

# **A Good Sleep**

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**Category:** Incest/Taboo

**Published:** 2023-06-27

**Updated:** 2023-06-27

**Packaged:** 2024-01-16 22:40:26

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 25,937

**Publisher:** literotica.com

**Summary:** She needs to set her son's sleep straight.

**Erotica Tags:** 18-Year-Old, Blowjob, Mother Son Sex, Pregnant

**Average Rating:** 4.76

## **A Good Sleep**

Emma's phone buzzed under her pillow, waking her instantly. She silenced it as fast as she could; even the vibration sounded loud in the dead of night. Blinking the sleep from her eyes, she got up as quietly as possible and put on a robe, swiftly tying the sash, and tiptoed to her bedroom door. All was quiet in the house as she stepped into the hallway.

She looked to the end of the hall, where Gabe's door was and saw light coming from under it. Sighing, disappointed but not surprised, she made her way down the passage to stop and listen outside her only son's room. There it was: the distinct sound of keyboard keys.

Emma knocked once and let herself in. The only thing she could see was the silhouette of her son's large frame against the backdrop of his monitor.

"Gabe, it's three in the morning," she stated.

"I can't sleep," he mumbled back, not even turning his head to look at her.

"Because you're playing games. You need to switch off and relax to let sleep come."

"I tried that. Didn't work."

"How long did you try? Nevermind, it doesn't matter; this is getting out of hand. Your grades are slipping. Are you even passing right now?"

A long silence, then, "No." He continued to play, the colourful graphics on his screen flickering and shifting as he navigated some dungeon or other.

Emma hugged her arms around herself and took a breath to calm down. "I need you to turn the game off, son. You need to sleep."

After a bit, he shut the game off and then his monitor, plunging the room into darkness. Emma reached for the lightswitch and flicked it on, then watched as Gabe transferred himself from chair to bed. He looked exhausted.

"Gabe, this has to stop. Starting tomorrow you will be getting regular sleep if I have to supervise it myself."

He grumbled from his bed but she didn't acknowledge it, just watching for a bit to make sure he actually stayed put. After a few minutes, she left, leaving his door open and walking to her own room. She lay in bed, waiting for sleep to reclaim her. Emma didn't do well with inadequate or poor sleep, so it was a sign of her concern when she took the drastic step of waking up in the middle of the night to catch him awake.

As expected, the next day she was a step slower than usual. Her middle-of-the-night wakeup made getting ready in the morning painful, but not as painful as it was for Gabe.

Emma left it as long as she could, to let him get more sleep, but in the end had to wake him at 8 am. Starting a better routine meant getting up early.

"Gabe," she barked, knocking on his door frame. "Time to get up!"

The lump under her son's covers didn't move. She walked in and shoved the lump. Nothing. As a kid he would tease her by pretending to stay sleeping, but she knew the trick to it. Just yank the covers off, exposing her giggling, mischievous son. He'd soon learned to hang onto the blanket, causing her to pull harder, but she always won.

Now, when she yanked the blanket, there was no resistance. With one mighty tug, she ripped the covers off his bed, exposing her son in just boxers, sleeping peacefully. Emma sighed and shook his shoulder until he stirred. "Get up!"

Emma watched as Gabe commenced a long series of stretches and groans as he tried to emerge from his hibernation. She waited with him the entire time, ready to pick up the harassment if he showed signs of going back to sleep. Thankfully he didn't, sitting up and staring at her groggily.

"What time is it?" he mumbled.

"After eight. You need to get ready for school."

"Moomm, my first class isn't until 10. I'll get up in time, I swear." He tried to lay back down.

"No way, you're getting up now. This way you'll be tired tonight when you go to bed at 10pm."

"10! I'm not tired at 10."

"Fine, 11. But no later, and I'm going to hang out with you until you're asleep, so don't think you're getting away with any more late nights. You need to fix your grades, and normal sleep is the only way to do it."

"I can't sleep, though!" Gabe stood up, wearing the same t-shirt but minus the shorts he was wearing when she caught him at 3am.

Standing now, he was a full head taller than her, a fact he liked to tease her about. She looked up at him and smiled at his handsome face. His tousled, short blonde hair was almost artfully arrayed. If he didn't look so exhausted all of the time, she was sure he would have a girlfriend by now.

"Don't worry about it. I think it's time we tried some light medication to help you. The doctor recommended some melatonin."

He seemed to consider her proposal for a bit. "Yeah, alright. Do you really have to watch me, though? Just check up on me now and then."

"No way. I tried that and you just hid your games from me. I'll be in the room in a chair all night if I need to."

Gabe sighed and a small smile quirked at the side of his mouth. "Okay, but that just means you're going to be the one getting crap sleep."

"I'll manage," she said, returning the smile. She gave him a hug and urged him on his way.

On the way to work, Emma mulled over her son's comment about her sleep. She really would feel like crap if she stayed up all night in his room. Today's fatigue would be nothing. Maybe she could just watch until he was asleep? No, maybe after a few nights. For now, Gabe's course correction required some serious action on her part.

The morning at work was fine, but by the afternoon, Emma was seriously flagging. She drank a couple cups of coffee but that only made her jittery, and the yawns and long, slow blinks continued. She might have to take some time off work over the next couple days if she was going to get even less sleep.

During her coffee break, she popped open Facebook to check her feed. She didn't check it often, but now and then a friend would post a funny meme, which she could use right then. No friend posts, but there was one from her ex-husband. They were only friends in order to co-parent Gabe and she usually ignored his updates, but this one was a kick in the stomach.

'Julie is off birth control! Send us prayers to help us on our journey to parenthood!'

It was awful in so many ways. First, he was already a parent. Second, how tacky was it to announce you were fucking bareback on social media? Third, why ask for prayers? Were people supposed to think of them having sex and ask Jesus to step in?

Emma was once again thankful her marriage had ended, even though she hadn't been so thankful when it had first happened. Allan had basically dumped her due to her infertility, saying he needed more kids before he was too old, and she was in his way. Losing her partner and lover was bad enough, but to be blamed for only having one child had almost broken her.

That one child had been her blessing during that trying time, coming to her rescue over and over by running the house while she dealt with depression. It 'only' took a year but she was now back on her feet and ready to be Gabe's mom again. He needed her now.

"Hey, Emma. How's it going?"

Emma looked up to see her 'work wife' Sophia standing next to her desk. She smiled. "Okay. I think I'll get through the day but I'm not sure about the rest of the week."

Sophia sat down next to her. She was a few years older than Emma and thought she knew everything, so whenever a problem came up, out came the sage advice. "Why won't you get through the week?" She blew on her coffee before taking a sip, her piercing pale eyes fixed on Emma's face.

"Gabe isn't sleeping at night. His grades are suffering, so I'm going to monitor him and make sure he sleeps a full night."

"Ouch. Isn't that a bit extreme? He's 18, he should be learning to manage himself. Plus, you're going to suffer."

"I owe him. Not only because I'm his mom, but for his help this past year. And if I do it right I'll only screw up my sleep for a few nights. Just don't expect any scintillating conversation on my part," she said with a tired smile.

"You can't just sleep in his room with him? Take the floor or something? It's not like he can stay up with you in the room."

Emma pondered the suggestion. It was a much better idea than staying awake. She smiled at her friend. "Don't think this makes you all-knowing or anything."

Sophia sniffed and wrinkled her nose. "I don't need your approval to be all-knowing, dahhhhling."

Both women giggled, a sound that never failed to bring Emma joy. Sophia had been unflinching in her drive to bring Emma back from the black hole she fell into after Alan left. Between her and Gabe, Emma had made it.

The rest of the day seemed to drag on, and Emma was happy to finally get home and not think anymore. To prepare for the night, she found a camping mat in the basement and set it up in Gabe's room. He watched her from his desk chair, a bemused expression telling her everything he thought of her plan.

"11 o'clock, not a minute later," she reminded him.

"Yeah, yeah," he said.

"What homework are you working on tonight?" she asked.

"Math. It's my worst subject. My teacher thinks if I apply myself I should get a B, but I'm not so sure."

"Step one is fixing your sleep."

She left him and went about her normal, but slower, routine until bedtime. At 10:30 she changed into a shirt/shorts pajama combo. Teeth brushed and golden hair combed straight, she showed up at Gabe's door at 11 sharp.

"I'm glad you're taking this seriously," she said, upon seeing her son in bed already. She handed him a melatonin pill with a glass of water and watched him swallow the pill. Then she went to the thermostat and turned on the heat.

"This will make it easier to sleep," she explained, before sitting down on her makeshift cot and slipping under her blanket.

It was awful. The flat floor, under the mat, somehow dug into her back. If she lay on her side, her hips felt like they were going to break.

Emma sighed subvocally, uncomfortable but sure that she was doing the right thing.

Sleep came in furtive chunks throughout the night. Each time she woke, she checked for her son's deep breathing before going back to sleep herself.

Morning seemed to take its sweet time arriving, and at 5:30 she gave up and went to make herself her first cup of coffee. She felt older than her years. Joints and muscles protested her harsh treatment of 'sleeping' an entire night on her son's floor and she was sure she would fall asleep at work. She moaned at the week ahead of her.

The one silver lining was that waking Gabe up was much easier than the day before, and he seemed to be in a good mood.

"Morning, Mom. That melatonin stuff works pretty good. I feel great!" He practically jumped up from his bed.

"I'm glad. I may die doing it, but I'm going to get you back on track." It was meant to be a joke, but it came out too sincere.

"Come on, Mom. You don't have to keep doing this. With the melatonin I'm fine on my own."

Emma felt the pull of her own bed, but she couldn't give up yet. One night hardly made new habits.

"I'm fine. Just need to work the kinks out. I'll see you tonight here, same time, same place."

The concern on Gabe's face was clear. "You can't sleep on the floor every night. At least sleep in my bed; I can take the floor."

"Nothing doing. That will hardly give you a good rest. Let's just get through this week."

Skeptical didn't cover the extent of her son's expression.

Work was as predicted: Hell. Despite her best efforts to maintain a steady diet of caffeine, she found herself almost asleep on her desk by 11am. Sophia saved her from being caught by her manager by throwing a styrofoam cup at her head. After that close call, she steeled herself to keep awake the rest of the day, and did a pretty good job of it.

Later on at home, she was able to take a nap after work in her own bed, which did a lot to raise her spirits and energy, although she had to set her alarm to its loudest setting to ensure she woke up in time for dinner.

While they ate, she quizzed Gabe on how school had gone.

"Not bad. I had a surprise test that I think I did okay on. Passed, I think."

"Great! Let's keep it up." Just this little bit of progress seemed to validate her suffering.

The evening after dinner seemed to drag on. Emma wanted nothing more than to go to sleep, but dreaded going anywhere near the damned camping mat. Despite her trepidation, when 10:30 rolled around she gritted her teeth to get at it.

Happily, she once again found Gabe in bed, and after the melatonin pill they were bunked down to sleep. Emma heard Gabe's breathing deepen pretty quickly but found herself unable to drop off. No matter which way she lay, something pinched, and she swore she could feel bruises forming on top of other bruises.

The thought of how easy it would be to go to her bed almost broke her, but she just thought of how dedicated Gabe had been when she was having trouble getting out of bed after Allan left. As his mother, how could she be any less dedicated?

Midnight arrived, and Emma was no closer to sleep. The mat was just too uncomfortable. She stared up the looming edge of Gabe's bed. It looked so comfy. What she wouldn't give to be on it right now.

The seed took, growing in her mind. Who would it hurt if she just lay on it? She needed a soft surface to ease her hips from the bite of the hard floor. Maybe just a few minutes. Emma stood up and eased onto the bed, freezing with each creak of a spring. She stared at Gabe's face but he didn't even twitch. Finally prone, she lay on the blanket and felt herself relax. This was better. She'd just stay a little while and then go back to the floor. Three deep breaths later, Emma was sleeping next to her son.

Since she was a little girl, she'd always had vivid dreams. The type that fooled her so well that upon waking she was sure that they had actually happened. As she got older, she learned to identify them and dismiss them as fake, even when they were entirely believable.

That night was no different. She dreamed she was with Allan, enjoying life, and she was happy. They spent an entire day together, laughing and playing before ending up in bed, naked and playing more intimate games.

Allan's touch had always lit her sexual fuse, even in her dreams. Laying side by side, he caressed her arm, goosebumps raising where his fingers trailed, nipples hardening on the peaks of her breasts. Her core warmed, and she wanted to feel more of his warm skin on hers.

She pulled on his arm and rolled, inviting him to spoon her from behind.

Emma's arousal deepened when she felt his erection press into her behind. She playfully pushed back, feeling his rod split her cheeks. He thrust back, pressing against her asshole, and she grew damp, eager to feel him enter her.

Her dream was replaced by reality when the sound of her alarm blared from her phone where she'd left it on the floor. With a half roll she dropped off the bed, grabbing her phone to silence it.

She looked back at Gabe, blinking groggy. Why was she in his bed? She'd just been with Allan, hadn't she? Real life gradually reasserted itself. Allan had left her, and they no longer made love at the end of the day. He no longer got her wet just with his touch.

Well, she amended, real life Allan didn't get her wet, but dream Allan sure did. She could feel the moisture in her panties without checking. Feeling a strange kind of shame for being aroused in Gabe's bed, Emma tiptoed out to get ready for work. She'd wake him up when she had purged the dream and pulled herself together.

Showers were great for reflection after a realistic dream, so she went to have one first. Stripping her shorts and panties off, she was mildly surprised at how sticky they were. *It had* been a great dream.

A slow exploration of her drenched labia and sensitive clit made her gasp. She was primed! It had been a very long time since she'd been so turned on. Her fingers were soon slippery with her own juices as she dipped two digits inside, loving the way her digits spread her open. Better if she had something bigger, but this would do...and it wouldn't take much.

Shower forgotten, Emma slowly stroked her fingers in and out, the pleasure so complete her hips were involuntarily twitching. She tugged at a nipple, feeling the tingly jolt echo down her spine. She'd never had an easier orgasm. As the bathroom filled with steam, she quivered on shaky legs, pussy clenching rhythmically, one hand clenched tightly on the counter to hold her up.

Once she'd finished quaking through her euphoria, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Flushed cheeks, wisps of blond hair hovering around her face, and a distinct glow to her expression. It's what she looked like after making love to Allan.

Thoughts of her ex just brought up her insecurities. Was she going to be single, horny and unloved the rest of her life? Just because her womb had closed up for business didn't make her any less of a person. Fuck Allan and his stupid Facebook posts!

Smiling defiantly, she cupped her tits in both hands, weighing them. Still the perfect size for feeding babies. Her thumb caught on a nipple, which was rosy and plump from her orgasm. More than big enough for plenty of milk flow, as baby Gabe had attested with his greedy gobbling. She dropped a hand and traced her lower belly, imagining there was a baby growing in it, a smile spreading across her face at the thought.

Emma stared at the woman in the mirror, a one-time baby factory with plump breasts and generous hips, and slowly came back to herself. What was she doing? Allan had left her because she couldn't

conceive! She needed to live in the world she had, not daydreaming about something that couldn't happen.

Shaking her head at her folly, Emma got into the shower to start her day.

At 8, she found Gabe easy to wake up for once. He blinked his eyes a few times and said, "That stuff really works! I don't wake up at all during the night, plus, I have great dreams!"

"I'm glad, honey," she said before leaving to let him get dressed. She was so tired she'd almost mentioned her dream, but remembered in time that it was entirely inappropriate for her son. Not to mention she'd had the dream while sleeping next to him.

Gabe got ready for school in record time, and left the house whistling. Emma smiled to see the effect proper sleep was having. Her efforts were worth it!

Work was fine that morning. Better than the day before, although there was still a hint of fatigue. What really surprised her was her mood, as she was positively chipper. It didn't take much thinking to realize that the excellent orgasm in the bathroom was probably the source of her cheer. She'd have to try to get one of those again, soon. Could she schedule Allan to show up in her dreams again? Nah, he didn't deserve it.

Sophia noticed her mood, and at lunch asked Emma, "Did you give up on the sleep watch? You seem much better today."

Emma shook her head. "No, although I was close to giving up. I was in so much pain I needed to lie down on something soft, and Gabe's bed was half empty, so just lay down on his covers...out like a light."

"You slept with your son?" Sophia asked levelly.

"Oh, stop. Why do you always have to take it to the extreme?"

"Because I like it when your eyes widen in shock. Are you going to sleep with him again?" The twinkle in her eye spoke volumes.

"Stoooooop!" Emma laughed.

That night at dinner, Emma pondered what she was going to do about her bed situation. She wasn't going back to the floor, that was for sure, but felt weird asking Gabe if he was okay with her sharing his bed. That damn Sophia had gotten into her head!

When they were almost done eating, she bit the bullet. "Hey, I hope you don't mind. I, uh, accidentally slept on your bed last night. I couldn't take the floor again."

"Oh yeah?" He said, eyebrows raised. "I don't blame you. I slept on Mickey's floor last week and it was awful. Did you sleep better?"

Emma nodded. "Yeah, it was great actually. Felt more rested today."

"Cool. Feel free to jump on again. I'm sure I won't notice; I'm sleeping like a baby. Or you could, you know, give up and go back to your bed." He grinned.

"Thanks," she sighed. "I'll keep going for now, but you do seem to be much better. How was school?"

"I didn't pass that test," he said, scowling. "But Mr. Jay said I could retake it for half credit next week. I'll make sure to pass it."

Emma felt pride and joy well inside of her at seeing her son turning the corner back to the smart, capable man she knew. If it meant staying with him in his room for the rest of the school year to help him graduate, she'd do it.

He needed his sleep.

That evening, Emma was reading in the living room, not really having any energy to do anything else. The portion she was reading had a steamy love scene in it, reminding her of her dream and subsequent play time in the bathroom. She could feel her pussy warm in response to both the memory and her book.

She hadn't really had the urge to date since coming out of her funk post-divorce, but it could be time to get out there and have her needs fulfilled.

When it was close to 11, she went to change into her pajamas, and found she wasn't as mentally recovered as she'd thought. Forgotten in the hamper in the bathroom were her sleeping shorts, unwashed since she'd goosed them up this morning. Digging through her dresser, she tried to find something else that wouldn't disrupt her comfort but all she found was a nightie and some flannel PJs.

Neither were ideal. The nightie felt too short for sleeping in her son's bed, and the flannel was too hot. Rummaging, she found nothing else light enough to be comfortable.

Getting Gabe good sleep was mission one, but her experience on the floor showed she needed comfort. Humming and hawing, Emma decided to go with the nightie and panties. She wasn't sleeping under his blanket, and he'd be out before she lay down.

Throwing a robe over her nightie, she went to join Gabe in his room with the melatonin. After the dose, he quickly dropped off to sleep, allowing her to doff the robe and join him on top of his blanket. Her phone was once again on vibrate and under the second pillow Gabe had grabbed for her. Tension drained from her quickly and she joined Gabe in dreamland.

Emma tumbled from dream to dream. Weird parties and funky work meetings. Trips to the mall with a baby girl while Allan looked on with envy.

When the weird dreams settled down, the vivid dream started. She was at home, on her bed, naked, but without Allan this time. Her hands roamed over her body, moving from tit to clit and all over. Her clitoris was throbbing and swollen, and when she'd had enough teasing, she started to rub with two fingers, enjoying her heightening response. At one point the dream got weird again, and she seemed to have many arms, for there was a hand on her pussy, a hand on her breast and a hand rubbing her thigh.

Emma kept massaging her clit, the heat and pressure in her middle growing with each passing second. She could feel the moment arriving, her first in-dream orgasm, body tensing to let all of her sexual energy out at once...when she woke up.

Groaning quietly, frustrated at having been denied satisfaction, Emma joined the real world again. She could feel herself in the same position as she was in the dream. Her hand was buried in her panties, fingers wet. Her other hand was resting on her breast, while her third hand was on her bare thigh.

What?

In her ear, she could hear the slow breathing of her son. He'd rolled over and was cuddling her, his hand on her inner thigh! She barely kept her squeak of shock behind closed lips. She yanked her hand out of her panties and pushed her nightie down, but left the inappropriate hand where it was. Was he sleeping?

Heart pounding at finding herself in such a weird situation, Emma froze up. Move his hand and risk waking him? Let him be, and hope he moved his hand away on his own? Roll away and let the chips fall where they may?

Frozen with indecision, long seconds ticked by, sensations slowly registering to Emma's brain. She was still incredibly turned on from her dream, and Gabe's hand actually felt really, really good. His large

hand shifted occasionally, each caressing movement raising goosebumps and sending waves of warmth to her pussy.

He was sleeping. He needed to be sleeping. *She* needed him to be sleeping, and not feeling her up. Eyes closed, trying to calm down, Emma felt his hand move a fraction higher on her leg. She flinched as his finger brushed against her labia through her panties.

What could she do? The last thing she wanted was to wake him, but she couldn't stay there. Gabe was firmly holding her, distracting her brain. When did his hand get so big and strong? He moved again, thumb digging under the panty hem at her leg. Emma stifled a groan as he brushed against her labia again, this time under the cloth. He would stop soon, wouldn't he? Maybe if she just lay here...

Another brush, causing her pussy to clench with need. His thumb twitched and Emma's entire body responded. This couldn't go on...

Heart pounding, Emma tried using her motherly voice. "Gabe, honey, roll over," she whispered.

To her immense relief, he rolled onto his back, freeing her leg and allowing her to roll off the bed. Her heart was pounding from the close call.

She went to the bathroom to splash water on her face, hoping to cool off. Confusion filled her mind. Had he just rolled over when she happened to be playing with herself in her sleep? What would have happened if she didn't wake up?

There was still the matter of her aborted climax. Her middle was still aching with need, having been so close to coming just seconds ago, but she couldn't do anything about it. It didn't seem right doing that now, but it left her in a heightened state. What was the female term for blue balls? Pink ovaries?

When her heart slowed enough to contemplate sleep, Emma went to her own bed and lay down. There was a fear in her that her sleep was destroyed but thankfully she dropped off. The key was to not think of anything at all, especially not the memory of Gabe's hand on her thigh.

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The next morning was rough for Emma. Her interrupted sleep was a factor, but the biggest issue was interacting with Gabe as if he hadn't been groping her only a few hours before.

When she went to wake him it felt like returning to the scene of a crime. There was the spot on the bed where she'd lay, nightie raised and her hand in her panties. There was her son, whose thumb had been lightly caressing her pussy lips. Closing her eyes to center herself, Emma put aside her thoughts, trying to focus on practical matters. Nothing bad had happened. This wasn't a crime scene.

She called Gabe from the door. "Hey, sleepyhead, time to get up."

Her son roused, hand raised to rub his eyes as he slowly woke up. When Emma saw he was getting up, she retreated hastily, avoiding looking at anything that might awaken memories.

The morning at work was somehow worse than when she'd slept on the floor. She kept getting distracted as the scenario in her son's bed would impose itself on her brain in a loop. Waking up, pussy pulsing with need. Hand on her thigh, somehow moving more and more purposefully with each new recollection.

"Whatcha thinking about?"

The voice in her ear jolted her out of her reverie, startling her. "Sophia! Dammit, you scared me!"

Sophia laughed. "Not like it was hard to do. I walked right up to your desk and you didn't move a muscle. Where did you go?" The pretty woman perched her ass on the edge of Emma's desk and peered intently at her friend.

"Um, nowhere. I just had a bad sleep again. Drifting off."

"Are you sure this whole sleep thing with Gabe is worth it? Seems like you're suffering needlessly."

"It's working! He's doing much better in school, and he's getting regular sleep. I just need to get through this week."

"You need to not get fired," Sophia said, pointedly. "Why not take the rest of the week off?"

"Ugh, no I'll be fine...I swear." Emma tried to put on her best alert face and smiled widely.

Sophia gave her a skeptical look before going to her own desk.

Emma knew that taking time off work would help avoid poor work performance, but how was she supposed to spend two entire days at home with nothing but her thoughts for company?

Better to let work burn the time faster.

After work, Emma contemplated going home for a nap, but didn't think she'd actually sleep with her thoughts roiling the way they were. Instead, she went to a local park and found a shaded spot. She didn't get out of her car, she just needed a secluded place to think.

This was the type of soul-searching she would normally reserve for conversations with Sophia, but how could she explain it to her friend, when she couldn't explain it to herself?

Emma struggled to frame the problem.

She had had a sexual dream, and somehow Gabe grabbed her at the same time? Seemed like a coincidence.

She'd had a sex dream *because* Gabe was touching her? That one sent a shiver through her spine.

She'd had a sex dream, and grabbed his hand and put it there herself? That one was the worst yet.

Tears formed in her eyes. She was getting nowhere. There was no way to know what had happened, all she knew was what she found on waking. The question was, what did she do next?

Go back to the floor? Not likely. Sleep in her own room? Possible, but the thought left Emma feeling like she'd only done half the job. Sleep in Gabe's bed again, but with more clothes? A pillow barrier? Or just play the odds that it wouldn't recur, and she could safely sleep in her son's bed without anything untowards happening? She groaned with frustration.

Maybe she was being overly harsh. Gabe hadn't actively touched her, he'd simply held her, moving his hand now and then. It had been pleasant, as shameful as it was to admit. Maybe the actual issue wasn't that he'd touched her, but how his touch had made her feel.

Vowing to find a way to keep her vigil on Gabe's sleep going but stay chaste, Emma started her car and headed for home. Maybe if she took some of the melatonin herself, she would sleep deeper and avoid dreaming? Something to think about, but really, what use was she to Gabe at that point?

That evening, her nervousness at being around her son - as if he could read her thoughts - was reduced when he came home full of energy and cheer. He filled the space between them with conversation, allowing Emma to relax and ease back into being

around him. She did her best to ignore the rogue thoughts of his hand on her thigh, and by the time dinner was done, she was feeling better about the situation.

The solution to her problem did not present itself definitively, but she added some precautions. She'd washed her pajama shorts, so that was an added layer of protection, and despite the warmth of the room, she decided a thin blanket would help keep wandering hands away from bare, sensitive skin.

Once he had dropped off and she joined him on top of his blanket, Emma closed her eyes, determined not to dream sexy dreams.

She woke up some time later, warm under the blanket. Not thinking, she shoved it off the bed, enjoying the respite from the heat, and went back to sleep.

Emma dreamed vivid dreams about being nestled up against a warm body, her legs entwined with longer, hairier ones, rubbing and writhing together. Strong hands were running up and down her sides and the ache that had built in her last dream built again, flooding her panties and lubricating her vulva. The unsatisfied need from the night before returned quickly.

The hands moved from her side to her belly, slipping under her pajama shirt to stroke her skin. His touch was so gentle it tickled, causing her to quiver, while craving more of it. When he moved to hold her hip, he pulled her back against him, and she felt *it* for the first time.

A lump was pressed against her backside, pushing her cheeks apart like Allan used to do. Emma responded as she always did, pushing her butt back into him. A pleasant glow built in her groin, and she rolled her hips, feeling the rigidity press into her crack, and a moan escaped her.

The dream morphed around her, and she felt Allan's warm bulk behind her, his insistent arousal against her butt. His hand was on her belly, slowly inching under the hem of her shorts, creeping towards her weeping slit. She put her hand over his, urging him on, wanting to feel his fingers inside of her. Just as one large finger brushed against her clit, she remembered again that Allan had left her, and she woke up.

Gabe's digit pressed between her lips, and she let out a high pitched gasp. He pushed his finger lower, her juices easing the way before adding another finger, using both of them to stroke up and down her slit. This was wrong. He needed to stop. She needed to come.

Her body responded instinctively to her need, her hips rolling while lifting her upper leg to give him room to access more of her. He took advantage, moving his fingers rhythmically. The horny mom gasped her delight each time his large fingers rolled over her clit. This was so wrong, she knew, but didn't want to wake him...or to stop him.

When the tips of Gabe's fingers dipped into her opening, spreading her just a bit, she came. Quivering and quaking, she did her best to keep quiet while Gabe continued to run his hands through her vulva. When he hit her clit again, tears formed in her eyes at how sensitive she was.

"Uh, uh, uh, oh, Gabe, ohhhh....ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she grunted and sighed into the dark bedroom.

She did her best to not think while recovering from the wonderful gift she'd been given, but reality did assert itself eventually. The fingers retreated, and mother and son returned to a simple spooning cuddle. Emma curled up into herself, feeling shame start to overtake her, until it was fended off by strong arms wrapping around her. The hug calmed her and made her feel better.

Despite the tenderness of the embrace, she could tell there was unfinished business. An impressive bulge was still pressed into her

crack. Knowing how she'd felt the night before, she asked, "Do you need help...with yours?"

When he didn't reply, she turned her head to look, but found his eyes closed, his breathing deep. What? Impossible. She pushed with her butt, finding the lump still prominent. How did he not wake from that alone, never mind the climax he'd just given her. There was no way anyone did that in their sleep, was there?

Unsettled but satisfied, she put her head down and closed her eyes. Laying in her son's arms like this was very peaceful, and sleep soon returned.

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Emma woke mere minutes before her alarm, so she turned it off and rolled out of her son's bed. She looked back at him, still dead to the world, but no longer sporting a hardon. How was it possible he hadn't woken up?

She went to shower, noting that she felt pretty good. Usually a jumbled sleep would cause her to be irritable, but she found herself alert and ready for the day. Her pussy still tingled from earlier, reminding her of the ministrations of her son. Shame built in her, but she pushed it away. He had been sleeping, and no harm was done. She just had to ensure it never happened again.

The morning went well, with Emma keeping an eye out for hints that Gabe had been awake when pleasuring her, but he gave nothing away. He was just as chipper as if he'd gotten a full night's sleep, and seemed eager to get to school.

"Bye, Mom, have a good day. I might be late tonight, but I won't be later than 11 so we can get a good night's sleep. Whatever is in those melatonin pills is doing the trick."

Emma watched him go with a lingering smile. She had thought that she could stop watching him sleep tonight, but his comment made it seem like he was expecting her to stay with him again. Was it the pills, or was it her presence that was the source of his restful slumber? And how could it be restful when he was touching her...places?

Putting her coffee cup in the sink, she forced herself to say it. He'd touched her privates, and she'd come. Somehow he'd slept through it? Now she had a choice: she could stay with him, and possibly get felt up again, or she could stay in her bed, and possibly ruin their progress.

In the end, it was an easy decision.

At work, the office was full of life. Sophia was chattering away about her night, with Emma barely taking in every second word. Her mind was full of recriminations about her plan to sleep in Gabe's bed, but under it all was a current of pleasure and anticipation, thinking about another victimless orgasm at his hands.

What if he didn't touch her? What if he did? What if he woke up during?

"Hello, earth to Emma. Are you even listening to me?" Sophia asked.

"What? Yeah, sorry, I am. Just distracted," she responded. "Another funny night of sleep."

"You're done now, right?"

"Um, Gabe wants me to spend another night. I guess it helps his sleep."

"I'll bet. Listen, you need to get laid. This talk of sleeping with your son, as hunky as he is, isn't healthy. Have you gotten any since Allan left?" She pretended to spit on the ground after saying the name.

"No, I haven't. It's fine, I have...toys..." The word toys was overlaid with an image of Gabe's hand. Maybe she did need to get laid.

"Mmhmm. Let me set you up with someone. I know a great guy, he can take you out tomorrow night, then after, you can take him out of his pants."

That got through her distraction. Emma laughed and waved her friend away.

"I mean it!" Sophia said, walking to her desk. "You need to get nailed to the bed, girl. Figure it out soon, or I will."

"Yeah, yeah, go back to work, you nut," Emma said, grinning at her friend's inappropriateness.

Emma grabbed some wine on the way home from work, intent on binging some crap TV with a light buzz. It wasn't a glamorous Thursday night, but it would keep her occupied until bedtime. She carefully avoided thinking about what might happen after that.

True to his word, Gabe wasn't home when she got there. Happy to be alone, Emma set herself up on the couch with a full glass. Two episodes of Euphoria later, she was feeling frisky. The nudity and sex was taking a toll on her tipsy brain. She brushed against her tit while reaching for her glass, and the pleasure of her nipple dragging along her arm distracted her.

Maybe a little break from TV would be good, she thought. One finger fiddled with her nip, gently moving it around in circles. She became aware of her bra cradling her breasts, shifting and rubbing with each movement. Chills spread through her, goosebumps appearing on her arms and her cleavage.

She'd gone for months without the touch of another person, and now it was all she craved. She needed hands on her body, squeezing, groping, stroking. She felt a fire building, the desire to be

fucked taking over her brain. The thought of being on her back, legs spread open, a hot cock filling her over and over was on a loop in her imagination.

Her loosened inhibitions had her pondering calling Sophia for her hookup's number, but she didn't want to miss Gabe's bedtime.

The rest of the night was a tease. Hands playing with her sensitive breasts, pulling at her rock hard nips. Thighs squeezing and rubbing against her clit. At one point she put her hand in her panties, drenching her fingers and giving a little rub.

It soon became obvious that she would have to sleep in her own bed tonight. She was far too turned on to be anywhere close to her son's wandering fingers.

By the time the bottle of wine was finished, it was almost 11. Happy with the timing, she went to get ready for bed. She'd remembered to wash her pajama shorts, so changed into fresh panties and donned her bedtime attire. Up till now she had worn a bra, but it felt too restrictive and rough, so without a second thought she took it off. Under her sleeping top, her tits were free to move, her sensitive skin rubbing against the cloth with each jiggle.

Seeing her plump nipples jutting out from her shirt was a bit much, so she put on her robe, trying to maintain her dignity. The thought made her giggle, mostly from the drink. Hadn't her dignity been shattered the night before?

At 11 o'clock, the front door closed, alerting Emma to her son's return. Her heart was pounding as she waited for him to get ready for bed, entirely forgetting her decision to sleep in her bed.

When she heard him call, she grabbed the melatonin with shaking hands and took it to him in his room. The nervous mother watched her son settle in, noting that he wasn't wearing a t-shirt in bed.

Questions floated up from the lake of wine in her stomach. Was he wearing underwear? Was he hard? How big was he?

Unsure how the night was going to go, Emma doffed her robe and grabbed the thin blanket she'd had the night before for protection. For all the good it had done then.

"You don't have to use that, you can use mine," came a sleepy mumble. He lifted his blanket invitingly.

Emma didn't hesitate nearly as long as she should have. She dropped the thin blanket and slipped under his, she wondered how he was able to sleep with it in the warm room, until she remembered his bare chest. He had fewer clothes on than she did. She could probably stand it too, if she was naked. A quiver ran through her at the thought.

The bottle of wine made her sleepy, which thankfully saved her from the nonstop barrage of inappropriate thoughts, but it didn't put her to sleep for the entire night.

She woke in the dark, the sound of Gabe's even breathing nearby. As she suspected, the blanket was too warm while wearing clothing. Instead of just flipping the blanket off, she stripped. Off came the soft shirt, her breasts pillowing on her chest. Down went her panties, swirling air blowing across her wet lips. The relief was immediate, and she soon went back to sleep.

The next time she woke, she was cuddled up against a warm chest, a sheen of sweat between them wherever they touched. Her breasts were squished pleasantly against him. Gabe. Her hand rested gently on his stomach, rising and falling with his breathing. The hammer of his slow heartbeat thumped in her ear. Her mons was pressed against his hip, one leg over one of his.

Emma lay there, enjoying the feel of being next to a man again. The question floated back up. Was he wearing underwear? She moved

her hand south slowly across his belly until she hit trimmed pubic hair. He was not. What did that mean? Had he been naked this entire week, and she hadn't noticed, or was this the first time?

Lost in thought, she traced a lazy spiral on his lower belly. Gabe's breathing deepened, and then on one pass near his groin she felt spongy flesh leave a trail of wetness along her hand. Gabe's heartbeat in her ear was buried by the speedy flutter of her own. Time seemed to slow, caught between moments. Knowing what she would find, but curious beyond measure, she opened her hand and felt for the hard heat of her son's penis.

As if she had done it a thousand times, her hand found his shaft and settled around it. He was thick and long, the velvety heat radiating through her palm. What was wrong with her? Why was she touching her son? Guilt fought with excitement. She knew this wasn't right, but as with the night before, her arousal was overriding her common sense.

"Mom," he muttered, rolling his head.

The word broke the spell. This was her son. She had to be better. Carefully letting him go, she rolled away, creating space and turning to face the opposite direction. Emma closed her eyes and just breathed, doing her best to calm down enough for sleep, the feel of her son's impressive organ still etched in her palm.

Sleep did come, but it was fitful. She dreamed, but lightly, knowing that she was dreaming. The peace she had felt earlier was gone.

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Emma woke on Friday morning to an empty bed. She was covered by Gabe's blanket, but her nudity felt like a beacon nonetheless. When had he gotten up? What time was it? Where were her sleeping clothes?

Sitting up, she held the blanket to her chest and shuffled to the edge of the bed. Her pajamas were on the floor where she'd tossed them, so she dressed under the blanket. Even though she was alone, she felt ashamed being nude in her son's room.

The events of the night were swarming in her head. Cuddling with Gabe. Holding his hard penis. The comfort she'd felt sleeping next to him. Despite her guilt, she couldn't help acknowledging that it felt really good.

She went to shower, confused by her feelings. What if she hadn't touched him down there and just kept cuddling him? Sure they were nude, but nothing bad was happening. She could have just gone back to sleep, happy with the comfort, and gotten decent rest.

The warm water soothed her jangled emotions somewhat, so by the time she was dressing in work clothes, she'd managed to calm down. She was making too much of it all. Better to just have a relaxing end to the week and get back to normal sleep tonight. The weekend beckoned.

Emma entered the kitchen to get some breakfast, half-afraid Gabe would be there. He wasn't.

It was a welcome reprieve. Emma knew that she'd be a bit muddled and didn't need the added distraction of having to tiptoe around her emotions whenever she saw her son.

Work was slow and easy, a perfect way to let her mind wander between Gabe and not-Gabe. It was a good day. She had the mental time and space to decompress, which let some buried thoughts and emotions surface naturally. The first thing to occur to her was that despite her closeness at night with Gabe being wrong, it didn't help to beat herself up about it. Face her feelings openly, and she'd have an easier time reconciling them.

At lunch, Emma idly wondered what Gabe had thought when he woke up that morning. Did he notice she was naked? Had he seen her clothes on the floor? Did he peek? That last one brought a flush over her, so she let it go. No sense in pointless conjecture.

Instead, she pondered why she felt so relaxed when sleeping in Gabe's bed. Was it the company? Was it the sense of duty in ensuring he was sleeping properly? Was it filling a hole left from when Allan abandoned her? Whatever it was, she felt closer to Gabe this week than she had in a long time.

Emma opened her Facebook app and went to Allan's page to see if he'd posted anything else she could judge him for. There was one new update, again asking for prayers for his mission to breed his girlfriend. He didn't use those words, but that was how Emma interpreted it. What a tacky way to announce you were rawdogging someone.

It hurt, to see others planning and working towards a baby. After Gabe was born, she spent several years assuming she'd be pregnant again soon. That had worn off after a while, and they'd stopped thinking about it. When Allan left, that final whisper of hope went with him, resulting in her long dive into depression. It was focussing on the child she did have that got her through it, instead of ones she didn't.

Emma sent a prayer, but not to Allan, instead to his new broodmare. She'd need it, because if she turned up infertile, he'd kick her to the curb. Smiling at her own pettiness, Emma went back to work, one final thought surfacing that she'd been avoiding. Why was she still sleeping in her son's bed after he touched her? When would she stop?

Gabe was out again when she got home, which meant another night alone with her thoughts. She stayed away from the wine, in case it had been a contributing factor to her getting naked the night before.

Gabe phoned near 11 to ask if he could stay out later, which she quickly allowed. A while later she was in bed, fighting to go to sleep alone.

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The next morning showed Emma how much she had come to rely on her son's company in a short time, as she'd tossed and turned all night. Mind in a haze, she went about her Saturday chores.

Pulling together the household laundry, she went to grab the sheets from Gabe's bed and found him asleep. Emma paused at his door, staring at her son. He was on his back, his blanket only covering his lower half. She shivered at the sight of the broad chest she'd been cuddling only two nights ago. Her eyes drifted lower, imagining the sex organ she'd briefly fondled. Her mind went on a tangent, wondering what it looked like, before she snapped herself back to reality.

"Gabe, time to get up," she called, knowing he had to maintain his sleep schedule.

Gabe rubbed his eyes and stared blearily up at his ceiling.

"How late were you out?" Emma asked.

"Around midnight," he muttered. "I slept crappily, I just couldn't stay in a deep sleep. I even took melatonin."

An hour shouldn't make much difference in the quality of sleep. Was it her being in the bed with him? Had he gotten used to her as much as she got used to him?

"Well, we can try the normal routine tonight," she said, delicious dread filling her at the thought. "I had a crappy sleep too, but I'm trying to get stuff done around the house. We can relax for the rest of the weekend once it's done."

Gabe groaned long and loud before saying, "I'll help...I guess. Let's make it quick, I don't want to do it any more than you do."

With that, he tossed his blanket to one side, revealing...his boxers. Why was he wearing boxers now, but nothing the other night? Emma waited for him to vacate the room but didn't give him much space to get by her at the door. His warm presence washed over her, leaving her basking in his scent: a manly musk that drove deep into her brain.

The sheet was soon stripped from his mattress and carried to the laundry room. It was threadbare and piled on the side where he slept. She didn't know why they still had it. When she picked out a new sheet for his mattress, she chose one she normally put on her bed. It was smooth and soft, just the way she liked it.

When Gabe had gotten himself sorted for the day, he joined her in taking care of the house. There really wasn't that much to do, and between the two of them the chores were done quickly. When they had finished, Emma went back to the couch, determined to get as much waking rest as possible.

Gabe joined her, sitting in the lone comfy chair he usually inhabited when they watched TV together. Somehow he managed to turn sideways in it, putting one leg up on the arm.

"I don't know how you do that," Emma said, smiling. "You're much too big for that chair, even sitting in it normally. We should replace it."

"Nah, I'm good with it," he replied, flicking through the shows on offer.

"Well, if it gets too uncomfortable, there's lots of room on the couch."

"Not with you on it," he retorted with a smile.

"What?" she scoffed, mock offended. "I'll have you know I take up very little room. Come see, if you don't believe me."

Gone were the thoughts of the shameful activities during the night, Emma was back to interacting with the man she loved: her son. She lay down against the back cushions, patting in front of her.

With an exaggerated sigh, Gabe tumbled out of his chair and walked to the couch. When he lay down in front of her, Emma laughed at her error. Her little boy was no more. The time where she was the big spoon had passed, and she was just staring at a wall of flesh.

"Let's swap," she giggled, sitting up.

Gabe pushed himself to the back of the couch and she lay in his spot. This felt much more natural. Emma was able to snuggle into him, his presence and warmth soothing her. They picked a TV show, settling in for a long marathon. Within ten minutes she was asleep.

When she woke, it took her a few minutes to take in the situation. The TV was auto-playing one of the episodes of their show, but she wasn't sure how long she'd been out. She could hear Gabe's even breathing behind her, the same rhythm she knew from the last week of sleeping together. Her brain threatened to take that thought and run with it, but was sidetracked by the feel of his arm over her middle.

He was lightly holding her, his hand loosely touching her belly - under her shirt. She could feel his warm palm cupping her there, the sensation comforting and intimate. She closed her eyes again, sinking deep into the connection she was feeling while pressed so closely to him.

When his hand moved, she didn't register it right away. His touch was light, not quite a tickle, more like a caress. Was this what woke her up? Emma lay still, all focus now on the hand moving on her bare skin. Her heart started to pound as he moved up, getting closer

to her breasts. She'd not bothered with a bra this morning, too lazy to wear one, and she felt her vulnerability. Her nipples contracted in anticipation.

Just before Emma had to make the decision to stop his hand, he stopped and moved down her stomach. Her breathing hitched at the close call, and her belly fluttered at the feel of him moving down. He was now approaching the waist of her sweatpants.

Emma could feel herself reacting. This was an activity she associated with lovers in her past; the light foreplay that got her revved up for making love. Her son shouldn't be doing it, but for some reason she did not stop him. He'd probably stop short before reversing direction again, and she was enjoying it.

She was drinking up the feel of his hand on her belly, heading south, south, until his hands dipped under her waistband. His fingers brushed across her mons briefly. It felt good, really good, so she let it go. It was fine.

Back up he went, warming her skin, lightning tingles following in his wake. His strokes were confident and comforting. When his thumb brushed the bottom of her breast, her breathing hitched again. He went no further, reversing direction. It was a delicious tease.

Down again, to her waistband, dipping deeper than before, dangerously close to her slit, pausing before heading back up. Emma was breathing deeper, each pass from tit to trim causing a quiver and a quake. She could feel her pussy prepping, moistening for penetration, and she squeezed her legs together, feeling the echoing ache in her clit. If he was her husband, she'd have pushed his hand south already, insisting on his touch...as she'd done a few nights ago.

When his hand stopped, Emma figured he was done with his light petting. He wasn't. His hand gripped her hip bone, pulling her back

into him, giving him the leverage to push his groin into her butt. She felt *it*, and the room spun on its axis. He was so hard.

It was such a small mistake. An instinctual reaction to his thrust. She pushed back with her butt, just like she would do with Allan, just the smallest amount. It was enough. He shoved himself into her cheeks again, his rod splitting her open through her sweats. The push on her rosebud caused a whiff of air to escape her open mouth, a mini-gasp that had a touch of sound behind it.

Before her instinctual responses could spur him onto greater acts of incest, she 'woke up', stretching her arms in front of her. To her surprise, Gabe didn't move his hand until she rolled forward, off the couch. She looked back at him, her mouth dropping open when it was obvious he was asleep. Without thought, her eyes flicked to his groin, where the impressive bulge poking her butt was still showing. She had to fight the urge to touch it.

Dismissing her interest, she stood up and said to him, "Hey, wake up. You're going to ruin your sleep tonight."

He didn't wake until she shook his shoulder a few times. He really was asleep! Once he'd roused, she stood up and reached for her phone. They'd been asleep for three hours, past lunch. Unsurprising, knowing how much she needed it, but she still felt like she'd cheated herself of a day off.

Sighing, she said, "I'm hungry, do you want me to make you a sandwich?"

"Yeah, please, I have to, um, go number one."

Not too much later, Gabe joined her, looking cheerful. He greeted her with a kiss on the cheek and asked what he could do to help. Emma resisted telling him to finish what he'd started on the couch, instead handing him a block of cheese and a knife.

When they were done eating, Emma felt more like herself. The long nap had rejuvenated her and put her in a good mood, despite the alarmingly sensual end to it. Done with TV, she grabbed her book and sat back on the couch where she'd recently had her son's hand all over her. Sitting cross-legged, she could still feel the warmth in her groin that had built from his touch.

Gabe went to his room, saying he wanted to study, but promising to be ready for bed at 11pm.

Emma knew she was going to sleep in Gabe's bed again. That wasn't even a question. The question was, how? Go back to the thin blanket? Use Gabe's blanket? She'd been too warm the last time, it wouldn't be comfortable...unless she went nude.

A flush covered her face and chest at the flashback of snuggling her naked body against his. The warmth in her pussy built back up a smidgeon.

11pm arrived. Sure that she needed to get some decent sleep, but unwilling to sleep with her son naked again, Emma brought the thin blanket with her. Gabe eyed it but didn't comment.

Back in her spot on top of his blanket, wearing pajamas and a blanket, Emma lay down for a good eight hours of sleep, happy to have her sleep partner next to her again.

Thankfully, she didn't dream, not that she could recall later anyway. She did her best to keep her sleeping arrangement going, but eventually the heat became too great. The blanket went first, tossed off the bed. Next she shoved Gabe's blanket out from under her, and snuggled into the soft sheet. When she woke up with his blanket on top of her, she stripped her top off, freeing her breasts. After a brief hesitation, she pushed her bottoms down as well. Her brain wasn't on where she was, just her comfort and this was comfortable. Sleep came.

The next time Emma woke, she found herself in the same position as on the couch: a solid body behind her, a hand on her stomach. She came fully awake as his hand traversed up her torso, drawing the same path as earlier. She prepared for a reversal in direction, so was surprised when he kept going, his warm hand casually finding her breast and cupping it.

Breath hitch. Her breasts, no small package, managed to overfill even his large hand. He rolled his palm around her globe, running his rough skin over her sensitive nipple, which grew, engorged with blood. Each subsequent stroke made her shiver with lust. A plan was forming in her head to stop him when Gabe abandoned her breast and ran his hand down her torso.

It had been so long since anyone had touched her bare chest, or run his hands over her body. As she was recovering from the shock of him on her tit, his hand reached her hip, smoothing across her skin to her mons, where his fingers tangled through her pubes. Emma was breathing harder now, heart in her throat wondering how far he might go. She trembled each time his hand caressed her, so close to her weeping slit.

It was at that point she felt a hard bar split her rear, as he thrust gently into her. She felt her body warm wherever he touched her, a rash of desire that caused her to moan and push back, as on the couch. She couldn't help it, she was in heat and needed to be fucked; to be mounted, impaled on a hard cock, made to come until she was hoarse from screaming. But this was her son, and she had to control herself.

Frozen between her desires and her boundaries, Emma was shocked again when Gabe grabbed her thigh and lifted it, exposing her dripping pussy to the dark bedroom.

Mouth open to say something, anything, her words were cut off when Gabe shifted and thrust his cock between her open legs,

splitting her labia. The words became an exhalation. "Ohhhhhhh," she breathed, as her son's cock ran the length of her vulva and hit her clit.

This was wrong, so so wrong. He needed to stop, but what could she do? If she spoke, he might stop...wait, did she want him to stop, or keep going?

Gabe pulled back, his shaft now slick with her moisture. She felt his entire length drag along her lips, ending with his head tapping at her entrance. He pushed, and his glans briefly caught on her hole before popping free and running up her pussy again.

Emma felt her body respond instinctively and automatically, her hips tilting and her legs spreading to give her son a better angle with which to penetrate her. On his next pass, running his cock along her slit, he once again ended with his head once again in her opening...and this time he stuck.

Emma felt herself spread and stretch around her son's glans as he slowly pushed inside of her. She groaned aloud, all pretense of sleeping abandoned as her only child took her from behind. Her exhalation of passion grew louder as she was filled, until his hips met her ass.

Emma clenched on the cock inside of her, feeling fuller than she could ever remember. She was torn, even still, between abandoning herself to the moment and pulling away. Gabe took the decision from her, pulling his cock from within her body in one long stroke. Just when she felt like he was going to slip out of her, he pushed back in, and mother and son groaned aloud together.

"Ohhhh....ugg....mmmm," she said, lost to the feeling of being fucked.

Gabe commenced a long in and out stroke, penetrating her over and over on his rod, sending her soaring. Her world was centered around

the feel of being pummeled by his babymaker, while he held her body still with his large hands. She felt almost used, as he fucked into her over and over, but the truth was that she was loving it. She wanted more.

When she came, screams muffled behind her hands, she pushed back with her hips in an attempt to get as much of his cock in her as she could. She heard his answering grunt, and felt him expand in her vagina before a jet of hot liquid splashed on her cervix. Another splash followed it, as her son's cock pumped his life essence into the entrance of her womb. Feeling him explode inside of her was erotic and thrilling, knowing he was filling her with his love.

It seemed to go on forever, mother and son joined in a paroxysm of lust and pleasure. Each tremor of her body caused him to shift inside of her, his spongy tip probing the entrance to her womb. Emma felt like she could imagine him there, searching to penetrate her further, and groaned and clamped down on his questing cock.

When she calmed down enough to think again, Emma felt a rush of shame. Shame that she had let this happen, shame that she'd corrupted her son...and shame that it had felt so good.

Pulling away from Gabe caused his cock to slip from her, a gush of fluids following, dripping down her leg to the bed. She was about to keep going, to escape the room and the situation, to try and clean her sin from her body when Gabe grabbed hold of her and hugged her from behind. He sidled to her, forming his body contours around hers and sighed in her ear. His arm was draped around her middle again, hand cupping her breast.

"Love you, Mom," he said, sleepily.

Emma wanted to leave, but her body betrayed her again by relaxing into the comforting embrace of her son. He felt so good holding her like this, she didn't want to lose it. Giving up on her exodus, she felt

determined to set things right in the morning. What they'd done, while feeling incredible, couldn't happen again.

By some miracle, she went back to sleep.

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Emma woke earlier than her alarm, still naked and being cuddled by her equally naked son. Thoughts crowded in, all fighting for attention, when she just wanted to retreat into a hole and forget about the world.

How could she have let it all go so wrong? Recalling the past week and her descent into depravity, she could clearly see where each step of the way she relaxed her morals a little more. Somehow it had ended up with Gabe fucking her to an amazing orgasm.

How could one woman be so conflicted? Each time she said no more, she ended up right back in his bed.

Suddenly afraid her cuddle partner would wake and find himself entangled with her, she extricated her limbs and rolled out of bed. She stealthily retrieved her pajamas and left to shower, sure of one thing...no more sleeping in her son's bed...for real this time!

The morning went by in a haze of anxiety and euphoria. Emma worried about the effect she was having on her son, until he got up and greeted her with a smile and a hug. She flip flopped between thinking about going to hell and remembering the feel of his cock working in and out of her pussy. She waffled between recriminating and recalling his hands on her body.

By noon, Emma was thoroughly confused on exactly how she felt, but knew she had to move back to her own bed. She went about her day doing anything that might distract her from rogue thoughts. It was a hellishly long time to bedtime, and it wasn't hard to see the

disappointment in Gabe's face when she announced she would sleep in her bed later.

"Are you sure? You don't have to. I've gotten used to having you next to me," he complained.

*And gotten used to having your way with me,* she thought. Aloud, she said, "I'm sure. You're on your way to a healthy sleeping habit, and well, we need to have our own space."

"Fine. But if you can't sleep, you're welcome."

"Thank you for the invitation. I'll be fine."

But when 11pm came around, she found she was far from fine. She'd headed to bed a half hour early and had now been laying wide awake, unable to relax and let sleep come. She tossed and turned for another 30 minutes before giving up. Dressed in her normal PJs but bringing the blanket, she entered Gabe's room and found him also awake.

He grinned and lifted his blanket for her, exposing a small patch of his bare chest. She shook her head and lay down on top of it with her blanket...and then placed a pillow between them. Gabe laughed until he saw she was serious.

Thankfully the extra barrier didn't get in the way of her slumber, for Emma soon drifted off. There were no dreams or shenanigans throughout the night, which was a relief and a disappointment for her when she woke up the next morning.

Mother and son got ready for work together, and she headed off for the day with a mix of conflicting feelings.

At lunch, Sophia asked, "Are you still continuing the sleep therapy?"

"Kinda. I dunno, he's doing much better, but when I tried to stop, I ended up not being able to sleep."

"Sounds like you've gotten used to having a man in your bed again. That was quick."

Emma eyed up her friend to see if there was a hint of teasing, but only saw sincerity. "I think you're right. I have to move to my bed, it'll just mean getting used to the old way again."

"It's best," her friend agreed.

Emma went back to work, feeling unsettled, like a decision had been arrived at without her consent.

At home that evening, she found a test on the counter with an A on the top right in red ink. She went to find Gabe and found him in his room.

"Is this what I think it is?" she asked.

He turned to her with a big grin. "It is. Mr. Jay said if I keep this up I'll make a B for the year for sure."

"Oh, honey, that's fantastic!" Emma cheered, covering the distance to him in three steps and giving him a big hug. For several moments she lost herself in the moment before pulling away.

"I couldn't have done it without you helping me fix my sleeping routine. Thanks, Mom."

"You're welcome, of course, anytime. Just keep it up and you'll be graduating in just a few months!"

Gabe's face clouded. "Um, Mom? You can keep sleeping in my bed, right? I sleep so well when you're with me."

The thoughts of why he slept well filled her head as she shook it. "No, I think it's best if I go back to my bed. Now that you've got the rhythm down, best to run with it. Besides, I need to get back to my own bed."

"Okay," he replied. "But remember, you're always welcome."

She smiled and hugged him again, feeling the door close on her shameful pleasure.

That night, mother and son got ready for bed at 11, but went to separate rooms. Emma closed her door, feeling the pull to join Gabe in his bed, but knowing this was better.

Crawling into her cold bed, she huddled up and tried not to think of the warmth in her son's room. They always turned the heat off in the day, but put it back on to get him the best sleep.

The next day dawned to the sight of a wide awake Emma, tossing and turning in her bed. She got up and got ready for work, dreading the day. Gabe also got up, not looking much better than she did. It made her feel guilty, that she was ruining the good work she'd already done, but steeled herself to not give in to her own desires.

Sophia, a true friend, only sighed when Emma got to work, and went to get her a coffee. It was a long day, and by the end of it, the sleepy mom was ready to just curl up in bed and not wake up for a week.

Gabe looked just as good. Bags around his eyes highlighted how tired he was.

They plodded through the evening dinner routine, and by 10pm, both had retreated to their room. Emma climbed into bed, hoping to have a better night.

By 11, she was no closer to sleep, and starting to second guess her decision to cut off sleeping in Gabe's bed. Maybe it would be better to wean off of it? She chuckled darkly at the concept of being addicted to sleeping with her son.

Midnight rolled around, and she gave up. Tossing her blankets aside, she went to his room and opened the door. The figure on the bed in the dark turned to her and said, "Mom?"

She climbed onto the bed, under his blanket and said, "Go to sleep."

The relief they felt at being together again was cut short as they both fell into a deep sleep that carried through to the morning.

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Emma did much better at work, but still wrestled with her apparent reliance on sleeping with Gabe. It felt wrong, but the proof was in the pudding: they both slept better together. Eventually she vowed to stop worrying about it and go with the flow. If it worked, then it worked.

At lunch, Sophia opened with, "So, is this solo sleeping Emma, or Gabe sleeping Emma?"

Emma didn't even need to answer before Sophia grinned. "I knew it. You're addicted. It's okay, it happens, I guess. I'm not sure when or to who, but it must have happened to another mom and son."

"Ugh, stop. It's not my fault! I tried my best, I just can't sleep in my own bed. Besides, it's helping us both; he sleeps just as bad if I'm not there."

"No, it's actually sweet. It'd make more sense if he was 4, but it's sweet. What do you think he'll tell his first girlfriend? 'Sorry you can't come over, there's no room in my bed for you and my mom.'"

"Agh! You're the worst! I'm never telling you anything again," Emma laughed. She carefully ignored the tremor that went through her heart at the thought of Gabe having a girlfriend.

"I'm teasing. I can see how much better you are when you can share his bed. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Maybe once I'm mentally sound again I can come up with something."

"Good luck..." Sophia said as she walked away.

Emma couldn't help but think that not having a plan on how to stop was the same as not wanting to stop, but pushed it away. She'd had a solid sleep after going to his bed, and that's all she was thinking about. Plus, they'd gotten through a second night without any extra-curricular activities, so maybe they'd turned a corner.

Feeling lighter in her heart after making the decision to just keep sleeping in Gabe's bed, Emma finished her day smiling and chatting to coworkers. On the way home she grabbed some takeout for dinner and brought it home to a hungry and grateful son.

"How was school?" she asked, once they'd slowed down eating.

He shrugged. "Not bad. The teachers are starting our prep for final exams, so that's going to take over my life for a while."

"Do you need any help with it? I'm a master with flash cards."

"You're a master at holding a card and asking a question?" he teased with a grin.

"Yes! I do very well at that! Fine, if you don't want my help, I'll just sit back and hope you pass," she pouted.

Gabe rolled his eyes at her act and said, "I don't have much memorization with these classes, but you're welcome to ensure I get good sleep for the rest of the term."

"Oh yeah?" Emma felt her heart thump and goosebumps rise on her neck. It was one thing to admit she got better sleep with him, another to commit to sleeping in his bed for the next several months.

He nodded while taking a bite of food. Emma couldn't help but look at the hand holding his fork and imagine it resting casually on her stomach. Her pussy tingled in response, and she became aware of her breasts in her bra, and imagined how they'd feel in his hands instead.

"Okay," she said, croaking a bit. She coughed to hide how much her throat had closed at the thought of being her son's long-term bedmate. No matter how innocent the offer, the fact remained that during a weak moment she had opened her legs for him. She flushed at the thought of him thrusting away at her, and felt the response in her pussy grow.

She turned her thoughts elsewhere, and soon dinner was done and he went to study, leaving her alone until 11pm.

Something felt different about Emma's wait for bedtime. An aspect of the situation had changed. It took her a bit to recognize it, but when she did, she almost laughed. She had butterflies! She was nervous and excited and *looking forward* to sleeping in Gabe's bed. His invitation and her acceptance felt like an agreement to go down a sultry road full of midnight groping. Of spread legs and thrusting penises.

Face red and hot, Emma went to the washroom to splash water on her face to cool down. She could feel her panties squish with each step, and knew she was at a tipping point: it wouldn't take much for her to go tumbling down the incest hole. Sophia would laugh at her

and point out she'd already gone there, but she didn't know how far Emma had already fallen. In the back of her mind, she held onto the hope that it wouldn't happen again...and to the hope it would.

When she felt better, she went to her room to get ready for bed. She pulled out her pajamas and immediately reconsidered them. She just ended up stripping them off every night. Maybe she had something else that would stay on? It was a final, feeble, token of resistance but she was determined to fight to the end.

Pulling out her nightie, she put it on and then dug into her panty drawer until she found a pair that suited her. She hadn't worn this pair of underwear in a long time, since before Allan had left. He liked them because he could see her slit through the sheer material. She liked them because they would stay cool, and on, in the warm room. Before putting them on, she considered the curly blond hair tufted at the apex of her legs. She could use a trim; something else she hadn't done since Allan left.

Ignoring why she might feel the need to groom herself, she went to the washroom and pulled out her scissors to at least look tidy.

When 11 rolled around, Emma was more nervous than her wedding night. Nothing was going to happen, she told herself, and yet she was prepared in case it did. What her decision would be at that time was up in the air...

"Hey," she said, as she joined Gabe, slipping her robe off her shoulders. He turned, and her cheeks pinked when his eyebrows shot up to the roof.

"Hey," he replied.

She slipped under the blankets, ignoring his attention but handing him a melatonin pill.

"Actually, I think I'll skip it tonight...you're enough to relax me," he said.

"Okay," she mumbled, putting the pill on his side table. Her pulse was pounding at the compliment, both in his eyes and his words. She lay on her side, away from Gabe, and closed her eyes.

Sleep seemed to be the last thing her body wanted, and she knew what it preferred. Each shift of her tits in her nighties was amplified, the soft material seeming rough on her heightened senses. She imagined hands on her, cupping and squeezing, and knew her nipples were rigid with arousal.

It took a while, but she did eventually enter dreamland.

Her dreams in the last week had been about Allan. The dream that overtook her this time was about Gabe. They were watching TV, laughing at a comedy, while cuddling on the couch. It was sweet and her heart filled with love for her son.

When the show was done, he stood up and held out his hand for her, which she took. He led her to his room, and slowly undressed her, revealing her body to his ravenous eyes. When she was naked, he laid her on his bed and then she woke up.

It was a cruel awakening. Her body was on fire with lust, pussy buzzing with desire to have a cock inside of her. Feeling like she wanted reassurance she wasn't alone, she felt next to her on the bed, reaching for Gabe's arm...and found it. His breathing was even and filled the room.

At her touch, he seemed to come alive, rolling towards her and ending up with his frame pressed against her smaller one. Right away his warmth got hers rising, until she found even the thin nightie too warm. Bit by bit, she tugged at the hem, letting it ride up until she could pull it over her head and she was left naked apart from her panties.

Emma lay back, feeling Gabe's breath wash over neck. She almost yelped aloud when she felt his hand come to rest on her bare stomach, but managed to hold it in. When his hand roamed up to her tits, cupping them, she felt her nipple pressing into his rough palm and wished he would squeeze her there.

She could feel him against her hip, his hard penis pressing into her flesh, leaving a trail of wetness behind. Unable to resist, she put her hand on it, gently caressing his hot member. Her touch seemed to spur him on again, as his hand left her breast and moved to her panties, quickly digging under the waistband. It was a tie between him pushing and her lifting her hips to get her panties off, and soon she was as naked as he was.

Emma had fully fallen. She only wanted to feel her son on her and in her, to have him take her in his bed. For the first time, she looked at him during their petting, and by the dim light of the full moon streaming through his window, saw his eyes looking at hers.

Gabe lifted up on his elbow, rising over her, eyes locked on hers. When he leaned in to kiss her, she could do nothing but open her mouth for him. Lips pressed, tongues fought, as Emma tasted her son's mouth for the first time. Arousal filled her mouth with saliva that she shared with him, slickening their oral union.

His hand was back on her breast, rubbing around her globe, leaving tingling heat wherever he touched. When she felt his knee brush hers, she sighed into their kiss and spread her legs. Gabe moved between her thighs, his bulk forcing them wider.

Emma fought between wanting to kiss him more, and wanting to watch as he...

"Uhhhhh," she moaned, when she felt his tip brush against her swollen, wet lips. "Go slow," she murmured into his mouth.

He grunted acknowledgement, and then she felt it: the spear of flesh that was her son's cock, easing her passage open. She felt herself stretch to take him in, her pussy engulfing first his head, and then slowly the rest of him. Emma had a man, her man, between her legs again, and couldn't wait for him to fuck her.

The first time, the angle had meant she didn't get all of him. This time she intended to take his entire length. She lifted her knees, angling her hips to give him more room to do his thing. He took it, pushing more of his shaft into her body. The cock-deprived mother was fuller than she'd ever been. When his pelvis hit hers, his balls settling onto her ass crack, she felt a mildly painful punch on her cervix.

This only served to drive her over the edge. The long, slow penetration by her son-lover caused Emma to come like she'd never come before. A body-wrenching, soul-crushing climax. Her hands clutched his arms, and she tossed her head back to grunt through each wave of contractions. Her vagina was rolling with each release, milking her son for all she was worth.

"Mom," he grunted.

"Go, baby. Go in me, it's okay. I want to feel it," she managed to gasp.

She did feel it. She felt him expand in her, his cock growing bigger before releasing its load into her. Digging deep into his reserves, his cock pulsed as each goblet of semen was ejected forcibly at her womb, where he'd formed just 18 years ago.

Emma could feel the hot liquid filling her and she came again, a post-orgasmic after tremor. When she felt a flood of juices on her ass, she assumed it was Gabe's come flowing out of her...except he was blocking his own juice. This was her squirting, the first time she'd ever done such a thing.

Gabe collapsed on her, and she welcomed it. His weight, his presence between her thighs, his still hefty cock in her vagina. She never wanted it to end. When he seemed to recover, he nuzzled her chest before locking his lips on a nipple.

"Oh, baby," she murmured, holding his head as he nursed. "That feels wonderful."

He sucked at her, sending signals to her pussy and her brain. His cock, now drained and limp, fell from her gaping vagina, followed by warm globs of his come. She felt it leak from her and marveled that he must have injected veritable gallons into her. Even now, millions of sperm were making their way into her barren womb, unable to find an egg to fertilize.

The thought made her sad, but also content that he could come in her as much as he wanted.

After a bit, she felt a stirring below, and said, "Again?"

He nodded on her breast, and soon they were at it again, his cock fully embedded in her hungry pussy, fucking her in long strokes. His second of the night took longer, and by the time he emptied himself into her again, she'd come two more times. The bed was soaked, but the two lovers just collapsed into a messy jumble of limbs and passed out.

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The next morning was a slow awakening for Emma. Reality asserted itself in slow increments, starting with the warm press of a body against hers, legs entwined. Following that was the pleasant ache in her pussy, and then the puddle they were laying in. When she opened her eyes, Gabe was next to her, on his side, watching.

"Good morning," she whispered, without moving. She preferred to stay where she was, entangled.

"Morning," he returned, his chest rumbling against hers.

The memory of seeing his eyes open the night before came to her. "You were awake last night. Were you awake every time?"

"Kind of. At first it seemed like a dream, but starting from the first time, I was awake."

"The first time we...?"

He nodded.

"But you were asleep after."

"I think it's the melatonin. I fall back asleep really easily."

Emma let her thoughts off the leash, to examine how she felt. Slight apprehension, a smattering of guilt, and a whole lot of satisfaction was all she found. She had questions, though. "Did you know, when you invited me to stay with you, that we would end up doing this?"

Gabe grinned. "I hoped. I hoped more than anything I have ever hoped for before."

She gasped, cheeks burning at the compliment. "I hoped as well, even if I didn't think it 'out loud'."

He laughed, the vibrations running through her body. She felt a twinge as her body responded to it. Warmth built in her pussy, and she let herself ponder another bout when the alarm went off. It was an unwelcome return to reality; the wide world of normality yawned ahead of her, and she didn't want to face it. She hit 'snooze', and turned to snuggle into her son, facing him.

"I don't want to get up yet," she said.

"I'm not complaining," he said. The assertive bed partner from the night before seemed to have disappeared in the light of day. He was

keeping his hands to himself, when she wanted to be held.

Emma grabbed his hand and pulled it over to her hip. When she smiled at him, he smiled back and ran his hand down around to her butt, pulling her to him. She purred, and said, "That's better."

Her consent seemed to give him his confidence, and he leaned in to nip her neck, which she craned to give him room. While he was kissing and sucking on her, the alarm went off again.

"Ugh, time to get up," she grouched.

"I'm already up," he said, moving her body easily until she was on her back and he was on top again. She laughed and spread her legs, the warm pool of arousal in her middle igniting. He was soon pushing his cock into her, her wetness easing his passage.

It was a slow, easy, fuck, and the sensation of his shaft sawing at her entrance was sending her up again...until he came, suddenly and unexpectedly. Emma held him, enjoying the feel of his cock kicking as he emptied his balls deep into her.

When he was done, he pulled from her, more juices joining the puddle on the bed. "Sorry," he said. "You're too sexy. Seeing you under me, in the morning light...I couldn't hold it."

"You're going to have plenty of opportunities to make it up to me. Let's get going, or we'll be late," she said.

He nodded, handsome face sporting a wide grin. "Can I make it up to you somehow?"

"Don't talk much today, you'll need your tongue rested," she teased, as she stood up and left his room, bare as the day she was born.

Seconds later, she was running and giggling, chased by her naked son, wet cock flapping against his thighs. She made it to the

bathroom, where he caught her and dragged her willingly into the shower. Her giggles turned to sighs as he washed her while paying careful attention to each body part.

"God, Mom, I love your body." He was massaging her breasts from behind, each one filling his large palms easily, her hard nipples tingling as he squeezed them.

"You do? That's nice to hear," she breathed, as he moved his soapy hands to the rest of her body. Wherever his hands roamed, waves of warmth followed, her sensitive skin yearning for his touch. The too-quick fuck in bed had left her hanging, and his massage was keeping that tension alive. "You might have to make it up to me now..."

"Okay," was all he said. He turned her around, leaning in for a kiss, which she eagerly returned.

When he pulled away and sank to his knees in the tub, the shower water hitting her back, she wasn't sure what his plan was. More washing? To her shock, he nuzzled his face into her skin where her leg met her lip, only inches from her pussy.

"What?" she asked, before clamping her lips shut. Whatever his plan, she wasn't going to stop him.

He kissed across her lightly furred mons, getting closer and closer to her honeypot, until with a flick of his tongue, he split her labia. She'd never had a lover who would go down there after coming in her. She hadn't anticipated having a brand new sexual experience with her 18-year-old son.

"You don't mind licking me...with your stuff inside?" she asked when he licked lower, his hot tongue spearing into her gash.

He shook his head and plunged his tongue into her weeping hole, drawing a loud cry from her. She clutched his head and hung on

through her climax, her juices joining the shower water rushing to the drain.

They were late to school and work, but only by a few minutes, as they skipped breakfast to save time. Actually Gabe had eaten...and quite well. Where had he learned that? The memory of his active tongue followed Emma to work and figured prominently in the daydreams that filled her morning. He had made it up to her in spades.

When lunch arrived she did her best to come down to earth, but had no hope of fooling Sophia.

"So who is he?" her friend asked, plopping next to her with her lunch.

"He? Which 'he'?" Emma tried, innocently.

"The 'he' who nailed you to the bed last night, like I prescribed you days ago."

"I'm not sure what you mean. I had a quiet night, with a good sleep...aaaand lots of sex." With the final words she burst out giggling.

"Ohhh, damn." Sophia appraised her friend. "You got it good, didn't you? You can't have known him long, and here you are, giddy as a schoolgirl."

"I've known him for a while. Half my life, it feels like, but he's always only been a friend. Last night we just clicked. I'm not sure where it will lead, but I'm damned sure going to have fun finding out."

"So who is this 'friend'. Why haven't I heard of him?"

"He's a friend of Allan's. We reconnected just recently, after my dark times."

"Mhhmm...this friend got a name?" Sophia's suspicion was obvious.

"Uh...Brent. Brent Johnson."

"I see. This Brent rocked your world, did he? Are you seeing him again?"

"Tonight."

"When do I meet him?"

Emma hesitated, and said, "Um, I'm not sure. I mean, I don't know, I hadn't thought of it."

"You have a friend you've known half your life, and are now fucking, and it didn't occur to you to introduce him to your friends? I'm hurt!"

"It's so new, I haven't gotten that far. I'm not sure how long it will last..."

"What does Gabe think of you and Brent?"

At her son's name, Emma blushed furiously, and Sophia saw it and cocked her head. "What...hang on. How old is Brent?"

"Ummm, younger than me." Emma could see the wheels turning in her friend's head until it clicked, as she knew it would. She couldn't hide anything from Sophia.

"There is no 'Brent', is there?" her friend asked. "The last I heard, you were sharing a bed with Gabe, and now here you are blushing like a new bride."

Emma felt a surge of panic. "Please don't think I'm a bad person. I did my best to fight it...but it felt so good, Sophe."

"Oh, stop. You know I've had my fair share of adventures, I'm hardly going to judge you for yours."

Trying to keep this secret from Sophia would have been too hard, and Emma felt the tension inside of her ease at it being out in the open. Her giddy joy returned as she grinned. "I can't believe how good it was. Last night, and this morning and then in the shower..."

Sophia's mouth dropped open. "Young guys," she muttered. "Listen, I want you both to come out of this happy...and not in jail. Understand? Does your young guy know what's at stake?"

"I would think so, but if he doesn't, he will when I get home."

After a brief, contemplative silence, Sophia said, "Brent Johnson?" Gales of laughter filled the lunch hall.

When she got home that evening, the first thing Emma did was look for Gabe. She found him studying, which made her proud. "Hey, do you have a minute to talk?" she said.

Gabe turned, a bright smile on his handsome face. "I have any time you require, at any time of the day." He stood up and started to stalk towards her.

Emma took a step back at the predatory nature of his walk. "Um, I just wanted to, uh..." she trailed off, captivated as she watched him approach.

She felt herself respond to the look in his eyes, her lips opening in anticipation of his mouth pressing on hers. The passion of his kiss took her breath away, and she melted into his embrace. After what felt like moments, but had to be longer, she felt the tug of her shirt being lifted. She purred and abandoned her purpose for tracking him down, giving into the moment.

Clothes went flying, and soon they were on his bed again, naked. She pushed him onto his back and climbed on top of him, straddling his waist. Looking down at his hard penis in the light of day for the first time, Emma felt like she'd won the lottery. Her son's cock was

perfectly proportioned, with a large mushroom head and veins crawling down the length of his shaft. Seeing it between her thighs, straining to the ceiling, she stroked it once, coaxing a dribble of precum from his slit. The smell of it hit her nostrils, prompting her to take a deep breath in.

"Mmmm," I think I need to see this up close," she murmured, retreating down his legs and bending down. Another deep breath filled her lungs, her mouth watering and the urge to taste him overtaking her.

Emma gently grasped his shaft and held him in place while she planted a kiss on his leaking slit. Licking her lips, she savoured his flavour before dipping down again to push her pursed bow-like lips onto his crown. His slick arousal coated her pressed mouth, and with another push, she let his glans spread her open, popping him into her waiting mouth. She was rewarded by a long, deep groan, so she ran her tongue around his shaft, sucking the portion that protruded from her small fist until he was writhing beneath her.

He was too long for her to fully take in, as she'd never been a deepthroat queen, but she made up for it in enthusiasm and tongue action, with accompanying hand strokes. After drooling over her son's man meat for several minutes, she felt him start to throb. Knowing he was about to come, she clamped down hard on the base of his cock, stopping his load.

She looked up at Gabe, to see his eyes bug out when his cock pulse uselessly, as if he was coming, but without any ejaculation. She held on until he stopped...and let go. A stream of semen pooled onto her waiting soft palate, and she swallowed eagerly.

"Still good to go?" she asked, stroking him again.

He nodded, apparently amazed to feel his orgasm building again. She grinned and climbed up on top of him, fitting his cock into her oozing entrance. She pushed and groaned, feeling him open her up

all over again, his girth filling her up. Mother and son watched as his cock disappeared into her one inch at a time.

When she hit the base of his cock, she said, "You fill me like no one ever has. I don't think I'll be able to give you up."

Leaning forward, she lifted off of him, the ache from his departing penis driving her wild, until she plunged back down and felt him fill her all over again. She repeated this, again, and again, watching her son as she did it.

"Soon," he groaned.

"Wait,....oooooh....uhhhh...you're so big. Just. a. Bit. more...then I want you to fill me up..."

As she finished her final drop onto his cock, she felt him buck under her, his cock firing into her depths. The feeling was enough to send her over as well. She sat on her son's middle, full of his cock, clutching onto his shoulders as she gasped through an intense climax. When she'd recovered, she lay on his chest and massaged him with her internal muscles, trying to give and receive as much pleasure as she could.

When they were done, she lay in his arms, still connected below. She kissed his chest lazily, toying with his nipples, and smiled when he `twitched after a particularly hard pinch.

"Sensitive?" she asked, looking up at his face.

He nodded, eyes wide. "I would never have thought of trying that," he said.

She almost quoted Allan as being her inspiration, but felt it might dampen the mood. Instead, she said, "Have you thought about piercing them?"

"What? No! What? Why would I?"

She giggled and sucked hard on a nipple. He grunted again. She pulled off his nub and said, "I hear nipple piercing can enhance pleasure..."

He hummed deep in his throat, and she felt him stir within her. Knowing they had to have dinner, she rolled away from him, letting him slip from her pussy. One hand cupped underneath, she hurried to the bathroom to sit on the toilet.

"Hey!" she called down the hallway.

"Yeah?" he called back.

"I had a point I wanted to bring up, before you attacked me." She heard him approach, and was able to lower her volume when he joined her in the bathroom.

"What was it?" he asked.

"That you realize this is all private. No one can know, not your dad, not your friends, not your diary, no one."

Gabe's smile slipped from his face. "I know, Mom. As much as I want to sing it from the rooftops, this stays in the house between us."

Emma smiled, the world taking on a surreal air as she felt her son's semen drip from her into the toilet while having a conversation with him. She looked down at the mighty weapon that had slain her just minutes ago, seeing it slimy with their combined juices. Between what was coming out of her and what was covering his dick...there was a lot. More than she ever remembered seeing with Allan.

"Do you always...um, make this much?" she asked.

Gabe looked down, a perplexed look on his face. "Yeahhhh, this isn't even as much as I normally go. Does it seem like a lot?"

She nodded. "I've never seen this much, maybe you're a super producer," she joked.

"Mom, this is a normal amount. I measured once...because I was curious. It's average."

"Oh." Emma thought back to the most she'd ever seen Allan produce. There was a big difference in output. Shaking off the thought, she said, "Clean up and we'll get some dinner. Chinese?"

He nodded before grabbing some toilet paper to wipe up with. Even now, with her sated and him limp, she wanted him in her mouth and cunt, but she had to have *some* restraint.

Later, dressed and fed, they cuddled on the couch and watched some TV, echoing her dream almost exactly. Around 9pm, Gabe left her to go study, and they promised to meet later.

At 11 they were in bed together and Emma gladly took her son's penis into her again. His semen splashed against her cervix for the 5th time in 24 hours before they snuggled up. She giggled when a rogue thought popped up.

"What?" he asked, as he lazily traced her nipple.

"I'm starting to feel like a cream-filled éclair," she said, as his essence oozed from her once again.

Silence filled the bedroom, and the lazy haze of sleep was starting to take Emma away when Gabe spoke. "Mom, why is it okay?"

She struggled up out of the haze and focused on his words. "Why is what okay?"

"You keep saying it's okay for me to, you know, finish inside. Are you on birth control?"

"No...it just can't happen. Your dad and I tried for a very long time after you were born. It just wasn't meant to be."

"Oh...sorry."

"Don't worry about it, I've come to accept it. Besides, it means we can have as much fun as we like without consequences." She wiggled her butt against him at the word 'fun', and felt him stir. "Woah, boy, we need to get some sleep," she giggled.

Gabe grumbled but didn't reply, and soon they were both asleep.

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The next few days went by in a fugue of desire and sex. Emma and Gabe spent their days at work and school and the rest of the time in each other's arms; nude, sweaty, and satisfied. Their sleep was deep and restful, with each waking up refreshed and happy.

A week after the first time Gabe's cock had slipped into the entrance of her womb, Emma was unsurprised to be greeting her period. She'd prepped Gabe for it, letting him know that she would be happy to give him blowjobs but anything else was off limits for 5 days.

The day at work was difficult, as it usually was on the first day of Aunt Flo visiting. She was grumpy from dealing with cramps, so when lunch came, she just wanted to sit in a corner and nurse some herbal tea. It usually helped, even if it was a placebo; the act of cupping a warm mug soothed her.

"Hey, how are you doing?" Sophia's tone was gentle and quiet. She knew what time of the month it was.

"Eh. I'll get through it. First day is the worst," she said, watching her friend sit down across from her.

"Still, not fair, is it?" Sophia knew about the years Emma and Allan had spent trying for another child.

Emma shook her head. "Nope. If I can't use the equipment, the least they could do is stop the monthly crap."

"Who's 'they'?"

Emma shrugged, and said, "Whoever's in charge. There's got to be somebody to blame."

"Oh them. Those bastards." The two friends shared a smile. "Speaking of equipment...is 'Brent' using condoms?"

Emma's cheeks warmed at the intimate topic shift. "Nooo...why would he?"

"Just to be safe. You had Gabe, it's possible lightning could strike twice."

The prospect of condoms, or going on birth control, hadn't occurred to her. It did make sense. She hadn't had to think of it since marrying Allan and it felt foreign to her now. What would Gabe think of condoms? He'd been the one to question if it was truly safe, so he'd probably be okay with them.

"I'll get some after work. Better safe than sorry," she said.

"Good girl. You don't want to end up with your son's child, do you?" When Emma didn't respond right away, she pressed, "Do you?"

"Um, no. No! Of course not. Don't be silly, I was just trying to think of where I could stop after work. And...what size would be best. He's a bit over average..."

"Lucky gal. Get something ribbed, they're awesome."

"Yeah, yeah. I'll settle for something that prevents unwanted surprises." In the back of her mind, a reel was playing, of all the times she'd taken a pregnancy test over the years. Each delayed period would set her off, her mind racing with possibilities. Each failure prompted a few hours of depression.

Sophia left her to her inner world with a soft, "See you."

Emma spent the rest of her lunch feeling like she had for each of those failed tests. She fought to keep tears back, knowing her heightened emotion was mostly hormones, but couldn't help the feelings. There was still a part of her that wanted to see that + show up in the little window, and know that she was going to be welcoming new life into the world.

When it came time to head home, she didn't stop for condoms, too caught up in her own head about her inability to conceive. They'd had almost two decades of trying with no success, nothing Gabe could do would make any difference.

At home she sought out the couch and a bottle of wine, putting on useless television to distract her. Gabe sat with her for a time, but had to abandon her for homework before long. All the better. At least his leaving made sense. Fuck Allan.

Over the course of the evening, as she got drunker, her resentment towards her ex-husband grew, bigger than it had ever been since he left. How dare he just toss her aside like a broken piece of equipment? He should have stuck with her through it all, like their wedding vows! Her anger morphed into contempt as it always did. Good riddance to him. She was better off alone. Well, she amended, better off with Gabe. Fuck her stupid, useless ex.

By the time bedtime rolled around, she was ready to sleep off the wine. Despite being a little unsteady on her feet, she managed to

get changed and make her way to her room. She thought of going to Gabe's bed, but didn't feel like she was good company, so dug into her covers for the first time in days.

Just as she was drifting off, she felt the bed shift and then he was behind her, wrapping his arms around her and hugging. She fell asleep, secure in the love of her son.

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Sleep can do miracles. When Emma woke the next day, she felt so much better than the night before, despite a slight headache from the wine. Her thoughts weren't filled with doom and gloom anymore; in fact she felt good.

Gabe had rolled away in his sleep and was on his back next to her, his chest exposed. Feeling a surge of love for her son, Emma rolled to him and hugged him, head on his chest. Feeling a little nub under her cheek, she lifted up and saw a tempting sight. Grinning, she leaned in and took his nipple into her mouth and sucked...hard.

Gabe yelped, twisting and pushing her away in one motion.

Emma burst out laughing at his reaction, and when he saw there was nothing to be upset about, started laughing as well.

"God, I thought I was being attacked," he said.

"Time to get up!" Emma sang, as she rolled off her side of the bed.

The rest of the morning was a mixture of laughter, play-wrestling and sneak attack pinches as they got ready for the day. It showcased a different side to their relationship, one not centered around sex, and it made Emma glad. They weren't screwed up by being intimate, and she felt even closer to him.

As they departed, Emma gave Gabe a big kiss, and promised him a treat as soon as she got home. When she felt his cock surge in his pants, she giggled and pecked him on the nose before running out the door.

"Tease!" he yelled after her.

True to her word, however, as soon as she got home that evening she dropped to her knees in the front hallway where he met her and yanked his pants down, revealing the rapidly surging cock she loved so much. She sucked him into her mouth, pleased when Gabe had to grab the wall to keep from falling over. Before she bent to the task at hand - extracting her son's semen - it occurred to her that she'd never done anything like this with Allan.

She was still swallowing when she stood up into Gabe's welcoming arms, pants around his ankles and still firm penis between them.

"That was awesome," he said into her ear.

"I'm glad you liked it but I can't do it all the time. I get worked up by it, and it's agony being left hanging."

"I understand," he replied. "I'll take it whenever I can get it."

\*\*\*

The next few days rolled by relatively quickly and quietly, and when Emma declared the all-clear, she practically had to run to the bedroom to prevent being tackled by her son. They fucked in her bed, Gabe's larger frame towering over her as he thrust into her eager pussy. After five days of abstinence, they were both raring to go, but she could feel the extra urgency from him.

Within moments, he gasped, "Sorry!"

"Don't be," she sighed, body and mind singing happily, senses alive with the feel of him on and in her. She felt a surge of love and closeness for her son. Her rock during tough times, her joy - mentally and now physically - at all times.

She hugged him tightly, awareness narrowing to the feel of her son's cock deep in her vagina, shooting his sperm even deeper. Emma cooed when she felt his warmth, knowing he was emptying himself into her womb. The same womb that he had gestated in before arriving into the world. It was a perfect circle, to have him depositing his seed there now, even if it wouldn't actually do anything. A wave of clarity hit, and Emma knew that if it was possible, she would have loved nothing more than to bear her son's child.

For a brief moment she let herself imagine it. Her belly filling out, growing along with the life inside of her. Her breasts, already a handful, growing to overspill Gabe's hands. Her nipples darkening and thickening to provide sustenance for the new baby.

She mercilessly snuffed the fairytale, knowing it would lead to more heartache. Better to stay in the here and now, enjoying her young lover, who was stirring. He pulled away, slipping from her embrace and her vagina before rolling next to her. She felt the stream of his jism leaving her, rats leaving a barren ship.

Stop. She had to stop thinking this way.

"Are you okay?" Gabe asked.

Emma looked over at her son, to see him examining her. "Yeah. Why do you ask?"

"You look sad."

"It's nothing. Just fighting with myself."

"Oh. Do you do that a lot?" He said it as a joke, but she answered seriously.

"Sometimes."

"Who wins?" Another joke. He was trying to cheer her up.

"Depends on which side I'm on." She laughed when his eyes crossed. "It's fine. I'm just struggling with some intrusive thoughts. When I fight with myself, I always win. The last fight I had was whether *this* was a good idea." She gestured to their naked bodies, side by side.

"We both won that one," he said, rolling towards her to plant a kiss on her lips.

Some time later, they emerged from the bedroom, tired but happy. The kissing had led to a resurgence in his desire, and they'd made love again, slowly, with her climax coming several times. When he came for the second time, she did her best to focus on the act, and not the futility of it.

\*\*\*

A weekend day dawned bright and early. Emma woke up in her son's arms, both of them naked as jaybirds, somehow twisted together into a pretzel. How they got any kind of decent sleep was a mystery to her now. She shuffled off the mattress and threw on a robe before heading to the washroom to pee.

Yawning, the tinkling sound of her morning relief filling the washroom, Emma pondered the day ahead of her. She had no true plans, just a general outline of spending time with Gabe. Apparently he had some homework to do, and plans to hang out with friends, but the rest of the day was to be with her. What to do?

A movie? Dinner? Board games? What did she do with herself while waiting for him to be available? Maybe Sophia was free? Or did she want to be alone?

Options floating around her head, she went to make some coffee. Gabe would most likely sleep a bit longer. Now that his sleep patterns had improved, she was fine with the occasional sleep-in.

Taking her coffee to the living room, she stood in front of the big window which looked over the street out front. It was quiet, without any road or foot traffic, but she still made sure her robe was pulled shut. No sense in giving the neighbours a show if they happened to look this way.

The robe itself was of pink terry-cloth, one so old it was starting to be see-through in places. Gabe said he hated it because it made her look dowdy, but liked it for the thin patches that showed parts of her body at random times. Maybe it was time to replace it.

Emma pondered going out shopping for a new robe. Maybe have lunch at the mall, or meet up with Sophia. When she lifted her mug for a sip, she felt two arms snake around her chest, squeezing her middle, and a voice whispered, "Hey, sexy Mommy."

"Mmmm, morning. I expected you to sleep a while longer," she said, tilting her head for a kiss on the cheek.

"I would have, but the sight of a naked woman leaving my bed woke me...in more ways than one."

A press against her backside testified to the nature of his rousing. "Is that for me?" she asked.

"Mmhhmm."

"Whatever shall I do with it?" she said, while spinning in his arms and lifting her lips for a kiss.

"I have a few ideas," Gabe said, kissing her thoroughly, one hand taking her mug away to place it on a side table, and the other slipping into her robe.

Emma shivered as his hand traced along her belly and around, holding her in place. Mug disposed of, he pushed her robe open, exposing her breast to the open air. She gasped in his mouth when he caressed her there, her nipple responding to his touch.

"Let's go to your room," she husked, arousal spreading to her pussy.

"Nuh-uh," he responded, pulling her robe off her shoulders, letting it pool around her feet.

She was bare in front of the window, easily visible to anyone who might walk by. "Not here," she admonished. "What if someone sees? It would be hard to explain why my son is fucking me in our front room."

"There's no one around, and I like seeing you in this natural light." He dipped his head down, capturing a nipple in his lips, while a hand slipped between her legs.

The sudden suction on her sensitive nub caused her to sigh deeply, entwining the fingers of one hand in his short, blonde hair. She tended to lose focus when he attacked her on multiple fronts. When his hand found her clit, she moaned, abandoning her objections in favour of passion.

He was still naked, and she found his hard cock easily with her free hand, stroking his thick shaft. Her mind was starting to suggest places it could go instead of her hand when he pulled away. As if reading her mind, he took her hand in his larger one, directing her gently to the couch. When she went to lay down on it, he stopped her, spinning her away from him and bending her over.

Realization flooded through her, just like the juices flooding her vagina. She leaned on the back of the couch, spreading her legs to give him room, her amber hair falling around her like a curtain. She felt his hands take her hips, and then his blunt weapon was tapping at her privates. A couple of blind pokes at her vulva frustrated them both, until she reached down to grasp him and guide him to her entrance.

Emma braced herself, tilting her hips to give her son a better angle to penetrate her. When his glans split her lips and speared into her vagina, she groaned, overwhelmed as always by the feel of his entry. Her soaking pussy opened for him, stretching to accept him, as he pushed to her depths.

This new angle, in this new position, had his cock hitting parts of her insides that he'd never hit before. As he buried his penis in her, she thought he might have hit parts that had never felt the touch of a cock before. She bent over even more, uttering a string of quiet obscenities as her son started to fuck into her over and over. Her breasts, hanging below her, swayed in time with their fucking.

Emma happened to look over, spotting them in a mirror and gasped aloud at the lewd display of Gabe fucking into her over and over. Anyone on the street could see them through the window, and she found herself not caring anymore. So what if Mrs. Jacobs from down the block saw Gabe plowing her from behind, as long as he did it more? She started to push backwards in time with his fucking, skin slapping with each penetration, his glans tapping her cervix in time with his balls against her labia.

Words started spewing from her mouth, punctuated by the slap-slap-slap of their union.  
"Huhh...yes....uhhh...huh...fuck...me...son..."

The tension in her built bit by bit, until she was on the precipice. With a final few smacks of ass on belly, she achieved a mind-

shattering orgasm, hanging her head as her body tensed and released around the wonderful cock pounding her insides.

Half way through her climax, she felt the rhythm of Gabe's fucking stutter and falter, and then she could hear him groaning from behind her, his cock pulsing as it delivered its payload. Her knees threatened to give out, but she held firm until he was finished and had pulled out.

Mentally out of it, Emma staggered to the couch and fell down on it. Gabe joined her, his nude body pressed against hers. Mother and son breathed hard, body juices trickling, dripping and leaking. "Good morning to me," she said, and he chuckled. "What brought that on, or do I need to ask?"

He shrugged. "I saw you standing there, and knew you were nude under the robe. It doesn't take much to get me raring to go."

"Do you think anyone saw us?" A trickle of panic underscored the question. They could get in serious trouble.

He shook his head. "I kept an eye out as best I could. Not that easy when I've got a perfect peach bobbing on my dick."

"My ass is a perfect peach?"

"You've never seen it? It's amazing."

"I don't get to see it much, no."

"Pity," he said, with a snobbish accent. They laughed together.

Quiet settled over the couple. Gabe watched as Emma rearranged herself to lay her head on his lap. "Careful, it's sticky," he said.

"I know," she returned, before taking his now limp organ in hand. She darted her tongue out to lick him, tasting their combined juices.

"Mmmm, not bad."

Another lick, from root to tip, and then she took him entirely into her mouth; something she couldn't do when erect. With lips and tongue, she cleaned him thoroughly before letting him slip away. She looked up at him for his reaction.

"That was awesome," he said in a low voice, his face full of awe.

The stimulation had the predicted effect, and he was soon fully hard again. Emma got up, straddling him so that his hard penis was under her, pressing against her humming clit. Gabe took full advantage of her breasts being front and center, suckling and squeezing, groping and kissing. When she was ready, she lifted up, using her hand to line him up and sitting down, returning him to where he'd been but minutes ago.

Emma chased another orgasm, bouncing on his lap. Her efforts caused the load he'd put in her earlier to drip down from her, soaking his ballsack and the couch both. Now that he'd gone once, she could take her time and coax every erg of pleasure she could from him.

At one point Gabe released her tits, instead holding onto her hips and watching her ride him. Her breasts bounced each time she did, flinging around almost painfully until she held them. Her nipples were rock hard.

"Suck," she demanded, lowering her tit to him. He did eagerly, and the combo of his mouth and his dick sent her soaring again.

While he serviced her breasts, she braced herself on his chest, now and then finding his nipple and flicking it hard with a nail. He groaned each time she did it, until he pulled away from her and warned, "Mom!"

For the second time that morning, Gabe filled her pussy with his man-sauce, splashing it against her cervix where it surely - fruitlessly - oozed into her womb.

Emma leaned in for a kiss, kissing him passionately as they concluded their mating. When they were done, she lay against his chest, cuddling up for warmth.

"Look what you make me do," she said. "Fornicating like an animal in full view of the neighbourhood."

"I couldn't keep a lookout this time," he said. "But I'm pretty sure they'd have to come up to the window to see us on the couch."

"Mmhmm."

Emma kissed him, a lazy smooch to show her appreciation. "When are you leaving me today?"

"The earlier the better, so I can get back to you," he replied.

"Mmm, good answer."

They separated to their respective schedules, promising to meet up at the end of the day, if not before, for their mutual bedtime.

Emma put on old clothes and puttered around the house doing chores for a while until she got bored. She then showered, amazed that she was still feeling Gabe's spunk dripping from her, before dressing to go out shopping.

A quick call to Sophia set up a lunch date, and Emma headed out for the day. She did her best to keep her mind off of her new young lover, but was finding it difficult. Her pussy was still humming from the fucking just hours ago. She knew it was basically open season with Gabe at this point, but felt a need to at least *try* to rein herself in.

The trip for a new robe was successful. She didn't end up with one like her old one, thick and smothering, instead buying something new. Pink, sheer, and short. Gabe would love it. She idly shopped for bras while waiting for her lunch date with Sophia. A few caught her eye but they were too expensive. Thinking of what Gabe might think of them had her seriously considering a wanton purchase, but she held back. Having a young lover didn't make her rich.

Emma met her friend at a deli near the mall she'd been shopping at, and arrived first. She ordered a salad and a drink, spotting Sophia just as she finished paying. "Hey, there you are," she chimed.

"Sorry I'm late," the older woman said.

"It's no bother, I just ordered. I'll grab us a table."

There was a table in the corner, conveniently away from other tables. Emma swooped in to grab it just as the former occupants stood up, which was what you had to do in the busier spots. Sophia soon joined her, saying, "Where's Brent?"

"Ha, ha. He's out with friends."

"Oh, so that's why I got the call. I expected you to be sequestered for the weekend," she said with a smirk.

Emma coloured, taking a bite of her salad to avoid acknowledging the prediction. In her mind, she wondered if she would have ignored the outside world with Gabe if given the chance. He had homework to do, she had chores. They couldn't just stay in bed all day...could they?

"Your cheeks are glowing," Sophia said.

"Damn you," Emma chuckled. "I was trying to have a normal day, and here you've reminded me of how unusual my life is right now."

"That's one way of putting it. You're being safe, right?" A cocked eyebrow and straight face declared the seriousness of the question.

Emma sighed, knowing her face gave her away. "Not yet. I keep forgetting, and it doesn't seem

like a big deal given my history...and anyway, condoms suck. I'll get a diaphragm. Or an IUD. Or the shot."

Her friend gave her a searching look. "Do what you think is best. I support you, you know? No matter what you decide?"

"Yeah, I know. Thank you," Emma said, low and sincere.

They filled the rest of their time with talk about work, men, and how stupid Allan was. When they parted, Sophia gave her a big hug and a parting wish to 'be happy'.

On the way home, Emma pondered those parting words, trying to think of what made her happy. In the immediate, it was spending time with her son, both in and out of bed, although the 'in and out' was making her more happy. She giggled, all thoughts about protection flying out of her head.

At home, she saw that Gabe wasn't back yet, so went to her room to change into some comfy clothes. She ended up with soft fluffy shorts and a flannel button up shirt, which she only buttoned to the bottom of her tits. Feeling them move freely in her top while she moved through the house got her juices flowing for fun later...

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Emma and Gabe continued to sleep together for weeks, literally and sexually. His enthusiasm and energy made her feel young and sexy, and she was almost always full of his semen in one form or another.

Each night she would go to him in his bed and she would tease him that they were going to just sleep...and before long she was naked, legs spread, and he was thrusting away at her. There was hardly a moment when they were home together where his hands weren't on her body. She felt alive with his affection.

Gabe's grades turned around at school, to the point where he was ahead in most classes and able to relax a bit on his studying.

Every month, around the same time, she was greeted by her period, and it had the same effect it always had. A brief stint with depression, followed by grateful blowjobs for her caring son, who didn't complain. If she didn't know better, she'd have suspected him of looking forward to her time of the month.

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"Fuck, that's it, ohhhh....I love your cock, honey, I want you to come in me...come, Gabe, come...yes...uhhh...huh, huh, ohhhhhhh..."

Emma clutched onto her son's shoulders, fingers pressing deep into his muscles as she felt him spasming through his orgasm. It felt just as good as it ever did, his delicious cock rubbing against her sensitive opening, pushing into her clit.

"Feel better?" she asked, looking up at him. He nodded with a smile.

"Thanks, Mom."

"Mmmmm, my pleasure," she crooned, a sexy smile plastered all over her face.

He laughed and collapsed on their bed next to her. A small dribble of his semen dripped down her ass crack. Rolling onto her side, she cuddled up to his larger body, pressing her tits against his arm. They stayed like this for a while until he'd caught his breath.

"I think I can get through the ceremony now."

"You better. I started all of this so you could graduate, you know."

"Yeah? All of this?" he gestured to their naked bodies.

"Well, maybe not this part, but I wouldn't give it up."

Reluctantly, Gabe sat up and said, "I guess we need to get ready."

"I suppose. You should shower. You're a bit sweaty."

He looked over at his mom, cocking an eyebrow. "And you're not?"

"I showered earlier, and I'm not graduating. Get!" Emma watched from the bed as his cute butt walked away. Eventually she too got up, going to her room to pull out the clothes she would wear to the ceremony.

It was a simple outfit, but attractive. A pushup bra, a pink floral summer dress that hung to her knees, pink panties, and open toe sandals to show off her new pink toenail polish. A quick brush to corral her hair into a ponytail, and she was ready to go. Emma examined herself in the mirror, noting with satisfaction the full effect. Allan always liked this dress, and he'd be there today. What better way to remind him of what he'd lost?

She did her best to ignore the pounding in her chest. Seeing Allan again after so many months was only part of her anxiety. What if people could tell that she'd been fucking her son? She was sure it would be as plain as day on her face.

Forcing the thought aside, Emma grabbed a small purse and went to collect her son.

In the car, as they got closer to the venue, her anxiety got more intense. She should have showered again, people would be able to

smell the sex on her. At that thought, she felt a fresh dribble of semen leak into her panties, and almost burst into tears. Her cheeks warmed as if she was having an allergic reaction, until she was on the verge of telling Gabe to turn back and drop her off at home. How could she go through with this?

Still concentrating on his driving, Gabe said, "Mom, I have to thank you for everything. I know you wanted my sleep fixed so I could bring my grades up, and it did help...but the best help was actually you. Having you next to me every night made me feel so happy and so loved, that I was willing to do anything to make sure you stayed with me. Doing my school work was an easy step to make you happy, and now here I am, about to graduate."

The heat eased from Emma's face as she listened. She was so focused on her own worries that she'd overlooked the reason for the day. Her son was graduating! It didn't matter what people thought or said, she would be there to see him go up on that stage!

Gabe continued, "Everything that happens today pales in comparison to the gift you've given of yourself. I can't imagine having a sexier, more passionate, more loving bed partner than you, and I never want it to end."

Tongue-tied by the unexpected sincerity, Emma opened her mouth to reply but couldn't find the words to express her own appreciation for their love. Knowing she had to reply, she said, "Thank you, son. Um, I want that too."

The rest of what she might have said was cut short when a call came through on the bluetooth from Allan. Gabe answered and Emma ignored the conversation, staring out the window and trying not to cry. When they got to the parking lot, she waited for Gabe to get out and come around to her door to open it for her. She stood up, easily lifted by his hand, and took his arm to walk to the entrance, one hand gripped in a fist.

"I have to go in and put on my gown," Gabe said. "Your seat is 40A, next to Dad, unfortunately."

"I'll be fine. You go get that diploma," she said, tiptoeing up to kiss his cheek. As she did, she pressed her fist into his, transferring the contents to his hand. "I'll always be yours," she whispered.

Walking to her seat, leaving her son behind, Emma congratulated herself on keeping a steady stride, despite the cool air kissing her now bare pussy.

When she found her seat, she also found her ex-husband. Ignoring him, she sat and watched the crowds slowly file in and take their seats.

"You look good," came his voice from next to her.

"Thank you," she replied, glancing over to see his appreciative gaze. She'd spent so long crying over his abandonment of her, over the unfairness of it all, she'd fully expected to break on seeing him again...and yet, there was nothing.

He was just a man, who'd done a shitty thing. He wasn't worth her time...even a few months ago, she'd have had a few choice words for him, but now none of it seemed to matter. Compared to their son, he was nothing. She had no more energy or thought for the man who had left her behind. Let him knock up every floozy in town, it was nothing to her.

Emma ignored Allan thereafter. The ceremony was the standard affair, the lone standout being when Gabe walked across the stage to collect his diploma. She stood and cheered and clapped, waving to her son when he turned to face the crowd at the exact moment a fresh goblet of his semen dripped from her pussy onto her upper thighs.

The trickle made its way down her legs the entire rest of the ceremony, and Emma didn't care who might see. If Allan saw it, he might conclude she was getting fucked by someone new, and he'd be right...but she didn't care if he did see it.

After it was all done, she went to find Gabe, and they had some photos taken. Allan left after giving a fat envelope to his son, and then she and Gabe headed to their car, her hand on his arm.

"I liked your grad present better than dad's," he said, looking down at her.

She looked back, and batted her eyes. "That was what the present was wrapped in. Would you like to take the actual present home and...," she leaned up to his ear. "...fuck it?"

Emma giggled when her son's face turned red and he picked up the pace through the crowd. They made the drive home quickly, Gabe driving while his mom had her hand in his lap, cradling the precious hard cargo in his pants.

Back at home, the two lovers scampered to their room, dropping clothes along the way while kissing frantically. "This is your day," Emma said, while stroking the hard bar jutting into her belly. "What would you like? I'll do anything..."

"Anything?"

She nodded.

"What if I just want to be in you? To feel my cock in you while we kiss. To feel your hands on my back, your legs on my butt while I fuck you? It's my favourite thing..."

Emma smiled. "It's my favourite, too." She lay herself down on the bed and spread her legs for her son. He clambered up between her thighs, his cock bobbling with his movements, and then he was

there, head perfectly perched at the opening to her sex. "Fuck me, Gabe," she sighed.

He did. With one long thrust, he pushed into her, forcing her body to open up for him, to take him into the place he birthed from. When his full length was planted, he leaned in and kissed her. They stayed like that for some time, occasionally shifting or rolling before going still again.

"Suck here," she directed, moving his face to a nipple, and he obliged. The spike of pleasure from his hot mouth pulled a moan from her, followed by a louder one when he sucked hard. Impatient now, Emma rolled her hips, trying to start her son fucking.

Letting her glistening nip loose, Gabe lifted up and growled, feeding his cock deep into his mom, and started fucking at her urging.

"Uhhh...huh..uh..uh..uh...," Emma panted, feeling his driving cock edge her closer and closer to her climax. She lifted her legs up, pressing them against his sides, and then grunted when he took them in hand and pushed up. Emma's legs were splayed wider than ever and Gabe was over her, pounding her cunt with powerful strokes, hammering her into the bed.

His cock was hitting her at an angle she'd never experienced, his tip digging into her spongy G-spot over and over, producing an almost overwhelming explosion of pleasure.

"Gabe...you're going...to make me...ohhhhhhh..." Emma could feel it building, stronger than she'd ever felt. It built in her hips, her belly, her cunt, until she was overcome by the strongest orgasm in her entire life. It was an orgasm like never before, a full body climax that made her shake and quiver, mouth agape with pleasure. The first strong contraction in her pelvis was accompanied by a warm gush from her vagina when she squirted all over his cock. Another contraction, and another gush of fluids soaking her pussy, his cock,

and the bed. Somehow, he kept fucking her, and she kept coming, more and more hot juice flowing from her.

When it was over, she went boneless, body going limp. Gabe let her legs down gently onto the wet bed before commencing a slow fuck in her over-sensitive hole. Each stroke felt like it was invading her womb through her cervix. She kissed him, too wrung out to do more than that. When she felt strength return, she hugged him close, urging him on.

"Come for me, lover. I want to feel it. I want to feel your love," she sang in his ear.

With a grunt, he came, and Emma lay still, feeling him pulse in her vagina, delivering his load, more than Allan ever made, deep inside of her. She gently held him until he was done, and they lay together, sweaty and too tired to move.

She must have slept, for suddenly Gabe was gone from the bed, and she was covered in a blanket. Stretching, Emma felt a pang inside of her, a gentle reminder of the incredible sex she'd had with her son. Reaching down, she fingered her labia, feeling them a bit sore but also still sensitive. She idly played a bit, tracing her fingers around her vulva, even dipping into her vagina. Her finger came away sticky and wet, traces of semen clinging to her skin.

The dollop of semen went into her mouth, the mixture of her and her son's juices covering her tongue. Tangy and musky at the same time. Her nipples contracted into points, begging to be pulled and fondled, but she just sighed and got up out of bed. She was alone, and there was no need to be making herself horny.

Just then the door opened and Gabe walked in, still nude, cock dangling between his legs.

"What?" Emma said. "I thought you were going to a party?"

"I changed my mind. I compared going out with staying here with a sexy lady, and you won easily." He handed her a cup of water, which she took gratefully.

"You don't have to," she said. "I want you to have fun."

Gabe waggled his eyebrows and said, "Oh, I will..."

Emma grinned and put her cup down in time to try to scramble backwards away from her son but was far too slow to evade his clutching hands. Her shrieks soon turned to sighs.

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Emma blinked slowly, trying to focus on her monitor but was losing the battle. No matter what she did, she couldn't shake this early morning fatigue, and was starting to worry her boss would notice. It had been going on for a few days now, to the point where she'd gone to her own bed to sleep. It hadn't worked.

"Hey, if you're this tired now, how are you going to make it through the afternoon?" Sophia asked, sidling up to her desk.

"I have no idea. I think I'm coming down with something, I've never been this tired before when getting normal sleep."

"Never?"

Emma blarily looked up at her friend. "No, never. Why?"

"Nothing. You're getting normal sleep? Brent not keeping you up?"

"No, ever since this started he's been good about just cuddling. I haven't let him off the hook entirely, but I'm getting a good eight hours."

"Any other symptoms? Aches? Sickness?"

"Not really. 'Brent' can be a bit eager at times, so I usually have some sort of pain but it's always welcome, believe me." Emma surreptitiously pressed on her boob, feeling the echoing pang that had been there the past day.

Sophia just raised an eyebrow and left her without a word.

"What?" Emma called to her friend's retreating back. Grumbling, she went back to her monitor, doing her best to produce something usable before lunch.

At lunch, Sophia didn't join her until she was almost done eating. "What is up with you?" she asked, grumpily. She wasn't in the mood for whatever game her friend was playing.

"You honestly don't know?"

"Know what?"

"You're pregnant."

"No, I'm not," Emma shot back, before clamping her lips shut. She stared in shock, mind racing to refute the claim. When was her last period? Counting back, she realized she was late...but not by much.

"Your tits are sore, you're tired, you're late, I assume?"

Emma nodded, eyes filling with tears.

Sophia reached out and laid her hand on her friend's arm. "Honey, you got knocked up."

Another nod, and then Emma broke down sobbing. Sophia comforted her until she managed to pull herself together.

"What do you want to do?" her friend asked. "I'm here for you."

"I don't know. I need to think. I need to go home...oh, I don't know what to do."

"You really had no clue this could happen?"

"I've been waiting for so long...I thought I couldn't...that it was me."

"It's not you, and I'm going to guess you've been getting a more potent dose than Allan provided?"

Emma shrugged, stifling a manic giggle. "He comes a lot," she whispered.

"You don't have to decide anything right now," Sophia urged. "You've got time to figure it out. For now, you need to get your mind clear. Do you want to tell him? It's your choice."

"I have to. He needs to know, oh my god, what is he going to say?" Panic threatened to take over, but Sophia cut it off.

"Hey! Remember, I'm here for you. No matter what happens, you can count on me."

Love and gratitude filled her heart, and Emma reached over to hug her friend across the table. They got a few stares but she didn't care. With at least one friend on her side, she could get through this. Gabe needed to know. She had to tell him, as soon as possible.

"Thank you, Sophie. I'll talk to you later, okay? I'm going to go home, I'm really not feeling well, and I need to talk to Gabe."

"Go. I'll cover for you."

"Thank you!" After another hug, Emma left. The drive home was long and short at the same time. Thoughts whirled through her head, bouncing around chaotically. What would Gabe say? What was she going to do?

At home, she found Gabe in his room, as usual. "Mom? Why are you home so early? Is everything okay?" He stood to greet the hug she gave him, squeezing hard, burying her head in his chest. He hugged her back, and Emma felt herself instantly calm down in his embrace.

After a few deep breaths, she managed to slow her heartbeat and breathing enough to give a proper hug, then pulled away. She looked up at her son, seeing his face full of concern. "I'm okay, kind of. I just..." As she spoke, she realized that she didn't actually know anything. She hadn't been tested. "I've been tired, and Sophia asked a few questions, and now I think I am, but I don't know for sure, and I ran home in a panic but I..."

"Mom, what?" he half laughed, her words not making much sense.

"I think I'm pregnant," she said, looking her son in the eye. "And it's yours."

"Well, yeah." It was said calmly, as if the most obvious thing in the world.

"What do you mean: 'Well, yeah'? You knew?"

"You didn't? Your period was due five days ago. You're super tired all the time. You hardly let me touch your breasts when we make love, which has been a bummer. You talk about wanting another baby and not being able to...I thought you'd be happy."

Emma flapped her mouth a few times, trying to make words come forth, but was unable to find any. She did want this. She'd wanted it for so long, it had become a cruel joke the universe was playing on her...and now she had it.

It had failed to really sink in, that she had her fondest wish after years of trying. Gabe, after months of shooting his stuff at her womb, had finally produced the miracle that Allan couldn't. Another baby. Emma's heart swelled, and she hugged her son again.

A quick run to the store and a pee on the stick later, it was confirmed. The elusive plus showed up, strong and firm, confirming her heart's desire. She pulled Gabe into bed, enthusiastically thanking her son by insisting he repeat the act that had gotten her pregnant.

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Despite only being pregnant for a few months, and not having much to show for it, Emma spent a lot of time cradling her belly. She whispered to her womb, urging her newest child to grow so everyone could see. Emma had started a new habit, of taking full body selfies in the mirror and posting them to facebook. She claimed it was a new way of expressing herself, but Gabe noticed a self-satisfied smirk when she posted each new picture.

The rest of the time she spent preparing the house for a new arrival. Gabe helped, happy to follow her every whim on where furniture should be and even baby-proofing things that wouldn't need it for a year. His love for her and her clear joy at being pregnant never failed to put a smile on his face. At times it was an indulgent smile, which she rewarded with a stuck-out tongue and a new request.

When she was four months along, Emma was in her room, standing sideways and examining her nude body in the mirror. There was an obvious bump in her lower belly, her womb expanding as the little one grew. Baggy clothes hid it well, but today she put on some jeans and a slim shirt before taking her regular selfie. Instead of posing in some carefree way intended to show her enjoying life, she took it as she'd posed - sideways, with her hand cupping her stomach, and added a baby emoji with no words.

The response from friends was enthusiastic, all congratulating her. Just a few months ago, she would have been eager to see Allan's response, but now she just reveled in the praise from others, and closed the app to go find the father of her baby. They could practice

for when it was time to put another in her, something she was looking forward to very much.