

Disclaimer and Boilerplate:

1. All characters appearing in sexual situations in this story were over the age of 18 when I imagined them.
2. I do not endorse kidnapping, extortion, or forcing family members to commit sexual acts with each other under duress (I am required to say this under the terms of my probation).
3. I'm sure western Wyoming is a lovely place and not at all infested with sociopathic biker gangs, although I DID once see a value-pack of "incest letter" magazines on a shelf at eye height for a 12-year old inside a Kum & Go in northern Colorado.
4. In my stories I'm mostly concerned with psychology and character development, especially how people react to the violation of taboos and societal norms. That means that, at times, my stories can emphasize talk and internal monologue, and even scene-setting, over the nuts-and-bolts descriptions of sex. If the latter is what you're after, then these stories aren't for you. Luckily, there is a dazzling array of really superb nuts-and-bolts stories on Literotica.com and asstr.org, to mention only two sites. In addition, you are welcome to peruse my vast collection of pornography, which I keep scattered over many thousands of sites across the internet. Perhaps you've seen it.
5. Several thousand animals were harmed every second I was writing this story, because nature is an awful, awful thing.
6. I hereby give permission for this story to be duplicated and distributed under the following conditions: a) that at no time shall a fee be charged for access to it; b) that it be reproduced in full and unedited, including this disclaimer, with credit properly given; in addition, using an excerpt is fine as long as it contains a link to the full story. I'd like to be notified, but that's a courtesy.
7. This story uses a format I've never tried before, and indeed never seen attempted in an erotic story. It was a fun challenge and I think it turned out well, but I'm fascinated to hear from readers as to whether or not I was successful.

Folie à Deux

Episode 1: The Breakdown

By Senor Smut

The screen is black as we hear a woman speak. Her voice is strong, certain, and decisive, her accent that of the Upper Midwest, her diction precise and educated. “Of course I remember every detail. I’ll remember them until the day I die. June 18th began very happily. It didn’t end that way.”

The screen is taken up with a close-up of a woman against a black background. She is white, in her early 40s, and strikingly beautiful in a manner almost Classical. Her jawline is powerful and bold, tapering down sharply to a pointed and very slightly cleft chin. Her cheekbones are almost theatrically high, while her nose, though well-formed, is perhaps a touch too prominent. Her mouth is generously wide and her lips are full. Her eyes are large, dark brown, and intelligent, and her eyebrows arch imperiously. Her hair is shorter than shoulder-length and dark blonde, and hangs in unruly locks that show extreme natural waviness; it’s clear that she would need to take extreme measures to make her hair obey even the slightest command. Her makeup is understated and dignified for the most part, though her lip liner is a shade darker than her lipstick and deliberately accentuates the striking arcs of her mouth. She looks her age, though she also looks well preserved. A long, graceful neck disappears into a wide-collared dark green blouse.

A subtitle appears: *Emily Larsen.*

“It was...the culmination of a series of mistakes,” she says judiciously, her lips in a tight line and her eyes revealing a series of conflicting emotions that flash past too quickly to recognize them. “Some of them were made that day, some were made earlier. Some we made before the trip. Most of them we didn’t think anything of when they happened. Obviously we never could have anticipated what would occur, or...the consequences. But that’s always the way. One little mistake leads to another and another and then before you know what’s happening you’re in so deep you can’t back out.”

The screen goes black and the title card appears:

Folie à Deux

Episode 1: The Breakdown

The title card is replaced by a closeup on the face of a handsome young man in his early 20s. The familial resemblance to Emily is clear. The overall shape of the face is the same, with the same high cheekbones, bold jawline, and pointed and cleft chin. His mouth is narrower and his lips are thinner, however, and his eyes are a striking, almost shocking pale blue. The biggest difference, however, is his hair, which is dark brown, straight, and short. Unlike the woman, his ears are visible, and he sports a small, tasteful silver hoop in his left earlobe.

The subtitle reads *Mike Larsen.*

“We were driving from Minneapolis to San Francisco for my cousin Jackie’s wedding,” Mike says. His voice is deep, strong, and has the ring of youthful certainty and determination. “It was a big deal. She was marrying the son of one of the guys who runs one of the major movie studios, and there were going to be movie stars there and everything, so like third cousins were coming in from all over the country. My dad and my sister had gone out there two days before to help set things up, and because my sister had always been tight with the West Coast branch of the family.”

As he speaks, Mike’s face is replaced on the screen by a pair of photographs. One is of a handsome, 40ish man with dark hair and blue eyes wearing a long-sleeved blue shirt and a red tie, smiling as he stands in a group of people in a slightly shabby office ; the photograph is labeled *Bob Larsen*. The second photograph is of a lovely, slim young lady with unruly blonde hair and a huge smile, and she wears a high school cheerleader’s outfit; the photo is labeled *Olivia Larsen*.

“We’d have flown out with them, but there was this party I wanted to go to -- my best friend Nick’s brother Jay was going off to join the Marines, and he’s a good guy so I wanted to say goodbye to him.”

The photographs are replaced by a film of Emily dancing on a stage. She is tall, lithe, and trim, and her legs are long and powerful. She is wearing a dancer’s leotard beneath a fringed dress, the fringes whirling along with her hair as she twists and leaps with superb grace and skill. Her voice is heard saying, “I needed to go out later so that I could be at the final performance of a show I was in. I was an assistant professor of dance at the University of Minnesota, but that doesn’t pay a lot. Bob made a steady salary as a social worker for Hennepin County, but the pay there was even worse. With Mike heading off to college and Olivia still in high school, we needed every penny we could get. So I did shows with a local company, gave private dance lessons, whatever I could do to pay the bills.”

Mike’s smiles at the camera. “It wasn’t like I was looking forward to spending three days in a car with my mom. I mean, we got along OK and everything, but not a lot of 18-year-old guys want to be stuck in a minivan with their moms visiting her friends and aunts you never heard of before. But that was what worked out for the schedule.”

Mike’s face is replaced by a photograph of a white 1999 Chevrolet minivan sitting in a driveway in front of an open garage on a sunny summer day. Emily stands next to the vehicle wearing shorts that show off her legs and a baggy old Minnesota Twins tee shirt; she is laughing as she runs a soapy sponge along the hood.

“Mom drove this old Chevy Lumina,” Mike says in an amused-sounding voice-over. “And she *loved* that thing. Olivia and I used to joke she loved it more than she loved her kids. She never let anybody else drive it, not even dad. She babied it, she even named it -- ‘Lou,’ short for Lumina, right? She’d have actual conversations with it and everything. We used to tease her about it all the time, but it was her thing.”

“I did love Lou,” Emily admits with a smile as her face returns to the screen. “He was a faithful old guy. He was the first new vehicle I ever had and I treated him right. He was reliable and I loved driving him.” Her smile falters as she adds, “But the GPS didn’t work.”

“Olivia broke the GPS,” Mike explains as we see him again. “She was in the passenger seat, on the phone with her boyfriend, waving her arms around, and she hit it. Knocked it off the dashboard, busted it. Dad said we didn’t have money to get it replaced then.”

“I didn’t think we’d need it,” Emily explains seriously. “Most of our trip was going to be on freeways. It didn’t seem like a big issue at the time.”

Emily’s face is replaced by a map of the northern Plains states as a red line begins to trace from Minneapolis, first south along I-35 and then west along I-90. “We left early on the morning of the 16th,” her voice continues. The line terminates in Rapid City, South Dakota, at the edge of the Black Hills National Forest, and then the map disappears and is replaced by a picture of Emily sitting at a kitchen table with an elderly woman, both smiling brightly. “The first thing I wanted to do was visit my Aunt Penny. She’s a wonderful person and Mike had never met her, so I thought this would be a perfect opportunity. She was...I think 82 then, but she made a lavish dinner for us and we spent the night there. She didn’t want to let us leave the next day, she just wanted us to stay and keep visiting.”

“We left early again on the 17th,” Mike picks up as the screen shows a succession of photographs: the Black Hills, dark and brooding; Mike and Emily standing shoulder to shoulder in front of Mt. Rushmore, smiling at the camera; a scattering of tombstones on a barren hillside. “We saw Mt. Rushmore, which was okay, but I loved the Custer Battlefield. It was a really hot day and there wasn’t a breath of wind. The air was just hanging there heavy, like a blanket. I remember standing on the top of that hill and looking down into the valley, past the tombstones to where the Sioux had their camp back then. The heat was making everything shimmer. It felt like I could almost hear the screams and the shots, like the place was haunted.”

The map resumes as the red line picks up again, traveling south and then west from the Black Hills on State 18, then west on State 20 until it hits I-25, which it follows to Casper, Wyoming. At Casper it strikes out on a series of state and county highways as it heads south and west: 220, 287, 28, and then finally northwest on 191 toward Pinedale before finally turning off into ranchland. “Our next stop was my friend Corinne’s house,” Emily says, “and we got completely lost. That should have been a warning, but we finally found her place. I assumed we could retrace our steps.”

Now there appears a photo of a large ranch house with impressive mountains in the background, and then another of Emily smiling as she stands next to a shorter, slightly plump woman about her age. “I went to college with Corinne,” Emily explains. “We were both going to be dancers, and then we both got pregnant. I went back to school after the babies, but she married a rancher in Wyoming. They have a huge spread and I don’t even know how many cattle. I hadn’t seen her face-to-face since her wedding, so of course I enjoyed sitting down with her again, meeting her kids, having her meet Mike. It was good.”

Against a black screen, we see another title card:

June 18th

Emily reappears. Looking pensive, she opens her mouth to speak, closes it again, takes a deep breath, starts and stops again, and says, “It was my fault. I’d gotten lost on the way to Corinne’s house so I’d had her write out very explicit directions back to the highway. It was almost a page long, handwritten, extremely detailed...and then I forgot it and left it sitting on the kitchen table. It was my fault.”

Mike’s face replaces his mother’s. He is looking off to the side, his expression a mixture of emotions in which regret and irritation feature prominently. He doesn’t look at the camera as he speaks. “It’s my fault. I *saw* the instructions on the table when we were leaving. I thought mom was just being nervous when she asked for it. I thought we could find our way back to the road with no problem.”

The screen is taken up by a montage of rolling Wyoming scrubland, hill after nearly-identical hill of low brush interspersed with stunted trees. The footage is slightly grainy and much of it is taken from a vehicle, with the overall impact being that the land in the area is dreary, intimidating, and very confusing in its relentless sameness.

“I got lost,” Emily says in voiceover. “And it wasn’t just that I couldn’t find the road. When I realized I couldn’t find the road, I looked for the directions and realized I’d left them at Corinne’s.” Her face appears again with a rueful expression. “So we tried our phones. And, of course, there was no signal. We were miles away from anywhere, so there were no wireless towers. And, as I mentioned, the GPS was out, which would have saved us had it been working. I was irritated, but I didn’t think we were in trouble.”

Cut to Mike, who explains, “And, like, three hours later, we’re still driving. Like, in circles. It was weird, because we kept seeing the same damned rock fence” -- and here we see a grainy film of a crow sitting upon a dry-stone wall along the side of a dusty dirt road, surrounded by scrubby hills, with the Rockies looming ultramarine in the distance -- “and we kept saying, ‘OK, now we’ve seen this before,’” and then half an hour later we’ve somehow looped around and we were seeing it again. It was kind of funny. I mean, you can’t get mad about that kind of stuff, can you?”

“When the accident happened,” Emily says, “we were driving along side of a little stream, just a trickle of water coming down from the hills. There were thick trees and undergrowth between the stream and the road. I didn’t even know the deer was there until it was jumping right into the front of my minivan.”

We see a slideshow of the Larsen minivan after the accident. The front passenger side is dented, the windshield is a spiderwebbed mess of broken, bloody glass, and the front axle has been ripped off as the van rolled over a rock.

“It committed suicide,” Emily explains calmly in voiceover. “It purposefully threw itself into a moving vehicle. It was a stupid, stupid animal.”

Pictures of the wreck are replaced by a brief clip of a pronghorn antelope looking stupid.

“We didn’t even have time to realize what it was,” Mike explains. “There was a tenth of a second of movement flashing in and then there was this crunching thud as we hit the thing. It flipped up off the front end -- I remember seeing it almost upside down with those spindly legs up in the air -- and then we hit it again with the windshield, and the whole thing just shattered.”

“I lost control of the vehicle,” Emily says in voiceover as we again see a closeup of the wrecked front axle, “and lurched off the road. I think I was going about 30. I couldn’t have been going faster on that road.”

Mike is looking amused. “We felt the axle rip off, right? And we came to this sudden stop, and the airbags didn’t even go off. And then mom starts swearing. I mean, she never swears, but all of a sudden she’s saying words I didn’t even know she knew, this string of absolute filth just gushing out of her mouth for like three straight minutes.”

Cut to Emily, looking as innocent as a lamb, saying, simply, “I didn’t swear. I don’t swear in normal conversation.”

Back to Mike, “So she’s just ripping it. ‘Motherfucking deer cocksucker piece of fucking idiot shit deer!’ and on and on until it became just a string of swear words that didn’t even make any sense. And I start laughing, because I’d never, ever heard her swear. Once I saw her hit her thumb with a hammer so hard she split the nail, and she was all, ‘Oh gosh darn it.’ But wreck her favorite minivan and she’ll swear like a sailor.”

Cut briefly to a silent Emily, so prim that butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth.

“So,” Mike continues, “we started walking.”

“We had to walk,” Emily says. “We had no idea where we were or how to get to the road, and we hadn’t seen another soul since we left Corinne’s. For all we knew we could sit there a week and nobody would come by, and we weren’t getting any cell signal. We had no choice.”

There is a grainy clip of a long, lonely road leading into the rolling, scrubby hills.

“It was hot,” Mike says in voiceover. “It was like 90 by that point and getting hotter, not even a breeze. There were no clouds. We had a little water but no food because we’d expected to be eating our lunch in some roadside diner, not trudging through the middle of nowhere. So it was pretty wack.”

Cut to Emily, looking troubled. “I think we’d been walking for about 30 minutes when I looked over my shoulder and saw the dust cloud rising from the hill we’d just come over. I pointed it out to Mike, and I think we both had a surge of excitement and hope. It didn’t last.”

“It was way too big a cloud to be raised by one vehicle, like a pickup,” Mike says. “And it didn’t take 30 seconds before we were hearing the motorcycle sounds.”

“Corinne had told us there were outlaw biker gangs in the hills,” says Emily. “We...didn’t think we’d meet one of them.”

“My first reaction was to, like, hide or something,” Mike says, looking pensive. “But there was literally no place we could hide. There’s nothing on those hills but foot-high scrub. We were going to stand out no matter what we did.”

“I thought hiding might make it worse,” says Emily. Her face is a carefully-composed mask that shows no emotion whatsoever. “I’ve always heard that if one meets a bear in the woods, one isn’t to turn and run. Running triggers the bear’s predator instinct and it begins the chase. Instead, the way to escape a bear is to show no fear and to slowly back away. I thought that was the best policy.”

“And that,” Mike says matter-of-factly, “is how we met the Visigoths.”

Cut to a middle-aged man with an olive complexion, strong features, receding dark hair, and a mustache. He is neither handsome nor ugly, but rather has the sort of face that one might reasonably expect to forget almost immediately. He is wearing a medium-gray suit over a light blue shirt and a dark tie. His subtitle reads *Milo Hernandez, Senior Special Agent, FBI Field Office -- Denver*.

“The Visigoths Motorcycle Club is a one-percenter biker gang operating in the central mountain region of the western United States,” he says in a clipped, professional tone. “They focus on meth production and distribution and prostitution, for the most part. They’re one of the smaller outfits out there, but they’re very aggressive in defending their territory.” As he’s speaking, the screen shows a shot of the Visigoth logo -- a menacing human skull with red eyes, wearing a steel helmet with a nasal piece above the words “Visigoths MC” written in Gothic lettering. “They’re smarter than a lot of their peers because they don’t make trouble where they’re based. In fact, they often have arrangements with city and county law enforcement that involve the law enforcement laying off of them in return for the Visigoths not committing crimes against citizens of that jurisdiction. Local sheriffs find it easier to ignore them, take a bribe, and let someone else deal with the problems they cause.”

The image is replaced onscreen by shaky phone-cam video of a brutal brawl between what appears to be rival motorcycle gangs; the footage gets granier as it zooms in on the Visigoths threads of some of the fighters as they wield baseball bats with tremendous effectiveness, and as two hold a rival biker while a third beats him remorselessly with a length of chain. Hernandez says, “Two years before the Larsens’ encounter with them, this chapter of the Visigoths was involved in an attack on a bar in Cheyenne, Wyoming run by another gang that was trying to edge in on their meth distribution racket. This attack led to over a dozen hospitalizations, including one where the victim was in a coma for over three months, and the burning of the bar.”

Next we see home-movie footage of an American Indian man playing tag football in a backyard, and then a still photograph of that man smiling as he's surrounded by friends. Hernandez continues, "Six months after that event, they were implicated in the disappearance of Andrew White Feather, a businessman from Colorado Springs who apparently was planning to go to the police with information about the club. No body was ever found and no charges were ever brought because evidence was lacking, but police never had any other suspects."

We were alarmed," Emily says as we see her again. "They were dressed...well, like outlaw bikers, obviously. Those sorts of people dress to frighten people like us, and they succeeded."

"We stepped off the road as they came up," says Mike, "like maybe they could pass us by if they wanted to. But they didn't. Of course. They came up us and sort of circled around us, close in but staying on their bikes. Mom was squeezing my hand so hard it hurt."

"I was terrified," Emily says simply. "We both were. I'm not ashamed of it. Anyone sensible would be frightened in that situation."

We see the mugshot of a white man who could have been an extremely weathered 35 or a rather-weathered 50. He sports a full beard and a long mane of light-brown hair; tattoos are visible on both sides of his neck. He stares at the booking camera with insolent contempt, and the look in his eyes is unsettlingly predatory. "The leader of this chapter at the time was Douglas Hounslow," Agent Hernandez says in voice-over, "better known as Petey to his friends. He'd spent time in prison in four different states as well as the Federal Penitentiary system for crimes ranging from solicitation and drug offenses all the way up to assault with a deadly weapon. He was implicated and held in two murders, but never charged," and here the screen shows two side-by-side photographs, one of a lovely young woman with the subtitle *Victoria Reese* and the other of a man in biker leathers with the label *Edwin Fewkes*. We see Hernandez again as he says, "Witnesses disappeared or changed their stories, evidence came up missing, that sort of thing. He was a very resourceful and violent man."

"The leader said his name was Petey," Emily says as she reappears, "and at first he actually seemed nice. Frightening still, of course, because of his appearance, but he spoke politely and calmly. He asked us if the wrecked minivan was ours, and of course we had to admit it was. He asked us what we were doing out there."

"I told them that we were visiting someone there and got lost on the way back to their house," Mike says. "I wanted them to think there was someone waiting for us who'd call the cops if we didn't show up. I'm pretty sure they didn't buy it."

"I don't think they believed Mike's story," Emily confirms. "But aside from looking like they looked and being a little too close to us, they weren't threatening. If anything, at that point they seemed to be going out of their way to disprove stereotypes about bikers by being pleasant and polite. We talked a bit and it ended with Petey offering to take us to the nearest service station. We accepted the offer."

“I think mom believed him,” Mike says with a sour expression. “I didn’t, not from the start, but we were stuck. I didn’t think we were being offered a choice though, no matter how polite they phrased it, so I got on the bike too.”

“I don’t know if I believed them or not,” Emily muses. “I wanted to. It’s very...seductive, when you’re frightened, to be offered an explanation of the situation that makes you less scared. I took that explanation at face value because the alternative was more frightening. And besides, when the media depicts socially-marginalized groups, the coverage tends to be sensational and inaccurate, so I thought that perhaps bikers had simply gotten a bad reputation they didn’t deserve. So we got on and we went for a ride. It was a short ride, I think less than 15 minutes, and we were there.”

Her face is replaced by shaky, hand-held camera footage of a large three-story building with peeling white paint and a sagging roof. In the background mountains loom in the distance, while in the foreground is an assemblage of vehicles of various sorts, from motorcycles to cars to vans, some in partial disrepair. Then there is a shot of a large firepit with a motorized spit capable of taking an entire cow, surrounded by benches and picnic tables. Another shot shows a long shed that perhaps had once been a stable but now contains two rows of close-parked motorcycles, a workbench, and tools on the walls.

At this point the screen is taken up by what looks like cell-phone footage of a drunken nighttime revel, lit mainly by a blaze in the firepit: bikers in their jackets stand and sit with beer, liquor, and marijuana, while several tattooed, scantily-clad women sit in their laps or dance in a manner suggesting that they’re strippers, and one is even off to the side performing fellatio on a heavily-muscled and tattooed biker in a wifebeater. We hear Agent Hernandez again, saying, “The local chapter was headquartered out of a complex that had been built as a hunting lodge back around the turn of the 20th century. During Prohibition it had been turned into an illegal resort casino, and since that time it has served variously as a brothel, a drug treatment center, and a commune. The Visigoths had been there about seven years by that point and were using the complex as a combination clubhouse, dormitory, garage, warehouse for contraband, and meth lab.”

Emily again, saying, “It looked run-down. It looked unpleasant. Frankly the whole place smelled bad, and even the whole pig they had roasting on the spit didn’t disguise the stench. There were women there whom I didn’t want my son to see, and they were dressed very...well, one of them was topless. It was a place I wanted us to be away from as soon as we could be.”

Mike is shown again, looking thoughtful. “You want to know what I thought when I saw the place? It looked like the kind of place you see in movies where innocent people get chopped to bits and fed to pigs. It was really bad. There was this really strong smell of cat piss in the air. This place was obviously a meth lab, among other things. And everybody -- everybody -- was looking at us like we were meat. Most of them were sort of grinning at us, like there was a big joke that we weren’t in on. Because we *were* the joke.”

Cut to Emily. “Now that we had arrived at their hideout, it did feel as though a mask was dropped and we were being allowed to see the true face of things. It’s difficult to explain, because we weren’t being threatened or even spoken to directly, but time and again we saw

bikers or their women whispering in little knots, looking at us, and then giving us unpleasant smiles.”

“It was pretty obvious after a couple minutes that they had something cooked up for us,” Mike confirms. “It was like we were flies who came pounding on a spider’s door demanding to be let in, like they couldn’t quite believe we’d come with them and they were trying to decide how bad they were going to fuck us up. Like I said, it wasn’t what anybody said or was even doing, it was just this vibe, this really nasty vibe in the air. It’s like when you’re a little kid and bigger kids are around you, mean kids -- you don’t need them to make threats to feel threatened. You know they’re going to do something to you and they’re just enjoying letting you twist in the wind before they do it. There was no doubt.”

“We...were aware of our situation,” Emily says. “Acutely so. I liken the feeling to being cornered by a vicious dog, where the dog isn’t necessarily actively threatening you at the moment, but you know you’re only a twitch away from being mauled. The danger is something you sense on an instinctual level. Mike and I were standing together, trying to avoid eye contact with absolutely everyone else, when a...woman approached us.”

The screen now shows a stage at a strip club where a bottle-blonde struts. She is impressively leggy and not unskilled as she swings up on the pole, but the comparison between her relatively crude moves and the almost preternatural grace Emily showed in her clip is unavoidable. She wears a cropped white tank-top over rock-hard fake breasts, a dark blue G-string, and spiked heels, and her ensemble reveals an extensive collection of tattoos, mostly stars but mingled with paw prints, kanji characters, and several unreadable words in frilly script. The subtitle reads *Janna “Swan” Dundee*.

“She was obviously a stripper,” Emily continues in voiceover, the distaste evident in her voice. “She was wearing a tee shirt with no bra, and her nipples were plainly visible through the fabric. She pressed herself up against my son like he wasn’t standing right next to his mother.”

Mike looks amused. “This chick comes rubbing up on me. Not even remotely my type, even if I wasn’t terrified at that moment. But she actually makes eye contact with mom as she starts whispering this absolute filth in my ear, which really pissed mom off.”

“I shoved her,” Emily says proudly. “I’m not a violent woman, but I was already frightened and when I saw that...tart rubbing herself against my son like a cat in heat, I snapped. It was the maternal protective instinct taking over.”

“The chick stumbled back maybe three steps and then came right back at mom, like BAM, total catfight mode, screaming how she was going to fuck mom up,” Mike says. “So I put my arm out and this chick hits it like almost neck level, right? Almost like I clotheslined her, which I didn’t mean to do. All I wanted to do was stop her, but then she’s pissed at me and coming at me with fingernails out, like she’s gonna take out my eye or something. And that’s when I noticed things had gotten really, really quiet.”

“Everyone was looking at us,” says Emily. “Everyone. There was no conversation, no movement except for the tart who was unleashing profanities at us and trying to attack my son. She scratched him on the arm before Petey stepped in.”

“The leader grabbed the chick by the arm and yanked her back and just stared into her eyes,” Mike relates. “He didn’t have to say a thing, he just stared and she got as meek as a mouse. After maybe ten seconds of her (and me) being really uncomfortable, he lets her go and she wanders off rubbing the place on her arm where he’d grabbed her. Then he looked at mom the same way.”

“I knew...I knew I’d done something foolish,” Emily says, actually looking shaken at the recollection, “and I admit my blood ran cold. I could see in his eyes that he was a man who’d stop at nothing. Mike put his arm around my shoulders and puffed out his chest, but...no. I knew I couldn’t have Mike making a show of defiance then. My son was a strong young man and someone he cared for was in danger, and strong young men do stupid things in times like that; they can’t help it, it’s in their natures. It was my...impetuosity that brought it to a head, and I couldn’t have my son being hurt because of me.”

“Mom blames herself for how it went down,” Mike says, shaking his head. “But if she hadn’t pushed that chick, it would have been something else. The chick would have kept on doing more and more and then some biker would have come over and gotten pissed I was messing with his woman, or else I’d have given somebody a funny expression that made them come after us. What happened with her pushing the girl wasn’t a cause, it was a pretext. Something was going to go down from the moment the Visigoths topped that hill and saw us by the side of the road.”

“Petey just stared at me,” Emily says. “It seemed like hours, but I’m sure it was no more than a few seconds. Then turned to Mike and asked --”

““Champ, think you can hold your shit together for ten minutes while your mom and I have a talk?”” Mike says, affecting a growly voice. “What could I say? Like I could tell him no?”

“He took me by the arm and led me away from my son,” Emily says levelly. “Walking away from my son at that time, being taken by that terrible man into that building, was the most difficult thing I’ve ever had to do.”

From offscreen we hear a female voice asking, “Even harder than what came after?”

Emily nods decisively. “Yes, harder than anything that came after. A part of me wondered if I would come back out of that building alive, but that wasn’t what worried me most. A much bigger part of me wondered whether, if I did come back, I would find my son alive and unharmed. There was a feeling in the air as though...a trap had been triggered, perhaps? Or rather, that a horn had been blown and now the hounds were going to tear the fox to bits. That was what was terrifying, knowing that I was abandoning him to those bandits and that I could do nothing to protect him.”

“Rape?” Mike says. “A beating? Murder? All of the above? I watched her go and I thought all those things were possible. And I couldn’t do a goddamned thing about it. Not a fucking thing.”

“He took me into the foyer,” Emily says. “Rather, what had been the foyer at some time. Now it was a living room of sorts, with a large television and some dreadfully tatty furniture. He had me sit on the sofa and sat next to me but not uncomfortably close. He offered me a drink, which I declined, but he insisted. I think it was Jack Daniels, and he made me drink a fairly large tot of it. And then he started telling me a story.” Her voice quavers just a bit as she says this, but she quickly recovers. “He told me about a Native American man from Colorado Springs -- he called him a ‘redskin’ -- who had been in business with them.”

Again we see a picture of Andrew White Feather.

“Apparently this man had gotten into trouble with the police and decided to give evidence against the Visigoths. In retaliation, the Visigoths kidnapped him and brought him here. They tortured him for two days -- Petey said that they flayed him alive at the end, and when he died they cut his body into small pieces a few inches on a side and scattered the pieces in the mountains so that animals could eat them.” Emily is shown, looking unsettled. “His objective was to terrify me. He succeeded. And then he told me that my son and I had abused the hospitality of the club by attacking one of their, and I use his word, ‘bitches,’ when said bitch was just trying to be welcoming.”

We then see a different picture of “Petey” Hounslow, and as Emily continues to speak we slowly zoom in on his eyes to find an absolute lack of empathy, kindness, or any human virtue; his is the gaze of a predatory beast. We hear Emily in voiceover saying, “He drew a knife from his boot. It was the biggest knife I’ve ever see. The blade was at least 15 inches long and serrated along part of its back -- I think it’s what’s called a Bowie knife. The tip was as sharp as a needle, which I know because he suddenly put a hand around my throat and held the tip up to my eye. He told me that he’d be justified in taking my eye then and there as ‘retribution.’ He used that word several times, ‘retribution,’ as though trying to keep some disease-ridden prostitute off my underage son was some sort of crime. But I couldn’t argue.”

Emily looks agitated and distressed as we see her again. “He went on to explain that he didn’t want to kill me or Mike, but he needed to make a show of punishing me. Honestly, I was too terrified to understand very much of what he was saying, even when he began talking about alternatives, such as letting his men have their way with me -- all forty-something of them -- or having Mike ‘catch a beating.’ I was...frantic, panicking, babbling, pleading. I realize now that this reaction was exactly what he wanted. He wanted my fear, my desperation, and I gave it to him. I couldn’t hold it back.” She sighs deeply, and adds, “And then he told me what Mike and I had to do in order to get out of there alive.”

“I was still outside,” Mike says. “I was just waiting there for...something. I didn’t know what was happening to my mom. I didn’t know what would happen to me either, but I didn’t care about that, not then. And no, it’s not like I was brave or heroic or any of that shit. My mom was in trouble, and that’s all that mattered. I wasn’t even thinking about myself.

“Anyway,” he continues, “my arm was starting to sting. That stripper chick had clawed me like six times up and down my arms and now that I didn’t have anything to do except sit and worry, I

was feeling it. And I was surrounded by a bunch of a-holes who were just looking for an excuse to fuck me up. And maybe two minutes after my mom goes in, all of a sudden there was a guy right next to me. He was a huge dude, like six-six, two-fifty, the kind of guy whose muscles have muscles. He was carrying a bottle of Jack and he told me to take a drink, said it would settle me down. I'm not a drinker, and especially not then -- I just never liked it much. But I wasn't going to tell this guy to go take a leap, you know? So I took a drink -- a few drinks, until he told me to stop. I don't know, maybe as much as you'd get in three or four shots. Then he claps me on the shoulder like we're best buddies and walks off.

"I don't know how long I was waiting. How long she was in there, I mean. It was a while, maybe ten minutes? Then she came out, and I was like, 'Great, she's not hurt!' And then I saw the look on her face, and..." Mike pauses, obviously searching for a word. "Shattered. Like when you throw a glass against a wall. That's how her face looked. Not physically, she wasn't even touched. But emotionally...yeah, shattered. That's when I knew it was bad."

"I honestly don't know how I walked out of there," Emily says. "My head was swimming. I felt like my stomach was actually trying to get out of my mouth. It wasn't nerves of 'butterflies,' it actually felt like my stomach was physically trying to remove itself from my body. I was sick. I was so sick at the thought. But it needed to be me to tell him, not that vicious thug. I did win that...concession...from Petey. Mike met me halfway and hugged me. Just that...hug, that huge hug." Her voice catches in her throat and she wipes a tear from her cheek. "Sorry. I just remember that hug, the purity of it, the absolute and unconditional love I felt, and I remember the ache, the sorrow inside me at knowing it would never happen again between us. Not that kind of hug."

Mike licks his lips nervously. "I asked her what was wrong, and she said, 'Mikey, we need to talk.' Now, she only ever calls me 'Mikey' when something is fucking *awful*, so I knew we were in for it. My stomach just...bam, right through the ground. But I held her as close as I could, you know? That was all I could do."

Emily looks distraught, though she's struggling to keep a strong front. "I told him that Petey had given us a choice of four ways we could leave there. The first was that I could...as Petey described it, 'pull a train' of every man there, two or three times, however many times they wanted me and in whatever way. I couldn't even get that out of my mouth before Mike said no."

"I didn't say no," Mike corrects. "I shouted it. The leader had come out of the building by then and I almost went after him then and there for even suggesting that -- it was only the fact that mom was holding me back that kept me from it. The leader just smirked, the fucker."

"I tried to convince him," Emily says, "but of course he wouldn't hear of it. He pointed out that there were perhaps 40 men there, all of them rough and vicious, and even if only half of them wanted to go a second time, there was physically no way I could survive 60 rapes, one after another. And he was right, of course, but that was the solution I wanted to take. I tried to convince him."

“She was seriously set on it,” Mike sighs. “But there was no way. No way I was going to let that happen if I had to die to try and stop it. Mom wanted to pick that one so that they’d leave me alone, but they’d have had to kill me. No way. No way.”

“I told him the second option was for him to, as Petey said, ‘catch a beating.’” Emily’s voice hardens. “He asked what that meant, and I told him that the bikers would all take it in turn to beat him, kick him, punch him. Perhaps to death. He didn’t hesitate in telling me he would.”

“If it meant they’d let her go unharmed?” Mike asks. “Yeah, of course I would. I’d have done it in a heartbeat then. I’d do it in a heartbeat now. She told me no.”

“I couldn’t stand by and watch my son be beaten to death,” Emily says plaintively. “It would kill me. I’d die. I genuinely don’t know how I could possibly survive that. I wouldn’t let him. I told him the third option.”

Mike is looking off to the side for a moment. “The third choice. Yeah. She told me that what the leader wanted was a show. A sex show. Between me and her, right there, right then.” He looks back at the camera. “He wanted us to fuck. He wanted me and my mother to fuck, for her to be vocal in her pleasure, for us to convince them that we really did love it. If we did that, he said they’d let us go.”

“There was one more thing,” Emily says, looking rather forlornly into the camera. “He had to ejaculate inside me. More than that, I had to beg him to ejaculate inside me. My own son.”

“I asked what the fourth way out was,” Mike says, “and she said that was if they just killed us both, cut us up, and scattered us in the mountains. So it wasn’t much of a choice. One way I wouldn’t let her take, one way she wouldn’t let me take, and one way we couldn’t take. That only left one thing.”

Emily again, her head cocked at a thoughtful angle, eyes on the floor. “It didn’t seem real, and at the same time it was the most completely immediate moment of my entire life.” She looks up at the camera and there is something strange in her eyes, the look of someone who has seen and done things that are incomprehensible to the audience. “Of course it was unreal, because I was about to have sex with my teenage son in front of an audience of savages. How could that possibly be real? At the same time, though, the presence of danger -- extreme danger, of the worst sort -- heightened everything.”

From offscreen, a female voice asks, “What sort of things?”

“My senses,” Emily says. “Everything seemed astonishingly vivid. The colors were sharper than I’d ever noticed them before or since. The smells, the cat urine and the roasting pork, the gasoline and the wood smoke from the fire, engine grease, unwashed bikers -- all of that burned itself into my memory. I can smell it all still in my mind, as though I was still there. My hearing, though...I suppose that’s the exception. I know there was talking around us, an excited buzz from our intended audience, laughing, swearing, but I don’t think any of it registered. I could only really hear my son’s voice and my own.”

“I can’t tell you how I felt,” Mike says with a shrug. “It’s too complicated, too mixed up. I was angry a lot more than I was scared, and I wasn’t scared of the bikers anymore. I was scared of actually doing it. The actual sex. Not being watched, not even being forced to do it. I was scared of doing it with my mom. I didn’t want to hurt her. I didn’t want to...mess her up. I mean, I knew it was going to mess both of us up, but I wanted to protect her. And...I...didn’t want to disappoint her. It’s stupid to think about it at a time like that, but it was going to be traumatic enough her that I didn’t want bad sex to be piled on top of it. But then that’s fucked up because it’s like, I want to be a good fuck FOR MY MOM. And so I immediately started thinking I was a pervert for even thinking that, like, putting a qualitative thing on what we had to do. Like, shouldn’t it have been something I just put my head down and got through? Was it fucked up that I wanted to make it good for her? Should she know her son is a good fuck? Should I know what it takes to be a good fuck for her? So there’s all these crazy questions just crashing through my mind. I told you it was complicated.”

“Were you a virgin?” the offscreen female voice asks.

Mike laughs. “No. I wasn’t, like, a playa or anything, but I’d been with three girls before then.” We now see a succession of photographs as Mike continues to talk. The first is a selfie of a pretty blonde girl of about 14 making duck face in a bathroom mirror; she wears a tight red tee shirt with a prominent white Hello Kitty on it. The label *Irina Molson* appears as Mike says, “Irina was my first. We were 15 years old and we did it in a closet at a party because we were both sick of being virgins. We didn’t even really like each other that much, we just wanted to do it and get it over with. So it was just once with her.”

Next is a lovely black girl in a high school track uniform. She is long and lean with endless legs and small breasts, very much like Emily. A subtitle *Alexia Turner* appears as Mike tells us, “I dated Alexia for almost two years. Most of my experience was with her, because we were...active.” He laughs. “We really liked each other at first, but it sort of wore off as we really got to know each other. After maybe six months, we barely even talked. We just didn’t have anything in common except that we both loved having sex with each other. She finally dumped me for a guy from another school, which was fine. I mean it sucked. I thought I had a broken heart!” More laughter, and then he adds, “Turns out I just didn’t like not having somebody to fuck.”

The next picture is a little surprising: a woman in her early thirties, pretty, confident. She sits behind an oak desk and holds up a set of papers as though reading from them, which reveals a large, expensive-looking wedding ring. The picture is clearly posed and looks to be something from a corporate prospectus. What is striking, though, is that her face is rather reminiscent of Emily’s, with classical features and a generous mouth. The name appears at the bottom: *Cassandra Shay*. “Cassie Shay was the other, and that was...crazy. She was crazy, I mean. She was the mom of my friend Karl, recently divorced and sowing every wild oat she could get ahold of. I went over to her place one day to drop off something for Karl and she just flat-out asked me if I wanted to fuck. She was a hot older woman, so I was like...yeah, of course I want to fuck!” he laughs. “We met once or twice a week for a while, usually at her place, a couple times at a motel, and we’d just fuck. She didn’t want to talk to me at all except dirty talk during sex. When

it was over she'd be like, 'Thanks. See ya.' That was still going on when all this went down with mom."

Another picture appears: a petite redhead with freckles, sparkling green eyes, and an enormous smile. Her name is given as *Hannah Williamson*. Mike relates, "There was one more girl that's important: Hannah. We'd never really done anything, but we were really attracted to each other. She was this awesome, amazing girl, super smart, funny, sweet, hot. Everything, the whole deal. We'd been kinda dancing with each other for a long time, like this mutual attraction that never worked out. She was free when I was going out with Alexia, but by the time I'd broken up with her, Hannah was going out with this absolute douchefuck. They broke up at the end of senior year and she and I had talked a few times since then. I was planning to ask her out as soon as I got back from the wedding."

"I knew Mike wasn't a virgin," Emily says with a shrug. "I didn't know about Ms. Shay -- and that tramp is very, very lucky I didn't -- and I'd never even heard of Irina, but there was no doubt what he and Alexia had been up to. You could smell the hormones when those two were together, and there was no hiding the very satisfied air that Alexia had after they'd spent some time together. I suppose I was proud that he was good, but mostly I tried not to think too much about it."

The offscreen woman asks, "When you realized that there was no choice, that you two would have to have sex, did you want it to be good for him? Right in the first moment you realized, I mean."

Emily considers this for a few seconds, then says, "No. Honestly it wasn't a thought that I was capable of formulating in that moment. I didn't want to hurt him. I didn't want to scar him emotionally any more than was absolutely necessary. But right then, right when we decided that we had to do it, no, it didn't occur to me to want to be good for him."

The offscreen interviewer again: "What was that moment like for you?"

"Horrific," Emily says without hesitation. "Mike is my son, and I was about to have sex with him. I was about to share something with him that parents are never supposed to share with their children. Society and nature have always said that. It sickened me that we were being forced to transgress perhaps the single most fundamental law in human relations."

"Everybody started forming this big circle around us," Mike says. "It was like it was a clown show or something for them. They were laughing and smiling and shouting stuff. Like, 'Show your mamma how much you love her' and 'Make a man outta that boy,' stuff like that. Like it was a game. And there we were, we had to fuck right there in the dirt, me and my mom. I didn't even know how to start, so I told her I loved her."

"Mike put his lips against my ear and whispered," Emily says, her voice tightening with emotion. "I'll always remember his exact words. He said, 'Mom, I love you. I'll always love you. Nothing that happens here today will change that. Nothing these people could do can touch that. Just hold onto that and we'll be fine.'"

“How did that make you feel?” the interviewer asks.

“Proud!” Emily says emphatically. “It was so mature, so strong. I think he was stronger in that moment than I was, and I felt like I was going to explode with pride that he had become such a...a powerful young man. He wasn’t a boy anymore, he was a man, and I just felt myself swell with love for him. It’s strange, certainly, but those words, and the complete confidence with which he said them, actually made me feel safe.”

“I made the first move,” says Mike. “There was no way I was going for boobs or between her legs right off, that would have been way too much for me, and for her too. I had my lips right there, so I nibbled her ear. I took her earlobe between my lip and just suckled on it, sort of teased it with my tongue. And instantly I felt her pull in this deep breath, this sort of gasp.”

“My ears are my most sensitive spot,” Emily says, pulling back her hair to reveal her left ear, decorated by a tasteful silver stud. “At least, my most sensitive spot not usually covered by clothing. He didn’t know that about me, of course. How could he? But he went right there and...and his lips were so clever, so certain, so direct. I was shocked by it, shocked by the act, shocked by how right the move was on his part...shocked at how good he was at it. Right from the very first, he was...exquisite.”

“Where were your hands?” the interviewer asks.

“One was on his shoulder, just resting there, and the other was on his hip, just above his waistline. I was very stiff. If he hadn’t made the first move, I don’t know if I could have. But he took the initiative...the...command. I needed that.”

“I was surprised by her reaction,” Mike says with a trace of a cocky smile. “It was the first time I’d touched her sexually, and it wasn’t even really that sexual, but she loved it.”

“How did that make you feel?” the offscreen interviewer asks.

His smile gets a little bigger as he said, “Good. I wanted it to be good for her. I wanted her to be able to...lose herself in it. It was like, if she could shut out all these other people, if we could do that, I mean -- if it was just us, just her and me doing this, then it would be as bad for either of us.”

“The way his arms were around me, I could really feel his strength,” Emily says. Something in her voice suggests that this is not an unpleasant memory. “He was an athlete and very, very fitness-conscious. Bob was too, of course, but there’s a difference between the body of a high-school athlete and a 38-year-old man with a desk job who runs and goes to the gym. I couldn’t deny it was a pleasant difference. Mike’s arms were strong and absolutely certain. He had one hand on my lower back, above my waist, and it was very chaste and proper but I could feel it there, so big, so steady. I think I felt his hand even more than I did the lips on my ear because it made me feel so supported. His other arm was around my upper back, holding me up, hold me to him. And his lips on me...” She finishes with a small, slightly awkward and ashamed smile.

“She tilted her head,” Mike says. “Just a little, but it made her hair drop out of the way so I could kiss her ear better. It was obvious she liked it, so I kept doing it to relax her...maybe start her thinking that it wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world.”

“I don’t think I was getting turned on yet,” Emily muses, “but it did feel very good. It wasn’t erotic (at least not yet) but it was very sensual and soft and intimate. The intimacy was the thing I needed most in that situation. I just closed my eyes and let it happen.”

“I worked her earlobe for a little while, then I took my mouth off it,” Mike says. “She tensed a little at first, but when she realized that I was just moving to the other ear she tilted her head and brushed her hair back to make it easier for me to get it. When I got my lips on it she made a kind of a happy sound, almost like a little purr, and then a gasp. And then she told me I was really good at that.”

“I told him that to encourage him,” Emily says, “and because it was the truth. At that point I’d been married to his father for almost 15 years, and with him for over 19, and he still wasn’t as good at that as Mike was from the first moment he put his lips on me. I wanted him to know he was doing it right.”

“I wasn’t in a hurry,” Mike tells us. “The assholes wanted a show, but I didn’t give a fuck about them. This was about me and my mom, and she was liking this. So I went from left to right and back again. She sort of cuddled up against me, just pressed herself against me real close, and I tightened my arms around her. She liked that too, and by the time I was back on her left ear she’d taken her hand from my shoulder and was running her fingers through my hair.”

“It was strange, certainly, to be doing that with my son,” Emily says. “Don’t misunderstand that. It was painful and awkward and so incredibly sad that I can’t put it into words. But that doesn’t mean that my nerves stopped functioning. It doesn’t mean that things that normally felt good somehow didn’t feel good. And it doesn’t matter how strong your soul is -- your body can still betray you.”

“When I first kissed her on the lips was probably the most awkward part of the whole thing, start to finish,” says Mike. “It was sexual in a way the ear thing wasn’t. It was my lips on hers, my tongue on hers. That was when we had to pull each other across the line.”

“To this day I’m grateful he kissed me,” Emily says. “It’s not just that he took the initiative, though I needed him to do that. But the kiss was so very intimate. When I felt his lips on mine and felt his tongue move across my lips, I found I could shut out all the awful things that were being said around me, the puerile lewdness those barbarians were shouting at us, and focus completely on him, and on me, and on that kiss. It was the perfect thing to do.”

“It was just lips at first,” Mike tells us. “I pressed my lips against her lips and just held them there for a few seconds, before I began to move them, and in a moment she responded. She started kissing me back. I think she needed the reassurance that a kiss gave her, the reassurance that I loved her and always would. And then, after about a minute of kissing with closed mouths,

I ran my tongue across the crease where her lips met. She made a little sound when she felt it, just this little gasp that I could barely hear. It was almost more of an exhalation. She stiffened a bit and let my tongue move...and then she parted her lips and let our tongues meet.”

“It was just the tips of our tongues at first,” Emily recalls. “Just the very most nimble part of the end, touching tentatively and hesitantly. I recall my mind screaming at me that I was French kissing my son and it was wrong, but there was another part of me that realized it was still a kiss.”

“What do you mean?” asks the interviewer.

“I mean that even though it was with my son, and I shouldn’t have been doing it, it felt good to have my tongue against his, just as it would have with anyone else. Except...no, better than anyone else. Better than anyone else in the world. I was kissing Mike and it was all right because I loved him. I loved him more than any other man in the world.”

“More than your husband?”

Emily shrugs and smiles, a simple and eloquent answer on its own. “My relationship with Bob was...interesting. Complex, certainly. We’ll talk more about that later, but for now I will simply say that I never loved Bob nearly as much as I loved Mike. And when our tongues met and began to dance together, I realized that the love I felt for him was what was going to get me -- us -- through the ordeal.”

“But it wasn’t that kind of love, was it?” the interviewer asks.

“No,” Emily admits, “but I discovered something then: that love, real love, is a very flexible thing. It becomes what it needs to be to survive, and to help you survive. We loved each other like mother and son, but in that moment we needed our love to carry us through, and it changed to be able to do that. When our tongues began to move together, I felt his love for me, and I knew he could feel my love as well.”

“There was this weird phase right at first,” Mike says with a slightly shy grin. “This awkward part, where we were both super-aware of who we were tongue-kissing. It was uncomfortable for...less than a minute, I suppose, and then I just got into it.”

“I discovered that my son is an excellent kisser,” Emily says, and the obvious embarrassment she feels is colored by pride and even excitement. “The oddness of it passed almost immediately, and once it was gone all I could feel was that it was a wonderful kiss that was getting better by the moment as we learned each other’s motions. When he caressed my teeth with his tongue, I put the tip of my tongue against him and just felt him explore me. It was wrong, but it was also thrilling.”

“In what way?” the interviewer asks.

“Because it had been almost 20 years since I’d kissed anyone but my husband,” Emily replies. “And to be brutally honest, Bob was never a very good kisser. I’d forgotten how wonderful, how dizzying and breathtaking a simple kiss could be. And now, here I was with someone I loved as much as I could love, who was becoming a lover (although temporarily), and he was kissing me like I hadn’t been kissed since before I’d met his father. No, I take that back -- I’d never felt that way while kissing, ever. My stomach was all in butterflies and I could feel myself relaxing all over and melting into him. It was the sort of kiss that could have seduced a stone, and I’m not made of stone. I had no chance before that kiss.”

“My mom was hungry,” Mike says. “That’s the word I’d use. Once the awkwardness wore off she had her mouth so tight to mine that my lips got bruised. Seriously. She kissed me back, absolutely, and she did more, like when she sucked my tongue. She put her lips around it and suckled it deep into her mouth and then moved her tongue and her lips up and down it like she was giving it a blowjob. It felt amazing.”

“Did that make you think of other things?” the interviewer inquires.

“Of course it did!” Mike nodded vigorously, a mischievous smile on his handsome face. “It made me think what that tongue and those lips could do on my cock. I couldn’t help it, any guy would have thought the same thing in my place. From the way she was working my tongue, I knew she could give a blowjob that would make steam shoot out of my ears.”

“That moment when I started to suck his tongue was the first time I felt his body...respond in an aroused fashion,” Emily says delicately.

“What do you mean?” the interviewer asks.

“I felt his...penis...begin to harden against my stomach. Before then all I had felt was his muscles, and they were certainly hard, but now there was something else as well.”

“How did that make you feel?”

Emily thinks seriously for a moment, then says, “It made me feel a very complex set of emotions, and I’m not positive that I can explain them. There was awkwardness first, because of the knowledge that I was arousing my own son and his erection was pressed between us. There was relief that I felt it begin to happen just from a kiss, because I had feared he might not be able to get aroused at all because of the fear and the unnaturalness of the situation, and that would undoubtedly have had very unpleasant consequences. Immediately after that reaction there came shame, for being glad I was giving my own son an erection, and indeed for giving him the erection in the first place. And then there was curiosity: I hadn’t seen his penis since he was a little boy and I hadn’t paid attention to it as he grew, and it was only natural that I wonder about it. How long it was, how thick, what it looked like, all of that was going through my head.”

“Were you getting wet?” the interviewer asks.

Emily blushes, and it is apparent that she is genuinely uncomfortable with such frank and open discussions of sexuality. “Not yet, but I could feel myself relaxing to the point where I could become aroused. Again, I was surprised at that and relieved, because I hadn’t thought I could with Mike -- which, of course, brought on the inevitable guilt that my son could arouse me in that way.”

“The kiss was just getting hotter and hotter,” Mike says. “We weren’t just ‘kissing’ anymore, we were making out. Like, the kiss was something we were both getting into, something we were both enjoying and wanting more of. I was getting a hard-on, and I was like, do I pull back? Getting a hard-on from your mom is fucked up, right? But then I was like, no, why would I pull back from it? I had to get hard, and I had to put it into her when I was hard. I was going to be fucking her in a few minutes, so why be coy about having an erection?”

“Did she seem to enjoy it?” asks the interviewer.

“No, not at first,” he says. “She didn’t respond to it at all. And once I knew I wanted her to feel it, I was like, *I want you to respond!* I didn’t want to be the only one out there on the limb of being turned on in this situation. So I let my hand drift down and I squeezed her ass. And my mom’s a dancer -- she has an *awesome* ass, just as hard as a rock, muscular, full. Her cheek filled my hand perfectly and I squeezed it, then moved my hand down a little more so my fingers were underneath the cheek toward her crotch, and I pulled her into me.”

Emily sighs in pleasant recollection. “When Mike touched my...bottom, and drew me in closer, I finally felt the first twinges of excitement. He’s very strong, and he was very confident and certain in a way I hadn’t expected him to be. It was a very possessive thing for him to do, and I enjoy being possessed during sex. In fact, I need to be possessed to enjoy it. I need to be dominated and controlled. I need to feel like the man is stronger and can overpower me, can make me do what he wants me to do, so that I’m free to be soft and feminine and yielding. I hadn’t felt that with Bob in a very, very long time, so when Mike touched me in exactly that way and I could feel his strength and his assuredness and his command, my body simply reacted.”

“Her nipples got hard,” Mike says with a grin. “I felt them just pop right up where she was pressed against me, and she moaned a little into my mouth. I think it was then that I realized she was gonna be vocal during sex, but I had no idea *how* vocal! But she sort of wiggled against me and I got harder immediately, and she kind of whimpered. It was this sound of...it wasn’t like she was begging me to fuck her yet or anything, but it was such a sexy goddamned sound, like this amazed little sound. And I felt like she was getting more turned on than she expected to.”

“How did that make you feel?”

Mike opens his mouth to speak, reconsiders, and finally says, “Strong. Powerful. Good. Proud, I guess, most of all. I knew how painful and weird and traumatic this was going to be for us, and I knew she knew it too, so that when she made that turned-on little sound into my mouth and wiggled in closer, I knew I could make this good for her. I knew that it could be good sex.”

“Mike has told me that I made a particular sound that excited him,” Emily says, a twinkle in her eyes, “but of course I don’t remember it. What I do remember instead is his...penis -- I have to get used to saying that. Penis. His penis. I felt his penis get bigger and harder and jump against me, against my stomach. I remember exactly how it felt against me in that moment, and the thrill I felt run through me when I realized that it was bigger than his father’s.”

“Are you a size queen?” the interviewer asks with a chuckle.

“A little,” Emily admits with a conspiratorial grin. “When I’m filled, I like to be full. I like to be touched all the way along. I like all the nerves to be stroked, and Bob could never do that. It was hardly his fault, of course, but I’d missed it. In fact, I had forgotten it, since it had been more than 20 years since I’d been filled in that way, but when Mike’s penis jumped against me and grew, I knew he could fill me the way I wanted. My heart just leaped -- and then I immediately felt ashamed again, of course.”

“One of her hands went down my back and into my shorts,” Mike says. “She had to push them down a little bit in back to get her hand on my ass, but she did. That was the first hint of undressing either of us showed. And when I felt her hand on my bare ass cheek, I got absolutely rock hard, full mast against her, and she wiggled in more so she could feel it. And I could tell from her kiss that she was liking how it felt because she kissed me even harder and hungrier, which I didn’t even think was possible. I’d always heard the term ‘soul kiss’ and I’d had some pretty good kisses with girls before, but man...nothing like that. At all. That was the first time I actually felt like our souls were kissing, not just our bodies. And god *damn* but it felt amazing.”

“I did take things to the next level,” Emily nods. “It wasn’t my first instinct, but he’d begun the kiss and it wasn’t fair to him to expect him to take every step, so I touched skin. And I must admit, as a dancer I’m a tremendous fan of very firm buttocks, and Mike’s were...strong and firm. Definitely strong and firm, and it did feel very nice in my hand. I could feel how athletic he was, and how...powerful.”

“She did it first,” says Mike, “and after all, we were both going to end up naked anyway, so I slid my hands between us and unbuttoned her shorts. Mom doesn’t dress sexy usually, but she does like to wear shorts that show off her legs, so she was wearing tight, short shorts. I undid the button, and after a moment she shifted her hips back to let me get them off. I unzipped them, put a hand on each hip, and pushed them down over her ass and let them drop.”

“I was wearing a pair of high-cut panties that were quite modest,” Emily says. “I do enjoy sexier underthings when the occasion is right, but I certainly hadn’t anticipated being in this situation. They were simple things, gray with white trim, not the sort of underwear that could get anyone excited. They were practical, I suppose.”

“When I felt mom’s ass in my hand, just covered in the panties, the whole thing got a lot more real,” Mike says. “I mean it had always been real, but...I had just taken off her shorts and now I had her ass in my hands. There’s a difference between *knowing* you have to do something and *understanding* you have to do it, and when I got her shorts off, that was when I really understood

that I was going to have to have sex, with my mother, right here, in front of people who'd kill us if we didn't do what they wanted. And, um, it kind of made me dizzy."

"I felt him wobble against me," says Emily. "His knees got weak, his grasp loosened, his tongue faltered against mine. For a moment I thought he was actually going to fall. I very, very much didn't want that. I knew he would have recovered and gone on with what we needed to do, but he'd have embarrassed himself in front of the barbarians who were forcing us to do this. I didn't want my boy to embarrass himself. If we had to do this, I wanted us to do it with heads held high. I wanted him to be proud of himself regardless of what we had to do, because none of this was our fault. And so I held him closer with the hand that was on his bottom and the hand on his back, pulled my head away from his, looked in his eyes, and said --"

Cut to Mike, who says, "I love you and I am so proud of you. I couldn't ask for a finer man to be with today. Don't falter now. Let's show them how much we love each other."

"How did that make you feel?" asks the interviewer.

"Strong," Mike says. "And like I needed to be strong, because she was going to be strong and I didn't want to let her down. I didn't want to embarrass myself, yeah, but I didn't want to disappoint her even more."

"So what did you do?" the interviewer asks.

Mike grins a bit sheepishly and shrugs. "I took off her shirt."

"I was wearing a rather baggy, comfortable tee shirt," Emily says, "and I didn't even realize he was taking it off of me until I had to lift my arms to let him, and at that point it was simply an automatic reaction. He had it over my head in an instant and tossed it to the side quite casually, as though he was telling the assembled beasts that we weren't going to be defeated by them. That gesture was...oh, it was thrilling! I was so proud of him in that moment!"

"The way she smiled at me," Mike recalls fondly. "She just beamed, her eyes were sparkling, and she just looked up at me and said, 'Kiss me.' So I did."

"I was standing in my underwear and a pair of flats, and yet somehow I didn't feel exposed," Emily muses. "With Mike there, with his arms around me and his lips on mine, it didn't matter that we had a hostile audience. We may as well have been on a deserted island by ourselves for all I noticed anyone else once his arms went around me and his lips met mine. And oh, that kiss!"

"The kiss was getting better," Mike says. "I didn't think it could get better from where it was before, but we just attacked each other. It was like our tongues were fighting each other, but damn it was the best kiss I've ever had, to this day. I don't know why it was so good, or how, but I still think about that kiss these years later, even after everything that's happened."

Emily is seen again, looking thoughtful. "I think it was because we both needed it to be perfect. It was a haven we were creating, a place we could find shelter in each other and in the love we

shared. We needed to have a way to avoid the hostility around us, because when we actually listened to what was being said around us, it was quite appalling.”

“There was a lot of shouting,” Mike confirms with a shrug. “The kind of thing you’d expect from a bunch of worthless lowlife assholes who were forcing a son to fuck his mother for their amusement to avoid being murdered. The women were especially nasty.”

“What were they saying?” the interviewer asks.

In a tone of disbelief, Mike says, “They were really critical of mom’s body, which was weird to me. Mom’s body was perfect -- is perfect. She’s a goddamned professional dancer, you know? And not a tit-shaking stripper bimbo, but an actual dancer on an actual stage. All these bitches were calling my mom a slut, a skank, a whore. They were really mean about her boobs. All those nasty bitches had these big, ridiculous-looking fake tits, these things that didn’t even jiggle when they moved, or else they were really plain, but mom’s boobs are gorgeous, just gorgeous. They’re small but they weren’t sagging at all then, they were these pert, sweet little points that would make any man want to suck them right into his mouth.”

“Did you want to suck them into your mouth?”

Mike shrugs again. “I was starting to think about it, yeah.”

“I didn’t really register what they were saying,” Emily says. “It was pointless, hostile vulgarity. It wasn’t worth listening to. I was aware that most of it was being directed toward me, but there was no reason to pay attention to it. Well...there was one woman, an older woman by the sound of her voice, who kept shouting for me to fellate my son ‘like a good mother,’ which stands out in my memory for some reason. And no, the language she used was hardly so delicate.”

“The voice I remember most was a guy who kept shouting how much I was going to like it,” Mike recalls. “He kept saying over and over, ‘You’re gonna love your momma’s tight little pussy, boy, you’re gonna love that tight little pussy.’ How he knew she had a tight little one, I have no idea, but he seemed pretty sure of it.”

“I was mostly naked by that point, just wearing underwear and shoes, and Mike was still fully clothed,” Emily says. “We both needed to be naked by the end, so I took off his shirt. I remember some in the crowd were rather upset that I didn’t try to make it erotic. It was very much a ‘mom’ sort of action, simply taking his shirt by the shoulders and tugging it up over his head as though he were still five years old. It was positively matronly!”

“When she got my shirt off, she sort of stepped back and looked at me,” Mike says. “Belly button to chest, up and down and up again. She’d seen me shirtless tons of times, I mean like all the time. I walk around the house without a shirt all the time in the summer. But this was the first time she’d ever looked at me like that.”

“Like what?” the interviewer asks.

“Sexually,” is his simply answer.

“I’d been with Mike very nearly every day of his life, from the moment he was born,” Emily says. “I watched him grow from squalling little thing to a fine young man, but a mother doesn’t really see the kind of young man her son is becoming. Not...sexually. But now it was sexual, and so I stepped back and looked at him in that new way.”

“Did you like what you saw?” the interviewer asks.

Emily smiles hugely and dazzlingly. “Oh my yes. He was still young, of course, and he would fill out, but...good heavens, yes, I liked what I saw. Somehow, without my really being aware of it, that squalling little baby had become a strong, fit, and very handsome man. I couldn’t have been prouder of the man he was becoming, and...and I realized that, if I were being forced to do this with my son, I could have had much worse luck as to how that son was turning out.”

“It was just pride that you felt?”

“Nnnnooooo,” Emily admits with some reluctance. “Not just pride. Before the kissing and the touching, it would only have been pride, but with that, and with what we had to do...no, not just pride.”

“I could see it then, in her eyes,” Mike says softly. “She wasn’t seeing me as a son anymore, or at least not only as a son. She was seeing me as a sexual partner. It was...very strange to see that look in my mom’s eyes. Let’s just say it wasn’t something I thought I’d see when I got up that morning.”

“How were you looking at her?” the interviewer asks.

“I don’t know. I know I was seeing her in a new way. I don’t know how much of that came through. We started kissing again, and she put her hands on my stomach, right above my jeans. Just rested them there. If she’d have seen my eyes then, she’d definitely have seen some desire.”

“We stepped together again and his mouth went right to my earlobe and neck,” says Emily. “This time he was more...well, I don’t want to say confident because he’d been quite confident before, but this time he was more...certain of himself. There was no hesitancy in the way he kissed me, and there was no hesitancy in the way I responded.”

“Which was...?” the interviewer asks.

“I moaned. I think my exact words were...” she trails off in embarrassment.

“What?” probes the interviewer. “What did you say?”

Emily is blushing crimson now. “I mentioned before that I don’t curse in normal conversation. However, during sex, I do...talk dirty. Very dirty. At least, I do when I’m enjoying myself.”

“So you were enjoying what you were doing?”

“Mike is incredibly skilled with his mouth,” Emily says, her face now edging into maroon. “Even if I had tried not to enjoy myself, his kisses and his touches would have made me excited, and I wasn’t trying not to enjoy myself.”

“So what did you say?” the interviewer repeats.

“I said...ahem. I said, ‘Fuck, baby, that feels so good.’” The words sound awkward and stiff coming out of her mouth, and she is plainly extremely uncomfortable saying them.

Cut to Mike, who is looking flabbergasted. “‘Fuck, baby.’ She said, ‘Fuck, baby.’ I never dreamed my mom talked dirty, but Jesus, get her wound up and she’s...inventive. And filthy.”

“Did you like it?”

Mike’s wolfish smile is all the answer needed.

“His shorts and my bra came off at the same time,” Emily says. “With what he was doing to me with his mouth, I don’t think I even noticed him undoing my bra. It seemed...well, I hesitate to say this, given that he’s my son, but it felt perfectly natural then that he take my bra off, and I immediately pressed myself into him. The...the sensation of skin on skin is one of the greatest pleasures in life, and I wanted to feel my breasts against his chest. I wanted to feel my nipples hard against his skin. I wanted to feel his heat. I wanted to feel his heart beating against mine.

“I didn’t care then that he was my son. This had gone too far to stop. Even had the bikers told us we didn’t have to continue, we would have gone on. I know we would have. I was...wildly excited. I could smell myself, my own arousal.” It’s apparent from the flare of her nostrils and the sparkle in her eyes that recollection of this event is making excitement overcome embarrassment, and her voice has lost all hesitation. “I hadn’t been this aroused since before I was with his father. I know how awful that sounds, but it’s the plain truth. My whole body was singing. I wanted my son.”

“My mom has some amazing fingers,” Mike says earnestly. “Once she decided to get rid of my shorts, man, they were gone before I knew it, down around my ankles. I was wearing a pair of boxer-briefs, and they were...tented out in the front. When she ran her fingertips over my bulge, when I felt them through the fabric tracing my length from the crown to the root, my cock just jumped against her, just leaped. For a second I thought I was gonna come right there.”

Emily is looking quite intense. “I ran my fingers over him and I felt his penis jump against my fingers. Even through the fabric I could feel that he was absolutely steel-hard, so much that it must have been uncomfortable in his underwear. It was so...powerful! I know I keep using that word to describe him, but that was really the most amazing thing to me, how powerful he had become. There was so much strength about him, so much poise, so much desire, and it was all being unleashed onto me. It was irresistible, and by then I wasn’t thinking of resisting anyway. I could feel the head of his co-- his penis through the fabric, so big and flaring, the length and girth

of the shaft, even the vein down the underside, and his testicles so big and full. At first I only felt it with my fingertips, but it made me so...hot, all over. It was absolutely delightful.”

“I wanted to touch her boobs,” Mike says, then chuckles. “I mean...I’m a guy, I wanted to touch her boobs! I could feel her nipples digging into my chest, and that’s so sexy, but she was glued to me so I couldn’t touch her tits. So I did the next best thing, and slipped my hands inside her panties from behind. Her ass filled my hands, her skin was soft but her ass was so firm and taut and *hot*. She was just radiating heat all over, and, like, all I could do was think...um...” He trails off into an uncomfortable laugh.

“What did you think?” asks the interviewer.

“About how good it would feel inside that heat. To be inside her, the sensations of...being inside her.” He laughs again rather awkwardly and spreads his hands.

“Did you feel any guilt for having those sorts of thoughts?”

He shakes his head. “No. I mean, not then. Part of me was just trying to hold my shit together and act with some dignity, because that seemed important at the time. But she was doing her best to turn me on and I was doing my best to turn her on and we were both succeeding, so most of my thoughts were about how good things were feeling and how much better they were going to feel.”

“So it was all very natural?”

“Well...” he muses, “as natural as it could be. I’m not saying there weren’t weird, awkward moments where one or both of us was like, ‘Damn, I can’t believe this shit is actually happening,’ because I know there were those moments for me. But natural in the sense of a guy and a girl trying to get each other horny and succeeding and then acting on that horniness -- yeah, what could be more natural than that? That’s what keeps people around generation after generation, getting each other horny and fucking. And once that’s going on and both people are really into it, you don’t think too much.”

“His hands on my bare skin felt amazing,” says Emily in tight closeup, where here arousal is becoming more obvious. “His skin on mine everywhere we were touching just felt electric, as though there were a current passing between us, as though there were sparks leaping off of us. He just kept pushing my panties down and suddenly I just wanted to be free of them, to be naked for him. Wanting him to be naked for me. Wanting to feel his hand go between my legs and touch me, finger me, slide fingers in deep so he could feel how wet I was, how ready I was for his cock.” In her growing excitement, the vulgarity suddenly comes naturally off her tongue and she seems not to notice she’s no longer using clinical terms. “He took one side of the waistband and I took the other and we pushed them down to the ground. I was naked...and I heard a lot of noise from the crowd, but I did everything I could to block it out and make Mike my whole world.”

“I wanted to see her, to take a good look, but she was kissing me hard and running her hands all over me,” Mike says. “There were four hands trying to get my underwear off so it took a bit, but

when they went down over my hips and my cock sort of leaped free, it leaped right into her hand. That was one of those awkward moments I mentioned, realizing that my mom was stroking my hardon in front of like fifty psycho assholes, but...look, a gorgeous, horny woman was stroking my hardon. I didn't concentrate long on anything but that."

"I loved how he felt in my hand," Emily says. "Right from the instant he filled my palm, I loved his cock. It was thick, hot, velvety soft over steel hard, the perfect length, a magnificent mushroom head..." She licks her lips with ill-disguised hunger. "Feeling that cock in my hand was absolute bliss. I knew instantly that it would feel magnificent in my mouth and in my pussy. I *knew*."

"The crowd was really getting into it now that we were naked," Mike says. "Nothing they said is worth repeating, but they were...cheering us on, shall we say? But I didn't want to hear that, I didn't want to see it. I didn't want to know they were there. I just wanted her and me. I wanted her to touch me, I wanted to touch her, I wanted to do everything. I really, really didn't want it to stop. And I wanted to touch her like she was touching me. So I did."

"Mmmm," Emily sighs happily. "Mike has very good hands. Big, strong, dexterous, very clever, very certain of what they're doing. He put his hand over me at first and just cupped me. I remember feeling so glad that finally he could feel how hot he'd made me, how wet he'd made me -- how much he'd made me want him. I wanted him to know that it was all right for us to keep going. He didn't need to worry about hurting me or doing anything I didn't want, because I wanted him inside me. I wanted him."

"Mom was dripping," Mike says, sounding slightly in awe of the fact, or perhaps that he had been the cause. "I don't think I'd ever felt anybody get that wet, that turned on, and all I could think was that it was going to be sweet and slick inside of her. And Jesus, I wanted to be there. I ran my fingers up and down her slit and her lips just parted like she was hungry for contact. I slipped my middle finger up inside of her, pushed it in, and it was so smooth, like silk inside. I know I groaned. And then she clamped down on my finger."

"I'm a dancer," Emily laughs. "I need to be in great shape all over. I'd been doing my Kegels."

"She'd been doing her Kegels," Mike confirms with a grin. "She grabbed my finger like she'd caught it stealing and all I could do was think...'Damn, I hit the jackpot.' I started rocking my finger in and out, slowly, and she just lit up. Her whole body tensed at once, she went up on her toes, she started sucking on my tongue like it was a pacifier...it was amazing. God, I wanted her so much then!"

"From the moment he started using his fingers on me, I was at the edge of orgasm," Emily explains. "Right at the edge, which amazed me because I usually had a hard time coming -- a lot of times I never even came at all with Bob. I'd gotten used to not having a climax. But when Mike began fuck -- fingering me, it put me right to the edge, and the sensation was so thrilling! I'd just been entered and I was already about to come!"

“I knew she was loving it,” says Mike. “Her insides were going nuts on my fingers and she was holding my arms so tight it actually hurt. Her whole body was telling me she was getting off on it, but I didn’t know she was actually going to *get off* until she did.” He grins and adds, “And that was pretty unmistakable.”

“When the palm of his hand pressed against my clitoris, I came,” Emily reports. “I went right up and over. It wasn’t the biggest or best orgasm I’d ever had, or even the best I had that day, but it was so very fulfilling! I never expected it and yet it was there, rising up, spiraling out from the center of myself and just flowing out. God!”

“She screamed into my mouth, and her pussy slammed down on my finger like a vise,” Mike recalls with a grin. “She wetted my hand to the wrist. I was like...’God damn, I just made my mom come!’”

“It wasn’t the longest orgasm,” Emily says. “It was short but very sweet, and it left me knowing I could have another one, a much bigger one, with very little prompting.

“It also left me rather wobbly,” she adds with a chuckle, “which is why I sank to my knees.”

Mike looks amazed. “Right to her knees. Right in front of me. She looked so beautiful that way!”

“I got a good look at his cock,” Emily says, not even noticing the vulgarity. “It was perfect. I don’t mean to suggest it was objectively perfect or the best one in the world, but it was perfect for me. Everything about it was just the way I’d always imagined the perfect cock to be. It was straight. It was thick. It was about nine inches long, which is ideal for me. The veins looked like they were chiseled from granite. The head was like a plum. His balls were heavy with cum. It was everything I’d ever wanted in a cock.

“I did the only thing that made sense in that moment: I looked up at him, I stuck out my tongue, and I licked up the bottom from root to head.”

Mike still looks amazed. “Wow. I watched the pink tip of her tongue come out and I thought, ‘Nah, she’s not gonna...’ And then she made a cradle of her tongue and caressed the underside of my cock with it, all the way up, slow, just staring into my eyes the whole time...I...I can’t even tell you how hot that was. I can still see it like it’s happening right this moment.”

“I like oral,” Emily says, eyes sparkling. “Giving and receiving. It had been a long time -- years -- since I’d done it, so I was enjoying every second of feeling him on my tongue. I wanted him to enjoy it too.”

“She went up and down, slow, three or four times, like my cock was so delicious she just wanted to savor every bit of it.” Mike smiles at the memory. “In my experience, most girls don’t like giving head. I mean, most don’t mind it that much and they do it to make you feel good, but most girls don’t *like to do it*. But mom’s eyes were blazing and she was...worshipping my cock. She was loving it, loving doing it, loving how it felt and just the act of it. And I love oral too, getting and giving, so to be with someone who loved it as much as me was...wow.”

Emily licks her lips with glee. “I loved how he looked. He was wholly into the sensations I was giving him, and because I wasn’t receiving anything in return I could completely and utterly focus on what I was doing. I could do something with my mouth and immediately see the effects on his face and feel them through his cock, and that sort of instant feedback and...control, I suppose, is a very powerful thing. But at the same time, the power that I had was because I was submitting to Mike’s desires and taking nothing for myself. In that moment I was giving myself to my son completely and yet that gave me power in the relationship -- the power to give him what he needed in that moment. And that’s an incredibly seductive prospect.”

“Did you continue with the oral sex?” the interviewer asks.

“Oh yes! Oh my, yes!” Angela laughs. “There was no way I was letting that perfect cock get away without feeling it in my throat! I opened my mouth and just looked up at him for a long moment with my mouth an inch away from the head, so that he could feel my breath on it. The look of longing on his face was...thrilling. And then I put my mouth around the head and slowly took him, inch after inch, all the way down until my nose was in his pubic hair and I had my lips pressed against his body. I looked up at him and I saw a magnificent vista of hard angles and planes across his abdomen and his chest, every muscle standing out perfectly with just a bit of shadow in the sunlight. He was so strong! And his face was so very...loving. So kind. So appreciative and hungry and sweet. We locked eyes, and...and I hadn’t felt that loved, that adored, in a long time.”

“When was the last time?” asks the interviewer.

Emily thinks for a moment, begins to speak, and then simply shrugs. “I don’t know. Maybe never. Maybe I’d never seen any love so complete as I saw on my son’s face in that moment. He loved me with everything he had and I gave it back to him with everything I had.”

Mike reappears onscreen as the interviewer asks, “What was it like to have your mom on her knees performing oral sex on you?”

He shakes his head. “I wasn’t thinking about her as my mom then. I mean I was, but I wasn’t. Neither of us could think that way, it would have been too much. So I saw her as the gorgeous, naked woman sucking my cock so I could fuck her brains out. I mean, that was what I was trying to think. Like once or twice a minute I’d realize she was my mom, but I had to push that aside.”

“Was that hard to do?”

He shrugs and grins. “Not as hard as it would have been if she wasn’t sucking my cock better than I’d ever had it sucked before, or if I didn’t know she was so wet for me she was dripping. I wanted to fuck her. Hell, at that point I don’t think I was willing to be told no.”

“And she’s good at oral?”

“Ha! When she took me down her throat all the way and just parked her mouth there as she worked me over with her tongue and cheeks, just caressed every square inch of my cock at once, worked it, just adored it -- when she did that and she looked up at me with her amazing eyes...well, I’d never felt anything that good before.”

“I could have sucked him all day and been happy,” Emily purrs, “but I started feeling very, very...empty. I needed to be filled, and I needed to be filled by the most perfect cock I’d ever seen. It was in my mouth, I needed it in my pussy.”

“After like five minutes, she took her mouth off me,” Mike says. “She was still looking up at me, her hand around the base of my cock, and have one last slow lick all the way up, just teased the head with her tongue, and in the sweetest, sexiest voice I’ve ever heard, she asked --”

““Will you fuck me, baby?”” Emily asks, her voice pitched husky and needful. ““Will you fuck me hard and deep and not stop until you make me scream for your cum?””

“You asked that?” the interviewer asks, amused disbelief in her voice.

“Those were the words I used, as best as I can recall,” Emily laughs merrily. “I told you I talk dirty during sex, and I was just getting started.”

“It wasn’t just you being vocal in your pleasure like they’d told you to?” the interviewer asks.

“I had that in mind,” Emily acknowledges. “I needed to be loud for the amusement of the savages. But when I’m enjoying sex, I am loud and I do talk dirty. It wasn’t a stretch for me to say those things – they just came naturally out of my mouth.”

“So,” the interviewer asks, “what did Mike do?”

Mike again. “I didn’t say anything. I just kicked together our clothes to make someplace to lie down, and she did. Flat on her back. And then she stuck her legs out straight and then spread them wide...wider...”

We see a film clip of Emily dancing onstage, finishing a whirling leap with a splits that drops her crotch to the floor. She can certainly spread her legs when she has a mind to.

“Lying there in the sun, naked, sweat glistening on her body, her pussy just shining with wetness, her hair like gold,” Mike sighs. “It was so beautiful. She was so beautiful. So amazingly...inviting.”

“And then?” the interviewer asks.

“And then I got down on my knees between her legs and lowered myself onto her.”

“He didn’t go inside me,” Emily says. “Not yet. He just covered me with himself and put his skin on mine. It felt...divine. I love having a man on top of me, the sensation, the weight, knowing

that he and I were going to be joined in the most perfect way possible...and then he kissed me. It was the most possessive kiss I've ever had, before or since. At that moment I belonged to him, body and soul, all of me, and he belonged to me."

"She wrapped her arms around me and held me close, like a second skin," Mike says. "I could feel her hands on my back, her fingernails -- she doesn't keep her fingernails long but I could feel them digging into my skin like she was urging me on. My cock was against her thigh, her upper thigh a couple inches from her pussy, and even there she was so wet! I shifted my hips a bit and brought the head up to her lips."

Emily gasps, a sharp intake of breath as she recalls the scene. "Ohhhhh. Oh. The first time I felt his cock against my cunt." It's impossible to imagine that she would use that word when she wasn't excited, but it's somehow impossible to imagine her using any other word now. "That big, hungry head right against my lips. I knew my juices were getting onto his cock and I could just hold the image in my mind of him moving against me and the head of that magnificent cock coming away glistening in the sunlight, glistening with something I'd put there, something that could have come only from me." She closes her eyes and almost purrs.

"I normally tease a little bit," Mike says. "You know, rub a girl's pussy with my cock, get the tip wet and then rub her clit. It makes both of us want it more. But I couldn't have wanted it any more than I already did, and neither could she. Her hips were already moving, grinding, trying to get me inside. She was whimpering into my mouth. All I had to do was shift a little more and I slipped right in."

Emily gasps and her eyes fly open; she is incredibly aroused. "Oh God! That first second when he pushed inside me! The way the head opened me and then suddenly I swallowed him up and he was giving it to me, inch after inch! It felt like it took an eternity. It really did. It felt like he'd never finish giving me his cock, and I wanted it all. I wanted every millimeter. I didn't want anything left outside, I wanted it all in me, inside me where I needed it, where he needed it. And every little bit that he gave me felt better and better and better, sliding in so deep and still giving me more."

She's actually breathing heavily now. "And then I felt him bump up against my cervix and I knew that when he came, he'd be coming right into my womb. Right into my womb. And then I felt his balls against me and I knew I'd taken him all, and I knew we fit. We fit perfectly, absolutely perfectly. I couldn't take anymore at exactly the instant he had no more to give. It was like we'd been made for each other."

Mike is flushed but smiling, with only a trace of awkwardness. "When I got inside of her, all the way inside, it felt incredible, better than any pussy I'd had, but...it was one of those moments when I realized what I was doing. It was like, 'Dude, you're seriously fucking your own mom right now.' I got so dizzy, just for a second! I think if I'd have been standing up I'd have fallen over."

"What did you do then?" the interviewer asks, and a little eagerness is audible in her voice.

He laughs. “Well then she squeezed me with her pelvic muscles and she wasn’t my mom anymore! So I started fucking her.”

Emily is painfully aroused by now. “In and out...it’s such a simple thing, just in and out. But it was so exquisite! He was moving inside me and he was touching every nerve I had, stroking them in perfect rhythm, over and over, driving into me, pushing me back against the ground. I was already screaming into his mouth. I’m also a screamer.” She doesn’t seem bothered by the admission. “And when he took his mouth off mine, I started to talk dirty.”

“No, it wasn’t dirty talk,” Mike corrects. “It was filth. Magnificent filth.”

“What was she saying?” the interviewer asks.

“What wasn’t she? ‘Fuck me hard, pound my cunt!’”

“‘Hammer me you fucker!’” Emily adds. “‘Slam that cock up into me!’”

“‘Harder, fuck me harder!’” Mike continues. “‘Fuck me like I’m your slut!’”

“‘I’m your whore, your cocksucking slut bitch, use me! Use my cunt!’”

“‘Fuck me you motherfucker, fuck your mother!’” Mike says, nostrils flaring. “‘Hammer me like the horny cunt I am! Fill me!’”

“‘Come in me!’” Emily nearly shouts. “‘I want your cum so fucking bad, pour it into me! Give it to me, every drop! Empty your balls in me!’”

“And how much of this was because the gang had told you to be vocal?”

Emily smirks and says, “Not a single bit. By that point it was all me.”

“Every word made me hotter,” Mike says. “I’d never fucked anyone so hard before, and she just kept begging for it harder and harder.”

“He was hammering me so hard that I felt my bones shaking inside my skin, and it still wasn’t enough,” Emily says. “I had never in my life been that aroused. Everything felt good, even what hurt. Perhaps especially what hurt. And all I could think was ‘more,’ more cock, more fucking, harder, deeper, faster. In fact, I wasn’t thinking at all then. My body was in complete control and my mind had gone somewhere else.”

“When she crossed her ankles behind my back and locked me in, just squeezing my cock with her muscles as I ground against her, I knew I wasn’t going to last long. I couldn’t. I couldn’t even understand how I’d lasted as long as I did.”

“I was just babbling for his cum, yelling myself hoarse,” Emily says. “I don’t think I was making a bit of sense, just saying dirty words. I could’ve come the moment he entered me or at any

moment after that, but I needed to wait for him. I needed to wait for his seed inside me before I came.”

“I tried to say I was going to come,” Mike says. “I think I got out, ‘I guhhhkuuu’ or something, like I was just trying to figure out words. When I came I gave a groan that came from the soles of my feet and all the way up, and I just exploded. I just exploded into her.”

“His cum,” Emily marvels, breathless. “Oh God. I could feel his whole body just coil like a spring. I grabbed his cock with my cunt muscles and squeezed as hard as I could, and that was what did it. If I’d have heard that sound come out of him at any other time, I’d have sworn he was injured. But his cock was jumping inside of me like a thing alive and I knew he was giving me what I needed. I knew he was pouring his seed straight into my cervix, as deep inside me as he could go. After the first time his cock jumped, I came.”

“She bit me,” Mike laughs, pointing to a spot on his shoulder just to the side of his neck. “She had her mouth pressed to me and she actually bit me when she came. It didn’t hurt. I knew she was just spasming. Her body was as rigid and stiff as a mannequin, but her insides were dancing. I’d never known she could dance inside too, but...damn. She does. She really does.”

“I didn’t even know where I was,” Emily laughs. “I didn’t even know *who* I was! There was just this gut-wrenching climax that was so strong it almost hurt. It was right at the farthest edge of pleasure, right where my body was telling me it couldn’t take anything stronger, and it just held there, and held there, and held there. I think I thought I was dying and I didn’t care.”

“It was the best sex I’d ever had,” Mike says simply.

“I didn’t know I could feel those sensations,” Emily says, shrugging helplessly. “I didn’t know that the human body was capable of producing them. I’d never been one for romance novels that talk about that kind of thing, and I’d certainly never experienced anything like it myself. It was...revelatory. It was the sort of thing that one can never forget about once one experiences it.”

“So then what?” the interviewer asks.

“For a long time I lay there, eyes closed, completely limp. He was still inside me. I could feel the froth we’d made leaking from me. I felt the sun. I heard voices but nothing was really making sense. I couldn’t piece together where I was or even who I was with -- my mind kept telling me it was my son and then rejecting the possibility, over and over again.”

Emily sighs deeply. “And then I opened my eyes and saw him, my baby boy. He was on top of me. He was inside me. He’d put his sperm inside me. We’d had sex. And that was when the guilt fell from the sky in waves and began crashing over me.”

“Once the...what the urgency of it was over, I started to think,” Mike says. “And that wasn’t a good thing. I mean, it was a good thing because we needed to think and deal with what we’d done, but...man. It was not good.”

“What do you mean?” the interviewer asks.

“All right, it wasn’t our fault that we’d had sex, right?” Mike asks. “We did what we had to do, and we had to do it because psychopaths made us do it. If we’d gotten right back to the road that morning and gone on our way to the wedding, we weren’t going to decide to fuck just because. I’d never, ever thought about her like that and I’m pretty sure she’d never thought about me like that. It’s not like we were going to suddenly start ripping each other’s clothes off.

“But once we’d been forced into it, we’d *gotten* into it. We clicked. You can make out with someone without getting as caught up in it as we did. You can even have sex with someone without really liking it -- I did when I lost my cherry. But that wasn’t how it was with us. From the time we started touching each other, it was awesome. I mean, I didn’t just like it, I loved it. *I loved it*. And there was no doubt she did too. So yeah, they made us do it, but us getting off so hard on it? That was all on us.”

Emily looks very somber and thoughtful, and is not looking directly at the camera. “I had begged my son to ejaculate inside me, and it was the most blissful and transcendent experience of my life when he did. I had no idea that level of sexual compatibility was even possible, but everything either of us did felt perfect, almost...well, I hesitate to use the word because I don’t believe in it, but it almost felt foreordained. Inevitable. How could that much of a potential connection exist between two people who were so close to each other and not eventually demand exploration?”

“Do you think you’d have eventually gotten together if this hadn’t happened?” the interviewer asks.

“No,” Emily says with a decisive shake of her head. “I know that sounds self-contradictory, but under what circumstances would Mike and I ever have come to know that that compatibility existed? Logically, of course, I knew that. But knowing that and believing it were two very different things when I was forced to confront the actuality of the attraction and the concrete reality of what we’d done with each other...to each other. And, more importantly, confronting the fact that my own son was the best lover I’d ever had by a considerable margin, and I was the best he’d had.”

“But if it wasn’t your fault --”

Emily cuts the interviewer off with a violent shake of her head, making her unruly hair jump. “No. I had begged my son to do things to me. Do you understand that? I had begged him to do unspeakable things to me because, in that moment, I needed him more than I ever knew I could need anyone. I had begged him to ejaculate inside me because the idea of not receiving his seed was, in that instant, both physically agonizing and heartbreaking. I had never shared anything even remotely approaching that with any lover I’d ever had -- and certainly not with my husband, the father of my children.”

“And now that thing was between us,” Mike says. “I mean, if we’d have struggled with it, like if I’d had a hard time getting it up and she couldn’t get went and it had been awful and painful and

awkward...that would have been normal. That's how it should have been between a mom and a son. But it was so good that we both knew it would always be there, always right there, and even if we never talked about it again, and right then I was hoping we wouldn't, we'd both have to go through life knowing that the greatest sexual experience either of us had ever had came at the hands of other. And how were we supposed to go on like that?"

"Did you think you might be pregnant?" the interviewer asks Emily.

Emily shakes her head. "That didn't occur to me for some time. I was rather overwhelmed by what we'd done, so I wasn't able to think very much about possible consequences. I don't think it even crossed my mind for an hour or two, and when it did I dismissed it immediately. I thought I'd ovulated several days before, so even if I was wrong by a day or two I was still safe."

"Were you on birth control?"

"No. I have side effects of birth control medications -- nausea, dizziness, weight gain, that sort of thing. If I had a desk job, I suppose I would have simply done my best to ignore those symptoms, but they were of course impossible for a dancer." She pauses, then adds, "And besides, I really didn't need it. For the past several years, there had been essentially no danger."

"What did you do then?" the interviewer asks Mike.

"It was a weird situation," he says. "Not only had I just fucked my mom and come inside her, but I was still in her when we both sort of realized what we'd done. Pulling out of your mom isn't something you can just *do*, you gotta put some thought into it. I think we apologized to each other about fifty times in the next minute, and then I finally pulled out of her and got up."

"Oh dear," Emily sighs resignedly. "There was a flood when he pulled away, and the smell of sex was...overpowering. He was very polite and he helped me up and offered me my clothes before he began dressing, but there was so much...of him, running down my legs, all the way to the ankles. I'd never had so much inside me before. I was a disgusting mess."

"Did you clean up?" the interviewer asks.

"I asked to," Emily replies. "I asked one of the women; I supposed that feminine compassion would be more likely to be productive than asking a man. Unfortunately, she was...stunningly vulgar and cruel."

"This tattooed bitch with bolt-ons looks my mom up and down and just smirks," Mike says, "and then says, 'You were just begging your son to come up inside that mommy-cunt you got, so enjoy it.' Everyone around us laughed. So I handed her my underwear and let her use that."

"After that response, I was hardly about to ask to use the bathroom," Emily sniffs. "No one seemed to be paying us much attention at the moment, so I walked behind a parked car and cleaned myself up as best I could and then put clothes on. I knew there was going to be a great

deal of...seepage, and my shorts were light-colored and it would certainly show, but I wasn't about to go without them."

"I got dressed," Mike says. "I guess I expected the shit to continue. I figured they just weren't done with us, you know? I thought they'd...I don't know, kick the shit out of us, rape, threaten at least. Maybe make me and mom go again. But it was weird, because they were just sort of...ignoring us."

"Ignoring you?" the interviewer asks. "Really?"

"Yeah. I mean the bitch said that to mom, but only after mom said something to her," Mike says. "A couple of guys came up to me and slapped me on the shoulder and told me I'd done a good job fucking my mom, but...it sounds weird, but I didn't think they were fucking with me. I thought they were actually congratulating me. I mean, how fucked up is that? And after that they just sort of left us alone and started fussing over the pig they had roasting."

"I did not anticipate the indifference," Emily says. "After forcing us to copulate and make a spectacle with each other, I assumed they'd continue to torment Mike and me. I thought they'd harass us at the very least, but they simply ignored us for a time, with the exception of offering us each a beer."

"You let your 18-year-old son drink a beer?" the interviewer asks.

Emily snorts. "Given the circumstances, it seemed trivial."

"There was a log thing, a split log they used as a bench," Mike says. "Mom and I sat on one end of it and drank beer and tried to figure out what to say to each other. I asked her if she was OK and she said yes. She told me that nothing we'd done was our fault, which was technically true, and that I shouldn't feel bad about it, which was complete bullshit. And then we just kind of stopped talking."

"Why?" the interviewer asks.

"It was hard to find a topic," Mike says dryly. "We couldn't discuss even the near future because we had no idea what was going to happen to us, and I couldn't really say, 'Wow mom, you're an awesome lay.'"

"I was focusing on what a terrible human being I was," Emily says simply. "Mike was still a child, so nothing that went on between us could be blamed on him. I was the adult and the parent. It had been up to me to maintain proper boundaries even in this situation, and I had failed utterly. I didn't believe we could ever recover. I thought he would never want to speak to me again."

"We sat there for...half an hour, maybe," Mike says. "Then the bikers started laying out a feast, a real picnic feast. It was the damndest thing. They kept bringing food out of the house, all kinds

of salads and side dishes and stuff, and they started carving that pig. When they started cutting the meat, that was when the smell hit me. I was so hungry my stomach roared.”

“Surprisingly, they offered us food,” Emily says. “We were told to serve ourselves. By that point it was about 3:30 in the afternoon and we were both quite hungry, so we ate. The pork was delicious, and I thought the baked beans were particularly good.”

“You had an appetite after everything?” the interviewer asks.

“I was ravenous,” Emily replies. “I felt as though I hadn’t eaten for two days. I’m afraid I made quite a pig of myself, but no one objected. They were worse.”

“I had two more beers, and I know mom had at least one,” Mike tells us. “We didn’t really talk to anybody because we didn’t want to stir anything up, but the whole vibe had gotten...well, not friendlier, but less hostile. It felt like we were crashing their barbecue, not like they were getting ready to mess us up. I was starting to think we might actually make it out of there.”

“When we were done eating, I asked to use a bathroom again,” Emily says, “and I was told to, and I quote, ‘Piss in the bushes if I was so damned prissy.’ So that’s exactly what I did.”

“I just came back from taking a leak, and mom was back,” Mike says, “when their leader, that Petey guy, comes over and sits next to us, asking us how we liked the meal and joking like we were best buddies or something. And then he started telling us about the law enforcement around there.”

“He informed us that the Sheriff of the county was ‘in his pocket,’ as it were, there would be no investigation if we reported this incident to the police,” says Emily. “He was also of the opinion that, since we were physically unharmed and had...’had a good time,’ we should be grateful, chalk it up to a learning experience, and be on our way. Since several gang members would be traveling into Pinedale after dinner, he told us they would be so kind as to drive us to a service station, and he gave us directions to tell the tow truck driver for how to get back to Lou.” She pauses, then adds, “He also demanded that we thank him. We didn’t think it wise to refuse.”

“Fifteen minutes later we were in the back of an SUV heading for town,” Mike tells us, still sounding surprised by the turn of events. “They stopped off at the minivan and we got our luggage, anything we wanted to take, and they drove us on in.”

“They played the worst music I have ever heard,” Emily says indignantly. “It was nothing but screeching guitars and bass and screaming. And they played it so loudly!”

“It was, ah, it was all right,” Mike says. “It meant we didn’t have to talk.”

“They were going to drop us at the service station,” Emily tells us, “but there was a motel down the street, and I asked them to drop us there because I absolutely required a shower at the earliest possible moment. The clerk only charged us half price when we told him we were only going to

use the bathroom. The place was dingy and a little grimy, and I certainly didn't trust the linens, but as I said, I needed a shower."

"I didn't want to stay in the room when mom was using the shower," Mike shrugs. "I couldn't. I needed to put some distance between us, if only because I didn't want to think about her naked with water running over her. I just took a walk down to the station and arranged for the tow truck driver to run out and pick up the minivan, and then I walked around for a few minutes. It was...hard to go back to the room where mom was. I just didn't know what the hell to say."

"I took a very long shower," Emily says. "The water didn't get nearly as hot as I wanted for my...my mental health, I suppose. I wanted to scald my skin off. I wanted to come out new."

"Did you?" the interviewer asked.

"No," Emily says, shaking her head with a rather sad smile.

"I got some food from a grocery store," Mike says. "Some kaiser rolls, cheese, cold cuts. Some mini carrots -- mom loves carrots -- and some pears. When I came back mom was sitting on the bed, already dressed, brushing her wet hair. She didn't even look up at me when she told me she wanted to sell Lou to the tow truck driver."

Emily reappears as the interviewer says, "You loved your minivan."

Emily nods.

"Why did you sell it?"

"I couldn't get back inside it ever again," Emily says. "When I thought of it, all I could think of was the accident and what it led to. What we'd been forced to do. How could I drive that? How could I carry my husband and my daughter in that vehicle? How could I ever ride there again with Mike?"

"So what did you do?" the interviewer asks.

"I walked to the service station and arranged to sell Lou in return for it being towed. I didn't even want any money for it. I just needed to be done with it forever."

"We still needed to get to the wedding," Mike says. "We ended up paying a 16-year-old kid \$200 to drive us to the airport in Salt Lake City. He was a nice kid and he kept trying to talk to us, but we weren't really in the mood. I don't think we said ten words."

"There was a 7:25 from Salt Lake City to San Francisco the next morning," Emily tells us. "We bought tickets and got two cheap motel rooms so we wouldn't have to sleep together. Then I took a taxi to an all-night pharmacy and bought a douche. Then later, sitting alone in my bed, I called my husband."

“Did you tell him about what had happened?” the interviewer asks.

“I told him we’d had an accident,” Emily explains. “I told him the van was totaled and Mike and I were shaken up but all right. I told him we’d walked to a road, flagged down a passing police officer, and then arranged to finish our trip by air.”

“You didn’t tell him about the Visigoths, or what you and –”

“No!” Emily says emphatically. “How could I tell him that I had been forced to fornicate with our son, that I had taken his sperm inside me? What words could I possibly have used for that? And how on Earth could I possibly have told him that, knowing that his son had given me more pleasure in a single sexual encounter than he had given me in at least the last ten years combined? What was I supposed to say to him? And...my God, what was I supposed to say to Mike?”

Mike comes onscreen again as the interviewer asks, “What did you and your mom talk about on the flight?”

“We didn’t talk.”

“Not at all?”

“No,” Mike says with a shake of his head. “Neither of us said a single word.”

The screen goes black for a moment, and then a picture of the gang hideout appears with the legend, “In December of that year, the Visigoths’ methamphetamine lab exploded and burned the building to the ground. Five gang members and two associates were killed in the fire.”

The picture is replaced by the mugshot of Petey, along with the legend, “The following July, almost exactly a year to the day after the events described in this documentary, Douglas ‘Petey’ Hounslow lost control of his motorcycle while driving on a mountain road during a rainstorm. He skidded over a cliff into the Green River and was killed.”

The credits roll.