

Real Dead Ringer for Mom

Panzerfeck

Part 1

It was the final week in August that year when a third heat wave gripped the small coastal town of Clasbridge. A sleepy town where sleep didn't come easy all of a sudden, nobody appreciated the irony. The sea wind – usually at a constant – had dropped. Now it was no more cooling or refreshing than a hot, stale breath after a bowl of steamed mussels. Every day in was hotter, muggier and made people a little harder to deal with!

These days budding young writer Stephen Hiller was old enough and seemingly responsible enough to be left alone at night while his mother, Brenda, and her unofficial other half, Greta, worked the night shift at the Middleton Hotel. This heat wave hadn't been too unkind to them.

The holiday-makers were thinning out and the swingers were too easily swung out in the heat. It afforded a reprise, at least, and not least the maids packed tightly into their neat uniforms as they raced from room to room, cleaning and changing beds.

Brenda often left Steven, who wrote better at night, to do his own thing while local work prospects weren't great. What would he do at the hotel – linen? That wasn't a man's job or a boy's. Whereas Steven was no boy anymore, there were jobs better suited to him that came along once in a while and she didn't see the harm in letting him enjoy his youth.

Brenda had started young, going into the workplace as soon as she turned sixteen. Looking back she regretted putting work before life. It had been hard for her to catch a break and circumstances weren't the kindest either. It was simply a case of giving her son something she never had.

But there was no shortage of pocket change to be made, which he did. One might be surprised at the secrets a hotelier was expected to keep, and so if the window cleaner, the car wash owner or the local convenience store proprietor needed an extra hand on deck, there was a call for cash in hand if he wanted it. But that's all there was these days – pocket change.

Otherwise doing odd jobs for the neighbours along the seasons, because the reputation he had built up from his early teenage years still went a long way, kept him in pocket. He wasn't expensive to keep, being that his favourite thing to do was his writing and that his favourite place to be were the fantastical worlds he built for himself.

His sci-fi and fantasy stories were great, she thought. While he was young and so talented and knew confidently what he wanted to do, she saw it best to let him aim for his dream and to see what he could make of himself. What could it hurt?

And already he was making a little money from his writing, which he had to declare to his mother, seeing as he needed her to teach him how to pay his taxes. But when she asked to read one of the stories now earning him some coin, he was aloof all of a sudden and made the excuse that it wasn't the kind of thing she'd want to read.

Huh...

Part 2

That was her literal reaction. Huh!

'My own son is now officially a published and paid novelist and he's hiding it from me, his mother; the woman who fed him, clothed him and raised him,' she explained to Greta one night as they stood behind the desk one evening. 'What do you make of that? What could possibly be so bad?'

'I'd say don't ask,' Greta said cautiously. 'It can't be anything illegal. Look at it that way. But he's a man after all. If he doesn't want you to know then there's probably a good reason behind it.' Greta said that last part with the slightest tremor, as though she had touched something dirty. Whatever was on her mind she couldn't bear the thought.

Two peas in a pod – that only half-explained Brenda and Greta's love life. They might not have been made for each other but they seemed so alike at times. They shared many of the same mannerisms and sentiments, but of course Greta took the lead when it came to making them known.

Otherwise they were chalk and cheese, good cop and bad cop!

At fifty six, with elfish grey hair and a boyish body, Greta was the older lover by ten years. She had discovered her true self later in life, but there was never any denying that she had always been different. There was nothing wrong with being different until it cost you your vocation. She was a school teacher once, which explained why she was still as assertive as she was nurturing. She was also still very bitter over that whole episode.

Why did life have to change so drastically? Not because she came out as gay, but because the men and women who didn't like her or the fact that she was gay, all united in a display of community spirit to pull the strings necessary to be done with her.

She wasn't innocent. She wasn't holier than anyone. But boy was she learned the art of the softer approach ever since the resulting bitterness, betrayal and depression. That played a part in how she charmed Steven's mother.

A wise mind was a rare thing in this life. Even rarer was such an unashamedly faulted heart to a point of confidence. She was direct but rarely wrong, something that captured Brenda and disarmed her habit of reluctance.

Brenda herself was, by mid-life standards, the sweetest, most caring and easily approachable ash blonde, comparably shaped by tragedy and weirdness. Her husband died young, along with Sandra who today would have been Steven's older sister, in a roadside collision. She was twenty-three and Steven was still in the womb.

The weirdness came from her own immediate family and namely her twin sister Belinda, the wild child, who had for over four decades done everything in her power not to be mistaken for an identical twin.

Considering that they weren't identical, they could be dead ringers if not the same woman living a double life, which wasn't the case.

As a result, Brenda had always been the mature, sensible and boring one of the family. But when she was with Greta, either they were identical in the sense that they were equally sensible and boring, staunch and competitive, or otherwise secretly daring and sexual; when the occasion demanded it.

When Greta first seduced her and turned her to the dark side, she was confused and yet so intensely in love, wildly remorseful and tremendously and curiously turned on. Never in her life had a woman charmed her so much and yet made her feel so at ease, only to turn on the hormones with all the devil's tricks up her sleeve and to make her want whatever the hell she was selling.

Roughly three years ago she had bought a whole damn life's supply. They never looked back unless it was together and in celebration of all things joyous and randy.

Still, it had taken Steven some getting used to. In fact things were never quite the same, but they had been alone so long that it was an adjustment for the both of them and still was.

She never would have thought that he was actually jealous of Greta.

She didn't exactly have money back then. She certainly didn't have a big cock. She must have had a very persuasive hand, and mouth for that matter.

Part 3

On the Monday Steven was drafted in to help his aunt Belinda redecorate her house. They were working day and night in this heat. Well, knowing her, she was watching Steven's butt work up and down the ladder and making cold drinks while he did all the work, which explained the sorry state he was in when he dropped by the Middleton one night to bring them some snacks on his aunt's behalf.

Late the Wednesday afternoon while Greta was preparing meals in the kitchen, Brenda's curiosity got the better of her and she found herself in her son's room, opening up his laptop and breaking and entering into his files.

The crafty little bastard! Steven had hidden a stash of PDA files in a picture gallery from a camping trip he went on a year ago. Brenda only found it by accident after giving up the search for his darkest literary secret. Boy did she get a surprise!

What started out as a tender and emotional drama between a fictional mother and son named Brenda and Steven who lived together alone in a familiar small town – and she was so proud of him the way he portrayed them both so vividly and colourfully and full of emotion - quickly transformed into a...

...seductive, steamy thriller of sorts where Steven confessed his love and sexual attraction to her!

'Oh Jesus, what is going on here?' Brenda begged of herself. She couldn't know for sure, she imagined, until she knew the whole story. The page counter said there were only about fifteen pages, so either it was unfinished or just another short story. She decided to read on while she had the time, even though she now continued with her heart in her throat.

By the time she was done she was such a mix of emotions and reactions, and such a hot and confused mess, that she could only sit there in silence, in the very office swivel chair that her son had sat to portray their torrid fictional sex affair.

How do I not overreact to this, she begged of herself. How do I go back to normality now that I know what I know? And his writing had been so effective, so masterful, that even though it was a taboo piece of fiction about the both of them having sex, she was damned if she didn't admit that his words and his imagination turned her on. And then she was certainly damned if she did admit it.

She scrolled back a few pages to one of the parts that had affected her so. That scene in particular was full of moments that had flipped the breaker switches between her wrenching heart and that hidden part of her lower abdomen where the tornado of the butterflies in her tummy left her well and truly devastated; that part which no son's mother had any business sharing with him.

"Steven looked to his mother for her approval, straining in all his aching wantonness to be with her, to be as close to her again as was humanly possible. Taking his hands in hers, she nodded, all the while captivating him with her loving gaze. He eased forward and slid into her, to be embraced and moulded by her sensuous liquid heat, and began to make the long and intense journey back to where he belonged; her womb..."

'He's ruining me,' she said trembling with both remorse and excitement, one caused by the other. 'I am utterly ruined.'

The next day, after so much stress put upon her powers of rationality, and after so little rest, she called her twin sister as soon as she had time alone.

'I need you here, now!' she cried.

Part 4

It was the first time in so long that Brenda had done the emergency sit-down with Belinda. As she recalled very clearly, the last time was when she discovered that she was pregnant with Sandra. She didn't however recall that she was in fact a lot more scared back then, or that this instance was infinitely less likely to kill her than childbirth. It might just drive her insane instead.

They were out in the back garden. It was just after lunch time and Steven was still over at Belinda's house, now painting the kitchen. They were drinking ice tea, which may or may not have been laced with a little gin, or a lot.

Brenda was pale and tired looking, Belinda noticed. It better not have been terminal otherwise her opening line would fall flat on its stupid fat face. 'So, tell me all about the sexy vampire that bit you and did he give you his number?'

'I read a story that Steven wrote yesterday,' Brenda began guiltily. 'I shouldn't have. I shouldn't have been such a nosy

mother. It was a sex story. It was about me and him. Steven's fantasising about me!

'Welp...'

'What do I do?' Brenda asked. 'How does this happen? Did I do something wrong?'

Belinda eyed her twin sister with wide eyes as though a light bulb had flickered to life over her head. Drink, she motioned with one hand while gulping down half of her own. Brenda did as commanded, almost like a voodoo puppet of some sort, or a zombie.

'Wow,' Belinda remarked, speechless for the first time since...

'Will you speak to me, woman? I'm going crazy here.'

'Okay first off this isn't a big deal. Boys fantasise about their mothers and you should come to realise that this is a good thing-

'Oh wow, please explain that one, Mrs Freud,' Brenda snapped.

'Chill, bitch,' Belinda snapped back and immediately lowered her own voice. 'The same happens with girls and their fathers, if you care or dare to think back hard enough? You're the blueprint to Steven's life compatibility list, in almost every way, because all mothers set the standard. All of his life you've given him everything that he needs to live and be happy, emotionally, intelligently and unconditionally. That explains the psychological shit...'

'I'm so glad I called you, professor,' Brenda scorned. 'But I don't buy it.'

'And as for looks you've still got it, sister,' Belinda continued regardless of the last remark. 'Like it or not, you probably shouldn't have read his private stuff. That's about the only thing I'd call wrong here, but by doing so you've discovered

that your son is mentally healthy and sexually aware of himself-

'And me, his mother,' Belinda reminded sternly. 'At the age of twenty three, though?'

'How good was it, though?'

'Belinda,' Brenda scorned and looked away in disgust.

'Come on, lighten up. You always tell me how talented he is. Was it better than Fifty Shades?'

'Everything is better than Fifty Shades,' Steven's mother contested with a frown of distaste. 'Just assure me somehow, at the very least, that my son isn't going to turn into some sort of...'

'Sex God-

'PERVERT...'

'Can I read his story?' Belinda asked gingerly. There was a hint of mischief in her eyes. Her lips pouted the way they always did when she attempted a straight face when her brain's main directive was to laugh her little ass off.

'Absolutely not, no, no... No!'

Part 5

"Okay so here it is. Please keep this to yourself. And delete it when you're done," read the email. By the time Belinda was done reading the story in its entirety, she was soaking fucking wet, her heart was pounding behind her breast and her clit was red and nearly raw with self-abuse.

He had such a talent for emotions, for description, for conveying feelings, Belinda realised feverishly. There was no way that boy wasn't a fucking sex god in the making. Either Brenda got off to this or she's now as sexually frustrated as she is terrified.

Composing herself, she visited the bathroom briefly to splash some cooling water on herself and then went down to check on Steven, who was now washing the emulsion brushes and just about ready to go home.

'You're done? Jesus that was some good work,' Belinda remarked, unaware of how flushed her cheeks, neck and chest were. Otherwise, that might have explained the odd look Steven gave her, because she well and truly looked like a woman who'd just been vigorously masturbating.

'You know, I haven't asked recently,' she continued for small talk. 'How's the writing coming along? Your mom says you're a novelist now. When am I going to get to read your stuff? It'd better be something raunchy though.'

'Oh, I only write fantasy stuff,' he dismissed with an innocent smile. Innocent my ass, she thought.

'If it isn't raunchy then it isn't fantasy, spoil sport,' she replied with a wink and then handed him the day's fifty dollars.

'Say, I haven't seen Sharon and Sean around all week,' Steven observed. 'Where are they?'

'They're on a camping trip for the week,' Belinda said.

'Oh, with friends?'

'No,' she said, feeling no need to have to explain. Her kids had always done everything together. They probably would continue to long after she was gone. Steven, momentarily at a loss, accepted the answer and its abruptness, before packing away the brushes for the next day.

Part 6

'Okay so what's the plan?' Brenda enthused. The next day she had regained a little more of her colour and energy. She had certainly caught up on sleep. The fact that her fruity gin libation was twice the size this time proved something of an indicator as to how she had managed that.

Hopelessly Belinda shrugged and smirked. 'I have no fucking idea. What for?'

'How am I going to get this out of my son's system?'

'How would I know?'

'Because you went through the same thing with Sharon and Sean,' Brenda recalled confidently. 'How did you do it?'

A silence overcame the back garden. Even from behind her sunglasses, Brenda saw the shadow pass over her sister's

eyes before she perked up and corrected her posture. But there was no ignoring the fact that she had hit a nerve.

'I never did anything!'

'What?' Brenda begged. Her mouth fell open. Was she hearing right?

'Would you believe that I realised that they'd have maybe done more damage sleeping around instead of fooling with each other? I did the most motherly thing I could,' she confessed. 'I sat them down for a long, awkward and uncomfortably unassuming talk, where I told them that what they were doing would ruin them in the eyes of others if they didn't keep a lid on it. And then I threw a mountain of condoms and lube and birth control options at them and said "good luck"!'

'You did wha...'

'I think that scared the worst out of them,' Belinda went off on one of her optimistic but ultimately clueless tangents.

'My God they were sleeping in the same bed every night. And when I say sleeping I mean having not so quiet sex. After that day though they "reigned it in". But what's done is done. And the honeymoon may be over but they still love each other a lot.'

'You are shitting me,' Brenda gawped. 'Sister, tell me that you are shitting me.'

'Judge me if you think being holy makes your own problems disappear,' Belinda said hurtfully. 'They love each other and I can't make them not love each other to appease the god of small minds. Why would I even come between my own family and stop them from loving each other? Out of love? I doubt that very much.'

'I don't know what to say,' Brenda croaked. 'I'm sorry?'

Suddenly Belinda moved like a woman truly scorned. She was up out of her deck chair and swiping the drink out of her hand, but beyond that she was as gentle as ever, like a furious gust of wind that could ruin your hair to spite your face and nothing else.

'Jesus Brenda, do you really want to know how to handle this?' she asked impatiently.

'Belinda,' Brenda cried.

'You're a goddamn novelty lesbian and you act so liberal but when it comes to facing what you perceive to be your problem, you become so stuck up,' Belinda criticised.

'Fuck you, you little brat,' Brenda reacted. 'Like you ever had a hold of the situation; you clearly just owned up to that. All you can do is rationalise everything like it's all justifiable in the end.'

'Whereas you just run away from men these days, including your son,' Belinda shot back. 'Have you even spoken to Steven since reading that story? What about before then?'

Whereas you just run at men, Brenda thought but bit her tongue. Then the tears began to fall and in an instant

Belinda was the good sister again, by her side and holding her hand. 'No, I don't know how to face him anymore.'

'It's still normal you dork,' Belinda said affectionately, 'even if it scares you.'

'Your son doesn't want to bone you, thank you very much,' her uptight sister sobbed.

'Oh I'm sure he did want to at some point,' Belinda chuckled.

'What am I going to do?'

'Get it out of his system,' Belinda said plainly.

'How?'

'I suppose,' Belinda said distantly and then smirked, 'I could always try and scare it out of his system for you. All depends how much you trust me...'

Brenda saw that smirk. She wasn't sure she trusted her sister at all.

Part 7

Near 3AM Steven was finishing with his writing for the night and checked for messages before slumping into bed for the night. It might have seemed cruel. Belinda's idea did take Brenda aback when she first came up with a plan to scare him back into normalcy. What she didn't explain was that she had other designs for Steven that suited her own ends just as well.

And initially he was left white with shock when he read the inbox message left by his own mother. Of course, Belinda now had Brenda's password. Her only condition was that for Steven's sake, all messages would be deleted once they were through talking it out. Brenda had to trust Belinda whether she liked it or not, because Steven deserved to be protected too.

"Steven, I'm speaking to you via inbox because I have a confession to make that I can't speak with you about face to face. I was also worried that I might scare you so I figured that if we talk about it here and keep this conversation here, it won't affect us in any way outside of the Internet. I want you to know that I love you unconditionally, I trust you with my heart and I want you to know that I'm not here to judge you!"

Steven, I made the silly mistake of going into your computer where I accidentally discovered one of your stories. I love your writing so naturally I got comfortable and started reading. Well the next thing I know, I'm reading a story about you having sex with me and I don't know what to think.

First off let me say that what you're experiencing is healthy enough, but these types of fantasies of the mother and son persuasion don't often get beyond your teenage years, so I'm a little apprehensive as to why this has come up now.

Thanks for the heart attack though. Your writing was so realistic that I was rooted to the spot and hanging off every word, regardless of WHO it was about. If your lovemaking skills are as profound as your imagination any woman would melt into a puddle.

I asked you on many occasions to let me read your new stories. If this is one of them then I want to encourage you to be careful and responsible for others who might read them, but above all, I would like to read more because as crazy as this sounds, I really enjoyed it.

The excitement of something so morally twisted and yet so tender, loving and emotional, was one hell of a rollercoaster ride. Would I be a bad parent if I asked for a sequel?

PS – delete this after you've read it and if you do write more for me, leave it here but please don't speak to me of it anywhere else.

Love, mom XXX"

'Oh fuck,' Steven panicked out loud in the deafening silence of his bedroom. 'Oh Jesus, oh god, oh fuck, oh fuck! No fucking way! Wow!'

But half an hour later he was masturbating furiously in the dark. He couldn't get the thought of his mother having confessed to him that he had turned her on, and that she was vaguely confessing her own approval. His imagination was on fire!

Part 8

The next day Steven finished working on his aunt's house. She noticed the general ambience around him before heading for Brenda's house. He was working like a fire had been lit under his ass with no time to yell. She was truly happy with the impression she had left him with. Funny how even a man in his early twenties could forget what it felt like to be a teenager.

She went over to the house with her spare key, knowing that by the time she got there, Brenda and Greta would be back at the hotel preparing for the night shift.

Love what you do and you'll never have to work a day etc.

She made a beeline for Brenda's bedroom and then to the closet where she picked out one of her sister's more virginal dress combo's; one that no doubt would have made an impression on Steven's hormones.

There was a white lace vest with a plunging neck that left little breast to the imagination. It was a perfect start. Then she found her sister's favourite long skirt, which matched the vest and flowed like a dream. With a pair of calf boots it would make an impression in a darkened room.

And she wondered, if Steven failed to take his eyes off her body, would he be able to tell the difference with the lights off? Screw the lingerie underneath. That wouldn't be needed.

'I'm a bad girl,' Belinda said and looked for something to hide her borrowed goods in.

When Steven got home that night he took a quick shower, then made his dinner in a hurry too, taking it up to his room to sit at the computer. He planned as he ate, thinking carefully how to carry on beyond the point of no return. Surely all taboos by this point had been breached.

Of course, in his first story he had seduced his mother to make love with her and that love was mutual in every sense. There was no real sense of domination, only mutual submission. How could he go above and beyond what he felt for Brenda?

Piece by piece he demolished his steak as he mulled it over, savouring its juices, the perfect pinkness inside and its heavenly taste and smell. Going from those observations to typing as furiously as he had previously masturbated was a natural escalation. Come the end of the night, he felt as though he'd been through a UFC cage match with Brock Lesnar. His mind, his body, his backbone and his cock were all brutally spent.

Again, he hit Facebook for the last messages of the day. Entering his mother's inbox took some courage, even though it was empty again. Writing what he did took balls. Dropping the new file in with his message felt like taking a dive out of a plane with no parachute.

He had never felt such dread and arousal at once!

"Mom,

First off just let me say sorry if I scared you but you know I love the shit out of you and would never do anything to hurt you. What you read was for a compilation book of short stories. Erotica is very popular and makes money whereas the stuff I want to write makes me nothing so far. But that's why I never wanted you to read any of my paid efforts.

It was a work of fantasy and not much else. It helps that you're the greatest mom anyone could ask for and that you're smoking hot. So I'm glad that you didn't take offence. I was also lost for words when you asked me to write a follow up. I was expecting you to disown me or something.

So, this time I guess I went out of my way to shock you. I hope you like it. I will delete this message like you told me to delete the others last night and won't talk to you about it when I see you. But please tell me what you think when you've read it, thanks.

Love you, Steven XXX"

And that night, Belinda masturbated like she hadn't in a long time; toys and everything. Damn that kid had a dirty

mind on him and she was crazy hot for imagining if he was as good in bed as he was on the page.

When she was done, she deleted the boy's text message but kept the PDA file deliberately. Brenda was going to want to read it. As much as she had protested and voiced her mortal terror, her twin sister somehow knew better. She was just as turned on and she needed to get to grips with what was happening.

She also took his personal number from his profile page which she would need the next evening. What could go wrong? So far Steven had promised to remain good to her needs. And so long as she asked him to keep it a secret, he wouldn't find out that he was being played by his aunt of all people. She was still surprised how easily he had gone along with her game without question.

Part 9

The next afternoon Belinda dropped by her sister's house once again to talk things out with Brenda. Greta was making Steven some lunch. Steven didn't look too thrilled and Belinda guessed that it wasn't just down to the unappetising smell of Greta's cooking.

'Hey guys,' she beamed, strolling in and stopping by. 'What's cooking?'

'Pancakes,' Greta said without much interest. It smelled more like scrambled eggs fried in lard. 'Want some?'

'Nuh-uh, I just ate, thanks!' Belinda tried not to physically turn her nose up while holding back on the offer. Greta actually seemed grateful not to take on the extra order though. Then turning to Steven, she teased, somewhat sympathetically, 'All those bulging young muscles sore, Michelangelo?'

'Sore everything,' he giggled and pulled away. I bet, Belinda thought without much imagination.

'We're just heading out to the paint store to get Belinda some more gloss,' Brenda stated, waltzing into the kitchen and kissing Greta on the cheek. Again Steven groaned and all but buried his head in his arms.

'You did a great job, Steven. Don't worry, I got this,' Belinda assured as she watched her sister head straight back out again.

They were pulling out of the driveway when after what felt like an awkward silence, Belinda turned to Brenda, who was all of a sudden in a world of her own. It had nothing to do with driver's concentration or being blonde.

'How long has that been going on for?' she asked.

'What, my relationship with Greta?' Now that had everything to do with being blonde.

'No! When was the last time you kissed him goodbye?'

Part 10

Three years! Three goddamn years!

It didn't take a genius to see that not only had Brenda's sexuality changed when she met Greta, but that since Greta had moved in she had actually replaced Steven – whether she was aware of that or not – in ways that could deeply hurt him.

Granted, she surmised, that when some boys grew up there would come a time that they no longer needed that kind of love and nurture on a daily basis, but was Brenda any closer to becoming aware of why he pined for her?

That was like shoving an adorable puppy aside for an old mutt, she thought. Greta had no kids of her own so she couldn't see the damage being done. In fact she was clueless of anything currently – which was probably just as well.

That pissed Belinda off, though, and she couldn't believe that Brenda saw none of this. Belinda switched onto autopilot just like her sister. The store job was a quick and painless in-and-out affair. Just get the paint, pay and go. But in her mind she began to see that she wasn't only trying to fix a boy's fantasy-addled mind.

This was becoming about Brenda's emotional baggage, and what were the chances that her only child Steven was the greater weight of that baggage?

'Oh, there's something in your Facebook inbox you should read the next time you're alone,' Belinda piped up. 'I asked Steven to-

'I'm not talking about this,' she interrupted and carried on driving in silence.

'You don't want to know what your son and I have been talking about?'

'I really can't!' That set Belinda off, angry for Steven if anything.

'Like it or not you have to deal with it because I'm not becoming you just so you can go and become something that you're NOT,' Belinda warned. 'Just so you can NOT be the person you're supposed to be and deal with it. You're his mother, not me.'

'I am NOT trying to be-

'Then suck it up,' Belinda stressed. 'Make a decision and follow it through. Do it well or do it badly, it doesn't matter so long as you try. If you do something you regret you can at least make up for it. But if you distance yourself, from your own son?'

'Are you done?' Brenda asked coldly.

'Then doing nothing at all will lead to much worse,' Belinda concluded when she couldn't be interrupted again.

Again, Brenda sat in silence. Five minutes later they were pulling up at Belinda's house and Belinda got the feeling that their final words weren't going to be pleasant. She was caught out however when tears began to roll down Brenda's cheeks.

'I want him to be happy,' she confessed. 'I want him to be successful and to have a good life. But he's grown up now and maybe it's time to move on because otherwise what have I gotten out of my life if I can't even get on with it at this point?'

'A badge of fucking honour and a son who loves his mom like nothing else in the world,' Belinda observed sympathetically. 'What makes you think you can't be happy? Just show him some love. Don't cast him aside while he's struggling with his feelings?'

'I'm struggling with mine too, Lind,' Brenda said sorely.

'What are you saying, sister?' Belinda asked.

Part 11

At half of five Brenda was done turning her house upside down. She had lost her phone. It wasn't with Belinda, it wasn't at the paint store, it wasn't in her car – it wasn't anywhere to be found!

Earlier when she had gotten over her emotional outburst, arriving home she resolved to excuse herself to the bedroom for an hour to lie down, where she would check her Facebook messages and read the story Belinda said was waiting for her.

She already felt guilty enough for going behind Greta's back like this. She could have simply sat at the laptop but by the time she noticed that her phone was missing she became panic stricken as to who might find it first, and look for themselves.

And paranoia dictated that maybe, just maybe, there was an ulterior motive behind that missing phone. In her mind it could have been that Steven hid it to save himself from

shame, possibly. There was no way of asking. He'd hit the road for some spontaneous adventure.

Maybe instead Greta was suspicious, then. Maybe she had caught wind somehow and wanted to check things out for herself. Brenda was so sick with worry by the start of the evening but eventually gave up the ghost and went to the hotel to start the late shift.

And Greta was a little quieter than her usual self. Things were quiet all round. That would make for a long shift.

At 8PM the sky was dark with the first of the rainclouds anyone had seen in two weeks. Steven was fresh from the shower after a workout and lounging in front of the television in the living room when his phone began to ring.

His heart leapt into his throat all too soon when he waited to check the caller ID.

MOM

It was the first time since a previous bunny boiler ex- she whose name shall not be spoken – that he'd considered running away from his phone. Answering it took a lot of willpower.

'Hey mom,' he mumbled.

'Hey sweetie...'

'What's up? How's work?'

'I'm just taking a breather at the moment. I, err... I'm at your aunt's house...'

'Oh yeah,' he replied, sensing something amiss in her voice. She sounded nervous but that wasn't all. 'Aunt Belinda's? What are you doing there, mom?'

'She's out for the evening. I made sure. I know this sounds strange but I wanted to talk to you. But not at home in case

Greta interrupted us. Do you think you could drop by real quick?'

'Anything, mom, sure I can. Do you need me to bring you anything?'

'Just yourself honey. It's time I told you some things I think I've put off for too long.'

It was a good five block walk. Twenty minutes to get there and Steven worried he'd wasted her break from work, even though they didn't run the tightest ship at the Middleton. What he failed to see was that his mother's car wasn't at Belinda's house. He saw and thought nothing of it.

When he got there, the lights were all off but for the hall light. He saw that the front door was also open and left ajar. Considering she wanted to see him, he thought that she might have wanted to start by opening the door to greet him. Still, he stepped inside and closed the door after himself and the rain began to fall, drumming out its chaotic little rhythms against the windows at the front.

'Mom,' he called out.

'I'm in the living room, Steven,' she called back. 'Leave the light off, please. I want us to listen to each other, not see each other. And I don't want anybody else to see us.'

'What's the matter?' he asked, wandering in and trying not to trip over the furniture. He made out her form easily. The white lacy vest and long skirt made it much easier. He could vaguely make out her face and that her hair was tied back a little more formally for work.

'We have twenty minutes,' she started. 'Then I'm going to get a cab back to the hotel. I want what we're going to talk about to stay here in the dark, in this room. Do you understand?'

'Okay,' he relented with a slight nod. 'Mom, I'm sorry if-

'I'm not sorry, so don't be,' she assured. 'It's a little strange to say the least when I discover that my grown boy has such

feelings for me when I've done nothing but make you feel like a third wheel lately. So what must I think when I read your stories and realise that I have similar feelings?

'What does it mean?' she asked.

'I really don't know,' Steven replied quietly. 'I know I hurt you, though. I've seen it in your eyes all week, mom. I was thinking that if you wanted me to go, then...'

'I was thinking that we might just need to work through it,' she deduced, and then, 'to get it out of our system somehow, so that we can be a happier family,' she suggested. 'There's nothing wrong in loving each other. There's just supposed to be limits to how much we can, but lately I've been wondering if those limits are just as harmful as denying you the love you deserve.'

'I'll love you no matter what, mom. Talking about it makes me happy enough right now,' Steven lied, fidgeting with his hands. Then she sat forward in her seat and told him that it wasn't necessarily true even if he thought it was the right thing to say. He nodded in agreement.

'I read the new story,' she teased. 'Oh my God, Steven,' she gushed.

'Was something wrong with it?'

'No,' she said, smiling in the dark. He made out her eyes twinkling against the far streetlight. 'Do you really want to do these things?'

'At least where the fantasy lets me...'

'Would we be bad to maybe try some of those things?'

'Mom?' He couldn't believe his ears. The rain against the windows was also rapping more intensely now.

'I mean, not to go all the way, obviously, but,' she paused for thought then licked her lips in anticipation, 'if we could just dull some of the tension in ways you described, then maybe we could just accept and move on, right?'

'Do you think so?' Steven asked. In his mind, if he crossed that very real boundary rather than the fictional one, God knew there might never be a way back. But then maybe he could go where his darkest fantasies wanted him to go.

'If your oral is as good as your written then I honestly couldn't care less right now,' she admitted. His jaw dropped then when she stood up and slowly hitched up her long skirt, gradually revealing that she was not only panty-less underneath but quite possibly as bald and smooth as a baby.

She took her seat again, scooting lower so that her butt was right at the very edge of the comfy chair. Then seductively wetting her fingers, she began to play with herself, and he could make out her fingers working up and down before dipping in a little. He was rock hard beneath his jogging bottoms.

'Get over here,' she whispered, so he did. And then when he was stood right in front of her, 'I want you to taste me, to see with your own eyes what you do to me,' she said.

Steven was both scared stiff and rock hard, but it wasn't long before the part of him belonging to the latter gave in and dived in between her legs to replace her toying fingers.

At first, he licked and nibbled at the soft tops of her inner thighs and couldn't believe he was doing this. The flesh of his mother was so soft and sweet to his taste and touch and she could only gasp her approval as he bypassed her dripping pussy to suck the sweet wetness from each used finger.

'Time, Steven,' she cried, 'we don't have much time.'

He didn't need to see her to know her, like he knew a woman's body. His mother was no different biologically but to be able to touch her this way drove him mad with desire. Going in blind, he extended his tongue and ran its tip right up the slippery wet niche between her labia and attacked her clit with loving kisses before making a messy meal out of her to her almost religious wails of pleasure.

'Oh, Steven, baby,' she moaned, 'Good lord, you're definitely not a faker.'

His mouth and chin dripping with her juices, he wore an intense look of satisfaction as he made love to her with his mouth, working his tongue in deep. Then he decided that he had to get in deeper.

Belinda was in heaven, her eyes rolling and her hips swaying against her nephew's magical mouth. If only Brenda was in her place right now, because Belinda had tried a woman's touch a number of times and none of them stood up to her little stud right now. Greta would be out of a fucking job if only her sister knew.

Then all of a sudden, she felt herself being filled up and something curling to rub at her g-spot. She curled up and squealed in delight when she looked down in the dark to see two of Steven's fingers buried to the knuckle.

'No, Steven, too far,' she cried but it was too late. One moment she was wrestling with the offending hand, clamping down around him with all her will, and then the next she was coming all over said hand, writhing and

convulsing as he rubbed harder and licked roughly at her engorged clit.

She took long enough to recover after that. Lying there draped over the chair's soaked seat, she could only watch helplessly as Steven petted her spent pussy with sweet little kisses and caresses.

'Was it like in the story, mom?' he asked tenderly.

'Words couldn't describe how the non-fictional Steven just made me feel, baby,' she whispered back. 'But it's time. I have to get back. I'm sorry.' And even though it was all some drastic ruse gone wrong, Belinda meant that last part. She was as sorry as she was grateful, because if he found out the truth at this point, he might be devastated by it.

Instead, he smiled, showing that his gratitude was mutual, and actually pulled her skirt back down in place, the way it was before. 'That's okay mom. I'm glad. And we won't speak of this until you come to me. But if you ever want to do this again, please come to me whenever you want to, okay?'

Belinda's heart melted. She was both so loved up and turned on, and to such a degree, that she felt herself stiffening for him.

'Close your eyes for me,' she said. And when he did, she kissed him on the lips. Then upon tasting herself on him, she sought his tongue with her own, revelling in her own depravity. 'You're the sweetest boy I could ask for. Now run along home and I'll see you tomorrow.'

Part 12

Not a word had been spoken in over an hour. It wasn't what they were used to at all. On most quiet nights at the hotel, when there wasn't general handiwork to be done, Brenda and Greta couldn't shut up. Now for some reason Brenda couldn't for the life of her think of what to say. Greta seemed not to want to speak at all.

Close to 9PM the front door swung in, blowing a cool draught through the lobby area and a wet and breathless

Belinda came sailing in, wearing a wet blue denim jacket over the clothes she had "borrowed". She hadn't thought too hard about what she was wearing by that point. Letting out a hefty sigh, she held up Brenda's missing phone and reached out to hand it back.

'Oh my god, where was it?'

'I think I owe you an apology, Bren. It was in my handbag. Don't ask how-

'Are those my clothes you're wearing?' Brenda recognised.
'Why are you wearing my-

'Oh, for god's sake,' Greta mumbled. Nobody paid attention.

'That reminds me. Can I borrow this skirt right now?' Belinda asked.

'No, you absolutely cannot!' Brenda protested, folding her arms. 'I can't believe you—

'Do you want it back, like, right now though—

'You little f—

'Oh please, you two,' Greta snapped. 'You're so immature. I can't be dealing with this right now.'

The twin sisters looked at each other and then to Greta in disbelief as she put on her coat and then snatched up her handbag. Rather than wonder what she had done wrong, Brenda stood back and allowed Greta to march right by her.

'So immature,' she repeated. 'I can't get a moment's silence around Brenda. Then the two of you together, all week long?! I've had it up to here,' she declared with her hand levelling out five inches above the top of her head.

'What the fuck,' Belinda butted in.

'Where are you going?' Brenda begged.

'I'm done,' she said and left; simple as that.

'For god's sake, Greta,' Brenda pleaded, watching helplessly as she disappeared into the rainy night. Then turning to Belinda, 'for god's sake, Lind,' she cried and slumped into her office chair. Belinda, shaking the rain out of her hair, solemnly made her way around the desk and made a beeline for the kettle. She already felt guilty enough – now this?

She knew it wasn't her fault, but what crazy old fruit bat walked out on someone like that. As if Brenda didn't have enough weight on her shoulders.

'You just tell me what to do and I'll do it,' she told Brenda, who was now miles away in her own world. 'I wasn't sleeping tonight anyway.'

Part 13

Greta really was gone! She couldn't believe it. Were the past three years nothing at all to her? Was her calm, wise, all-knowing demeanour just a face for the past three years? The note on the kitchen worktop, which she read in the bruised after-rain gloom of dawn, said that she'd had enough of pretending that everything was perfect when it wasn't what she wanted.

No word on the fate of the hotel, though. No word on how costly this relationship could be, for as worthless as Greta made it seem. It made her question the truth behind anything. But God she was so tired, physically and emotionally, especially having read Steven's second story during her breaks away from the reception desk.

And she had said nothing, not to Belinda. That had caused her to bottle in more than she was really capable of. Now she felt like there was a brick sitting inside her skull, while her heart was already as heavy as a stone.

"Beautifully written, Steven," she had messaged back. "But why did you really write these?"

She didn't even know why she did that. Acceptance maybe, finally...

"To make sense of what I was thinking, I guess," he replied.

"I feel so confused is all," she sent back.

"I only care about what you want, mom," he replied again, and then, "I'll stop. I don't want to mess with your head."

"Thank you, Steven," she concluded. "I love you no less. Just become rich and famous for the right reasons!"

Little did she know just how much that confused him after all that had happened under her nose over the past couple days. And while he lay in his bed now, attempting to sleep under the same roof, and as Brenda retired to an empty bed of her own, Belinda restlessly turned on the laptop beside

her on the bed and signed into her sister's Facebook once again.

'Was just wondering if you're awake,' she began.
'Remember to delete everything as usual, honey XX'

'I was just drifting off, mom, it's getting early XXX'

'I know. I'm just so fucking worked up after last night XXXX'

'I'm just down the hall if you want to come in XXXXX'

'Now is not a good time, sweetie. I'll explain in the afternoon, but I just wanted you to know that what you did for me – OH MY GOD,' she replied and added a wink. 'I wish I could have felt you inside me, in other ways...'

'Holy shit that would have been incredible. Still could be,' he added with a wink and more X's.

'We shouldn't!'

'No, I know.'

'But I doubt I'd have stopped you.'

'I wish I'd known that,' he replied and added a heart emoticon.

'I'll let you know. Sweet dreams, baby...'

Part 14

Brenda told Steven everything that next day, about Greta getting up and leaving without warning, all because of a little bickering between her and Belinda. As shocked as Steven was, though it was a little forced considering the awkwardness between them – now alone and communicating face to face again – it was a relief to both of them, though for different reasons.

After a surprisingly restful sleep, having accepted her son's misgivings and moved on, Brenda felt that a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. It had been so long since she could talk to her young man without the interruptions – Greta's corrections and sometimes overbearing neck breathing.

Steven on the other hand was just relieved that Greta was gone. Although he respected that his mother was feeling the heartache that such sudden distancing caused, Greta's vanishing act seemed to have closed the distance immediately between he and his mother.

For one whole week after, as he took Greta's place at the hotel and stood by his mother's side to support her, his sexual urges actually retreated, replaced by unconditional love and responsibility, because nothing had really changed about the way he treated her, or wanted to.

And it was during one of those long quiet nights that they had their own big talk, about the things he wrote and the feelings that he felt. Brenda would have been lost without him. She knew that all too clearly. Still no notice from

Greta's lawyer and she was becoming more on edge about that than anything else, but she appreciated that he was helping her to bear the burden, and for that she couldn't be grateful or proud enough.

It was only in her nature as a human being to accept what had happened with a shrug and to just find some semblance of order in the chaos, and some love in the emptiness.

And she had asked her son if he was finally going to let her read the stories that were now making him enough money to earn something close to an actual living. It was about time that he let her, so he did. It took some getting used to, knowing that her son might have been a great sci-fi fantasy writer, but that he was a superbly gifted writer of erotica.

Brenda actually started to buy his books online, to show her full support. And those kinky little novellas were stacking up on the bedside table's lower tier. And so often, combined with the use of her fingers, they were almost better than sex.

But a few blocks down, her twin sister was growing anxious, wondering if she should take the next leap. Belinda had

been struck so forcefully by her rocketing desire to take Brenda's son into her bed that she had dropped the facade, meant to scare Steven out of his beautiful incestuous fantasy world, and had thought long and hard about just coming out with the truth.

And the pressure to do so was building and building. Should I tell him, or should I trick him again, she thought. But now her kids were back home and when they weren't rutting like rabbits, they were causing mischief all around the house. They were back to stay.

She now felt dirty for having pretended to be his mother in seducing him, but in a way she didn't expect. What was happening would always be dirty, but if she was going to come clean and seduce him in a more honourable fashion, she would have to undo a lot of lies, and then she would risk being caught by Brenda.

But goddammit it seemed so worth it!

Part 15

She took a bold chance that day. The weather had cooled. The season of the witch was approaching swiftly now it seemed and it seemed a nice day for a walk and to see what was happening at the Hiller household, whilst returning the dress that she had seduced Brenda's son with that hot and rainy night.

She took her own spare key so that she could let herself in and did so quietly, leaving her sandals in the porch as had always been the rules. She was like a ninja, traipsing around the ground floor soundlessly in her bare feet to find that nobody was home. But they were and she heard them upstairs.

She relented from calling out. Part of her just wanted to listen, to make sure that she wasn't interrupting something important, because not only God knew that they had a lot to get through lately. And Belinda still felt guilty about Greta upping and walking out with no sense of accountability for her part in Brenda's life and work.

But as she listened intently, even baiting her breath to hear well enough, her heart stammered and her jaw dropped. The bag with the vest and the skirt lay forgotten at the bottom of the stairs as she tiptoed up to the first floor and snuck to Brenda's room.

Part 16

'Oh my God,' she kept saying, over and over, and judging by the other sounds emanating from beyond the bedroom door, those were the words of a woman introduced to a kind of pleasure she hadn't experienced before.

Belinda couldn't believe her eyes when she crept to the door, which stood ajar, and peered in to find Brenda naked from the waist down, Steven's hands roaming up beneath her loose blouse while his tongue lovingly and thirstily lapped at his own mother's dripping wet pussy.

Brenda's thighs were wide open and inviting, her neck craned forward so that she could stare in disbelief at the

sight and experience playing out before her own eyes. And just like Steven had done to Belinda that night, he was reducing Brenda to a hot mess with his wet kisses and sweet, seductive nuzzling.

She could hear Brenda's wetness responding to his touch clearly, even over Brenda's soft moans and Steven's amorous tongue lashing. Instantly she became wet and weak herself; excited, aroused and scared of being caught. What if even the slightest breath should escape her lips in response to the breathtaking sight playing out before her?

Belinda put a defensive hand over her mouth and continued to watch, turned on like never before. She had seen her own son and daughter having sex before. That was cute, adorable even. But Brenda was an experienced woman, captivated by the talented tongue of a young and virile man as though it was something completely new.

And it was. Greta must have gone down on her, surely, and expected her to reciprocate. But Belinda never understood the sex appeal there. Here was a young man out to prove

his love, his skill, to prove his very worth and to show his mother how she really made him feel.

He too was naked from the waist down, dressed only in a clean white tank top as his cute bubble butt slowly humped the duvet.

'Oh Jesus, that's enough for now,' Brenda cried and began to laugh, holding Steven's face up to taste herself on his lips. 'Where did you learn to do that?'

'Please, mom, I'm twenty three,' he begged.

'Oh shut up, even Greta couldn't make me feel like that. That fucking tongue,' she professed. Then they embraced, laying down against the pillows to kiss and to revel in each other. 'This is so wrong, so nasty,' she panted breathlessly.

'Nasty's good,' he teased and dove into her neck to attack her again with his insatiable mouth. Belinda watched her sister come and come again, the sensations radiating in her

own lower abdomen now becoming just short of unbearable.

She was having a hard time slowing her own deepening breaths, standing steady. Carefully she leaned against the doorframe and slid a hand into her panties and bit her lip as the touch of her fingertips caused a trembling orgasm.

'But it's still so wrong,' Brenda insisted reluctantly. 'I can't believe I'm letting you do this.'

Steven reached a hand down and petted her gently, looking into her eyes as he planted more kisses on her lips and said, 'you want to, don't you?'

'At this point I need to,' she confessed. 'Your dirty little mind has ruined me.'

'Then do you know what would be even nastier?' he asked, sliding his fingers inside her and feeling her slippery silken warmth. She only nodded upward, as though to ask what he had in mind.

'If you took control...'

Brenda suddenly laughed wickedly, pulling Steven's head to her chest and clamping her thighs around his working hand, gushing shyness and approval both.

'What do you want me to do exactly?'

'Just enjoy yourself, mom,' he urged, removing his hand and lubricating his stiff cock with that same wet hand. If it was possible, Belinda's jaw dropped further open as her own wet hand encircled her burning, throbbing clit. The fact that she hadn't been caught yet, or more importantly the question how, was far from her mind.

'God it's been so long since I felt the real thing,' Brenda enthused nervously, then sitting up, 'okay, lie down and let's see if I can remember how this goes.'

Steven laughed an adorable laugh, like a boy tickled. Then she straddled his hips. 'Yeah I don't think you forget this

kind of thing. If you had I'm pretty sure my stories reminded you,' he insisted.

'Oh,' Brenda gushed, 'I don't know how you describe those things so well.' And seductively she began to unbutton her blouse from top to bottom before it was shed and dropped to the floor. Her body was so beautifully trim, soft to both eyes and touch.

'Do you really want to know how?' She nodded without pause. 'Thinking about you,' he said.

Wickedly, she begged the question with her eyes, hovering over Steven's proud eight inch cock and torturing him, leaving him lying there in denial. Then she licked her lips, hooked her thumbs beneath her bra straps at her shoulders, and raised her eyebrows suggestively.

'Well then,' she whispered and slowly leaned back on her haunches. And just like that, she slid down over his glans, then so easily down his long length and sucked him in right down to the hilt and the sounds coming out of the both of

them were too much for Belinda, who let out a guttural moan of orgasmic bliss.

Part 17

Brenda's eyes darted to the partially open door. There stood the shadow of her sister beyond the threshold, frozen with fear and in the grip of a devastating orgasm that just wouldn't end. Her knees jerked, her hand working furiously behind the crotch of her panties, and only her death grip on the wooden frame kept her from falling to the landing floor.

Brenda's face was still, miraculously calm. Inside her, Steven's hard cock grew further, swelling with both panic and arousal, until she could feel herself impaled on the most rock solid cock in living memory.

'Come in,' she said. Belinda was rooted to the spot.

'Don't stop,' Belinda breathed. So they didn't.

Brenda looked down into her son's eyes with a steely reserve. 'Can Aunt Belinda watch?' she asked and began to laugh a helpless, scared laugh.

'She can join in if she wants to,' Steven dared to offer.

'Jesus fucking Christ,' Brenda cried hysterically, fits of laughter rocking her back and forth on his erection and pulsating giddily. She was leaning on his shoulders with trembling hands, aware of all that her twin sister could see – pretty much everything. What would it hurt now that they were caught a little more than red handed?

'Are you touching yourself, Lind?' she then asked. Belinda nodded then mouthed a helpless 'yes.' It was then that Brenda began her slow, loving waltz up and down the soaked length of her son's cock, maintaining eye contact with the bewildered boy as he succumbed to the magic of her swaying hips and the beautiful sensations of their coupled sexes. 'Save some for your nephew,' she panted. 'Because I'm not going to last long...'

And Brenda did remember how it went. There was suddenly nothing else in the world that mattered other than fucking her own son while simultaneously fucking with her sister's mind – because payback was a bitch, but a thankful bitch nonetheless – and nothing was going to stop her since she had surrendered to the true nature of their family.

Steven's hands guided her hips as her butt, a perfect peach, pistoned down to slide him in deep and to nourish her lust, her love – her darkest desire. And as they met to kiss, wet, sticky flesh pressed together in the heat of their twisted lovemaking, the door opened fully and Belinda padded across the floor fully naked to join them on the bed.

'Roll your mommy over and show her how much you love her,' she directed and then he was between her thighs and melting back into her with his impressive erection. She licked her lips, breathless at the sight of her nephew feeding himself into his mother's pussy as she writhed uncontrollably, her knees up beside her swaying breasts.

'I can't believe we're doing this,' Brenda choked, unable to tear her eyes from her sister's. Affectionately, lying down

on her belly beside her, Belinda caressed her cheeks and offered her an encouraging smile. And then their lips met in an erotic, sensuous kiss that threatened to take Steven over the edge. 'Oh fuck,' Brenda cried, coming harder than she ever had in her life. 'Oh fuck oh fuck I love you, both of you.'

'Steven,' Belinda said, rolling onto her back, cheek to cheek with his mother. He was moaning hard, straining in his battle of self-restraint. 'You're in love, aren't you?'

He nodded and then she asked Brenda the same. 'I love him so much,' she cried, fully submitted now to the pleasure he was giving her, his length sloshing deep and rubbing at just the right spots. What a way to be reminded of how making love with a strong, loving gentleman felt.

'Steven, come inside your mommy, baby,' she panted. 'Come as deep in her pussy as you can and make her yours. Come together and be in love, both of you...'

Then she watched, in awe and arousal with one hand working on herself again, as mother and son joined deep

and retracted, joined deep and retracted, until finally pushing together, to become one together, they joined deep and surrendered in a seething, trembling sweaty mass of burning flesh; embracing tightly and crying into each other.

Part 18

There was no greater intensity in the world that day than what was felt between the three of them, married together by such an immense act of love, both physical and emotional. It would never be spoken of anywhere else either, but now that the seed was sown, they would never be apart again.

Brenda had accepted her son in every way that her heart and body desired. That very same twist of fate had brought her closer together with her sister in that same way. So much to take in all at once, Brenda, now sandwiched naked, breathless and heaving between her son and her sister in her own bed, thought it best not to dwell on what finally seemed to make sense. Instead, feeling dirty, nasty, wanton

and hungry for more, she initiated sex with the both of them at once.

With her face buried in her sister's identically bald pussy while her son sunk in deliciously from behind, she wondered what she had been thinking all this time. What could possibly be wrong between a family that cared for each other as much as hers did?

Spent but no less aroused and spellbound with wonder, she later lay aside and watched the beautiful coupling of her twin sister and her son. It was like an out of body experience, aside from the fact that she could reach out and touch them, and join with them again, which she would again and again.

THE END