleasure. Her twin brother was tapping into Jasmine's mind. Confusing her with his incestuous tongue. Delighting her in the same breath. The girl's physical and emotional pleasure centers were maxed out. She could barely process what was happening.

Time to tip you over the edge, my sweet darling.

Zoe leaned down to draw a rigid little nipple into her mouth. Her tongue swirled over the roseate bud as her teeth clamped

down firmly. Her left hand tweaked the other nipple with a tight squeeze.

And Jasmine went into orbit. She threw her head back and screamed. Deafening and incoherent, Zoe's lips smiled as she chewed on her daughter's nipple. The sound of pure joy and contentment.

And of the fucking flood.

Jason's chin was splashed with hot liquid. His tongue was lashing across Jasmine's clit. He had worked hard to find it. In truth, his sister had twisted and turned her hips to locate him properly. But once on site, he had just let 'er rip.

And now she was coming. She was squirting too. And he was missing it.

He pulled on her bum to get his mouth centered back over her convulsing hole. The second gush of her amber nectar filled his mouth, and more.

Swallow or taste? What do I do?

He let half of the delicious brew slide down his throat to quench his burning thirst for her. The rest he savored on his tongue until another blast of liquid silk was pumped into his mouth.

Jasmine was vibrating above him. He reached up to grip her right breast, finding his mother's dancing fingers already there. She withdrew, allowing him to pinch and tug at the plump tit. His other arm tried to steady his sister, but it was no use. She could no longer remain upright. Motor control was beyond her ability now. Her body was shutting down, her pleasure centers taking all of her attention.

She fell to the side, hitting the mattress with a soft whoosh. Her bottom fell back, and Jason could see once more. And

what a sight it was. His queen was riding him. Her extraordinary mane of shimmering gold was flailing around her head. Her beautiful features were twisted in a snarling rictus. Pleasure or pain? He couldn't tell.

For him, it was all pleasure, and then some. His mother's clutching fuck tunnel was clamped around his cock. Her every movement was hot, buttery agony. Back and forth she bucked, taking his full length on every stroke. Balls to tip, over and over. Those balls were bubbling, but there was still some time.

Jason was mesmerized by her breasts. Full and lush they danced to a syncopated rhythm all of their own. Tentatively he reached out to take them in his hands. His mother's breasts. It was an awesome moment.

Zoe's sweaty face was flushed. When she smiled, her white teeth were the sun.

"Come on baby," she growled. "Work those fuckers. Squeeze them, pull them, make me cum. Please baby. I love your cock. I love you. I need to cum with you. Bring me with you. Please, baby. Aiiieeeeeee."

Jason twisted his mom's thick nipples, tugging them away from her straining flesh. Her cunt was squashing his cock now, her smooth gliding movements becoming jerky. She was fighting to reach her orgasm. He was fighting to delay his own.

Fate, of course, intervened. The hand that Zoe was using to support herself as she tired, slipped off his sweaty chest. Her torso crashed down on top of her boy.

And their lips met...

Oh, Mom...

Oh, Jason...

They kissed, and a supernova went off inside their bodies. Electricity sparked and flashed along every limb. Paroxysms of pleasure pulsed along their nerves. A tsunami of joy washed over them as they clung together in the storm.

They kissed, a deep and soulful connection growing between them. A mother and her son.

Depraved? Immoral? Deviant? Degenerate? Perverted?

No, mere human words couldn't describe it. Well, perhaps one could...

Perfection.

Jason never wanted to let go. He felt like he could cum for hours. Endless streams of scalding spunk were surging into her. Into his mother. Into her womb.

Zoe could barely think. In all her life, throughout thousands of fucks, she had never come to this place. To this plateau of warmth and joy and love. Her body was made for this. For love and sex. Her mind was attuned to it, sumptuously skilled in its dark and arcane arts.

But the explosion of love and joy that she was experiencing was unparalleled. She was kissing her baby. And he was pumping his treasured sperm into her greedy body. She could taste his sweat, the garlic from her BBQ sauce, and the love that he felt for her. It made no sense. But then somehow it did. They were together. Safe and sheltered from the cruel world outside. That was her ultimate duty as a mother, and she was fulfilling it. As she always would.

Jasmine stirred on the bed, her face buried in a pillow. Sitting up she could only stare at the lurid tableau beside her.

Mom was impaled on Jason, her beloved twin brother. His legs were straining to lift them up at the groin, where they were obscenely connected. Their lips were writhing against

each other as they kissed. Guttural grunts and groans emanated from their tortured throats.

Zoe's bottom was clenching and releasing rhythmically. Jasmine knew just how strong and skilled her mother's internal muscles were. They must be sucking the sperm from Jason's sweet balls. The sperm that Jasmine wanted for herself.

She crawled across the bed towards the oblivious couple. Her sexual radar zeroed in on the site of their shameless connection. The contrast was stark. Zoe's flawless flesh rippled and flowed as she moved. It was baby smooth. Even her lewdly stretched vagina looked beautiful and alluring. Pearly white dribbles wept from its rim, inflaming Jasmine's already burgeoning passions.

Jason, however, was a mess. His hairy thighs were sweaty, quivering with effort. His balls and scrotum were a shrunken wreck. A mere remnant of their previous plump form. His pubic hair was matted with more sweat and... god knew what.

Jasmine could see the faint pulses of his cock as his orgasm faded. It was smeared in her mother's slippery fuck fluid. It was a greasy concoction that had been churned to butter. It all looked appalling and amazing at the same time. Her pussy cramped at the sight. Soon, she knew, it would be her turn.

Her lovers had stilled now. Jason looked shell-shocked. The only movement she could see was an occasional blink. Her mother was wriggling atop him like a dog getting ready to settle down to sleep.

"Oh no you don't, mother," Jasmine said. "You're not done yet. Not by a long chalk. You're full of Jason's sperm... and I want it."

Zoe rolled off of Jason to lie on her back. Her shapely thighs fell apart into a pose that Jasmine adored.

"Come and get it, baby," Zoe said with a broad smile. "You're going to have to work for it though, he got it up in there good."

I'm going to take a little break, I need to get back in the gym. Teenage boys, eh? My favorite."

Her words had slurred towards the end. Like Jason had earlier, she was drifting off to sleep. Jasmine didn't care. She had a feast laid out in front of her. And she was ravenous.

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Zoe came to a little later. Snuffling, slurping sounds were emanating from between her legs. A hot, wriggling tongue was straining within her, searching out its priceless trove.

And there are fingers in my bum.

"Come up here, darling," she said. "Give me that sweet pussy. In a minute we'll roll over. That should help you to get it all. I just need a second."

"Mmm, mmm, mmm," was all that she got in response. But soon her baby's seeping twat was settling on to her mouth.

Perfection.

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Jason sat up with a start.

Fuck. I'm missing it.

He spun around to stare at them. At his... wives. They were ensconced in a classic 'soixante-neuf' beside him. Mom was on top, Jasmine splayed out below her. He didn't know where to look. It was incredible. And the noises. Slurps, grunts, moans, squeals. They were all intoxicating.

He picked an end, pretty much at random. Jasmine's pussy was obscured by his mom's golden tresses.

"Hey, Mom," he whispered, "can I see? I wanna pick up some tips."

Zoe looked up at him, eyes bulging, lipstick smeared, mascara streaked.

"Ha, you just want to see this pretty cunt in the daylight," she teased. 'Come on in close then baby, let's enjoy it together.'

She did the classic porn star hair sweep so that he could see. She blew him a pouty kiss and went back to her meal. Jason found her technique fascinating. She was always on the move, never lingering in a specific spot. Her fingers spread and touched, tapped, and tweaked wherever her tongue and lips were not.

"She squirted on me before, Mom," he said.

"It's amazing isn't it, baby?" Zoe replied. "I don't know if she has another one in her but it's getting close. Do me a favor, would you? Go help her out, please?"

"Gladly, my love" he replied, stealing another quick kiss. Zoe giggled as he scrambled into position above her.

He looked down into Jasmine's dreamy eyes. They sparkled with excitement when she saw him.

"Don't stop, Jaz," he said. "I'm here to help."

Her hands came up to grab their mother's buttocks. She used her firm grip to spread the magnificent cheeks wide apart. This exposed Zoe's tiny, puckered opening to his view.

Jason dived onto it. He worked his tongue around the greasy sphincter. He could taste salt. Sweat? Sperm? He didn't know or care. But there was more. A meaty, animal flavor

permeated his senses. It inflamed his passion to ever greater heights.

He attacked her secret hole. His fingers poked and prodded at it, slipping inside. He spread its delicate tissues to give his searching tongue access to her illicit depths. His mother yelped behind him. With no apparent warning, her tightly wound butt ring collapsed around his tongue. Its unyielding grip was fantastically exciting. He forced his tongue deeper, as her body tried desperately to reject its advance.

Suddenly they were coming. Jason could hear the telltale splash of his sister's squirting orgasm. His mother's fervid asshole squeezed tighter on his tongue, before relaxing. In a spiraling feedback loop, it clutched at him again and again. She was moaning and crying as her body shook with a rapturous release.

They stayed clasped together for a long moment. Jason panted, trying desperately to recover his equilibrium. The girls were waiting for the spastic twitches of their overloaded

holes to recede. Eventually, they did, and the lovers separated. Not by much. It seemed vital for each of them to maintain some contact with the others. As if they couldn't quite believe that it was real. That it had happened. That it was forever.

Slowly they crawled under the covers, curling up together in a tight ball. The sound of soft kisses filled the room, then sighs and finally snores. It was over. Their wedding night had ended. It had been their first time together. Imagine what it was going to be like when they got some practice?

Perfection.

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Jasmine was proud that she had thought to set an alarm for the morning. The clever girl had picked 6:30 am because she knew that they would need to talk a little before starting their day.

As they came awake, all three were surprised by how natural it felt. Waking up entangled in the same bed. Covered in the fruits of each other's love. They teased each other and giggled about the night before. They expressed their love. They reveled in it.

At seven, Zoe became Mom. She chivvied them towards the showers and set a pot of coffee to brew. Using her door handle trick, she joined Jason in the shower. They fumbled around a little, but they really were there to get clean.

When they got to the kitchen, Jasmine had prepared fruit, toast, and yogurt. They demolished the food like a swarm of locusts. Actual hunger had replaced the sexual kind from the night before.

They retired to their rooms to get dressed for work. As the boss Zoe liked to get in first, a habit she wanted to instill in her kids. In her husband... and her wife.

When they met in the kitchen ten minutes later, Jason stopped them.

"Wait," he exclaimed. "Uniform check."

The girls spun towards him.

"You told him?" Jasmine squeaked.

"He had his tongue in my ear, darling. I couldn't help it," Zoe tittered.

His mom wore patent black pumps with a slim heel. Her legs were encased in sheer, black nylons. So, it was all good so far. He looked at her and raised an eyebrow.

Zoe's skirt was tight, black leather. Its hem sat three inches above her knees. She crouched a little and shimmied it up her thighs. Until her beautiful, bald pussy came into view. It was

framed by her stockings, clipped as they were to her classic garter belt.

"Old school, eh?" Jason said. "Classy, though. Do we have to have the skirt at home though?"

"Don't worry, baby," Zoe purred. "It comes off at the back door every night. I promise." She gave him a lurid wink that sent a surge of blood to his cock.

"Come on, Jaz," he said, turning to his sister. "Let's have a look."

Jasmine turned to her mother. "I thought you were joking. Really? You want me going to work with no panties? You are a dirty, nasty bitch Zoe Dean. And I love it."

Jasmine pulled up her loose grey skirt to reveal nude thigh highs. She was wearing plain cotton panties. The type that Jason sometimes found sexier than lingerie. She tugged them

down her legs before stepping out of them altogether. They lay on the ground beside her tall, white stilettos.

Jason's gaze rose up her shapely legs to gaze upon her pouting pussy, obscured as it was by her sparse pubic fuzz.

"Very nice, ladies," he said, doffing an imaginary cap. "I don't know how I'll be able to concentrate all day at work, but I guess I'll have to learn. Shall we?"

As he ushered them out the door for the short drive to the studio, only one thought crossed his mind.

Perfection.

As the garage door was opening Jason said,

"Hey, just one question girls. When did the studio start opening on Sundays?"

Their faces froze. Embarrassment reigned as the two women turned to stare at each other. Then their laughter started. The light, musical laughter that he hoped would be the soundtrack to his life. Then it stopped. Dead.

Suddenly he realized that this had somehow become his fault. Zoe and Jasmine were staring at him now.

He howled with excitement, joy, and a tiny frisson of fear as he turned and ran. He could hear the girls clattering footsteps right on his tail. He slowed down a little. This was going to be fun. It was going to be...

Perfection.

THE END