

What Would You Have Done?

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Did I overreact? Possibly.

Did I lose control and go too far? Probably.

But, do you blame me? Stephania doesn't and that's what really matters.

Besides, What Would You Have Done?

CHAPTER I - April 2001

What am I talking about?

Oh, I'm sorry. Let me back up some. My name is Brand, which comes from the traditional Norse name Brandr, and means sword, fiery torch or beacon.

Unlike my older sister, Dahlia, I didn't excel, or apply myself, in school. Dahlia was a gold-star, Honor Roll student who, unintentionally, left big shoes for me to fill. She liked school, while I detested it. Unfortunately, I would test higher than she would on those aptitude tests. While expected to, "follow in our sister's footsteps," I instead coasted.

Or as I heard so often, I "wasn't living up to your potential." She graduated near the top of her class and enrolled at Vanderbilt in Nashville, TN. I did not follow the same path. As for me, I paid the consequences of my wasted youth. While my sister, and everyone else, left town to go to a real college or university I lived at home with Mom and my father and attended the local community college.

However, I learnt my lesson. 20 years old and in my second year, I worked hard toward graduating. After graduation at the end of May, I planned to transfer to the State University. I looked forward to moving out of the house because I fucking HATED my father.

Is this wrong to say?

I'm sorry, but it's true. In my humble opinion, he was a 48-year-old Piece of Shit. I know I'm cursing too much and I apologize. It's just when talking about him, it infuriates me. What drove me even battier was how my mother couldn't see what a turd he was.

As to Mom, well, I love her. My mother, Stephania (or Stephanie or just Steph), was part Norwegian and part Portuguese, an unusual mix huh?! The result was amazing though. From Grandpa Jan she inherited his pale skin, brilliant blue eyes, and Nordic build. At 5'10 and maybe only 135 pounds, she was tall, slim, and athletic. From vó Estela, Mom got her long straight raven locks common to those of Mediterranean descend. She also inherited her mother's smile and charming laugh.

I was also in love with my Mom, which was one of the reasons why I hated seeing her with my father. While I fantasized about her being with me, I felt anyone was better than my

father. She would argue with me to, "Please, try to get along with your father." I would bluntly counter how she "could do so much better than him. That you don't have to stay with him." My mother even made more money than he did! Yet she would always tell me, "Oh Brand, you don't see the good in him." Or it was, "It's just because you two can't get along that you feel that way." Or it was some other lame excuse.

Or maybe it was just the fact he got to go to bed with her every night.

CHAPTER II

One day, this all changed.

They cancelled my last two classes due to a campus wide electrical problem. No lights equaled no school. This was fine with me since I could hear my bed calling to me. I knew an afternoon nap sounded like a grand idea.

When I pulled up along the curb to our house, I saw a car I did not recognize, a white Volkswagen Beetle, parked in our driveway. Something didn't sit right with me. The Volkswagen Beetle is a chick-mobile, yet my mother or sister wasn't home. In fact, being mid-afternoon nobody should be home. I was suspicious; something squirrely was going on at our house.

Twenty years old with too much testosterone, I took it upon myself to investigate what was happening. Having taken boxing and martial art classes since I was eight, at my father's urging, I was determined to defend my home.

Driving past our house, I parked in the street two houses down. Walking back, I silently let myself in through the side door of the garage. Immediately, I noticed the house alarm was not on. I crept into the house via the laundry room and into the kitchen. The house was quiet. Still, I kept getting a vibe that things weren't kosher.

Looking around, I found the downstairs deserted. I quietly ascended the stairs, avoiding the fourth step that always squeaked. At the top of the stairs, on the right was my bedroom. My door was open and the room empty. Same for the bathroom directly in front of the stairs and my sister's room to the left of the bathroom. At the end of the hallway was my parent's bedroom. The door was shut but from the darkness of the hallway, I saw light peeking out from underneath.

Having watched too many cop shows, treading lightly on the carpeted floor, I slid along the wall. I couldn't hear anything, but could've sworn I saw the shafts of light from under the door shift.

Reaching the end of the hallway, my parents' closed bedroom door stood before me. Cautiously, I put my hand on the doorknob. I turned it ever so slowly. When the doorknob was fully turned, I held the door closed. I continued to try to hear something, anything; but all I heard was my heart racing in my chest. I hadn't noticed it before but I was sweating

profusely. It threatened to run into my eyes, but I was too nervous to wipe it away.

Then I heard it! A muffled voice, it sounded feminine and may have said, "Tony stop."

Paralysis gripped me as I wondered if I imagined it. I waited, hoping to hear anything. The pounding of my heart thundered in my ears. Then I heard the word that would change my entire life.

"STOP!" a woman's voice shrieked.

Without realizing what I was doing, I charged into my parents' room. Yet I knew her voice wasn't my mother's.

Flying into the room, my mind processed information faster than I could formulate thoughts. I saw the backside of a bloated bleached whale of a male's back. There seemed to be an extra set of legs facing upwards, the wrong direction.

I heard a scream and suddenly I was at the side of the bed. Grabbing a handful of my father's balding hair with my left hand, I yanked him back. In an instant, I saw a woman's face, some woman's face. I knew for certain it wasn't Mom's. Maybe I knew her, maybe I didn't know her. It didn't matter. I didn't care.

Looking into my father's face, I saw shock. Until he saw my right hand collide with it. There was a sickening crunching sound. My rage unleashed, I wasn't done.

Using the momentum from my punch, I was able to swing my father from the bed with my left hand. He collapsed upon the floor, and then tried to scramble to his hands and knees. The years of hatred burned within me. Fueled by rage, I attempted to punt my father's skull into next week. My reward was seeing his head snap back and a mixture of spit, blood and teeth went flying skywards.

"I'll fucking kill you," I thundered, and stomped down on his skull in an attempt to flatten it into the floor.

"I'll fucking kill you," I screamed loud enough for his ancestors to hear. I kicked with all my might and landed a blow any MMA fighter would be proud of. Into his ribs, my foot drove. I was rewarded with a sickening, "Ooof."

"I'll fucking kill you," I promised. I prepared to deliver another rib-breaking kick to his inert form. I heard a crash. Then I felt it.

The world turned black.

CHAPTER III

Returning to this planet, I heard a male voice say, "You alright, son?" Hearing a male call me, "son" reignited my fury.

"I'll fucking kill you," I yelled and attempted to make true on my promise. I was, for some reason, lying on the floor and everything seemed blurry.

Unlike before when my mind processed information at light-speed, my thoughts were sluggish and confused. I couldn't locate my father and there was a mass atop me, trying to restrain me. Consumed with rage, I got out from under the weight on top of me and went to chase down my father, whom I believed fled down the hallway. Running down the hallway, I heard a male voice yell, "Stop him."

Reaching the top of the stairs my body betrayed me. My legs flew in opposite directions, my arms flailed uselessly, my teeth sizzled and my spine attempted to create a backwards C. Heedlessly, I kept charging forward. Suddenly, racked with an electrifying spasm my body contorted wildly. I collapsed to the floor.

My rage drove me on. I attempted to get to my knees muttering, "mutha-fucka."

Before I made it to my feet, my body betrayed me as every joint seemed to flex in the wrong way. I rolled on the floor and crashed into the banisters overlooking the downstairs foyer. My body again crackled with electricity.

And then, miraculously, I was flying. Until I saw the ceramic tiles downstairs rushing up to meet me. My shoulder kissed the tile, lightning shot through me and the blackness welcomed me.

CHAPTER IV

The next time I opened my eyes, an angel stood over me.

Blinking a few times, my eyes focused. I saw it wasn't angel but my Mom, who stood over me, looking down upon me. She somehow looked both relieved and concerned. My body matched her by feeling both numb and aching. I realized I

wasn't home, but didn't know where I was. Groggily, I mumbled, "Where am I? What happened?"

Mom explained I was in the hospital, "although, somehow, nothing's broken, you've been floating in and out of consciousness."

She explained how, "that whore broke my vase over your head. Then those fucking cops tazered you 'til you crashed through the upstairs' balcony. We're gonna sue those bastards, just you watch."

My avenging angel explained the damage my rampage inflicted upon my father. She explained to me I been charged with Aggravated Assault. She explained how since it was a domestic violence case, I couldn't get bail. Mom continued, "don't worry sweetie, we'll get through this together." and how, "that piece of shit will never step foot in my house again."

My head throbbed and I had trouble comprehending the severity of what Mom was saying. In twenty years, this was

the first time I heard my mother curse. Even with my difficulty understanding everything happening, I knew things were a serious mess.

The caring son I was, I earnestly promised, "Mom, I won't let anyone hurt you... ever."

With a bemused chuckle Mom said, "I know," and kissed me on the forehead.

She held her head about six inches away from me. I could see worry in her ice-blue eyes, then she slowly smiled and worry was replaced with determination. She gave me a quick kiss, just a peck on the lips, and I burned for more. Straightening up, she said, "I have to go, but I'll be back."

When she got to the door of my hospital room, she turned back and said, "And don't worry, we'll get through this together. I love you."

After she left, I realized how alone I felt.

And that my right hand was handcuffed to the bed.

CHAPTER V

Since I was able to remain conscience, the doctors cleared me and promptly transferred me to the county's jail.

Upon arriving, I sat in a bullpen with 30 others while 8 to 10 C.O.'s (Corrections Officers) stood on the other side and seemed to do nothing for hours. After six hours of this fun, I traded my open-in-the-back hospital gown for an orange jumpsuit with INMATE boldly printed down the right leg and blue dock shoes. Besides NASA astronauts and inmates, who else wears orange jumpsuits where they needed to identify me as an inmate?

After changing, they handcuffed me behind my back and escorted to, the Pods. Now I can't speak of anywhere else, but

the Pods resembled nothing like the hells they show on TV. There was this large dayroom with stainless steel tables, with attached seats, bolted to the floor. Surrounding it was two tiers of thirty cells each, with the bars facing outward toward the dayroom.

In the dayroom, I would learn, you do everything from eating all your meals with a plastic spork; watch TV; play cards or board games; or simply watch the clock tick by. Besides the food ranging from atrocious to inedible, the worse thing was the boredom. The only times you left the Pod was for an hour in a yard, which wasn't anything but a basketball court and a volleyball court. Occasionally there would be a basketball out there, but I never saw a volleyball. Mostly everyone just shuffled around in a counter-clockwise fashion. I never understood why counter-clockwise, but that's the way it was.

The other time you would leave the Pod was for visits. Again, I can't speak for anywhere else, but the visiting room resembled nothing like anything I ever saw on TV.

That first evening I was called for a visit. A C.O. escorted me there, and it was nothing like I expected. The visiting room was a long room with short windows along the ceiling. On both sides were booths that looked as if stolen from McDonalds. There was one C.O. lackadaisically walking around and another, who seemed about to fall asleep from boredom, sitting by a double set of barred gates. The seated C.O. blithely stated, "Seymour? Fourth seat on the left."

Walking toward the booth, I saw the back of my Mom's head. Arriving at my assigned booth, she jumped up and hugged me. I was afraid to hug her back, thinking this must be against the rules. Mom clung to me.

After maybe ten seconds and the C.O. walking past me without paying us any heed, I realized maybe this wasn't banned. I hugged my visitor back and it felt good to hold her. She kissed me on both cheeks and then a quick peck on my lips.

While I tried to comprehend this whole bizarre scene, she released me and slid back into her seat. I stood there stupidly, until Mom commanded me to, "Sit!" With a wave of her hand, she indicated the bench across from her.

Over the table, taking my hands into hers, Mom asked if I was okay, was I having any problems, did I need anything. I explained to her how I was still trying to figure everything out; how nothing seemed like I expected, but that I was alright. I told her how I couldn't believe the visiting room was like this.

My visitor laughed and told me how relieved she was when she found out there weren't any Plexiglas and telephones. She told me the visits are only one hour and every other evening. Later, I would learn from the other inmates my county jail had what is called contact visits, meaning while the inmate sits across from his/her visitor, there was no barrier or partition separating us. I learned A through L had visits on even days and M through Z had odd days.

"But don't worry, I'll be here every visiting day. Would you believe this place isn't that out of my way home from work? It's only two exits further down, and then right here. I never even knew where this place was before today. But I'll be here, don't worry, we're going to get through this together."

As she spoke, Mom pulled me forward and kissed me, again a quick peck on my lips. She informed me she grabbed some books from my room to read, "because isn't that what prisoners do?" she darkly joked.

"And tomorrow, I'm gonna get the best lawyer and get you out of here. You don't belong here. That fucking bastard does."

Soon the hour was up and my savior had to leave. We stood up and hugged. I could see she was on the verge of tears. "Mom, please don't cry. I'm fine and he's not worth your tears." She clasped my cheeks and kissed my squeezed puckered lips. "How did I get such a wonderful son?"

"I have a great Mom who taught me," I told her. We hugged again and I had to watch her leave.

CHAPTER VI

Back on the Pod, I realized how grateful I was for the books. I never read in the real world but I soon discovered how the TV operated, by finding the dumbest possible show. With cable, they were able to find some real crap. The C.O.'s often mockingly called the TV, "the electronic baby-sitter." I sat at one of the back tables as far away from the blaring idiot box and started reading out of sheer boredom. The next day, I got fifteen minutes on the phone. I called Mom. After assuring her, I was fine, I begged for more books. I was almost done with the three she brought me.

I read and waited for my next visit. The next day, when I got down to the visiting room, Mom treated me to the sight of her in black stretch nylon leggings molding to her legs like a second skin, and a loose white wool sweater that complimented it. But, it wasn't the sweater I fixated on.

Have I mentioned my mother had an athletic build, which included powerful but shapely legs?

When she had the chance, she loved to swim. At home, there was a special section in the pool to allow for laps, creating a T-shaped pool. This was by her demand.

As we hugged, I noticed how sweet she smelled and how she combed her hair out.

"God, Mom you look great." I complimented.

"Thank you, I gotta look good for my man, don't I?" she replied. She continued:

"Sit, I got good news for you." We sat and Mom took my hands in hers. In her lyrical voice, she spoke quickly, "I told you I would get you the best lawyer. Yesterday and this morning I spoke with Sylvia Plath. She's the best domestic violence

attorney. She usually works with battered women, ripping those bastards apart. When I spoke to her yesterday, she told me she had been trying to get a hold of me; but you know me, I haven't been checking the messages on the house phone. Anyway, she wants to represent you. She's going to come see you on Monday; and then Tuesday, you have a court date."

As Mom informed me that the local TV news reported my arrest, all I could think was, 'If this lawyer was so good, then how much she was going to cost.' I said so.

"You're my man. You're worth any amount to me," she confidently stated. I was somewhat taken aback but I rolled with it.

We talked about some mundane stuff, and Mom told me she brought me some more books. She told me she called my school and with only a month left to this semester, the professors were going to give me incompletes. As I thanked her, I jokingly asked, "Gosh Mom, have you gotten any work done?"

She told me I wouldn't believe how supportive her co-workers and our neighbors have been. "Would you believe Caroline and Deborah," a neighbor and a co-worker of hers, "have started collecting money for a defense fund? You have a lot of people pulling for you."

I figured it was her they were pulling for, but I didn't correct her.

After a too fast hour, our visit was over. We hugged, and Mom whispered into my ear, "I never realized how empty the house is without you there. At night, I catch myself wondering, 'Where's my man? What's he doing right now? I hope he's thinking of me.'"

As Mom walked away, I realized I was checking out her ass and trying to spot the panty lines underneath her leggings. After she left, I realized I couldn't and wondered if my Mom was wearing a thong or going commando. Either way, it was hot.

CHAPTER VII

Our next visit was on Sunday. This time my visitor wore a pink polo-style knit shirt and well-fitting jeans. Instead of looking like a 42-year old woman trying to look young, she looked gorgeous. As we hugged, I noticed Mom was almost as tall as I am. I commented on it. Mom laughed and said, "No silly, it's my sandals."

She pirouetted around and then showed off her open toed sandals that sported a tall, thick cork heel. I got three kisses, one on my right cheek, one on my left, and one on my lips. We sat down, and I noticed she appeared especially perky, shall we say. My mother was not especially busty, maybe a B-cup but they fit with her body. When she wore a bathing suit, Mom had soft gentle curves sculpting to her form.

Today her little oranges were riding high, two bumps in her bright pink shirt. It was as if they were screaming, "Here we are!"

Trying to be circumspect, I inquired, "Kinda upbeat today, huh?"

Missing the hint, in her lyrical voice, she spoke rapidly, "I got good news yesterday. After I learned that bastard was cheating on this..." and she fluttered her arms to indicate herself, "I had to get tested. The results came back yesterday, I'm clean of everything. Thank God, I didn't fuck him for at least three or four months."

Mom paused and her bold openness was astonishing. This was not like her.

Squeezing my hands tighter, she continued, speaking fast, "I shouldn't tell you this, but I can't keep secrets from my man... your father was a lousy fuck," My mind screamed, YIKES!

"But at least he would let me use my toys to get off; or sometimes he'd use them on me. You don't have a problem

using toys do you? Of course not, your younger generation is so lucky. You don't have to beg a man to shave. If I'm fully shaved, actually I get waxed, then why can't he trim down there. Do you think I want to stick my face in front of something that looks like an out-of-control forest? Do you think I wanna lick someone's asshole if there's a tangle of brush blocking the way?

"No way, not me," my mother shockingly informed me. Before I could formulate a thought, she continued, "...but I'm sure you keep everything clean, right? Oh! I need you to get tested yourself. They'll do a full screening here, I already found out. Tell them whatever you have to 'cause no clean bill of health, then you ain't getting none."

Mom paused for a second and my mind was spinning. 'What the fuck is she talking about?' I wondered.

Then she started up again, "Oh! I got a new bed. They delivered it yesterday. It's wonderful. I couldn't sleep on that old one knowing your father was doing who knows what on

it. I've been sleeping in your bed; it helps me feel close to you. I know you don't mind. Maybe I'll keep sleeping there until you get home, then we can break in the new mattress, what do you think? That would be fun, huh? I got a queen-size this time, I hope that's alright, I don't think we'll need all the extra space, do you?"

She spoke without pause. I tried to follow along but I was clueless what she was babbling on about. What did it matter to me what size bed she had?

"I also got a new bed frame. I think you'll really like it. Both the headboard and footboard are of black iron," using her hands, she drew in the air, "with these swirls that end with flower bulbs at the end. I found out the flowers are tulips. Isn't that funny? Two lips? But it's not girlie at all, in fact it looks like a guy's bed. With my man not home, I had to have the delivery guys set it all up."

She paused for a breath. I had a thousand questions but before I could say a word, she resumed her rambling, "Those two

guys were hot, and I mean hot. I thought of taking them both just to spite your father... but I couldn't do it, do you know why?"

Baffled, I just shrugged. "Because I couldn't do that to my man, I've told you 'we're gonna do this together', and I mean it. If that means me having to be a good girl until you get home, then so be it." She leaned across the table and planted a kiss upon my hanging open mouth. "I love you so much, I can't wait until you get home, we're gonna have so much fun!" I looked around the visiting room wondering who abducted my mother and replaced her with this crazy woman.

CHAPTER VIII

Unfortunately, Monday wasn't as much fun.

I met my lawyer, Ms. Sylvia Plath. She was 50-something years old, thick, and everything about her shouted seriousness. After the introductions, she informed me, "Mr. Seymour, I'm not going to beat around the bush, or blow

sunshine up your ass. If you want that then tell me and I'll find another attorney to represent you."

Her no nonsense attitude was reassuring. I felt that I was in good hands, until she lowered the boom. She explained that last week my father testified at the Grand Jury and was pushing for me to be indicted. Like every other schmo, I had no idea what she was talking about. Seeing my confused expression, Ms. Plath explained the differences between misdemeanors and felonies; and how the Grand Jury works, how they decide who is charged with a felony. Ms. Plath then explained the difference between the legal world and common sense.

Emotionlessly, she ticked off my mistakes:

- 1) My father's whore was saying she never said, "Stop" after initially saying she did. However, that was a minor issue, Ms. Plath said.

2) I should've called the police instead of entering the house if I thought there was something wrong;

3) I should've called the police before entering the bedroom;

4) After punching my father the first time and throwing him to the floor, the threat to the woman or myself was removed and I should've stopped. By continuing, I became the aggressor.

5) Yelling "I gonna kill you," multiple times showed my intent to injure or maim.

6) Fleeing from the police demonstrated I grasped the consequences of my actions, thus was sane throughout the act.

7) Yelling "I gonna kill you," in front of the police validated I am still a threat to my father, justifying an Order of Protection and being denied bail.

8) That I did not surrender after the first tazing, justified the police's further attempts to restrain me.

9) According to the police, I attempted to flee by jumping off the upstairs balcony. By withstanding four tazings, this demonstrated the severity of my rage.

"Basically I am fucked?" I asked.

"No, it's my job to show the other side of picture. And Brand, I am very good at my job," Ms. Plath calmly replied. I still didn't feel very optimistic.

CHAPTER IX

Tuesday morning they woke me up for Court at five in the morning and was herded downstairs to sit in the bullpens. An hour and a half later, the C.O.'s had us shuffling, handcuffed and ankle-shackled, through an underground tunnel to the courthouse and placed us in smaller bullpens to wait. For an

eternity, I sat there wondering what was going on; what time it was, as the bullpens were dark, windowless cells with no clock; and as time dragged on, I started thinking about all the crazy things my Mom had been saying lately.

Pondering her comments only lead me to more questions, such as:

What the hell did she mean when she called me "her man"? Was she saying some Portuguese phrase that was not translating right? Why was Mom telling me about beds? Or even crazier, Why did she tell me about her and my father? And as much as I was enjoying it, What the hell was up with her kissing me on the lips? Was that a Portuguese thing or a Norwegian one?

I had no answer for any of these, except the thought my Mom was coming on to me, but that seemed preposterous. Maybe the vase upside my head had me imagining things that weren't there. This seemed more believable than after beating the dickens out of my father for fucking some other woman,

Mom felt I was now her man and when I get out we're gonna be a couple sleeping in the same bed.

After centuries past, a court officer called me out of the bullpen to meet with my lawyer in a tiny closet of a room. Ms. Plath sat there looking stern and dour. The officer looped my handcuffs through a buckle bolted to the table, and left.

"I didn't know who your Guardian Angel is," Ms. Plath started, "but you better thank your lucky stars. Although the District Attorney got the indictment from the Grand Jury, she has decided not to follow through with it. Instead, she is willing to allow you to plead guilty to 4th degree Assault, which is a Class B misdemeanor. You'll be sentenced to 30 days, of which you'll have to do twenty days. You have six days in already; so basically, another two weeks. In return, you will have to sign a waiver on the right to sue the Police Department for excessive force.

"You can refuse this plea, but the D.A. will then file the indictment. I think you have a good chance to win and be

found not guilty at trial," she emotionlessly stated yet my ears perked up. Then in a stern lecturing drone, she explained, "However, it can take up to a year before your case goes to trial; and if you lose, you will face years in prison.

"Now with this plea, you'll have to do another two weeks in jail; since it's a Class B misdemeanor, you will not have to list it on college or job applications. You will have to waive your right to sue, and you would've won that.

"As to your father, an Order of Protection will remain in force for two years, at which point he can petition to renew it. However, while you must stay 500 feet away from him, the Judge will also order him to remain 500 feet away from your dwelling, place of school, or place of employment.

"Brand, by law I cannot tell you whether to take this plea offer or not. Still I think this is going to be the best offer you'll get, and that you should thank your Guardian Angel because most people don't get this."

Since I thought my Guardian Angel was sitting across from me, I didn't need any extra time to think about this. Plus to get this over with, I knew, would be a blessing for Mom. I told Ms. Plath I'd take the offer and, since my hands were handcuffed to the table joked I'd shake her hand if I could. She told me what to expect when called into the courtroom. She called for the officer to unlock the gate. As she left, she gave me a grandmotherly hug and said, "You did the right thing."

Escorted back to the bullpen, I wondered if she meant taking the plea or beating the snot out of my father.

An hour, or maybe three hours, later they summoned for me to appear in the courtroom. I pleaded guilty and gave the Judge a quick rundown of what happened.

Apparently, there were two people not happy about today's events. Before the Judge handed down his sentence, he let my father speak. My father, looking bruised and banged-up, railed how this was a travesty of justice; that he opposed this

decision; about how for years I was out-of-control and disobeyed him; and that this leniency would only encourage more of this behavior. He probably would've rambled on some more. Except the other unhappy person jumped up, interrupting him.

"He's the one that belongs in hell... he's the Monster... he's the Piece of Shit..." Mom began screaming.

By then, the Judge was banging his gavel, ordering the court officers to escort my protector out of the courtroom. As a court officer took her by the arm she screamed, "My son's a hero... He should've killed the bastard... My son's a..." and out the door, she went.

I just stood there next to Ms. Plath, who looked mortified. After everything settled down and my father stormed out, the Judge sentenced me to 30 days. As the court officers went to take me back to the bullpens, Ms. Plath asked, "Any questions?"

I asked if she meant, You did the right thing, was taking the plea or beating the snot out of my father. With a coy smile she replied, "That's something you'll have to figure out."

Later that evening, I was called for a visit. I got there before my visitor because the booth assigned to me was empty. Waiting, I saw her enter through the double set of electronic gates. She had changed clothes and was wearing a snug black tank-top with spaghetti string straps. Silk-screened onto the front, in white creative cursive letters, it boldly shouted, FREE BRAND

She wore form-fitting black jeans that hugged her frame before they dove into black leather boots that had at least four-inch tall gold heels and gold tips. When I stood-up, she ran into my embrace and started crying. Through her sobs, I was able to make out, "Oh, Brand, I'm so sorry... I hope you're not mad at me."

Getting her to sit down I asked, "What are you talking about?"

After she finished sobbing and wiped her tears away, Mom started her rambling dialogue:

"Oh, Brand, you don't understand how much I love you. I knew I loved you before, I just tried to reject it and tell myself it wasn't so. Then after what you did for me, I knew you loved me and I couldn't deny it anymore." Grabbing my hands, she continued, "Brand, I Love You.

"Then hearing that bastard talk about you that way, I couldn't take it anymore. I know you'll do anything to protect me, and hearing him say those things, I couldn't let him say those things about my man, not him, not anyone. Do you understand what I'm saying?" Mom inquired.

Having no idea what she was saying, I did the male thing. I shrugged and said, "I understand and I love you, too."

Looking earnestly into my face, Mom pronounced,

"I'm gonna fuck your brains out when you get home."

CHAPTER X

Time stopped.

The Guardians of the Universe stopped time to allow me to go pick up my brain and the bits of skull it had exploded through, because my mind was blown away! As I returned my brain back to its proper place and glued the pieces of my skull back together, thoughts raced through my mind.

Did my mother just say that?

Three hours ago, I was thinking, 'Two weeks. Well, it'll be a low budget vacation from reality.' After what she just said, I instantly calculated it was 324 hours remaining until released. As I waited for the glue holding my exploded cranium to dry, I thought, 'Thank god, I wasn't drinking anything because I would've spit it all over her.' Then I wondered how my Mom

would look all wet in her outfit. Finally as the glue was setting, I realized I needed to do something smooth once time resumed.

Time started again.

I did the only thing I could think of. I pulled Mom's hands closer to me, and leaning across the table, kissed her. I felt her try to continue our kiss. I had to break it quickly before I fell into her charms. Seriously, I can't be making out with my own mother in a county jail visiting room, right?

"I love you, Mom." She smiled as if she had just eaten the sweetest chocolate ever.

She leaned toward me. Looking around, she whispered, "Do you know how hard it's been for me to hide how I've felt? And then this happened and it made me realize how special you are to me. You're my man and I'll do anything for you."

"You're special to me too, Mom, and you know that." I paused to gather my thoughts. I confessed, "It's just that I'm kinda surprised."

"Why?" Mom wondered quizzically. "I've known how you've felt for a long time."

I started to say something. She put a finger on my lips, and in a humored tone, she confided, "I'm your mother, you think I couldn't tell? Brand, do you really think you could hide something like that from me?"

With an embarrassed laugh I admitted, "I guess not. I'm sorry, Mom."

"For what? Watching you watch me helped me feel better about myself; it helped me know I am still desirable; it helped me get through some dark nights. Now about this Mom thing, if you want to you can call me Stephania or Steph." Smiling, she continued, "You are my man right?"

"Forever!"

CHAPTER XI

I won't bore you with what happened during the next 324 hours, except to say I became well read. While waiting those 47 hours for my next visit with Stephania, all I did was read.

As for those visits with Mom, well just imagine the most perverted conversations you could have with your mother and you'd be getting close. The most difficult part was listening to my mother discuss her preferences with anal sex or how she experimented while in college. She told me about how she was masturbating on my bed with some of her favorite sex toys. As she boldly stated, "I have to get ready the fuckings I know you'll be giving me. I'm training for you."

After our visits, I had to get strip-searched and I'd be sporting a woodie! I had to wait until late at night to be able to jerk off

to her stories. As to calling my Mom, "Steph or Stephania," I tried it a few times and it felt wrong. Trying it again, it felt so weird that she said, "Let's just stick with Mom."

In case you are wondering, yes I did get a clean bill of health so that I could get me "some of that"; and on the night before my release the C.O. allowed me to take a razor with me while I showered so that I could manscape. Unlike TV, the shower was a single stall in a locked sally-port, which the C.O. had to let the inmate in and out from.

CHAPTER XII

And finally, the day came. Sometime after 7 AM, I walked out the gate a free man. Mom was there waiting for me. She was dressed in my black leather jacket, a Free Brand tee shirt underneath, skin-tight black leather pants and stiletto heeled black boots. With her long black hair, pale skin and striking blue eyes, she looked like one badass angel.

She was sitting atop the hood of a car, but not any car. It was Grandpa Jan's 1968 Camaro, white with two blue racing stripes; under the hood was a 302 with a cross-ram twin carb. It was the equivalent to Clint Eastwood's Gran Torino. In the movie, nobody was allowed to drive Clint's car but him, and in real life nobody but Grandpa Jan drove his Camaro.

When I was about ten feet away from her, I dramatically intoned, "Well here I am, Baby Doll, a free man."

My girl slid off the hood and tossed me the keys. Catching the keys, it was another two strides before I was in her arms. I got my three kisses: left, right and center. Mom ordered, "Let's get the hell out of here."

As I sat into the driver's seat, I asked incredulously, "Grandpa Jan let you drive his Camaro?"

Seated in the passenger seat, Mom turned to me. With a smile, she informed me, "As long as you're taking care of his daughter, you can drive his car."

Turning the key, my new 1968 Camaro thundered to life. Resisting the urge to do a burnout in the parking lot of the county jail, I gave in to another temptation.

"Come here," I commanded. Mom leaned toward me over the center console. Putting my right arm around her neck, I pulled her to me. I kissed my mother like I wanted to for so long. She responded in kind, pressing her lips against mine. I held her tight against me and our mouths opened in unison; our tongues caressed each other's; our passion for each other burned. I was stiffer than the stick shift between us; and we kissed. Breaking our clinch, I said, "I love you, Steph." synchronized with her, "I love you, Brand." We laughed at our jinx.

It was time to get the hell out of this shithole. Before racing home, I needed to fuel up with some real food. I pulled in to the closest Golden Arches. Personally, I hate eating in a car like a savage. So no way was I going to eat in my '68 Camaro!

Inside McDonald's, as we stood in line, Mom wrapped her arm my waist. It felt so good, so comfortable, so natural. We ordered our meals, a couple of frappés and, of course, two of McDonald's fantastic hot apple pies. Picking up our order, no way in fucking hell was I going to sit in a booth again. I sat on one of the long benches that run along the sidewall, expecting Mom to sit across from me. As always, she surprised me. She slid in against me, hip against hip. "Never will I sit across from my man again," she informed me.

While we ate, she asked how it feels to be free. I gave a kinda 'whatever' shrug. Her hand dipped under the table and landed high up on my inner thigh. Looking at me, she said, "I know something that'll make it feel Real Good." Her hand breezed across my Johnson. I didn't care if we were in public, I kissed her. Breaking our kiss, she took a drink from her caramel flavored frappé. She then kissed me. Somehow, her mouth was empty, then suddenly she was sharing her drink without breaking our kiss. It was crazy, baffling and ultra-erotic how she did it! Seeing my look of aroused curiosity, Mom tittered,

"Oh, we're gonna have a lot of fun!"

CHAPTER XIII

After that, we got home lickety-split.

I parked in the driveway so I could proudly display one of my new toys. The other I planned on taking upstairs to play with. Still as eager as I was, there was a bit of trepidation. To prolong this moment of us in my car, I turned to Mom and ordered her to, "Come here."

Leaning toward me, I put my arm behind her neck. Pulling her to me, our lips met. Mom's lips were soft and tasted sugary sweet. Ending our kiss, I looked into her entrancing blue eyes and saw my own reflected back. We rubbed noses and giggled in unison. Tilting my head and closing my eyes, I kissed my love. I kissed my fantasy girl. I kissed my dream. I kissed my Aphrodite. I kissed my Mom. I kissed Stephania.

Her right hand reached over to stroke my thigh. My left hand reached into her jacket; I touched her body. My hand caressed her and sought her waist. Finding the bottom of her Free Brand tee shirt, my hand slid underneath it. My hand touched the warm, bare skin of a goddess. Her skin was the deliciously perfect mix of softness over a firm frame. My hand reached up and palmed her breast; as I did, Mom bit my tongue and pulled it to her. Her hand worked its way under my shirt. She was teasingly tickling my soft belly hair. I groaned in desire. I moaned with passion. I growled with lust.

"Let's get inside," Sjöfn, the Norse Goddess of Love commanded.

I obeyed, chasing her delightful form up the walkway and through the front door. I closed the front door and turned, Stephania was on me. She wrapped her arms around my neck. Pulling herself up, onto, into my body, Mom uninhibitedly kissed me with unbridled lust. She crushed me against the door. Suffocating never felt better. I sought a place for my hands, and they instinctually found her ass-checks. Holding my goddess' ass, feeling her butt beneath her slick leather was

beyond belief. Lifting her body, my mother seemed to merge deeper into myself. Her tongue searched my mouth, flooding me with longing.

I felt her squirm in my gasp, and I let Steph down. Into my ear she whispered, "There's something I gotta do."

Mom's hands released their embrace of my neck. They found the bottom of my T-shirt, pushing it up. I pulled it over my head. She ran her hands over my chest and stomach. Looking at me she intoned, "I want you."

Keeping eye contact with me, she knelt down before her King. Staring at me, she expertly unbuckled my jeans. In an instant, my jeans and boxers were around my ankles. My cock sprang free.

Looking up at me, Steph twirled her tongue around her mouth and took hold of my cock. She started by was licking the underside of my shaft. My knees almost buckled to feel my Mom's tongue on my cock. She dragged her tongue along

my rod. To aid my balance, I grabbed a handful of her luscious raven locks.

Looking at her work, Mom's focus shifted to what was before her. Her head and body gracefully danced as she licked every inch of my cock. I was startled when her free hand took hold of my sac; but as she gently scratched my balls, I relaxed.

I couldn't help but look at the spot in the foyer 20 days ago I had landed upon. Then my eyes lifted up to look at the spot I took flight. I noticed not only had the banisters to the upstairs balcony been repaired, they had been replaced with modern glass panels that continued down the staircase. As my mother sucked my cock, my wandering mind was the only thing preventing me from cumming in nothing flat.

Looking down at Stephania's head and her tongue making love to my cock, I thought, 'Yeah father, this is your wife, my Mom, sucking my dick. Now, she's my girl!'

She took my helmet into her mouth. To feel her lips on my cock was too much. Taking a tighter hold of her hair, I called out, "Oh god Steph, I'm gonna cum!"

Steph just tightened her lips on my rod. This was all I needed. I came with gusto. I hadn't jerked off for 4 days planning to deposit a massive load in her womb. I felt my first shot fire, followed rapidly by three more, a pause, two more and then a lava flow of cum. At first, Mom was able to handle my explosion but soon she was choking on my cum, and gagging on my cock.

My climax complete, drained, I collapsed against the door; Mom put a hand against my hip and coughing, struggled for air. Finally her coughing subsided, wiping her face with her forearm, she laughed,

"God Brand, you almost drowned me."

CHAPTER XIV

Reaching down, I helped her to her feet again. Kissing her on the lips, I brought my hand up and wiped away some of the tears her coughing caused. "I love you, Mom. I love you, Stephania."

Laying a hand on my cheek, she said, "I know." She leaned against me and we just held each other, until she ordered, "Okay, now go take your shower."

Previously I spoke of how I wanted to take an actual hot shower when I got home. Besides finally enjoying a hot shower instead of those lukewarm ones, I wanted to wash away the whole yucky jail thing.

Having expended myself downstairs, I just simply took as hot a shower as I could handle. I only got out when the water began to cool. As I dried myself off, I looked at myself in the mirror. I grabbed the shaving cream and foamed up my face, more for the pleasure of shaving with a real razor and not those cheap Bic razors. I never before realized what a pleasure

shaving could be. After rubbing on some aftershave lotion, I wrapped the towel around my waist and left the bathroom.

In the hallway, a sultry Stephania waited for me. Wrapped in a voluminous robe, she offered, "Which room would like to retire to?"

I thought about it. The idea of taking Mom in my room, on my bed would be awesome, something I would never forget. All my previous fantasies involved us making love on my bed, us joining together, uniting under my sheets. However, the idea of taking my mother in her bedroom had its merits. The last time I was in Mom's bedroom was to beat the shit out of my father. The next time would be to bed my mother. My victory would be complete. I would be Oedipus. I would be Rex, The King.

I took her hand and led her to OUR room. Entering, we embraced and kissed. She removed my towel, and I removed the robe that hid her from me. Taking a step back, I drank in her beauty. As I savored her beauty, Stephania proudly

modelled. She put her hands on her sides and cocked a hip. Her neck was smooth and graceful; her softly rounded shoulders led to thin but firm arms, you could just see the hint of muscle development.

My Queen's chest was ideal, her breasts were beautiful gentle hills, her pale pink nipples stood out on her milk white skin. Her stomach had a soft form that lead to the exquisite swell of her hips. Between her hips was a smooth hairless grove, a sweeping V that led to the puffiness of her pubic mound. Mom's legs were gracefully powerful; they were long and thick with soft curves from years of swimming.

"Do you like?" Steph asked as she preened before me. Speechless, I could only nod my head in approval. I burned to touch her.

She reached out; taking my hand, she led me to our bed. Standing by the edge, she sat down. Then she scooted back across the lacy white quilt and pulled me over her. I climbed above her, my naked body over my mother's nude physique.

Even after everything that had already occurred, lying atop my Mom about to make love to her was hard to believe.

By arching my back, I lifted my head up and gazed down upon Stephania. With a look of adoration, she smiled back at me. She grabbed my head and pulled me to her lips. We kissed and our hands explored each other's bodies. Breaking our kiss, I kissed Steph on the forehead. I kissed her on the nose. I kissed her on the chin.

Mom emitted a pleasurable sound. It was a mix of a giggle and a sigh of lust as my tongue snaked out. Starting at the tip of her chin, my tongue traced a line down the underside of her chin then along her throat. Pausing at the hollow at the base of her neck, I kissed her.

"Oh Brand, that's good," she purred. Shifting my body so I was to the side of her, my tongue wandered through the shallow valley of her breasts.

"Oh, my love... oh, please," she beseeched. I brought my left hand up to cup her right breast as my mouth treasured her left mound. I licked circles around her tit. Starting at the base, I swirled my way around, making loop after loop.

"Oh...my..." Mom yearned. Taking her nipple into my mouth, I sucked on her tit. My tongue loving her nipple, my left hand began its journey south. With just the tip of my middle finger, I traced a line down Mom's middle.

"Oh, god, oh my god," Mom whined. I twirled around the rim of her belly button. Not able to wait any longer, Steph grabbed my hand and placed it upon her pubic mound.

"Do me!" my mother commanded.

With the flat of three fingers, I stroked her outer, puffy pussy lips. I could feel the wet heat from her pussy. I could feel how slick she was. It was miraculous. My middle finger slipped within her folds.

"Oh that's it my love," she whimpered. I stroked her again, "like that... oh finger me, stick your finger in me," she begged. I slid my middle finger deeper into her wet pussy.

"Deeper, please, oh, please," Steph pleaded. I cupped my palm to allow me to shove my finger as deep as possible. Pushing hard, at the very top of I felt something on the tip of my finger.

"Aah... aah... aaah," Mom panted. Reaching deep inside her, I could feel a change in texture inside Mom's pussy walls. Every time I touched it, Mom would cry with lust.

"That's it... keep doing that," she enjoined. I shifted my body, releasing my lip-lock on Mom's left tit to focus my attention on my find. Mom brought her knees up and spread her legs wide to allow me better entry.

"That's it, that's it, that's it... oh god... oh yes," she cried out. I began shaking my hand left an' right, while curling my finger. With my hand cupped, my thumb rubbed her clit and my middle finger stroked her G-spot.

"Kiss me," she demanded. Rising up onto her elbows, Mom crashed her lips against mine.

"Oh my love... finger me, finger me," Steph hungrily demanded. She kissed me again. Her tongue was a mighty snake seeking its way down my throat. I was choking and my hand shook furiously. I was suffocating, yet still my finger pulsed. I was dying; my last mission was to keep my hand in motion. Then Mom's tongue withdrew from my mouth.

"Ah, ah, aah, aaah, aaaaaa..." She moaned. Then a clear, silvery fluid sprang out from her pussy. It arched in a rainbow to land about a foot away. I was shocked. I was stunned. I was in love. Mom kissed my open mouth; and in my disbelief, I couldn't return her kiss. It was maybe thirty droplets, but my mother had just squirted!

"I hope I didn't just gross you out," Steph protectively said.

"I have never seen anything more beautiful. I love you," I said in a dazed voice. Stephania kissed me and this time I returned her kiss.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Mom warned.

"Now, are you ready to fuck your mother?"

For an answer, I just kissed her and mounted my vixen. We kissed and began to grind our bodies against each other's. Her smooth, soft body conformed perfectly to mine, as if we were two pieces of a puzzle fitting together perfectly. I felt her hand reach between us. Lifting my hips, I let her take hold of my cock. Feeling her hold my cock and gently tug on it, I silently gave thanks for my mother's blowjob earlier; I would've cum at this moment otherwise.

Mom guided me back to the place I had come from, the place I belonged. As the head of my cock made contact with her pussy, I knew what love truly was. I slowly entered her. The sensations I experienced were earth shattering. My mother's pussy was warm, wet, soft, tight yet a perfect fit. Her womb welcomed me as if waiting my whole life for me to return to her.

As the hilt of my cock slammed into her pussy, Mom sighed, "Oh Brand, I love you so much."

She began to lick and nibble on my earlobe. Without withdrawing, I began rocking against her. Gentle thrusts and our bodies swayed in motion. Slowly I started to withdraw from her pussy before thrusting back in.

"That's it Brand, make me yours," Mom cheered me on as she wrapped her arms around my neck. She held on to me as I continuously rode my cock in an' out of her pussy.

"Oh God, Brand... Oh yes,"

"Oh God, yes... I've waited so long for this,"

"Oh fuck me!" Steph joyfully shouted.

I got my knees under me and was able thrust even more forcefully. Mom responded by wrapping her legs around my waist. Never before had a woman wrapped her legs around me. To feel my Mom's silky yet powerful legs holding me tight, enflamed my fervor.

"Fuck me, my lover," Steph shouted.

"Fuck me, my son," my Mom screamed.

"Fuck me, meu amor," Stephania sang.

"Oh God, you're so good to me,

"Oh babe, I love you. Eu te amo," Mom called out. I slowed my thrusting to catch my breath and she kissed me.

"Why did I wait so long?" she asked. I had no answer for her. So, I continued my motion, settling in to a steady powerful rhythm.

"Fuck yes, oh, fuck yes... my son, my love, my man."

I needed to change positions. Her hanging on my neck was starting to hurt. Pressing her against the bed, I grabbed her arms freeing me from their grip. Withdrawing from her, I sat upright. I took her legs into my hands and V'ed them up an' out. Her ass was resting on my thighs, my cock rubbed against her pussy. I glided along her outer lips, loving the slickness.

Mom took hold of my cock and guided me back inside her.

From this position, I was able to see the most beautiful sight a son can imagine. I watched as my cock slid in an' out my

Mom's bare, beautiful, loving pussy. Delightfully, I watched as she selfishly pinched her nipples. I watched as she pleased herself. She licked her hand and began rubbing her pussy while my cock continued to slide in an' out of her. I watched as she focused on her clit, rubbing it in circles, and still I thrust.

"Oh God Brand, that's it," Steph cheered me on.

"Oh god yes, keep fucking your Mom like that, you're gonna make me cum. Make your Mom cum,"

"Oh God, make me cum, make your Mom cum," she thundered.

"Oh fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, my son, fuck your Mom good. Eu te amo!" she lustfully howled.

I watched as her body became flush, I watched as her hand became a blur; then stopped. Her eyes stared at the ceiling,

she became silent, her pussy spasmed upon my cock and I felt a wash of warmth run through us.

"Come here, my man." Stephania called to me. Releasing her legs, I climbed onto her. She wrapped her arms around me and kissed me deeply. I kissed her. She kissed me.

"Oh, Brand that was incredible. I haven't cum during sex in so long," she kissed me.

"Thank you. I love you," Stephania pledged to me.

CHAPTER XV

"Now roll over, it's my turn to drive." Mom instructed.

I rolled onto my back. Reaching behind my head, I adjusted a pillow for comfort and so I could watch the eagerly anticipated show better. As always, my Mom continued to surprise me. Instead of straddling me or something

predictable like that, she turned onto her side. Reaching over she took hold of my hard cock. She started jerking my slick with her pussy juice cock saying, "What a wonderful toy this is, better than any of my others."

Lowering her head, she took me into her mouth; any softness I may have had disappeared. In fact, I was so hard my cock ached.

"Oh god, Steph," I whined.

She began her licking and I was in disbelief. I thought only porn stars did this while changing positions, but here was my Mom licking her juices off my cock!

"Oh god Mom, you are incredible.

"Oh god, that feels so good," I groaned.

"If you like that, you'll love this." Steph wantonly warned.

Holding my cock upright, she straddled my hips with her feet alongside my body. Squatting down just enough for my crown to penetrate her, she stopped. Reaching forward, she grabbed hold of the iron loops of the headboard. Hovering over me, she looked down at her son.

Gazing up at her bewitching eyes, I felt something moving on my helmet, almost caressing it, stroking it. Yet Mom's body hadn't moved. She held herself suspended over my cock, and charges raced down from the tip of my cock, through my spine to detonate in my skull.

"Oh... Oh... Oh god," I cried with depraved delight at my mother's sexual prowess.

"Do you like that?" she sinfully asked. The only answer I could give was to grab her, to force her fully onto my cock. She resisted, so I thrust upwards, burying myself into her.

"That's cheating!" Mom laughed and thumped down on my hips, driving my ass back onto the bed. However, I had won. My cock was buried deep within her pussy! As she sat on my rod, unseen forces were at work on my cock inside her pussy. It was amazing. Her body motionless, her pussy danced upon my cock and I was stupefied.

"Oh god... Oh my... how do you... do that?" I wondered. Her carnal knowledge was astounding.

"I have so many things to show you, my love. Now hold on as Mom fucks you good."

And she made good on her word. Starting slowly, Mom began bouncing on my pogo stick. I watched as her body bounced up an' down. Her chest hovered above my eyes. Mesmerized, I watched her breasts shake with her motion. Looking down, I could see my cock disappearing and reappearing from her pussy. I could see the muscles in her thighs flexing. I could hear her breathing and grunts of exertion.

Releasing her hips, I reached around and took hold of her ass-cheeks. They fit perfectly in my hands, as if molded for them.

"Oh god Steph," I called. She bounced joyfully upon my cock.

"Oh... oh... god..."

"Oh... Mom... you," I struggled to say. My mind was spinning, I couldn't think, my cock was inflamed. To hold on, I squeezed her ass tighter.

"That's it, grab my ass," Steph shouted. She shifted to where she knelt over me, resting on her knees leaning her body over mine.

"Spank me, spank me," she ordered. My brain screamed, Huh? What? but my body responded. I lightly slapped her ass-cheek.

"Spank me, you bastard," she growled.

"Spank me for fucking my son!" Mom demanded.

This time I did, producing a thunderclap as my cupped hand slapped her meaty buttocks.

"That's it spank me, you motherfucker." WHACK!

"Spank my ass, my love." SMACK!

"Spank my ass, Brand me as yours." WHAP!! I spanked her so hard even my hand stung.

She furiously fucked her son and I spanked her ass for doing so.

Savagely she slammed herself upon her son's cock and I spanked her ass for doing so.

As she pummeled her pussy onto my cock, her ass sported throbbing red Brands.

I felt my balls constrict. I knew I was gonna cum. I grabbed Mom's hips, and forced her down, burying my cock inside her pussy.

"Are you ready to take my seed?" Before she could answer, I fired my load into her pussy. My cock spasmed until I was empty.

Finished, Steph kinda collapsed onto me. She sat there on my hips for a few more moments, my cock still inside her. I watched as my cum started to ooze out of my mother's pussy, dribbling along my cock.

After she caught her breath, Steph climbed off her personal rocket ship. Unashamed at her nudity, my Mom curled up next to me. Grabbing my arm possessively, she tucked my arm behind her head. She pressed her hot body to mine.

Together, we blissfully enjoyed our close incestuous bond. Mom rolled onto her side and draped an arm across my chest. Looking up at me, she asked, "So what do you think?"

"You're right Steph, this new mattress is wonderful." With a laugh, Mom punched me in the ribs.

CHAPTER XVI

Today is the first day of the rest of our lives. For Stephania and I, our lives were forever changed. While I would discover that Steph had a big ole Can of Crazy, she always kept things interesting and exciting.

Inspired and motivated, we created the Free Brand Clothing Co. At first, we had modest success selling various styles of Free Brand tee shirts. Still, in those early days, it was fun watching Stephania model and preen before the camera.

When we released our Free Brand jeans, our company exploded. That black an' white photo of a topless Stephania; her wearing our jeans with her back to the camera turning to face it, would become iconic.

To see a fifty-foot tall Stephania as a billboard in Times Square was unbelievable and monumental.

Today, there is at least one pair of Free Brand jeans in every woman's closet.

So again, I ask, What Would You Have Done?

THE END