

THE LIGHTHOUSE

sunburycd

Mother and son on an island. A "renovation" story.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

14.3k words

Note- Stand-alone story but for further enjoyment, please consider Renovator's Delight, A Delightful Renovation, and A Million to One to expound upon the storyline.

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The man reached out and offered his hand as I climbed from the ship onto the dock, his eyes brushing across the pale skin on my ring finger where the wedding band had so recently been. Relieved when he didn't refer to it.

"Mayhew?" I questioned.

"As far as I can recall," he laughed, baring a fine set of white teeth, stark, surrounded by such tanned and weather-beaten skin. "Welcome to the island Briggs."

"Dan's fine," I smiled, happy to have my feet back upon terra firma, the two-hour boat trip from Catalina having done its best to dissuade me from taking up a job on the high seas any time soon.

"Then Dan it is," Mayhew grinned as he set to retrieve supplies ready to be handed from the crew of the ship. I joined the work and after roughly fifteen minutes of labor, Mayhew turned his attention back to me. "Right. Let's show you the ropes."

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It was, as far as I was concerned at the time, the perfect job. Twelve months as caretaker of a lighthouse on an island off the coast of California. Yes, I was running away. From a job. From an ex-wife. But ultimately from a life that I no longer wanted to live. And where better than an isolated island, away from everyone and everything? Away from the clamor of traffic. The noise of humanity and the constant distraction of social media. And as we climbed the long staircase that led up from the dock and I breathed in the unpolluted sea air, felt the crisp breeze of the Pacific upon my face. I knew I'd made the right decision.

"Right, there She is," Mayhew gestured toward the lighthouse as we crossed a lawned area between the cliffs and the buildings, needlessly pointing out the towering monolith that dominated the small island. "She's set and forget now," he continued. "Basically, runs herself. Not like in the old days. Gets 'er power from the mains and if that cuts out, she'll switch herself to the solar battery," he pointed a wiry but muscled arm toward solar panels at the base of the tower. "That fails, is where you come in. There's a generator 'round the back of 'er. We'll head up after I show you around the residence."

The 'residence' was more than I'd envisaged. Modern inside, though retaining the original heritage exterior, and Mayhew noted my surprise.

"Yep, it's been renovated," he divulged. "Couple before me in fact. Brother and sister, if you can believe. Strange they were. Sort of, out of their time if you understand what I'm saying."

I didn't but I allowed him to continue regardless.

"Island'll do that to you if you let it. Change you. Though something tells me they were like that before they came here," he looked off into space a moment and I could only imagine his thoughts. He was older than me, considerably. But I felt I would've struggled to put an age to him accurately if asked. It was then he looked once more at my ring finger. "Just recent, I gather?"

Instinctively I clutched at my left hand, the missing ring and the remembrance of taking it off. Throwing it at 'her' in the divorce settlement hearing. Immature I knew. But understandable in response to her calculatedly vicious demands.

"A couple of months," I admitted.

"So, you'll be alone here?" He questioned and I confirmed, the information drawing a long intake of breath from the older man, just as slow a release. "Island can be a lonely place," he revealed, slowly nodding his head as he searched my eyes. "Let's head up to the light."

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The view from the top was nothing short of awe-inspiring. The whole of the island stretched out below, the vastness of the ocean in every direction, no sight of land only white caps in a field of never-ending blue.

"Yep, she'll do that to ya!" Mayhew acknowledged my reverence to the beauty, his eyes remaining on me as he frowned. "A year here alone. This island can change a man Briggs," he repeated his earlier assertion. "Two things'll either happen. Man finds himself..."

"Or?" I smirked.

"...he loses his mind."

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I was thankful I'd only signed a short-term lease on my apartment back in L.A. Accepting the loss of pre-paid rent a cost of healing my mental health. The few valuables that hadn't been taken by Linda in the divorce, I intended to store at my mother's, and it was then, as I packed the trunk with some vinyl records and electronic equipment, that I wondered how I'd indeed tell her?

The correspondence with the Coast Guard and Mayhew himself was conducted over only two weeks and in the intervening time of learning I'd been successful; I'd not talked with Mom. She knew nothing about the job and more importantly the time I'd be away. Just over a year since the death of my father, there was no good time to break the news she'd be losing her son for an extended time as well, albeit in a not-so-fatal manner.

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Unsurprisingly, knowing her stoic nature, she took the news relatively well.

"It's undoubtedly an opportunity of a lifetime," she embraced me as I detailed the job. "I'm happy for you, really," she emphasized before she hurriedly turned away, the rinsing of her coffee mug all

of a sudden, a priority. It was then I knew I was mistaken.

"Mom?" I questioned and she refused to look back in my direction. "What are you doing?"

"What? Nothing," her voice broke and I approached her from behind, reaching out to place a hand upon the arm of her hoodie. "I'm just being silly," she turned and her eyes had filled with tears.

"Mom," I struggled to find the right words to placate her.

"I'm just going to miss you is all," she managed to force a smile, and fighting off sympathy tears myself; I once again took her in my arms. This time the embrace was closer. Possibly too close as I felt her breasts pressing against my chest, the even more uncomfortable feeling of my penis nudging her pelvis.

"It's only a year," I stupidly stated and immediately thought of the fact Dad had only a year after his diagnosis. Probably not the best analogy. "There's a phone line on the island. We'll still be in touch," I offered, immediately feeling guilt at how little contact I'd had with her over the previous months anyway. The divorce had dominated my life and even knowing the grieving process she was going through concurrently; I'd chosen to focus on myself.

"I know," she sniffed as she broke the embrace, lifting a hand and using her sleeve to wipe her eyes. "As I said, I'm just being silly."

"No. No, you're not," I told her, seeing her as a human being for the first time in a long time, not just my mom. "You've been through as much shit as anyone over the last year," I declared. "If anyone deserves to run away, it's you," essentially admitting to her I was indeed fleeing my life and problems.

It then came to me, and I was speaking faster than I was thinking.

"I know," I straightened. "Why don't you come?"

"What?"

"Come with me?" I offered before I'd even the chance to think through the proposal. "To the island."

She was shaking her head, a furrow coming to her brow but I noticed the tears had dried.

"What are you talking about? It's impossible."

"No, it's not," I disagreed. "They expect a partner to accompany the applicant. There're provisions provided."

"I can't," Mom declared.

"You can!" I countered, smiling.

"But what about my..." She seemed to be struggling to find a reason to stay. "...I mean I have tennis on Saturday and next week I'm meet..." she abandoned her list of commitments mid-sentence. "I have no reason not to, do I?" She admitted and I shook my head. "Could I?"

"Why not?" I smiled. "It'd just take a phone call to let them know two would be on the boat," I pulled out my phone. "I could do it now."

She took a moment. Biting her bottom lip as she contemplated the offer.

"One year. On an island in the middle of the ocean. Just the two of us," she detailed the reality in three short sentences and I began to wonder if I'd made the right decision. Would it work? I hadn't lived with her under the same roof in more than fifteen years. We'd be in constant close contact. Forced to share everything, every day, with little to no privacy. Suddenly, selfishly, I wondered if it was too late to take it back?

And then I saw her smile. A brightness I hadn't seen in a very long time.

"I'll do it!" She beamed.

"You will?"

"Yes!" She approached and for the third time that morning we were embracing, her arms up around my neck, a surprising kiss beside my lips. Too close to my lips. The scent of perfume in her hair, the softness of her body against my own... I was glad when the hug ended.

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I almost didn't recognize her.

"What's with the hair?" I smiled as she left the house.

"Oh," I saw her blush and she ran a finger across her bangs to brush her now short hair behind an ear. "I had it cut. Just to be more manageable."

The style was unlike her. A short bob that reminded me of flapper girls from the roaring twenties.

"It looks good," I admitted as I took her last bag from the porch and loaded it into the back of the cab, and again, she blushed. Very unlike her. "Right, all set?"

"Ready when you are Captain," she smiled and we were away.

Taxi from L.A. to the port. The ferry from Terminal Island to Catalina and the Coast Guard Cutter to take us due west, past San Nicolas to Caster Island. Our home for the next year.

A light rain, more a mist, settled in as we hit the open water and I left the bridge, finding Mom leaning against the railing looking overboard. Her face turning in my direction as I approached, her deathly pale complexion told me she wasn't handling the waves.

"Not long now," I touched her back in sympathy and she moaned, leaning further over the edge preparing for the seasickness to do its worst.

"Just let me die," she managed to force a laugh and I joined her mirth.

"Can I get you anything? Water?" I offered and she shook her head.

"Just keep doing that though," she referred to my rubbing her back. "It's helping."

She'd abandoned her long black jacket with the fur collar over a life preserver behind us and was down to only a thin, almost transparent linen shirt, my hand encountering the strap of her bra as it ran the length of her spine. Strangely, I wondered if her panties matched the whiteness of her bra

and immediately scolded myself for even contemplating the fact. Why would I think that? And what did I care!?

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The water calm as we neared the island, I could make out Mayhew awaiting our arrival on the jetty, waving as we approached. As the cutter slowly pulled up to a stop and the crew set to attaching docking lines, I assisted Mom from the ship to a surprisingly pale-faced welcome from the island's current sole occupant.

He seemed unable to take his eyes from my mother, his mouth and eyes wide in what I would almost describe as a look of shock or fear. Calming somewhat as we neared him.

"Mayhew," I began, his eyes not leaving Mom and the reaction to her becoming somewhat uncomfortable. "This is my mother, Juliette."

The revelation, perhaps the name, seemed to draw him from whatever spell he was under and the familiar Mayhew presented himself to us, his infectious smile following.

"Mother? And she's staying?" he turned to me and I nodded my confirmation, Mayhew quickly turning back to her as he unexpectantly dropped to a knee, taking her hand in his own. "And Juliet? 'But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?'" He quoted and kissed the back of her hand.

I was taken aback by his actions but Mom seemed charmed, laughing and begging him to rise.

"Spelled differently I'm afraid," she referred to his use of the Shakespeare passage. "But thank you anyway."

It was then Mayhew seemed to fully come to his senses and apologized for any offense he'd caused on our arrival.

"...it's just you look so much like her," he cryptically stated and I was quick to question as to whom he referred? His eyes once more cast across Mom, this time squinting as he took in her appearance. "Oh, it's silly. It's nothing. Come on, let's get you settled."

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"I'm happy for you Briggs," Mayhew stopped as we headed back toward the residence from the lighthouse and a once over as to the workings of the generator.

"What?" I asked, still mulling his behavior on our arrival.

"That you won't be alone here," he looked about our surroundings.

"You're not going to tell me again about how the island changes people are you?" I smiled but he didn't return my levity, pausing before he once again spoke.

"There are ghosts here Briggs," he nodded to accentuate his statement.

"I don't believe in ghosts," I countered.

"Nor do I," he surprisingly agreed. "But I don't think they care," he searched my eyes, and admittedly, his words caused me to shiver.

"What happened at the dock?" I ventured. "You looked then like you'd actually just seen a ghost."

"I thought I had," his voice almost cracked and our attention was caught by Mom heading out of the residence into the bright sunlight. "But I was mistaken," he added.

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Mom surprisingly took my hand as the crew and Mayhew boarded the cutter and the ship slowly reversed from the dock. Mayhew walked to the bow to be closer to us and leaned on the railing.

"You'll do well Briggs," he grinned and his white teeth caught the afternoon sun. "Everything you need from life is on this island," he added. "And the answer is in the books."

The ship began to turn and Mayhew left his perch, once again to be within talking distance.

"I forgot to mention," he looked up at the sun. "Few weeks from now an old friend of mine'll drop by. You'll know him when you see him. He's harmless," he was now shouting as the ship pulled away. "He'll just want a feed if you're willing," he waved and the Coast Guard Cutter was soon powering away into the blue.

And we were alone.

"What do you think he meant by that?" Mom asked as we watched the ship become no more than a spot on the horizon, her hand still in mine.

"What part of it?" I laughed. "What books? Who's this friend? I haven't been told of any visitors. Frankly, I don't want any," I admitted as we turned and headed back toward the steps, holding hands seeming so natural until it became awkward with the climb.

"I know," Mom agreed once we'd reached the top and into the sun-bathed lawn atop the cliff. "It feels like we're the only two people left on Earth right now. I want it to stay like that for as long as possible."

The season was changing. Winter into Spring, and already the air was becoming warmer. I took a deep breath to fill my lungs, the slightest scent of my mother's perfume.

"Yeah, I agree," I spontaneously placed an arm around her shoulder. "Come on. Mayhew says there's a beach down here past the jetty. Let's go and explore."

The island wasn't large and Mayhew had explained the circumference could be hiked in under an hour. Like the other Channel Islands off the coast of California, it had risen from the ocean in the geological process millions of years before and would remain eons after we'd departed. A stand of oaks tempered the winds that lashed the western coastline and the cliffs that circuted the island prevented landfall anywhere bar the jetty and the small sandy cove Mom and I now came upon.

"It's just like in the movies," Mom excitedly left my side and removing her shoes when she hit the sand, jogged to the water's edge, small waves kissing the shore. "Oh my god, it's freezing!" She laughed as she waded ankle-deep into the water and as she turned, I couldn't help but smile.

"It'll warm up over the coming weeks. We'll be swimming in no time," I assured her and as she once more turned to the sea, my eyes fell to her body. The faded blue Levi's hugged her ass hermetically and I wondered when last I saw her in a swimsuit? Picturing her in a bikini, her hair and body wet,

dripping. The thought shocked me and I snapped out of my daydream, wondering how long I'd been fantasizing as I discovered the uncomfortable fact, I'd gotten an erection.

Feeling my face instantly blushing and the pants I wore not disguising anything, I dropped to the ground to hide my embarrassment, sitting down on the fine dry sand and only then turning my attention back to Mom. In the action of bending forward inspecting shells, she'd thankfully not noticed anything and I was left wondering why twice in the one day I'd thought of my mother sexually? Her peach-shaped ass presented to me almost animalistically, I smirked as I answered my own question. How could I not?

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The residence stripped of Mayhew's personal items; the simple conjoined kitchen, living, and bedroom now looked bare. It was strangely only then that the fact there was only one bed came to mind, Mom and I both obviously thinking the same thing as we looked at the relatively small double bed.

"I'll take the couch," Mom declared, as I noticed a red hue emerging at her neckline.

"You will not!" I refuted.

"But you're working hard all day. You'll need the comfort."

"Well, you're not going to be idle," I countered. "There's the vegetable garden. You can help me with the painting."

"What painting?"

"The buildings, they all need constant upkeep. The lighthouse!"

"The lighthouse!?" You're not painting the lighthouse," Mom was aghast and I laughed.

"The inside," I admitted.

"Oh, thank God."

"That reminds me, wanna come up and see the view?" I proposed and it was now her that laughed.

"You won't get me up there for love or money," she unsurprisingly declined, her fear of heights well known in the family.

"We'll see," I grinned. "Mayhew says this island changes people. Maybe it'll cure your fear of heights?"

"Good luck with that," she giggled, retrieving fresh linen from one of her suitcases. "Mayhew. Is that a first name or surname?"

"Don't know. I think it's just Mayhew. Kinda suits him. That reminds me," I looked to the small shelf of books on one of the walls of the cabin. "What were those books he was talking about?"

Mom set to making up the bed as I inspected one after another of the hardcovers, perusing the titles and finding nothing of import. A few novels from relatively popular authors. A history of the Channel Islands which could be interesting reading; but it was the second to last that struck me from the moment I lifted it into my hands. A biography of one Delia Caster. The surname that of the

island we now stood. Was it named after her? I flicked through the tome to the middle pages and the black and white photographs contained therein, my heart skipping a beat and the breath knocked out of me as I settled on one image alone.

It was my mother.

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I mean, of course, it wasn't actually my mother. The credited photo was taken in 1925 and showed Delia Caster, a little-known silent-era actress, and socialite, standing upon a dock, a steamship in the background. But the resemblance to the woman that was struggling with a fitted sheet not ten feet from me was uncanny. Maybe I was embellishing. She had the same physical stature, bone structure of the face. It was possible many women could've shown similarities given the same hairstyle, but it went to explaining Mayhew's bizarre reaction to first witnessing Mom. She'd been wearing her black coat with the faux fur collar. In the photo, Delia wore a stole around her neck and a long dark overcoat. To Mayhew standing on the jetty with the Coast Guard Cutter in the background, the similarity to the photo would've been remarkable. He'd also presumably not seen a woman for nigh on a year, so there was also that, I was quick to add!

"Mom, look at this," I showed her the book and photo, her curiosity piqued. "Did you know about it?"

"Know about what?" She asked and I allowed her to take the book from my hands.

"Her!" I questioned. "Look at her hair," I stated and Mom instinctively touched her locks, a vacant look on her face.

"I didn't. I've never even... I just got it cut like this for convenience," she looked in my eyes, clearly revealing it wasn't just Mayhew and I that saw the resemblance. "It's bizarre."

"Ah, that's an understatement," I forced a laugh. "Shows why Mayhew acted as he did. You were wearing that fur coat of yours."

"It's a modern puffer jacket," Mom defended her attire.

"Yeah, but it looked pretty much the same as in that photo," I explained. "Ghosts."

"What?" Mom looked at me.

"Something Mayhew said. It now makes sense. When he saw you, he thought he was seeing a ghost."

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The television didn't pick up any channels. Not surprising this distance from the coast. There was however an old VCR and an assortment of mainly pre 2000 Tom Cruise movies to choose from, someone in the past clearly being a fan. We left the screen off the first night, however, another form of entertainment capturing our imagination. After an impressive meal gathered together from the well-supplied food storage building, I left the residence to check all was well with the lighthouse. GPS had seen ships safely past the island for the last forty years or so but the light still remained a warning beacon, red filters alerting any wayward travelers to the rocky outcrops on either end of the island. In the early evening, the sun just disappeared over the horizon, I looked up to the sky and knew I had to go and get Mom.

"It's amazing." Barefoot upon the lawn, Mom gazed up into the Milky Way as I opened the deck chairs and a bottle of sparkling wine.

"You're not cold?" I asked as I passed her a glass and she sipped before shaking her head and settling back into her seat.

I joined her and was admittedly awestruck by the sight. Billions of stars, unaffected by the light pollution of the city. Planets, and the random delight of meteors falling into the atmosphere and burning out like embers leaping from a fire.

"This is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," Mom admitted. "Ooh look," she pointed to another falling star and I smiled as I watched her joy. Right then, the wine admittedly quickly going to my head, I could've said She was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen, the galaxy reflected in her eyes, the curves of her body in the darkness.

Again, I snapped myself out of my fancy. That's not how a son is supposed to picture his mother, I told myself and refocused my attention to the night sky and the wonders of the universe.

"They're lighthouses," Mom stated after countless minutes of silence. The ever-present roar of the surf in the distance our only soundtrack.

"What?"

"The stars," she explained. "Every light could be just like us. Two people sitting on an island. A beacon of light sent out into the darkness just to show they exist."

It was a beautiful thought and I needed not add to her philosophy with words. Imagining myself another world where a mother and son sat together, just looking up into the sky.

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"We could always sleep together!" Mom stated before bursting into alcohol-affected laughter at her words and my shocked expression as I prepared the couch for bed. "Oh, I don't mean sleep together," she tried to remedy her mistake, giggling. "Just, you know, in the same bed. Sleep, not..."

She thankfully didn't complete her sentence but the idea had been given life. A zygote of incestuous possibility that had never, ever, been spoken between us.

"Yeah, I get it," I fluffed up a pillow, placing it back down on the now sheet-covered couch. "I think I'll be fine here. Last of the wine?" I offered as I shook the near-empty bottle.

"No, I'm fine," she declined. "I was thinking of taking a shower. It's been a long day."

"That it has," I agreed and poured the remainder of the wine into my glass as she left me alone.

Not alone. I picked up the Delia Caster biography and reclining on my bed for the night, flicked through the pages, once more alighting on her photographs, more often than not alongside her son Jack, always in a grey peak cap. She really did look like Mom, I thought, as I heard the shower come on.

She took some time, and done leafing through the biography I turned my attention to the registry of lighthouse keepers/caretakers to the island that sat upon its pedestal beside the front door. The dates reaching back over one hundred years, I found Mayhew had done more than one 'tour of

duty,' so to speak. His name, just 'Mayhew' appearing in three separate years. Previous to him the brother and sister he'd mentioned, James and Belinda Miles. It was as I read the name of Jack Caster from 1936 to 1938 that I heard Mom leave the bathroom and I turned to acknowledge her presence.

"Forgot my panties!" She needlessly informed me as, wrapped in only a towel, she crossed the room to open the dresser containing her clothes. Her covering barely contained her body, the curve of her buttocks visible below, her bust heaving above. "Found them," she waved what looked like satin underwear at me before she headed back into the bathroom. Ridiculously my cock responded to the sight and I tried to fend off the impending erection.

"Oh no, no, no!" I whispered my declaration. "You're not doing this!" I stated, realizing the last thing I needed on the very first day of a yearlong stretch of isolation with my mother was an unwarranted display of unchecked libido. I quickly changed out of my clothes and slipped under the sheets on the couch, hiding the uninvited arousal from sight. Just in time as she exited the bathroom a second time. This occasion wearing more. But only just.

A fifty-five-year-old widow. Alone for an extended period with her son. Had she thought through her attire stringently, I wondered? It was lingerie. A white satin nightie that only just reached her groin. Lace dominated her chest, the shadow, no, the actual pinkness of her nipples visible through the thinnest of material. My dick ignored all attempts I'd made of ceasing its erection and I sported one of the most rigid hard-ons I'd had in recent memory. This wasn't what I'd planned.

"Good night, Honey," Mom seemed unfazed by her provocative garment and her demeanor made me feel I was being overly sensitive. Maybe it was what she'd always worn to bed? And why couldn't she? I was her son. She could be comfortable in the knowledge that regardless of what she wore, there'd be no sexual overtones attributed. I wouldn't be lecherously ogling her as an object for my gratification. The lights went out and the temptation was removed from my sight. But long into the night, my hardness reminded me of her beauty.

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Surprisingly, despite the events upon bedtime. I slept the sleep of the just. The morning was fine and bright and with Mom still snoozing, a gentle snore, I made my way to the bathroom and entered the shower. No hot water. Well, some. Quickly turning icy cold and I let out the appropriate groan in response. What I didn't expect was Mom to come in unannounced to see what was wrong.

"Are you okay?" Her voice of concern filled the room and my soap-covered eyes opened to see her staring straight at my nudity.

"Jesus! Mom!" I gasped as the burning came to my eyes and I slapped a hand in front of my groin to cover myself. "Yes! There's just no hot water," I explained my situation, and post rinsing my face I saw her look of understanding.

"Oh," she remarked, seemingly comfortable to remain in the doorway and watch me. "Well, I'll leave you to it."

"Ah, yeah!" I agreed, astonished as to what had occurred. But as I finished my shower, more concerned about how the cold water had affected the size of my cock. Disappointed she'd not seen me in all my glory. I should've been aghast at the sudden thought. What the hell did it matter how big my dick looked to my mother? I wanted to admonish myself for my current incestuous thinking. But little by little, I was beginning not to care.

And so, it began. Each day blending into the next as we became accustomed to island time. Up at dawn, retiring at sunset. Though my list of official duties was short, they filled the day, even Mom finding more than enough to keep her busy. The sizeable vegetable garden needing constant maintenance and seasonal replanting; assisting me with the eradication of invasive weeds from around the island. Weeks went by and a routine was adhered to without question, without complaint. Yet underneath our idyllic relationship with the environment, with each other, there was a tension. I felt it constantly. And I knew the cause.

The solar hot water system worked well in the evening, and for washing the nightly meal's dishes and Mom's extended shower, it was more than enough. If I, however, was particularly dirty from the day's activities or simply desired to treat myself to a slightly longer shower, I would invariably end up standing beneath a freezing flow that was far from the relaxation I sought. And so it was, after a particularly strenuous and minor accident-filled day, a stubbed toe, a hammered thumb, I allowed my tensions to come to the fore.

"Can you maybe spend a little less time in the shower?" I remarked as I left the bathroom. "I had no hot water."

It wasn't called for and Mom was suitably surprised by my admittedly snarky tone.

"Well, I'm sorry. I actually did have a shorter shower than usual though," she reflected truthfully. "...and I did offer for you to go first you might remember!"

At the time, I didn't want to hear her sense, nor could I think of a valid retort, simply snorting as a response.

"Well, we could shower together!" Mom suggested, sarcastically. "That'd solve our problem."

"Why not? You essentially go to bed naked; it'd be nothing I hadn't already seen!"

Again, what I said was uncalled for. To be honest, the highlight of my day was seeing what she was wearing to bed, excitement when she debuted something new. A babydoll. A see-through nightie, the shadow of her pubic hair tantalizing beneath its shroud. I'm not ashamed to admit I was jerking off daily in the sanctuary of the workshop, my mother the inspiration for my solitary habit. Possibly what was keeping me sane.

She pursed her lips at what I'd said and we spoke not another word to each other that night. The next day was just as frosty. I hated myself for causing the rift, the first real argument we'd had in the near month we'd been together on the island, and all day I debated ways to remedy the situation, Mom eventually the one to salve the wound.

Near bedtime and both of us still treading on eggshells, she, as per usual entered the bathroom to change out of her clothes, emerging moments later, not in her regular nightie or ever sexier lingerie, but track pants and a sweater. I made no big deal of it, concentrating on the history of the Channel Islands book I'd started. From the corner of my eye on the couch, I watched her tuck her pants into her socks, her sweater into said pants, lift her hood, and then move into the kitchen to place oven mitts over each hand.

"Alright enough," I broke the silence. "What are you doing?"

She looked incredulous but I could see mischief hiding behind her eyes.

"Well, I heard what you said so I thought I'd cover myself up a little more. So as not to offend you!" She held up her hands in the oven mitts.

"You look ridiculous," I didn't attempt to contain my smile, the frostiness melting away. "Take them off you nutter," I laughed and was pleased to see her grin as I set aside the book and rose to meet her. "I'm sorry I said those things," I took the oven mitts from her and she lowered the hoodie from her head.

"No, it's alright. I'm probably half to blame. I was just wearing what I would at home. I didn't think how it might make you feel."

I suspected she had no idea how horny it had been making me feel and I kept it to myself.

"It doesn't matter. You can wear whatever you want. I think I was just having a bad day."

"That may be," Mom agreed. "But it did make me think about some things."

"Oh?"

"Well, it's true I might have been being a little selfish," she began.

"No, you're fine, I'm..." I attempted to deny.

"No. Just let me finish," she interrupted as she untucked her sweater from her pants. "I do take long showers. But that's not all. There's the bed situation."

"We spoke about..."

"Uh!" She held up her hand. "I know but it's not fair you have to take the couch. I think we should swap. Alternate even."

"No," I adamantly denied. "You're not sleeping on the couch, it's uncomfortable."

"There, you said it," she picked up on my admission. "Well, if that's the case, I think we should both take the bed."

"What?"

"We share the bed. It's big enough."

"Yeah but... I mean," I could feel myself blush.

"Oh, don't be silly about this," she could at least see the awkwardness. "We're mother and son. Not strangers. It's okay for us to share a bed."

"But..."

"No buts!" She quickly shut down my doubts. "Now. I'm going to bed. I expect you to join me. Do what your mother says for once Daniel," she firmly stated and I was left with little but to follow her orders.

So, there I was. At thirty-five years of age. Sleeping in the same bed as my mother. She, despite what had happened moments earlier, had no problem undressing in front of me. Deciding to wear a t-shirt to bed on our first night together. It was large, but not enough to fully cover her groin, my

eyes spying purple panties hugging her pussy mound as she climbed into bed. Lights out and with only inches between our bodies, I soon heard the contented breathing of sleep from her side. But with a hard-on and thoughts of incestuous possibility floating around my mind, I, however, had far more trouble finding rest.

*

I awoke to the gray light of early dawn. For the briefest of moments, I thought I was back in L.A. In bed with my ex-wife and wondering why we were sharing such affection? It was then reality and horror set in. On my side, my arm around her waist, I was spooning Mom. My dick was a solid pole of steel, wedged hard between her soft buttocks, her boobs resting upon my forearm and bicep. With my head sharing her pillow, my lips were brushing her exposed neck and with eyes wide, I tried to ascertain if she was indeed still sleeping?

The soft breath of sleep. Or was she faking? My dick twitched between her cheeks and I wondered the best way to extract myself from the situation before she felt it or naturally awoke. Like a band-aid, I thought. Quick. On three I told myself and began the count. Pausing at two, allowing just a little longer lest it never happen again. Grinding my cock ever so slightly against her ass, forcing myself to remember the feeling of her soft boobs and belly. Three. I lifted my arm and rolled away from her, Mom immediately feeling the movement and rolling onto her back, a hand lifting to her face to rub her nose, clear sleep from her eyes.

"Morning already?" She lazily whispered and was again asleep as I contemplated my perfect crime. With a morning erection that seemed unwilling to soften, I lay and watched her as the sun slowly rose and filled the residence with warmth. No makeup. Her long eyelashes and perfect eyebrows. The turn of her small nose and lips so slightly parted. She was beautiful. Had I always known this? I wanted to kiss her awake. To tell her I loved her and yes... fuck. No. Make love. In our shared bed. In our home. On our island.

I kept my fantasy to myself.

*

The day like any other. I began the painting of the interior of the lighthouse. Mayhew had begun. The laborious job of scraping the flaking original away was taken care of, much of which still lay upon the ground floor and the stairway. Mid-morning, I heard the door to the lighthouse sway on its hinge and footsteps following as Mom passed through and I called down around the curve of the staircase.

"I hope you've brought coffee!" I laughed but there was no response. No attempt on her behalf to at least mount some of the stairs. Curious, I placed down the paintbrush and descended to find the ground floor empty. There was the scent of lavender, a perfume of another era, and almost... it's silly, but I would describe it as a presence in the semi-darkened room.

I walked outside and saw Mom tending the vegetable garden. Shovel in hand and certainly not bearing coffee. Goosebumps raised on my flesh and the hair on the back of my neck stood up as I turned back toward the lighthouse, darkness within the doorway.

"Ghosts," I whispered and unexpectedly shivered in the warm morning air.

The painting could wait.

Date night. Is what we'd begun to call it. I'd accidentally termed it that, meaning to say 'movie night' at the time, referring to our watching one of the Tom Cruise movies, eating popcorn, and sharing a bottle of wine now and then before bed.

His back catalog was almost complete as we'd randomly picked titles and as I scanned what remained, I pulled out Jerry Maguire and Eye Wide Shut. One of which I'd purposefully been avoiding for obvious reasons.

"What's it gonna be?" I held up the two VHS cassettes as Mom settled back into the couch, glass of red wine in hand.

"Oh, I've seen that too many times," she referred to my left hand and with a blush already forming on my face, I looked to my right to see Nicole Kidman's bare back as she lowered her dress.

This was going to get uncomfortable.

It wasn't that bad. From the very beginning, we didn't take the film seriously, which helped. What I also found advantageous was the blanket that we'd thrown over our laps. My hard-on kept a secret. Even the fact I was secretly stroking myself through my jeans with my mother's hip pressing to mine throughout the movie. The perfect crime. Or so I thought.

"Can you pause it?" Mom asked as she placed her glass on the table and rose from the couch. "Have to pee!" She explained and fortuitously I stopped the movie on a naked woman.

With her gone, I used the opportunity to treat myself. Pulling my cock from my pants and masturbating to the image. Who was I kidding? With the faint sound of my mother pissing in the background, I knew exactly what was my inspiration. I was edging when after an extended time she returned from the bathroom already changed for bed. The t-shirts abandoned nights before, she'd gone back to the lingerie and with my cock hurriedly tucked away mid-stroke, the pressure of my jeans against its rigidity, unfortunately, finished the job. Just as she climbed back up on the couch, the thinnest piece of satin all that covered her body, I ejaculated.

Mortified, I sat there for minutes as the movie played. Again and again, Mom wriggled in her seat to find comfort, and once more her hip found its way against my leg. This time bare skin pressed upon my body. Was it a come-on?

"She has nice boobs," Mom out of the blue commented on an actress as an orgy began onscreen, and feeling the cum in my pants spreading, no doubt seeping through my clothing, I had to get out of there. Embarrassed, I finished my glass and faked a yawn.

"I'm done," I rose from the couch and keeping my groin directed away from Mom, left her alone.

"Oh. What about the movie?" She questioned almost despondently and I hated myself for my response amid my cowardice.

"You watch it. Not really interested," I fled into the bathroom to clean up the mess I'd created and look myself in the eye. I hated what I saw. My face was red. A wet patch on my groin and inside, about as much cum as I'd ever seen myself produce. All wasted. So much flew around inside my head. What had just happened? Was it a come-on!? A mother and son watching an erotic movie together. She'd changed into lingerie and begun to talk about boobs! Was this normal? And what had I done? Cum in my pants like a teenager. Had I just blown it?

When I finally came from the bathroom, Mom was already in bed, lights out. I slunk into my side and said not another word to her. Nor her to me.

Yeah. I'd blown it.

*

Fishing in the morning from the jetty, an impressive catch. Much of the day was spent in the lighthouse painting. Yes, I was avoiding her. I wanted to admit how I felt. I wanted to admit everything. But how? How does a son confess his desire for his mother? It could destroy everything if it wasn't reciprocated. And, of course, it wasn't. What had she done? Worn pajamas. Admittedly sexy pajamas. Wasn't that it? Hardly anything else that could be described as an invitation.

I stood on the stairs and stretched my back. The ground floor door and all the windows circling up the lighthouse were open for airflow and as I dropped to retrieve the paint can from a lower step, I swore I heard a male voice in whisper. I stood erect and heard nothing but the wind entering the windows. The sound of the ocean. And then, ever so faintly, a woman's laughter from above. A shiver ran down my spine. Halfway up the lighthouse, there was no way Mom could've been above me. She was adamant against climbing the stairs anyway. What was it? I stood frigid. Awaiting the sound once more, but it didn't come. I then came to my senses. Seagulls. I'd seen them roosting at the top of the light and to put my mind at ease, I lay down my brush and climbed the rest of the way to the top.

Again, the awesome view. The crisp breeze on my face. I circled the house containing the Fresnel lens and stopped in my tracks. There were no gulls. No mystery woman laughing or man whispering. What I did see, was my mother, naked.

Behind the residence was a secluded lawned yard surrounded by a hedge. Containing the clothesline which currently held lightly swaying sheets, I was aware Mom had also set up one of the lounge chairs to read outside in the sun out of the wind. She now lay in said chair, sunning herself. And even from my distance, I could see she was completely nude. I hugged the edge of the house so as not to be seen, then thought of the binoculars inside the glass room itself, moving back around to enter the enclosure.

By the time I had them up to my eyes, she'd changed position and was laying on her stomach, her bare bottom toward the sky. Her full exposure was essentially lost to me, it didn't stop me from reaching down to unzip my pants and produce my erect cock.

I then took a good hard look at myself. What was I doing? Cumming in my pants. Now spying on her from a distance like a common peeping Tom. Jerking off at every opportunity like a chronic masturbator. I was ashamed, and my dick, despite the inspiration it had before it, lost its vigor. It was then something else caught my attention. I lifted the binoculars back to my eyes and focused on the jetty, my heart beating rapidly at what I saw.

"Holy shit!" I gasped.

Mom was dressed when I raced into the residence, her face flushed, no doubt relieved I'd not come back moments earlier or was she!?

"You won't believe this!" I gasped, trying to catch my breath as I ran to the fridge and retrieved the plastic container from the top shelf.

"What?" Mom excitedly questioned.

"Come with me," I reached out for her hand and dragged her squealing out of the house toward the jetty. "It's Mayhew's friend!"

*

"I'm not dressed for visitors," Mom reflected as I pulled her behind me and though I'd noted her clothing when I entered the residence, I was now able to look back and admire her fully. A flowery summer dress that caught the breeze even as I glanced, lifting and flashing upper thigh. The buttons on the bust were undone and it was clear she wore no bra. Was she even wearing panties?

"He won't mind," I laughed.

"I haven't done my face," she added as we reached the stairs down to the jetty and I stopped and smiled.

"I don't think he'll care," I turned her attention to our visitor laying in the sun at the end of the dock.

"Oh my god," Mom's eyes widened, looking at me excitedly before we hurried down the steps.

There was no doubt in my mind this was Mayhew's friend. An enormous sea lion lazily rose to greet us as we gingerly made our way along the jetty.

"Now I know why you brought the fish," Mom whispered as we stopped at a sensible distance, waiting for its reaction. Clearly a male due to its size, and obviously advanced in years, scars upon its body, grey around the face, he sniffed the air and let out a friendly yet tired bark.

"Hello old man," I opened the container and lifted out the fish I'd caught that morning.

"Should we be doing this?" Mom questioned the appropriateness of feeding a wild animal but seeing the excitement in the creature to the smell of the fish and with Mayhew's own words of approval, I figured our minor intervention wouldn't do any harm.

The animal caught the admittedly small fish in its mouth and devoured it whole. Letting out a contented bark before ignoring us once more and getting back to the important business of sunning itself.

"How cool is that!?" I reflected and felt Mom press into my side as we stood and watched our visitor. She didn't need to answer.

*

"I want to go up!" Mom stated as we walked back from the jetty, her eyes on the lighthouse.

"You're serious?" I was shocked, to say the least. Mom's fear of heights kicking in when wearing stilettos!

"It's time I conquered a fear," Mom stopped and I looked into her eyes. "Seeing that old seal..."

"Sea Lion," I corrected her, smiling.

"...sea lion. You don't know long you have left. Your father..." She paused and I understood what she meant. "I just want to do everything before it's too late. And you'll be there to help me."

"I will," I took her hand and we headed up to the lighthouse.

It was her idea to take the lead, honestly. But I wouldn't have wished it any other way as we began the climb up the stairs. Around the spiral staircase, we ascended and I never took my eyes off her. Two steps behind, I looked directly up her skirt the entire way. An earlier question was answered. She wasn't wearing panties. For a good five minutes, stopping at each open window for her to catch her breath and see how high we'd risen, I stared directly into her admittedly shadowed asshole and pussy. Her buttocks swaying seductively as she climbed. Surely, she was aware of my vantage. Had she planned it?

We made it to the house and after Mom had admired the intricate design of the lens, I opened the door out onto the balcony and led her out. With her clammy hand tight in mine, she tentatively stepped forth into the breeze and straight away sought my arms.

"Hold me," she begged, her body trembling as I wrapped my arms around her from behind, keeping her safe as she gripped the edge of the railing.

"Your safe," I whispered into her ear, my arms around her waist, my groin against the softness of her bottom. Could she feel it? The ever-growing hardness of my cock pressed between her cheeks. Just as it'd been in bed. Only now awake. Real.

"It's beautiful," she described, what? My erection? My hands gently caressing her warm and supple belly? "You can see forever," she elaborated, releasing a hand from the railing to shield her eyes from the sun. "Let's go around."

We walked the circuit of the lighthouse and Mom looked down upon the buildings, her eyes sighting the courtyard behind the residence as I once more embraced her from behind

"You can see everything," she whispered against my cheek.

"Yep," I agreed, hopefully admitting to her I saw her naked not an hour before. "And you're right. It's beautiful."

She pulled my arms tighter around her waist. My still erect penis, hard against her ass.

"Thank you for this," she sighed. "For today. For bringing me here, to this island."

I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to lower a hand to cup her vagina and declare my love. But there was that impediment. The final barrier that stood in the way of our eternal happiness. Taboo. What if everything I was thinking was a delusion? The horror and sheer discomfort of rejection. Not like a random woman in a bar. This would be world ending.

"It's my pleasure Mom," I admitted and I did it. Kissed her. Her cheek. Not her lips. Nor her breasts or between her legs. A familial kiss. That of a son to his mother. And she took it as such. Furthermore, went on to remind me that I was her son and therefore nothing would ever, could ever happen between us.

"You know what day it is tomorrow, don't you?"

"No idea," I admitted. Content in the lack of knowledge, more interested in discussing us. "Thursday?"

She laughed. "No, silly. It's Sunday in fact. But what I mean is, it's your birthday!"

*

It was a revelation. I was genuinely surprised over a month had gone by and as we walked back to the residence, Mom asked me again.

"So, what do you think? Take the day off? We have to do something special."

It was a bizarre thought. Every day seemed like a holiday on the island. Yes, I was working. Some days quite hard. But the nature of the job, the relaxing environment. It was hard to believe I was being paid (quite handsomely in fact) to be here.

"What did you have in mind?" I questioned and she'd obviously been thinking about it.

"Well, it's so much warmer now. Why don't we go for a swim? Spend a day at the beach?" She proposed and I was quick to agree.

*

Mom had read it. And with her suggestion, I began the Delia Caster biography myself. Sitting on the couch, I was distracted as Mom walked from the dresser and searched the drawers, back to where the suitcases were stored and delved inside, opening one then another in what was seemingly turning into a fruitless quest.

"What are you looking for?" I questioned and she turned to me, hands on hips.

"I mustn't have packed them!" She answered.

"What?"

"My swimsuits!" She frowned. "I remember putting them on my bed," she paused. "I must have left them at home."

It was disappointing news to be sure. But also raised possibilities. I fancifully saw us swimming naked but kept the idea to myself.

"Oh shit. What about the beach?" I asked and watched her purse then twist her lips.

"Oh, I'll figure something out," she shrugged and I got back to reading the book, my mind however still swimming naked with my mother.

*

"Oh, no you don't!" Mom swatted my hand away from the cake where, as per tradition since childhood, I was about to scoop up a finger of the chocolate frosting. "Not until I've sung happy birthday."

"I'm thirty-six. It's just you and me here. You're not singing me happy birthday!" I disregarded her assertion and had another go at the irresistible chocolate buttercream. This time successful.

"Agh!" Mom caught my hand on its journey back to my mouth and we struggled. "Daniel Briggs. I'm your mother and you'll do as I say," we playfully arm-wrestled in the small kitchen area, stumbling backward the few feet to the bed.

"You won't win, I'm stronger than you," I declared as the back of her legs hit the mattress and we fell laughing onto its cushioned surface, my upper thigh coming to rest between her legs to press into her crotch. There was no denying how intimate was the position we'd accidentally found ourselves, my cock resting upon her hip. With both of her hands wrapped around my wrist, she was incapable of protecting her ribs from my free hand and I set to tickling her to win the battle.

"No," she laughed, her wriggling causing her groin to grind up into my thigh, I felt, possibly more than was warranted. "Alright, alright. You win," she giggled, relenting, her fingers releasing my wrist and I ceased the tickle.

"Damn right," I smiled, prepared to sample the frosting as I lay atop her before she reneged and again quickly took hold of my wrist. The action was swift and caught me off guard as she brought my hand down towards her own mouth and wrapped her lips around the end of the finger. I 'won' alright!

With her eyes looking up into mine, Mom sealed my chocolate-covered index finger within her mouth, her cheeks sucking in as her tongue wrapped itself around me. The feeling indescribable. The grin was slowly lost from my face as I enjoyed the sensation. My mother sucking my finger.

It may've only lasted a few seconds. With total control of my hand, she pulled my finger further into her mouth, allowed it to slide out, then drew it back between her lips as if she were indeed sucking a cock. Finally, she released her hold, and my finger was returned to me, clean of chocolate yet slick with her saliva. My cock responded. Twitching against her hip as it filled with blood. In a panic, I pulled my crotch back from her body, though my thigh remained hard against the heat of her sex.

"We'll call it a draw then," I managed to voice and the intensity that had come over her face cracked and a smile returned.

"No, it's your day Baby," she grinned. "You can have whatever you want."

Did that mean her? I needed her to come out and say it, not these cryptic asides.

"Oh," she added. "That reminds me. Your present."

And it was over. My thigh was regrettably taken from between her legs and she rose to open the top drawer of the dresser.

"What? I don't need a present," I said as I used the opportunity to rearrange my erection to a more comfortable position.

"It's just a little something," Mom declared, turning back to me with a small box in hand. "Your father would've wanted it."

Confused, I took the unwrapped box from her and opened to find Dad's prized Jaeger-LeCoultre watch, the sight bringing back so many memories.

"He was going to give it to you for your fortieth," she informed me. "Now's as good a time as any."

"Mom," I rose and she accepted my embrace. "Thank you," I declared, genuinely grateful for the admittedly valuable gift. It was also another reminder I was her son. Nothing more. Despite my cock still being hard, nudging her soft belly. We wouldn't be having sex. Not now. Not ever. I sat back down on the bed as I admired the timepiece and wound the crown but was just as quickly distracted by Mom. Undressing.

"What are you doing?" I questioned as she removed her t-shirt and began to pull down her jeans.

"What!?" She frowned. "We're going for a swim, aren't we?" She pulled the jeans over her bare feet before standing before me in only a white bra and matching panties. "Well, I'm ready when you are!"

*

A towel was all she used to clothe herself. Wrapped around her waist, and only for the short walk to the beach. Abandoned upon the sand. When she hit the water, still cool despite the change of season, her underwear disappeared as well. Completely transparent it turned. And as she rose to stand in the shallow and we looked upon each other, she may as well have been naked.

And so it was that for an hour, two, we swam, laughed, and played upon our private beach. I chased her with seaweed and we fell into the small break of waves. She lay upon the towel in the sun and I without shame stared at her body. Her small nipples, rigid in the cups of her irrelevant bra. A perfect triangle of auburn pubic hair, pressed down by the saturated nylon of inconsequential panties. She was essentially naked. She was proud. And she was beautiful.

"What?" She rose to her elbows, her body stretched out before her as she returned my gaze, and a day before I would've looked away blushing, quick to divert. Not now.

"You," I smiled, squinting in the sunlight.

"What about me?" she raised a hand to shield her eyes.

"You're beautiful," I admitted, now willing to declare myself. Why? Maybe because it was my birthday. Maybe it was the culmination of events. Or maybe because I was done denying myself. Denying what was obviously happening between us. "Mom..."

"Yes?" Her eyes momentarily dropped to my groin, the obvious erection tenting my boardshorts before she again sought my eyes.

"Mom I want..." The sunlight faded behind dark clouds that appeared over the clifftop behind us. "...I want to..."

"Yes!" She whispered as large intermittent raindrops began to fall upon the sand.

"I want us to..." I paused as a crack of thunder hammered around us and the rain began, ending the moment. Cutting our time at the beach short. "We'd better go," I yelled as I rose from the towel and offered a hand to Mom as she stood, the rain becoming torrential as we left the sand. The path back to the buildings already turning to mud, Mom slipped and I helped her once more to her feet, surprised she was laughing amid the tumult. The temperature dropping, we ran in the downpour until we made it to the porch of the residence, catching our breath as we turned to look at the unexpected storm, the beam of the lighthouse kicking in automatically with the conditions.

"Well, that ended well," I reflected, unable to conceal my disappointment at what might have been about to occur on the beach. Now lost forever it seemed. I turned to Mom. Her still short hair, wet. Bra and panties still just as transparent yet spotted with dirt; grass and mud on her body and legs. And still, she was beautiful. And still, she smiled. "You can shower first if you want?" I offered and was surprised when without a word, she took my hand.

Silent, she led me into the residence and we walked dripping toward the bathroom. And as we entered together and I understood what was about to happen, my heart began to race.

"We shower together," Mom whispered, and as I watched, slipped her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and lowered them down her legs. She didn't wait for my response, turning her back to me to present the clasp of her bra. "Would you?"

Unable to swallow. Unable to think, I at least was able to work my fingers, effortlessly unclasping the hooks and allowing the damp bra to fall down her arms and watch as it was cast away with her panties.

She moved into the shower proper and without looking back, turned on the faucet, testing the water and only turning when she deemed it appropriate.

"You'll need to take them off," she dropped her eyes to my shorts, and realizing how stupid I must have looked standing there dumbfounded, I complied with her wishes.

And we were naked. Together. Mother and son sharing a shower. Yes, I'd seen her essential nudity for hours but now it was real and I couldn't take my eyes from her. My cock unashamedly declared its appreciation. Erect, it pointed directly at her as if reminding me she was where it wanted to go and as I moved under the flow of warm water, our bodies finally came into contact.

Mom offered me a soapy sponge and her back and I was eager to please, my hands caressing her skin, dropping to my knee to wash the mud from her legs, spending time on her buttocks. She turned and I was presented with her pussy. Water ran between her breasts and down her belly to fall from her pubic hair like a trickle of pee. My cock became harder as I rose before her, unashamedly poking her belly as she eyed her boobs, hinting where I was to wash next. Eager, I pressed the sponge against her chest before confidently cupping a breast, soaping one then the other, caressing her erect nipples as she lazily looked on.

And then the embrace. The sponge dismissed and our bodies coming together. If we were clothed it could've been innocent. A mother and son merely hugging. Such as it was, her breasts pressed my chest, my feet spread to allow my cock to slide between her thighs, sit snugly under her pussy, the head between her cheeks.

And there we stood. Locked in the other's arms, unspeaking. Her lips pressed my shoulder, nose nuzzled into my ear as her legs secured my affection. So intimate a moment, it could've lasted forever and with the subtlest of movement, my arms wrapping her torso, she had me cumming. Thigh fucked, I ejaculated from between her buttocks, spraying God knows how much seed upon the shower floor. And still, we embraced. I kissed her hair and she tilted her neck to reveal her ear. This I kissed and felt the pussy above my hardon quiver, a tremble pass through her body. "I love you," I whispered into her neck and her mouth was upon me, her tongue slipping between my lips to seek my own, and again I came. Gasping as jet after jet of incestuous cum surged from me in dedication to my mother, my lover.

"Take me to our bed," she sighed, and deciding we were clean enough, I turned off the faucet, reluctant to break our embrace but leading her from the shower to dry and wrap my queen in a towel. My cock still hard, I walked her to the bed and down she lay, allowing the towel to fall around her to again reveal her naked beauty. It was only then, as she raised her knees and spread her legs did the mischievous smile I knew so well return to her face. "Now fuck me, Daniel Briggs. Like a good son should."

Oh, I'd fuck her alright. But first I needed to taste that pussy I'd spent so long admiring through clothing.

"You want me to fuck you, Mom?" I grinned.

"It's your birthday Baby," she said. "It only seems fitting."

I took hold of an ankle and lifted her foot from the bed and it immediately drew a giggle from her.

"Don't you dare tickle me," she laughed as I pressed the freshly cleaned sole to my lips and kissed, pecking my way to her ankle and along her calf until, reaching her knee, she seemed to know what was coming and a look of intensity returned to her face. "Oh yes," she sighed as I climbed up on the bed and licked my way along her inner thigh. She raised her other leg and her pussy exposed itself to me, her labia dripping as I buried my face into her sex.

Can a man describe the feeling of eating out his mother? I doubt I could do it justice. Delirium is possibly the closest to what I felt. An overwhelming sensation of finding one's place. A realization that here, between her legs with a mouthful of cunt, was where I, indeed every son belonged. My tongue delved as deep as it could, so warmly embraced by her vaginal walls, pouring forth a divine liquid that I greedily swallowed as quickly as she produced. Onto her clit. Sucking and licking as I imbedded a finger, two, where my tongue had paved the way. Her hands found the back of my head and fingers were run through my hair as I worked my magic, bending my digits to stimulate her further before the eventual orgasm.

Her pelvis rose into my face. Thighs locked around my head as she came into my mouth. A shudder accompanied by a relieved gasp as she clamped my face to her vagina, heels massaging my back as she writhed upon the mattress. She released me and drew me up her body, eagerly seeking out my dripping mouth, my jaw drenched in her mommy juice.

"Kiss me, my baby," she sighed. "Let me taste it."

Her tongue drew me in. Wrapping around my own as her mouth sucked up her wet. From my lips, from my chin.

"Fuck me, Daniel," she managed to pant. "Mommy needs her baby's cock."

My dick had been awaiting its call. Patient as it bedded down in her saturated pubic hair. Now was its time to shine. After a month of preparation and with the smallest of shifts in position, it found her opening. Drawn back to the womb almost magnetically, I felt the head of my cock slide ever so slowly between her labia. So swollen the tip, the briefest of doubt I'd fit before she welcomed me. The warmth of her walls, the most intimate of embraces as my dick filled her completely. No. Room enough for my seed when it came. But we'd earn it. My third orgasm wouldn't come cheaply.

The bed groaned under our exertions as the thunder clapped outside. On my knuckles, I looked down upon her body as we fucked. Her boobs circled on her chest almost hypnotically as my pelvis hammered her thighs, her mouth locked in a silent scream. Again, she came and I felt her vaginal walls clasp my cock, loathe to release my length, gripping me vice-like with each penetration.

"C..C..Cumming," she stammered as she needlessly informed me of her orgasm. This was my job now, my abs aching, flushed of face, and gasping for breath. I'd found my calling. Screw the lighthouse. Let the ships wreck. I'd devote my life to making her cum even if it killed me in the process. "C..Come to me Baby," she managed to voice and her arms were held up to encourage the

embrace, drawing me down onto her body to press her further into the mattress. And so, we lay. As tightly bound as any two lovers, kissing, caressing. "I want it inside me," Mom whispered into my mouth. "Every day. Forever," she pleaded, following quickly. "Cum in me!"

I follow orders. Her word my command. I hugged her body; an arm around her neck, a hand upon her ass with a finger dabbing her asshole as I came. Her pussy took over as I ceased my movement, flexing around me to milk my length, to coax my outpouring of love. The third, the best. No wasted cum on the shower floor. This was the orgasm of a lifetime. So natural and yet so taboo. The most honest declaration of affection by a son for his mother. Flowers on Mother's Day be damned, no gift was as pure as ejaculate.

My breath held for the better part of a minute as I released inside her, I finally exhaled and slumped once more upon her body. The softness of her flesh, the sweaty warmth of her skin. Again, our mouths met. The slowest, the wettest, and most intimate of kisses as I voiced my appreciation. "That was awesome," I marveled. "I love you so much Mom," I declared and her vagina squeezed my still rock-hard cock tighter, drawing from me a chuckle.

"Ready to go again?" she giggled and admittedly exhausted, I sunk further upon her body though my cock twitched at the prospect.

"Just give me a minute," I panted, my eyes closing to welcome an afternoon sleep.

*

We were making out on the couch like teenagers. An inspection of the lighthouse and buildings post-storm, in the early evening I'd returned to the residence to find Mom dressed in only an apron as she prepared dinner. There was no way I was going to let this opportunity pass me by, and after some groping in the kitchen, we found ourselves in the living area, hands on each other's genitals. With two of my fingers buried deep in her pussy, Mom broke our kiss to look me in the eyes.

"When did you know?"

"Know what?" I sighed as her hand continued to jerk my cock, pre-cum coating my length and lubricating her action.

"Know this is what you wanted. Us?" She elaborated.

"I don't know," I searched my memory. "Why?"

"It wasn't that day? The day you asked me to come to the island?"

I thought of her back then, in the kitchen. The vulnerability in her eyes. Our embrace and my cock pressing against her pelvis.

"I felt it then," Mom informed me and I sensed she wanted to share more, my fingers slipping from her sopping pussy as she shifted position. For a moment I thought she was ending our session until she climbed up on my lap and allowed my cock to so easily slide within her body. I lifted the apron from around her neck to reveal her boobs and delighted in the vision of her nudity before me.

"I mean, I felt YOU then," she clarified. "You may not know this Daniel, but every mother desires to sleep with her son."

"What?" I questioned.

"It's true," she gently rocked on my groin. "We rarely speak of it. But it's always there. When I felt your penis against me that day, it was like an awakening."

Her honesty was inspiring and I was quick to admit my experience.

"I started thinking differently about you that day," I admitted. "But it was when we got here that things changed."

"Never before?" She seemed almost hurt at the admission and I had to confess that maybe as a teenager I'd had a couple of incestuous fantasies. It worked to placate her but what I said next made her most satisfied.

"I started to picture your underwear," I stated. "On the boat, I wondered what panties you were wearing?" Her grinding in my lap became quicker, her pussy hugging me tighter. "You gave me a hard-on Mom," I admitted. "On the beach. I was looking at your ass and I wanted you. I wanted to fuck you," I said and lifted my hands to her breasts to caress and pinch her erect nipples.

"Yes," she panted, slapping her pelvis into my groin. "Tell me."

"And then I saw you in your lingerie," I continued. "I could've fucked you that first night."

"I wanted you to Baby," she gasped. "I brought them for you. I wore them for you," she admitted her plan and the confession seemed to be the catalyst for her orgasm, her torso falling against me, my arms wrapping her in my love as she shuddered with euphoria. "It was all for you," she breathed into my neck as I came inside her.

*

"Chehooit," I read from the history of the islands off the coast of California. "It's what the native Americans first called the island. She was the Earth Mother Goddess," I looked over the rim of the book to Mom, laying naked between my legs, hand around the shaft of my slick cock, her tongue, and lips lavishing the head with love. "You're a Goddess!" I whispered and she looked up, smiling.

"No Daniel, I'm your mother," she winked. "Keep reading."

I preferred to watch her but angled the book to keep her in my peripheral vision as I scanned the page.

"It says the Spanish renamed the island Santa Jocasta," I continued and again her eyes found mine, her mouth coming off the end of my dick.

"That's strange."

"What?"

"Well Jocasta isn't Spanish," she planted light kisses on my length. "It's Greek. She's also..."

"What?" I asked and she smiled cheekily.

"Just look it up!"

I shrugged and added further. "The Navy took over during WW2 then handed it back to California who renamed it Caster Island in honor of its relatively famous former resident."

"Delia or Jack?" Mom questioned.

"Well, Jack, obviously."

"Not so," Mom countered continuing to jerk her fist up and down my column. "She was here for a period before she died. You haven't finished the biography?"

"I'm getting there," I smiled.

"Jack had a summer with her. Just the two of them. It was said he returned with her ashes to spread on the island on his final stint as keeper of the light. When his tenure was due the boat arrived to pick him up but he was gone."

"What?"

Mom nodded. "Legend was, heartbroken by the loss of his mother, he threw himself to his death from the top of the lighthouse. No trace of him was ever found."

"Fuck, sounds like they were close," I breathed, dismissing the book to focus fully on the blowjob Mom had returned to. "Wait a minute, you wouldn't reach the water if you jumped from the lighthouse," I thought of the view from the top, and Mom shrugged.

"It's just a story, Daniel," she stated before licking up my length, sucking pre-cum from the eye.

I lay there and marveled at the fact my mother was sucking me off, admiring her beauty, her talent, as I felt my orgasm approaching.

"Come here," I held out a hand to draw her up my body.

"Why?" She surprisingly questioned.

"Because I want to cum inside you," I matter-of-factly explained and she shook her head.

"I want you to finish here," she rubbed the bulbous head of my dick across her chin, nuzzled her nose against my swelling.

"You're serious?"

"Cum on me Daniel," her hand tightened around my erection, increased its rate. "Cum on my face."

No more loving words had ever been spoken by a mother to her son. Here was the woman I'd sought my entire life. One who knew me, and as the days had gone by, ached to learn more. Whose love was unconditional and reciprocated. How could any other woman compete with what we had? They couldn't.

Her mouth wrapped again the head of my cock as her fist worked the shaft, a free hand fondling and squeezing my laden balls. She forced more of me between her lips, the head against the roof of her mouth, and further before she gagged and released me, drooling saliva down my length.

"You're wrong," I gasped as she used her spit as lube, jerking me off as she rubbed the head against her lips. "You are a goddess!" I exclaimed as I came.

A geyser of ejaculate. She closed one eye partly as a jet of cum coated from temple to cheek. Spray after spray of jism shooting forth to be aimed across her face as if wishing her entire visage painted.

Her chin a beard of my creamy affection, dripping from her nose like snot, her tongue eager to catch the trickle and swallow my gift of love. She took me inside her mouth and sucked the remainder as I once more breathed, my heart audibly thumping as her eyes sought my appraisal.

"How was that?" She popped off me smiling and I don't think I'd ever seen her look so beautiful. Daubed in incestuous face paint, seemingly proud of the result.

"Awesome," I panted as she rose to a kneeling position between my legs a hand still around my slick penis.

"How do I look?" She grinned, tentatively opening her eye, the cum remaining on her eyelash.

"So good," I chuckled and she laughed, drawing me from the bed.

"Come on," she giggled leading me to the bathroom. "I want to see."

And so, it was. Days of playfulness turning into weeks of summer indulgence. Experimenting sexually like teenagers, eager to try every position, every extreme. Days we remained naked. Days spent entirely in bed. We'd fall asleep in each other's arms, my cock embedded, to wake erect and find her ready. Her cunt my cock's home. More in than out. The weather turning to mark another season, to tally our time together and the ever-encroaching end of my tenure. Forgotten as we cuddled together in the winter cold. Mother and son, lovers, blanketed by incestuous warmth and wrapped in love enduring. Endless.

*

Longer days. Spring and the sun's comfort extending. Mom face down on the bed, naked ass in the air as I spanked her buttocks to her delighted squeals. Even this long into our time together, discovering something new and exciting. A red hue quickly covering each peachy cheek as I handed out ten of the best.

"It's all this island," she rolled onto her side, giggling, and I fell next to her, my fingers combing down through her pubic hair to cup her dripping pussy. "I never did any of this with your father."

"The island? Or its inhabitants?" I posed, kissing her forehead.

"You're not talking about your ghosts again?" She smiled, looking up into my eyes as I ran my fingers along her labia, finding her clit and causing her to sigh.

"Something happened," I recalled my encounters early on in the lighthouse. "You never felt anything... weird?"

She nestled further into my side, her face in the crook of my neck.

"I've had... dreams," she admitted for the first time. "Of us. We were wearing clothes of a different age. But they started before we even got here."

"But only after I first told you about this place!?" I fired back and her eyes once more found mine.

"Yes."

I thought of the hairstyle she'd adopted. Mayhew's reaction to her uncanny resemblance to Delia Caster.

"You think it's them, don't you?" Mom implied Delia and her son, my silence in response, speaking volumes. "I can't. I won't," Mom rolled atop me, her vulva lost to my hand but my cock taking up the duty, sliding along her slick folds. "I, we're not under the influence of some entity Daniel," she reached down and allowed my cock entrance to her vagina, sliding down to the base. "This is real."

I groaned with pleasure as she squeezed her vaginal walls around my erection, reaching up to cup her breasts and draw her mouth down onto mine.

"Whatever the case," I whispered between her lips. "Whatever the cause," I kissed her as I began to thrust up into her body. "You're all I'll ever need from life Mom," I echoed Mayhew's final words as her tongue entered my mouth.

*

"Dickson?" I extended my hand as the fair-haired, what could only be described as a youth, climbed down from the ship.

"And you must be Briggs," he smiled as we shook hands, Mom offering her own as I introduced the two.

"Welcome to the island," I turned my attention to unloading the supply boat before after roughly fifteen minutes of labor, concentrating again on my successor. "Right, let's show you the ropes."

*

The days after the new caretaker departed went too quickly, during which, Mom and I were all but inseparable. Our last naked (albeit freezing) swim upon the beach. Walks arm in arm around the island. Hand-jobs, make-out sessions, and impromptu fucks in any and every situation possible. We made the most of it. Late nights and early rises so as not to waste a minute in each other's orbit, ever touching. We were lovers. We'd shared the love of a lifetime in the space of a year and so deeply was our affection, there was little doubt we'd not continue back in the real world. But what if?

It was a feeling unspoken. And I knew she shared my concern.

"He can't be more than twenty," Mom referred to Riley Dickson as we awaited the Coast Guard Cutter at the jetty. "Do you think he'll be okay here?" Mom's maternal instinct kicked in.

"He seemed more than capable when I was showing him around. He's done a lot of solo camping apparently, so he's used to being on his own."

"Even so. A year alone," Mom proposed. "That's got to change you."

I laughed and placed an arm around her waist. "You're starting to sound like Mayhew. I did tell him to contemplate bringing someone, but he's single and I think he likes it that way."

The Cutter appeared and slowed as it neared the jetty and I set to attaching the docking lines as Dickson and surprisingly another, climbed from the ship, back beside Mom when I managed to take in the presence of the newcomer. She was as blond as Dickson and the similarity between the two was unmistakable, clearly a relation and much older than the boy.

"...and this is my sister, Gillian," Dickson introduced the attractive woman, taking off her leather gloves to shake our hands, Mom reaching out to squeeze my arm at the mention of their familial

relationship.

"I wasn't going to let my baby brother do this on his own," Gillian smiled and the two shared a look between them of deep affection and my heart swelled surprisingly. A brother and sister alone on an isolated island for a year. Who knows what could happen!?

*

"I think they'll be alright," Mom acknowledged me as I left the bridge and joined her looking back at the island.

"Oh, I'm sure they'll have the time of their lives," I wrapped an arm around her and she turned to look me in the eye.

"And us?" There was a slight look of concern behind her forced smile.

"Oh, I know we'll be alright," I dismissed her fears as I pulled her into me, my cock pressing hard into her crotch.

"But what if it's not the same between us back there?"

"Then we'll find another island somewhere," I swept my arm toward the ocean. "Just the two of us. We'll never be apart again, I promise you," I assured her as our lips met and I found her tongue. And as I looked through her hair at the island diminishing behind us, just before I closed my eyes to the lighthouse. It was possible I saw a man and woman atop the tower. Arm in arm, watching as we departed. It was possible the woman had short black hair, done in a flapper-style akin to the roaring twenties and it's even possible the man wore a grey peak cap.

But it's possible, I was mistaken.

*

Thank you for reading.