

Caleb Helps Out

WritingwhatIlike

[Caleb Helps Out](#) by [WritingwhatIlike](#)

Category: Incest/Taboo

Published: 2021-05-07

Updated: 2021-11-28

Packaged: 2024-01-16 22:42:28

Chapters: 2

Words: 23,647

Publisher: literotica.com

Summary:

1. His Mom wants a baby.
2. Caleb follows the one rule but does his mother?

Erotica Tags: Impregnate, Impregnation, Mother/Son, Pregnant

Average Rating: 4.71

Caleb Helps Out

Caleb read the email again. Probably for the 50th time. It seemed too good to be true, and so it was certainly spam, right? That was the rule. If a Nigerian prince wanted you to help him with his billions via email, it was obviously a scam. So, the rule held for this as well.

He hovered the cursor over the delete button, hesitating. It was fairly specific, which usually meant authenticity. It had his name right, which was another mark in the real category. The problem was it was offering him money, which put it in the fake category. Big time.

He felt himself weakening. He needed money, as most people his age did. He'd turned 19 recently and while he had a job, his parents made him pay rent, so his actual spending money was sparse. Getting paid to do something he did daily anyways just seemed too good to be true.

He brought up the web site again, looking for any red flags that would mark it as a scam, but couldn't find any. Again. Sighing, Caleb hit the reply button on the email. He accepted he was going to get scammed; he didn't know how they would do it, but if there was a slight chance of him getting paid, he wanted to take it.

A short 'I accept' response later, Caleb shut down his browser. They said they'd contact him soon on the details of what he needed to do. For now, he had a paper due, so he worked on that.

Around 11pm he was getting hungry, so emerged from his bedroom and went searching for a late-night snack. As he walked down the hallway past his parents' room, he stepped lighter, to avoid making noise. He needn't have bothered, as he heard the telltale sounds of them fucking. He rolled his eyes. They were always doing that now.

Recently his mother had accepted the reality that Caleb would be moving on with his life, leaving her with nothing except his Dad to spend time with. She'd decided this was insufficient, and so she would be having another baby. Dad, of course, had accepted his lot in life with grace and humour, and ever since, they'd been fucking every chance they got.

That was several months ago, without any baby bumps to show for it. A while ago they'd gotten tested and found that while his Mom was a gaping-wide, baby-making oven, his Dad was firing blanks. Caleb felt bad, because his Mom had seemed really into it. In the meantime, they kept at it. His Dad, Eric, didn't complain in the least. Caleb couldn't hardly blame him.

For the longest time, once he hit puberty, Caleb had not understood how his father had managed to land his mother. They didn't fit. He was a slightly overweight balding guy and she was a stone-cold fox. Sure, his Dad was funny, and his Mom always said that was what attracted her to him, but in terms of pure physicality she was an 11, compared to a 5. Whatever. It wasn't his life.

Rummaging through the cupboards in the kitchen, Caleb found some crackers and decided they'd go well with cheese. As he was cutting some slices, he heard a sound behind him. He turned to see his Mom standing in the doorway, wearing a robe. Her silky brown hair was messy and she had red marks all over her neck.

"Hey... we didn't know you were still up," she said, a hint of embarrassment detectable.

"I was just researching ways to earn some money," he replied. "Any way to get some more spending money, right? Maybe move out and give you room for the baby." He gathered up his snack to take to his room.

She moved past him to the fridge, pouring herself a glass of water. He glanced back and saw the fridge light shining through her robe,

highlighting her figure. Amazed at his Dad's luck for the 1000th time, Caleb turned to head back to his room.

"It won't last much longer, just so you know," she said.

He turned back. "What won't last?" he asked, dreading the answer. It seemed that since she'd decided to have another baby that her filter for TMI subjects was completely disabled.

"The... disturbances. The noises. They won't last much longer," she said listlessly. A statement of facts.

"Oh, right. I... hadn't really noticed."

She smiled and said, "Liar." She drank down the water, placing the glass in the sink and walked over to him. She tried to give him a hug, which was made awkward by his tasty cargo. He spread his arms and she sank into his chest, arms gripping him tightly.

"Thanks for understanding. I know it's not the most pleasant for you. Your Dad on the other hand..." She trailed off, a clear hint of irony in her voice.

Caleb cleared his throat. "Yeah... ahhh, Dad doesn't seem to mind, does he?" He felt her shake her head against his chest.

"I shouldn't say this, but neither of us mind. I had just hoped for results by now. Either I'll get pregnant this time, or we'll run out of money. This is our last chance coming up."

Now he truly felt uncomfortable. He tried to end it by giving some generic sympathy. "If it's meant to happen, it'll happen. You two are great parents." It sounded awful and lame and he cursed his stupid mouth.

His Mom gave him another squeeze. "Thanks, son. I just keep clinging to hope." She let him go, and he retreated to his room

gratefully.

After downing his snack, Caleb prepped for sleep by rubbing a quick one out. The small load that resulted triggered a memory from the email. If he wanted to take the opportunity, he'd have to take a break for a few days. No more jerking off multiple times a day.

He went to sleep with images of stacks of cash he earned by jerking off in a cup for money. The email had promised...

The next day Caleb floated through his classes with ease. He'd arranged his last semester in high school to be filled with low effort subjects and it was paying off big time. Most times he didn't pay any attention at all. He also gave zero thought to his parents' endeavors, nor his late-night email. It wasn't until he got home from school that he remembered the suspicious message.

He checked his inbox for any communications from the lab and was surprised to find an email congratulating him on his smart choice. It wasn't really a choice if they were going to pay him \$100 a load. He'd also not been sure it was real, so that was a bonus. He checked the email for his next steps. There was an online form to fill out, including an eligibility questionnaire.

Checking the web site for more details, he found a set of requirements to follow prior to making a donation. No ejaculation for 5 days, including via sexual intercourse. Well, that was no problem, he didn't have a girlfriend. He had the choice of making the donation in their office, or at home using one of the provided special collection cups. The site said that his first donation would be screened to ensure viability. After that he could donate up to 3 times a week. He tried not to get lost in imagining what he could do with that kind of money.

He did a mental comparison between jerking it at home in his bed and in an office. It was no decision, really. He'd just have to make sure he was ready to travel right after. He filled out the application, which ensured there would be a collection cup ready for him to pick up in a few days. He clicked the submit button and tried to not think of how difficult the next 5 days would be, with no jerking off.

He ran into his Mom in the kitchen that night and encountered his first test of the 5 days. She was wearing the same nightie as she had 24 hours earlier. Instantly his mind retrieved the memory of her standing in front of the fridge, the light showcasing her figure. He did his best to not think about it. Truly, it wasn't something he thought about often, but now and then her shape was too much to ignore.

He was glad when she just gave him a nod and they parted quickly. The next 5 days would prove to be a challenge.

Caleb woke up Saturday as hard as he could ever remember. He had a pretty good catalog in his head of how turned on he'd ever been, and this easily surpassed his previous record. He felt like he could drown a small village in his cum.

He'd picked up a donation cup a couple days ago from a very nice woman at the lab's front desk. She had given him a bright smile that made his dick hard, but at this point a stray breeze did that. Each day this week had been a new level of torture as his level of horniness rose. Girls at school wearing tight tops and shorts. Women walking down the street. Plump honeydew melons at the grocery store. Almost anything had him thinking about jerking off.

Finally, today was the day and he was ready to blow his load, money or no money. Just because he was getting paid didn't mean this morning wasn't going to be a lot of fun.

He shucked his underwear off and groaned out loud when his hand made contact with his dick. A couple of slow strokes later he was amazed at how good it felt. He lay on his bed, lazily stroking, thinking of what porn to watch, or maybe what stories to read on Literotica. No matter what he chose, he had his entire morning ahead of him.

Thirty seconds later Caleb fell back on his bed, stunned. The container in his hand was half full. So fast, and so much. If five days of abstinence led to a hair trigger maybe it wasn't worth it. He put the lid on the container and wiped his dick with his underwear. Throwing the dirty pair into the laundry hamper, he grabbed some clean ones and then found some relatively clean shorts and a shirt. He had to get the sample to the lab quickly.

Caleb ran downstairs to the kitchen to grab a bite to eat on the way and was surprised to find his Mom also there, dressed and sipping a cup of coffee.

"Hey Mom, you're up early," he said.

The cup in his hand suddenly felt like a blazing red beacon. It was obviously a medical container with stickers on it with his name and the name of the lab. He tried to hide it but his Mom had already spotted it.

"Hey, what are you doing with that?" she asked.

"What?" he said, stupidly.

"Your father's sample. Thanks Hon, where did you find it?"

"What?" he said, again, feeling lost.

"The sample for the IVF. It's today, did you forget?" She walked over and held her hand out. "Give it to me, I have to run to the clinic."

"Ummmm, this isn't Dad's," Caleb said. He could feel his face and neck getting red.

"What do you mean, of course it is," she said. As she got closer to him, she suddenly stumbled to a halt. "Why...why is it so full?"

"It's not Dad's... it's mine," he said, hoping that an earthquake would hit to distract from the situation.

"Well how could it be yours? What is going on?" she asked, her face now screwed up with confusion.

"I'm donating my sperm to a lab. They're going to pay me," he mumbled, sure that his entire face was literally on fire.

"Oh!" His Mom stumbled back a step and put her hand up to her mouth. Her eyes were fixed on the container. "But it's so full! Why is it..." she drifted off, and swallowed in realization. Her cheeks matched his, he was sure. She looked up to his face and then back down to the container.

They stood there for what felt like an eternity but was probably only 10 seconds.

"I have to go... I have to get to the lab before the sample is no good," he said finally.

"Yes, of course. Actually, I'm out as well for the same reason." She paused, cheeks red, and then said, "We could carpool, I guess. Or I could take your... stuff... in..." she trailed off.

Caleb did not want any part of being in the same car as his Mom after this awkward situation, nor did he want to run into her at the lab itself. He jumped at the opportunity to avoid all of that.

"Sure! Yeah, please drop it off for me. They should have some cash for me if you can grab that." He plopped the container on the

counter and retreated back to his room, desperate to never run into his Mom again in this life.

He could hear her gathering her keys and purse and then heading out the door and breathed a sigh of relief. If donating his sperm meant dealing with his Mom he'd bow out.

Later that afternoon he found an envelope on the counter with his name written on it. He grabbed it and smiled to see \$100 in twenties inside. He hadn't run into his Mom at all, and he wanted it to stay that way.

Saturday evening, he was in his room, happy to have successfully avoided his Mom for the day. Several times since his donation orgasm this morning, he had been tempted to jerk off again. Once was definitely not enough after 5 days, but each time he remembered the scene in the kitchen his desire went away. Maybe tomorrow he'd be able to touch himself without seeing the look on his Mom's face as she stared at his load in the cup.

A knock on the door shattered his hopes of avoiding confrontation.

"Caleb? Can I come in?" It was his Mom.

Groaning inwardly, he braced himself for more awkwardness.

"Yeah, Mom," he called.

She opened the door and slipped in, closing it behind her. That was weird. He turned from his computer, spinning his chair towards her. She was wearing the same see-through robe as before, though this time he could see she was wearing pyjamas under it.

She leaned back against the door, looking at him. "So, this morning was pretty embarrassing, yeah?" she said.

He nodded.

"It doesn't have to be. You're an adult now and can do adult things. I think we were just caught off guard." She smiled tentatively.

He nodded again.

"Plus, me thinking your container was your father's was silly. Yours obviously had a different amount in it, so it couldn't be your Dad's."

Caleb felt his cheeks flush again. He didn't want to know how full his Dad's cup was.

"So, today was our final round of IVF. We won't have another round, this is our last shot, like I said the other day."

He smiled sympathetically. He had to say something. "I hope it works out for you this time, Mom. I really do."

"I know you do. It is what it is, nothing we can do about it, right?" This last bit was said contemplatively, as if perhaps they could brainstorm possible solutions.

"Right," he said.

"Right," she echoed, shoulders slumping a bit.

Something odd happened then. Caleb's view of his Mom flipped, and for the first time Caleb saw his Mom as other people did. Not as his Mom but a woman desperate to have a baby. A woman enduring the strain of going through the IVF procedures, weighed down with the stress of waiting to hear if each procedure was successful or not. She was keeping her spirits up, but just at this moment he could see her pain.

He stood up and walked over to her, giving her a hug there against the door. "I'm sorry it's so hard Mom. If there's anything you need,

I'm happy to help. Any chores or extra help around the house, or whatever."

She hugged him back and said, "Thanks, baby. I don't need anything right now."

Somehow them talking had eased his mind, removing the sting of his earlier embarrassment. Eased his mind to the point where his natural urges were free to spring forth. He did his best. He tried not to think of her as anything but his Mom, but the same flip in perspective that had resulted in him seeing her sadness also resulted in him seeing her sexually. He started noticing things.

Her fine brown hair tickling his cheek. Her scent drifting in his nose. Her breasts against his chest, firm and full. His hands on her soft back. His cock growing, filling his underwear, snaking up to search for a pussy to mate with.

Heart pounding, Caleb released his Mom and stepped back. He searched her face for any sign that she had felt him down there, but she didn't seem upset. She smiled at him, her face lighting up.

"Thank you for that, Sweetie. I needed it." She stepped forward and Caleb stepped back in alarm, but she was just making room to open the door. She slipped out and he was left alone, his raging hardon making a bulge at his crotch.

Grateful to be alone again, he dropped his shorts and quickly jerked off, the smell of his Mom still filling his nostrils.

Several weeks later Caleb came home to find his Mom on the couch, crying. Afraid of the answer, he walked over and sat down next to her. "Bad news?" he asked.

She nodded, her hair covering her face. "The clinic just phoned. The last round of IVF didn't take. Your father's samples just don't have enough 'oomph'." Her voice was quiet, miserable.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I know how much this means to you. If there was anything I could do to help, I would."

"I know you would. I guess it's just not in the cards," she said. She sniffed once. "I guess that won't be an issue for the lucky woman you decide to have a baby with."

"Ummmm, I guess not? The lab never emailed for another donation, so I guess maybe my stuff isn't the best either."

"Oh... I'm sorry, Babe. When I dropped off your cup the lady said they had their full quota and wouldn't need yours. I felt bad, so I pulled the money from savings for you."

"Oh, so there's nothing wrong with it, they just have too much already? Well..." Caleb felt a pang of disappointment that he wouldn't be able to make money this summer as easily as he hoped. "I guess that makes sense, I don't know why they don't have men knocking their door down. But you didn't need to give me the money. I understand."

"I felt bad about the encounter that morning. I figured that would make it up to you."

Caleb laughed and shook his head. "Well, the money was fine, but what really helped was talking to you that night."

He kept the issue he'd been struggling with since that night deep inside. He hadn't been able to put the genie back in the bottle. His Mom was no longer just his Mom, she was also now a sexy, desirable woman, and he was doing his best to ignore that. It was difficult because she still walked around the house in the same

diaphanous robe at night. She exuded sexuality without seeming to realize it, making even the plainest outfit attractive.

Like now, for instance. Caleb kept his examination subtle, but checked her out from head to toe. She was wearing open toed sandals with her toenails painted a deep red. Her short, thin pants were almost painted on, displaying her slim legs. The pants were low cut, showing her bare waist below a white blouse. The blouse was just a normal button up short sleeved shirt, but it was tailored to hug her breasts. The collar was open enough to just tease her cleavage.

Over the last two weeks Caleb had done everything he could to get a glimpse down that valley of flesh, to see more of her, hopefully even a nipple. The most he got was when she bent over to hand him a dish at dinner, her shirt gaping open to show her lovely tits encased in a lacy bra. He'd spent the rest of dinner hiding his hardon under the table.

He sighed and adjusted himself on the couch to stop his growing hardon from being too obvious. He reached over and rubbed her back, trying not to think of the bra strap he was rolling over with each stroke.

"Maybe you guys can keep trying and you'll get lucky," he said.

"Maybe. It'd be a miracle at this point. If only..." she trailed off.

"If only?" he asked.

"It's nothing, I'm just being silly. I was wishing that we could go back in time and freeze some of your Dad's sperm when he was young. 20/20 hindsight, I guess. His...production seemed to match yours back then."

Caleb squirmed on the couch, trying to suppress where his mind had gone. Somehow it had made several leaps. Comparing his volume to

his Dad's. His Mom's comment about how easy it would be for him to get a woman pregnant. His new-found view of his Mom as a woman. It all led to one conclusion: how easy it would be for him to get his Mom pregnant. And there it was: the thought he didn't want to have. Some thoughts were like a train wreck, you couldn't not think of them, and so he thought of getting his Mom pregnant with a sick kind of fascination.

The first thing that came up was the thought of how happy she'd be. She was caught up in wanting another baby, so of course she would be over the moon. The second thing to come up was his dick, literally, and that was a bit more complicated.

Excusing himself as carefully as he could, Caleb retreated to his room. He lay on his bed and tried to unthink the thought. It was silly, of course. How could you unthink something? But that didn't matter to his libido, as his cock was now as hard as ever. He adjusted it in his pants, and a pulse of pleasure radiated from his groin.

Maybe trying to unthink it was the wrong way. Maybe trying to be realistic would be better. As in, what would have to be involved for his fantasy to happen in reality? His Mom would have to agree to have sex with him. Caleb had a hard time imagining that, even if she was baby-crazy.

In order to have sex, they'd have to get naked and be in the same bed. He thought of having his naked mother next to him now, her warm skin next to his. They'd have to touch each other's naked bodies. He thought of her bare breasts in his hands, his mouth on a nipple. He imagined her delicate hands on his penis and felt it throb. He undid his zipper and let it out into the air, stroking it.

He'd have to insert himself inside of her. Caleb moaned in his bed as he thought of pushing his dick inside of his mother. What did her pussy look like? Was she shaved? Did she have plump labia?

What else? They'd have to fuck until he came, at least. Would she come as well? Caleb was stroking his dick fast now, precum leaking from his hole. He pushed his shirt up to his chin.

He'd have to ejaculate inside of her, right into her womb. Caleb was close now. Eyes closed, fist pumping.

It might not take right away; they'd have to keep doing it until she got pregnant. They'd have to keep fucking until her belly started to grow. Caleb let out a low moan and came all over his stomach. "Ohhhh fuck, Mom. I could give you a baby," he sighed.

He lay there for a bit, his semen cooling on his chest and belly. He waited for any hint of shame or guilt at having jerked off to his Mom, but there was nothing. A nearby sock provided a convenient rag and so he wiped himself off. Standing up and doing up his pants, he saw the door open a few inches. He'd closed his door, right? He was sure he had.

A sudden thrill of fear shot through him as he contemplated his Mom opening the door and seeing him jerk off in bed. Did she hear him? Now the shame flooded forth. It was a fantasy, not something for other people to hear, and definitely not the person he was fantasizing about making pregnant.

Caleb stood and thought. If she heard, she'd be embarrassed about it, like he was now. Surely, she would show it, and it was better if he knew. He left his room and tracked down his Mom. She was in the kitchen making some dinner. It seemed like she had been there a while as she was chopping up some celery.

"Hey, Mom. Are you feeling better?" he asked.

She looked up and smiled at him. "Hey. Yeah, I'm feeling okay now, thanks. Sometimes you just need a bit of a cry to move on, right?"

He nodded and smiled. She did not seem like a Mom who had just witnessed her own son jerking off. "Can I give you a hand at all?" he asked.

"Sure, you can peel those potatoes for me. Make sure you wash your hands, first," she said, pointing at a bowl of them near the sink.

"Happy to," he said, and after washing his hands he dove in.

As he worked on the taters, he hummed a tune to himself. Despite the theme of his fantasy, it had been a decent orgasm and he was in a good mood. He smiled to hear his Mom join in humming the same tune behind him. He was glad she was in a better mood.

After dinner prep was done Caleb went to sit and watch some TV. His post-orgasm glow had lingered but as soon as it was gone, he'd found himself checking his Mom out in the kitchen. His fantasy in his room had brought up all sorts of questions he'd never pondered, and now he found himself trying in vain to see through her clothes to the figure underneath. Trying to imagine what she looked like naked, and how she might look impaled on his cock.

That last thought was what drove him from the kitchen, to try and distract himself with TV. Walking around his Mom with a hardon would only cause trouble. He could revisit his fantasy later that night in the privacy of his bedroom. With his door closed.

He did just that, and ended up spewing his load all over his chest again. He went deeper into the fantasy this time, imagining a full scenario of him having sex with his foxy mom. In his mind they skipped the parts where they were mother and son and just had wild sex. He knew in reality it could never happen.

Over the days and weeks that followed, Caleb found himself sinking into his fantasy more and more often. He started to pay more

attention to his Mom, just to be around her. Helping her with chores, going shopping, cooking together. His Mom seemed to eat it up, happy to have him spending time with her. Caleb supposed it took her mind off the fact that she couldn't have another baby with Dad.

One day in late spring Caleb came from school early. He was almost done his final year and his light class load was even lighter now, as he had no need to study or write papers. He'd spent the morning in a cooking class, thinking of his mother. For once it wasn't sexual, as they'd introduced a new recipe that he was eager to try out. He thought he could cook dinner for him and his parents that night.

Inside his house, he kicked his shoes off and walked to the kitchen, and was surprised to see his Mom home from work, sitting at the kitchen table.

"Hey!" he said. "I didn't expect to see you home early." He walked over and bent over to give her a kiss on the head.

"Yeah, I was just feeling a bit blue at work, so they sent me home. It's okay though, just the same issue. I'll be fine."

Caleb felt a surge of sympathy in his chest. He leaned over further to give her an awkward bent over hug.

She patted his arm and then pushed him away. "If you're going to give me a sympathy hug, make it a real one."

His Mom stood up and wrapped her arms around him, burying her head into his chest. He was a good 5 inches taller than she was, so it wasn't hard to do. He was again hyper aware of her breasts, her smell, her softness, just as he was every time, he hugged her these days. He felt a twinge of guilt at these feelings when she was sad, but what could he do?

He started to panic when he felt the start of himself stirring below, and his Mom still hadn't let go. A quick squeeze always meant 'I'm

done now', but when he tried it she didn't let go, and now his dick was growing even faster. He closed his eyes in despair that she would feel it, but even at full mast she didn't say anything. She didn't let him go, either. He gave up and relaxed into the hug, which caused her to snuggle even closer in.

"Did you mean it?" she said, into his chest.

"What? Mean what?" he replied. He hadn't said anything, had he? Had he promised something?

"Did you mean it, when you offered to help?"

"Of course, whatever you need. I'm not that useful, but household stuff I can do. I learned a cool new recipe at school today that I was going to try out." He tried to will his dick to go down, but it wasn't listening. Each breath brought the smell of her into his brain, and somehow whatever scent she wore was now hard-wired to make him hard.

Finally, she let him go and stepped back, looking up at him. "I had an idea. It'll cost us money we don't have, but it's worth it and it's okay because it'll work for sure."

"My help will cost you money?" Caleb was very lost now. Were they going to send him away for college?

His mother nodded. "I want to convince your Dad to borrow money for another round of In Vitro. With your help it should work just fine, and then I'll have another baby."

"I don't think I can help you... with that, Mom. That's between you and Dad, and whatever you two get up to in private." Despite the thought theoretically being repugnant to their son, he found the idea of Mom naked still as appealing as ever.

"Nothing will change there. My idea is that when it's time to bring the sample to the clinic for the procedure, we beef up your Dad's sperm count... with yours." She took him by the hands now, shaking them slightly for emphasis. "I know that you have the right stuff to help bring him to the finish line. By increasing the supply of sperm, but keeping his in there, there's still a chance that it could be his. We won't know, not really."

Caleb felt a strange sort of thrill come over him. A thrill that wasn't quite thrilling. A scared thrill? He could feel his brain shutting down while it processed the 10-tonne truck his Mom had just hit him with. Add his sperm to his Dad's to get her pregnant? It was a weirdly sideways version of his fantasy. A non-sexy version that still excited him.

His Mom continued, filling the empty space between them with words. "I know it's weird, and you probably think I'm crazy for even contemplating it, but I'm desperate. It's not fair that the one thing I want is denied me because of a quirk of nature. You can help me, just like you offered. It won't cost you anything, just a few minutes of time. Please?" she asked.

Caleb stared at her. "Umm..." he ummed. Unexpectedly he was on the verge of getting something he'd been thinking about for weeks, but it wasn't how he had imagined it. Still, he had offered to help, and this was definitely an easy task.

"I... guess? It is weird, but if I can help," he finished lamely.

His Mom yipped with glee and tackled him in another hug, this one even tighter. After a few seconds she pulled back and looked down between them at the lump in his pants.

"Oh! Well. It seems like your end of the bargain will be even easier to complete. I was going to offer to help if you had trouble doing it, but I guess that's not a problem," she said, with an impish smile.

Caleb's vision narrowed at her words. She was going to help him? "You would help me? How?" he yelped. It wasn't a good sound.

"Oh, you know, I could buy you some sexy magazines or something. I don't know what you... think about when you do that."

He tried to keep his disappointment from his face. "Oh right, yeah that makes sense. I can probably figure it out."

"My advice is to keep the end purpose of what you're doing out of your head. That way it won't be a distraction."

"No, I wouldn't want that," he murmured.

Two days later he again found his Mom in the living room, crying on the couch. It was getting to be a habit. He sat down next to her, wrapping one arm over her shoulders. She was wearing a thin shirt and Caleb was distracted by the sight of her breasts shaking. She wasn't wearing a bra! He swallowed, trying to keep his voice steady, his gaze on the little bumps thrust out from the peaks of her boobs.

"Dad didn't go for it?" he asked.

She shook her head. Her breasts shook in sympathy. Caleb lifted his leg to hide his growing erection.

"I can see that he would feel like it's a long shot, without knowing we were going to throw some ringers in the mix," he said.

She nodded, this time her breasts bouncing in place. He'd have to leave soon or his excitement would be too obvious.

"Sorry, Mom. The plan seemed like a good one. I guess it's back to the old drawing board. Try more often with Dad the normal way... Is that for him?" he asked, gesturing to her outfit.

He'd noticed that the thin shirt was paired with a skirt, an outfit he'd never seen her wear before. It was extremely sexy.

His Mom sighed, and looked at him for the first time. Caleb made sure he was looking at her face. "Yeah, it was for him, but he's just phoned. He's going out of town for a couple days with the boys. He says he needs 'a rest'."

"Geeze. That's kind of harsh, right?"

"I don't know. I get it. He's just as frustrated as I am, and my pestering has to be grating on his nerves."

"Maybe some time away will rev up the ol' engine?" he said, trying to put a good spin on the situation.

She stood up and he almost swallowed his tongue at how short the skirt was. He swore he could see the bulge of her pussy lips between her legs. Either she wasn't wearing panties, or they were skin coloured.

"Can I have one of your special hugs?" she asked, holding her arms out.

"Of course!" he said, jumping up. He tried to keep his pelvis away from her but she cuddled up just like last time and once again his rampant cock was being warmed by her belly through his pants. Caleb mentally shrugged. She hadn't freaked out the last time.

They stood there like that for a while, her breath slowing, his speeding up. He was so hard he swore his dick was pulsing to match his heartbeat.

After a minute she moved back and looked down. "This is the second time that's happened. Did you just come from a girl's house or something?" Her expression was a mixture of amusement and concern.

He cleared his throat and said, "Ah, no, it just does that sometimes. You know, when beautiful women hug me." His face burned at the admission, but what else could he say?

"Aw, that's sweet. My boy thinks I'm beautiful." She moved back into the hug, the pressure on his dick seemed firmer.

A few seconds later she let him go. "I'm going to start dinner prep. You should go have a cold shower or something."

"That makes sense," he squeaked. His Mom laughed and walked into the kitchen, the skirt flouncing where it hung over her perfect ass.

He practically ran to the bathroom, tore off his pants and underwear and took one stroke of his dick before sending a stream of semen into the bathtub. Another stroke and another long stream shot out. He continued with several more strokes and several more loads before he ran out. He stood there, dick still hard, cum dripping down the end, breathing hard, when his Mom walked in.

"Oh, sorry Hon I thought..., " she didn't finish. She was staring at his dick and the tub, taking in the lines of white cream spread all over. "Oh my," she said, simply, and walked back out again.

Caleb slumped. He hadn't closed the door in his haste to get somewhere he could blow his load without making a mess. He felt like a fool. Running the shower into the tub, he washed away the evidence of his over-excitement and retreated to his room.

Dinner that night was quiet, but thankfully his Mom didn't mention his bathroom indiscretion.

The next day, Friday, Caleb tried to get out of the house without running into his Mom. She hadn't brought up the incident in the bathroom, but it was hanging there between them. He needed to

apologize, but he wasn't sure how to do it. How do you say 'Sorry for jerking off after your hug got me excited.'? So, he avoided it for now. Maybe inspiration would hit him during school. It's not like he had anything else to think about.

That hopeful idea didn't pan out. By the end of the day, he still had no idea how to bring it up, never mind gracefully apologize. He decided to just throw himself on her mercy and hope they could move past it.

At home he mostly puttered and did some light cleaning, hoping to improve her mood when she got home from work. It couldn't hurt, right? As it turned out, she was late getting home. And the later it got, the more nervous Caleb got. Eventually he went to bed, hoping that she was okay, wherever she was.

He was woken up a couple hours later to the sound of his Mom stumbling down the hall to her room. It was obvious she was drunk. Caleb listened to make sure she got to her bed alright but at one point he heard her go into the bathroom and she didn't come out. Fearing she'd fallen and hurt herself, he got out of bed to go check on her. She hadn't fallen, but was cradling the toilet like it was family.

"Mom?" he called. "Are you okay?"

He waited for a response, but all that came back was snoring. She'd passed out! Rolling his eyes, Caleb walked in and leaned over to shake her awake. "Hey, you can't sleep here. Come on, I'll get you to your bed."

"Caaaaleb?" she said, looking up at him? She was a mess. No longer sexy, now she was just a drunk person. "Hey shun. You know what? I lurrv you."

"I love you too, Mom. Come on, up you get." He lifted under her arms, and was surprised at how light she actually was. He threw an

arm under her legs and carried her to her room, careful not to hit her head on any doors. As he walked, she kept talking.

"You're a good boy. Yesh you are. You're going to help your mommy have her baby. You're gonna get her knocked up real good, aren't you?"

Caleb ignored the drunk talk for what it was. He was familiar with the concept from watching friends at school, and had done it himself a couple times. Just agree with anything they say.

"Sure Mom. You bet I will. Let's get you to bed for some sleep, okay?" He gently lowered her onto her bed, rolling her on her side. She was still dressed in her work clothes, so he just pulled a sheet up over her and left her to sleep it off. As he left her room, he heard her slur, "Thank you baby." She giggled and said, "My baby is going to give me another baby."

He closed her door and went back to bed, head spinning at the turn her mind had taken when drunk. Was it possible she was thinking what he was thinking? He smiled and figured that come morning she'd have a very different outlook.

Come morning, his Mom did in fact have a very different outlook. After sleeping till late, she groaned her way through a cup of coffee at the kitchen table. She was still dressed in her work clothes, and her hair was messy. Caleb had to look very hard to see the pretty face he knew was hidden behind the puffy bloodshot eyes, pale cheeks, and smeared lipstick.

Once she was a bit livelier, she went to have a shower, which turned into a very long shower. Caleb feared she might have passed out again under the water but then heard the shower shut off and his Mom shuffle to her room. He didn't see her the rest of the day, which was okay with him as he could avoid talking about the bathroom incident. Or did he owe her an apology anymore? She'd surely said some worse things last night than him coming in the

shower. Maybe she didn't remember? Or maybe she did and was too ashamed to come out of her room.

At 5pm a delivery guy dropped off some Pho soup, which Caleb delivered to her bedroom door with dread. She took it with a mumbled 'thanks' before closing the door again. That was easy.

It was Sunday morning before he saw her again, and she looked much better. She was showered and dressed for the day, and greeted him in the kitchen with a polite 'hello'.

"Hey. How do you feel?" he asked, from his seat at the table.

A grimace shadowed across her face before she said, "Fine, I guess." She hesitated. "Sorry you had to see that. Did I say or do anything?"

"You don't remember?" he asked, not even a little shocked.

She shook her head. "I remember ordering another drink at the bar, and then I was waking up at home with a sheet over me. Did I get there on my own?"

"Noooo... you stopped to hug the toilet. I carried you to bed."

She raised an eyebrow. "You did? You're stronger than I thought."

"Actually, you're pretty light, Mom."

"Hmmm. Did I say anything embarrassing?"

"Well... you said you loved me, and that I was going to give you a baby." Caleb's heart was beating hard in his chest. He told himself he was just being honest, but it felt like a lie. He had a vested interest in whether she was speaking from the heart or from the drink.

His Mom placed her hand down on the table and leaned on it, heavily. "I said that? I was drunker than I thought." She sat down. "You know that was just me talking about our plan with the IVF, right? It didn't mean anything."

"If you say so. You said I was going to get you knocked up."

Caleb was sure that if his Mom had been drinking, she'd have done a spit-take. "What? That doesn't sound right. I said that?"

He nodded, noticing that the front of her t-shirt was now displaying two little tents. Was she turned on by this? He felt himself react at the revelation as his dick crawled up the leg of the loose shorts he had on. He decided to push a bit more. "You said that your baby was going to give you another baby."

That seemed to have been more than she could handle, as she cradled her head in her hands and started to sob. Caleb jumped up in alarm and went to comfort her.

"Hey, it's okay. I get it, okay? You're baby-crazy, you've got it in your head, it's all you think about. I'm not upset, I know drunk talk when I hear it." He pulled her around to hug her, his erection completely forgotten.

As his Mom turned to hug him, she first squashed, and then recoiled from, the bulge between them. "That again?" She sounded resigned. "Can you not control that? It's what got me into that state last night!"

"My dick got you drunk?" he said, stunned.

"Yes! Ever since I felt it, and then saw it, on Friday, it's all I can think about. Why do you think I went and got drunk? I couldn't get the sight of it out of my head. The cum covering the tub! It was everywhere! It's one thing to see it in a little cup, but to see it like

that was a revelation, son. And you were still hard after coming that much. I just know you could get me pregnant. I just know it."

He stood there, still stunned. "I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything... I know it's impossible. Your Dad won't take out the loan, we can't afford more IVF." She seemed to forget about the pole between them, and hugged him close again. He hugged her back, not caring anymore that she could feel his hard dick.

Here he was again. She was freshly showered and her scent spiked into his brain, sending more pulses to his groin. Her breasts were rubbing against his chest, her light shirt not hiding her hard nipples. Various scenarios flashed through her head of them having sex, but he repressed them. He just held her, content to feel her femininity pressed up against him.

Eventually she retreated, looking down at his lump. "There's another way," she said, simply.

"There is?" he said, his heart started beating hard in his chest.

She nodded. "We can't do the IVF plan, but we could just use a home remedy to get me pregnant. I've been reading about turkey basters pregnancies, and they really do work. I'd just need the same sample you were going to give and put it in the baster and... deliver it manually."

Caleb's disappointment knew no bounds. It made sense, but it wasn't what he had hoped for in his sick mind. Apparently, he had let his feelings show on his face.

"What's wrong? Do you not want to help me anymore?" she asked.

"No, no, I do, I was thinking of... something else," he finished lamely.

"So, you'll help me?"

He nodded.

"Oh, thank you, Honey!" She hugged him again. "I know this is a bit sudden, but the most opportune time is in the next couple days, and as your Dad is away, do you mind helping me now?"

"You mean get you a... donation right now?"

She smiled and nodded. "You go do your part in your room, and I'll get ready for my part." She practically skipped to a drawer and retrieved their turkey baster. Caleb wasn't sure if he would ever look at turkey dinner the same way again.

She handed him a small dish, and shooed him to his room. "Go, go, go! No time to waste." She went to the sink and started washing the baster.

Caleb turned towards his room, stunned by the turn of events. He was going to impregnate his own mom via injector, in their own house? The thought turned him on, though yet again it wasn't quite what he had dreamed of.

Once in his room, he dropped his pants and underwear, his hard cock bobbed into the open air. He could feel that he was already close, just from the close hugs his Mom had given him, and the thought of why he was doing this. A few strokes later he was on the verge of coming, the dish in his other hand when his Mom walked in the door.

"Hon, are you done?" she asked, and stopped up short.

There he was, pants around his ankles, hard cock thrusting into the air, hand frozen mid-wank as his Mom stood there, also frozen. She stared at his midsection; mouth open. She had changed into a blue

fuzzy robe already, and he could see her cleavage showing between the lapels.

"Erm, no," he said.

She closed her mouth with a snap, not taking her eyes off of his prize. Neither one of them moved for a few seconds, until she said, "Well go ahead, you can finish."

He was shocked into saying, "With you here?"

She nodded. "Please. I can help if you want. It's the least I can do for the favour you're doing me."

"Okay," he whispered.

She walked over and took the dish from him and knelt down in front of him, settling down to wait. Caleb didn't know what to do. He'd never jerked off in front of anyone before, and felt very self-conscious. He stared down at his mother in front of him, her looking at the straining slab of meat in his grip. A vision flashed through his brain of him coming, jerking his semen on her face, her mouth open to accept his seed. His cock pulsed at the thought, his head glowing red as it poked out of his fist.

His new vantage point gave him a better view of the space gapping open in her robe, and he could see she wasn't wearing a bra. Was she naked? The thought caused another pulse to roll through him, his cockhead surging towards her.

She looked up at him for what felt like the first time since opening the door. "Do you want me to do it?"

"Okay," he croaked, and let go of himself.

His Mom smiled and leaned forward. With a finger and thumb she gripped his cock below his head and put the dish up to his slit.

Somehow, she knew how close he was, as all she did was rub her thumb on the sensitive underside a few times and then he was coming.

Caleb could feel the jets of semen jolting out of him. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the feel of his Mom's hand on him, helping aim him and rolling up and down his underside in a light milking gesture. "Ohfuuuuckmomthatfeelsgood," he said, almost falling over. He was more than a little disappointed that he had come so fast, as he wanted to feel his Mom's soft hands on him longer than 30 seconds.

When she had finished draining his cock into the dish, she stood up. He could see her cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling. "Thank you, Baby. That was flattering." She turned and left the room abruptly, leaving him alone in his room.

"You're welcome," he murmured.

After a bit he recovered enough to pull his pants and underwear off the rest of the way and sat at his desk, still dazed, naked from the waist down. He was still sitting there 10 minutes later, his groin radiating with the remembered pleasure when his Mom walked back in. She looked upset.

"I tried it, and it didn't work!" she said. "I can't get it close to me before it all drains out. I think the opening is too big." His Mom walked over and grabbed his hand, dragging him out of the room. She pulled him all the way into her room where he could see a towel on her bed, and the baster lying next to it.

"I please, please, please need you to help me put a baby in me," she said, turning to him. The look on her face was a mix of embarrassment and hope. "I know this is ridiculous and should not happen, but I'm too close now to stop. Just say you'll help me and we can forget it ever happened."

Caleb was in a kind of shock. Disbelief, maybe. Like none of this was real. "You want me to put the baster in you?" he clarified.

She nodded and climbed up on the bed, straddling the towel. He waited for her to turn over but she stayed there, on all fours, head down. Her robe covered her ass and thighs.

Hand shaking, Caleb climbed on the bed behind her and lifted her robe up, exposing her ass to him. Her ass, and lower down, her pussy. Her plump lips glistened, spread apart, showing her inner labia.

"Why are you bent over?" he asked, unsure of what to do.

"I thought it might be awkward if we were face to face," came her muffled voice.

Yeah, that was the awkward part. Caleb could feel himself stirring again at the sight of his sexy mom's bare ass and pussy. He could smell the scent of her wafting up, a blend of soap and sex. He thought he would need a few minutes to recover from her sort-of hand job but now he was fully hard again.

"Don't wait, Babe, just put it in and hold it in there."

Just... put it in. He looked down at the baster on the bed, and then down at his own baster, jutting proudly out ahead of him. His cock was only 6 inches away from her now.

"Go ahead, do it!" came her muffled cry.

He groaned and shuffled forward on his knees until he was perched at her opening. He put one hand on her ass to steady himself and the other on his dick to aim it. As he moved forward, his head lightly grazed her labia, her moisture coating it. Unable to hold himself back, he pushed forward burying two inches into her vagina. She was so tight and warm that he groaned again, louder.

He was not surprised to hear an echoing groan from his Mom. He was expecting her to freak out, and so was surprised when she didn't. They stayed in that position for several seconds, and just as Caleb was going to pull out his Mom surprised him again when she backed up, burying the rest of his cock inside of her. The feel of her pussy enveloping him consumed his brain. He was so overwhelmed he didn't move, and so his Mom did. She moved forward, pulling herself off of him almost all the way until she pushed back, coupling them again.

"Oh fuck, do it Baby," she said.

He got the hint and took over. Two hands on her hips, he started to fuck his Mom.

It was almost too much, the pleasure of having his cock inside of her. Even after already coming a few minutes earlier, he was very sensitive. But it turns out that first orgasm was a good thing, as he was now able to last a few minutes. He took advantage of that, fucking his cock in and out of his Mom's pussy, her tight grip stroking him with each plunge.

"Fuck, Mom, you feel so good," he grunted between thrusts.

"Don't talk, just fuck," she said, before letting out a series of gasps, each punctuated by the impact of his pelvis hitting her ass, his cock bottoming out near her cervix.

"Uh, uh, uh, huh, uh, ah, ah, aahhh, AAHHHHh!!" she screamed, and he could feel her writhing pussy clamping down as she came on his dick. "Fuck, Baby, come for me! Come in my pussy, son, make me a baby!!"

Her words pushed him over the edge. He buried himself one final time and reveled in the power of his own cock, as it pumped his load into his Mom. Each contraction of his cock sent more and more life-making sperm into her, seeking for her egg. He gave a couple more

half thrusts, eking out more pleasure, letting his Mom's vice-like grip milk more come out of him.

He was drained. He pulled out of her, watching his dick emerge covered in their combined juices, some of it draining onto the towel. With a deft flip, his Mom spun onto her back, placing a pillow under her butt.

"Thank you, Baby. I knew you would be able to handle the injection properly." She closed her eyes, not looking at him.

Caleb felt a bit lost. Did he stay there? Not getting any hint from his Mom, he got up and left her room to go back to his and clean up. He was in heaven after fucking her, but also confused about it. What now? Were they lovers? Was this still just a sperm donor thing? Would they do it again? He hoped so, even that quick session was the best thing that had ever happened to him.

The day moved into the afternoon and Caleb didn't see his Mom at all. She stayed in her room, and he in his. It was agony. He felt confused, horny, guilty and happy all at once. Not knowing what was going on was the worst.

Eventually he did hear his Mom moving around. She went to the bathroom, and once she emerged, he could hear her move down the hallway to his door, which was closed. He wanted to jump up and yank it open, to see what her mood was like, if she was mad or happy or what. But he was a chicken, and stayed at his desk. He almost jumped out of his seat when she knocked on his door.

"Sweetie, can I come in?" she called.

"Yeah, Mom," he called back. 'Sweetie' sounded good.

She opened the door and stood there. She was still in her robe, the sight of which caused a swirl of reactions from his heart to his groin. She walked in a couple steps.

"Hey. How are you doing?" she asked. She sounded calm, curious, like he'd just come home from school.

"Good." He cursed inwardly at how stupid a response that was. "I mean, fine. I'm real good." He couldn't stop. Just as he was about to open his mouth to say something else dumb, she held up her hand.

"Hey, it's okay. I get it. That was weird. I wanted to talk to you about it, see if we could figure it out."

"Okay. What..." he stopped. What did he want to say? She waited for a bit, then filled in the empty space.

"What now?"

He nodded.

"Well, we've got two options. One, we hope that the one try was enough, and see if I'm pregnant in a few weeks. Two, we keep trying over the next couple days to make sure."

"Yeah, but - " he got only the two words out before she kept going.

"As for what now between us, we're still mother and son, but you're helping me out. Like yardwork or chores. Nothing will change between us."

He coughed, and said quietly, "I don't think that was a chore."

She smiled and said, "No, it definitely wasn't that."

"Did you mean for that to happen? I feel guilty I took advantage but you didn't seem mad, and, well seemed to enjoy it."

His Mom got a faraway look as she contemplated the question. "I wasn't really fair to you. I presented you with an opportunity. I tempted you. I thought there might be a small chance you would take it. I was hoping you wouldn't be able to resist the natural way."

She went and sat down on his bed. "I knew you would be tempted because I heard you in here a few weeks ago."

Her gaze moved now to his crotch, where his organ was stirring. "I inadvertently caught you masturbating and saying you could get me pregnant. I didn't mean to intrude on you, but once the cat was out of the bag I kind of realized how easily you could get the job done."

She didn't look at him, just his groin, seemingly trying to see through the fabric. "I came up with the IVF scheme to try and fend off my own feelings. I'd seen your erections, even when you tried to hide them around me. Your virility affected me, making me think things that aren't right for a mother to her son."

"The problem got worse once I saw it in the bathroom. It was so hard and powerful. The thoughts just increased after that. Seeing it so obviously full of the power to impregnate me, to knock me up, to, to, breed me, sent me into a tailspin. I couldn't stop thinking about it, really."

She looked up at his face. "Now? Even after what we did, I'm just so conflicted. I know what's right, and I know what I want, and they aren't the same thing. You know what I mean? We can't do what we just did, we're mother and son. But I want your cock in me again. I loved it." The last was said very quietly.

Caleb could only nod, nothing coming to mind to say. He stood up and walked to her. She stood up, and they faced each other, there beside his bed. The thought of what they had done, what he wanted to do, was only part of his arousal. The other part was the obvious arousal of his Mom, her cheeks flushed, her chest rising and falling.

"I loved it too," he said.

He leaned forward, stopping a few inches from her face. Tentatively, he put his lips on hers in a quick kiss. Her soft lips were pliant, her

breath sweet. He groaned, and heard an echoing groan from her. He looked up from her lips to her eyes to see a growing intensity there.

His Mom grabbed his head in both hands and planted her lips on his. Her kiss was hungry, passionate, urgent and it inflamed his desire even more. Her tongue darted out of her lips to flicker across his. The taste of her was like her scent and it drove him mad with need. He met her tongue with his own, and they dueled for every taste and touch they could get.

Caleb grabbed hold of her ass cheeks and pulled her to him, mashing his cock against her belly. She rewarded him with another groan and then wrapped her leg around his, opening herself up to let him plant his cock against her mons. They writhed in place like this, hands fumbling to grab, hold, caress, and maul.

He let go of her ass and grabbed the lapels of her robe, pulling them apart, baring her breasts to his hands. They were perfect. Full teardrop shapes with large areola and nubby little nipples. He dragged a thumb across one gently, gauging her reaction, and was pleased when she murmured 'harder' into his mouth. He pinched one, pulling it away until she moaned. The nipple was rock hard now. He tore his mouth away from hers and dropped down to suck a nipple between his lips. He heard the hiss of her breath as he nibbled and played with it.

While he was occupied with her breasts, she grabbed the waist of his shorts and shoved them down, releasing his cock to spring into the air between them. He could only say 'fuck' when she took him in both hands, stroking and massaging him. He had to pull back and stop her.

"Stop. You can't. I'm too worked up, I'll come too soon," he said, gasping.

She grinned and batted his hands away from their protective stance. "Isn't that the point?" she asked.

"Yeah, but aren't you trying to get pregnant? We can't waste it," he said, getting distracted by her quivering breasts.

"You've already put a load in me. Besides, there's a distinct possibility we'll have to...try...more than once anyways." With that, she dropped to her knees in front of him.

Holy crap. Caleb's mouth dropped open as he watched his mother take his cock into her mouth. He lasted only long enough for her to get half way down his shaft before he was coming, pumping his semen into her waiting mouth.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm - " was all he got out before the deluge hit her tonsils. "GAHHHHH," he yelled, as he emptied himself down her throat. He was amazed to see her swallowing over and over as he shot stream after stream. It was too much for him, his legs gave way and he fell to his knees, his dick popping out of his Mom's mouth, leaving a trail of his spoooge down her chin. She giggled to see his reaction.

"There. Just like earlier, now you can go longer," she said, stroking his now wet and sensitive cock with one hand. He shuddered at the feeling but didn't stop her. She kept up the manipulation until his dick started to grow firm again. "Ahhh, young men," she said, with a satisfied smirk.

"Come on," she said, standing up and laying him down on his back on his bed, his dick standing straight up from his center. She shucked off her robe and straddled him. He was amazed to see his mother naked.

She was shaved, except for a landing strip above her slit. She looked absolutely amazing, sitting on his thighs, her breasts swaying with her movement. He reached out and rolled his thumb over a nipple. She smiled and inched forward until her pussy was close to his cock.

He could only watch as she slowly rolled her hips forward, until her labia, spread open, and dripping with desire, came into contact with the shaft of his penis. They both moaned at the touch.

"Fuck, Mom, you're amazing," he said.

"Thank you, Babe. You're not so bad yourself." She inched forward more, placing more weight on his cock. He watched her lean forward, her breasts bobbing towards him, and run her pussy up his dick. He could feel her moisture spreading over it, mingling with her saliva. She rode him all the way up, until she was above his bouncing cock, her breasts now in his face. He grabbed one and directed it into his mouth, trying to fit as much of her flesh into his lips as he could.

"That's it. Oh fuck, son, keep doing that," she growled. She reached down between them and took hold of his dick, keeping it still so she could plant the head in her entrance. Caleb wasn't sure what to do. He wanted to suck on her, but he also wanted to watch his cock enter her. He gave up the boob, and looked between them as she slowly sank down on him.

"FUUUUUUUUCCK," he screamed, as the feel of his own mother's cunt swallowing his cock overwhelmed his senses. It was all coming at once. The sight of him inside of her, her scent tickling his nostrils, her soft thighs straddling his, his hands on her tits and ass.

He looked up at her face to see she was equally overcome. Her eyes were clenched shut, mouth open, cheeks flushed. Her one hand gripped the bed frame behind him, the other was on his chest. After a few seconds of her just sitting on him, fully wrapped around him, she looked down and said, "My God, Caleb. You have a wonderful dick."

At this, she started a slow fucking motion on top of him, rising and lowering, riding him. He could feel her clutching pussy gripping him each time she rose up, and then opening up to grip him again when

she lowered. The riding caused her tits to sway on her chest, so he carefully held them for her, caressing and rubbing them as she fucked him. This was literally better than anything Caleb had ever experienced, ever. Despite coming only a few minutes ago, he could already feel another orgasm rising within him.

"Mom, if you keep that up, I'm going to come again," he said, between breaths.

"Good. Don't hold back. I'm almost there myself," she responded. Her cheeks were red and sweat was now dripping down her face. She panted above him, continuing to plunge her pussy up and down on his cock. A few strokes later his Mom tensed up over him. She stopped fucking, and just sat there, belly tensing and relaxing in waves. He could feel her tight pussy holding and rolling on his dick, and even a stream of warm fluid gushed down over his balls. "Fuck, baby, you made Momma come real good."

He lay there, in awe at the vision of beauty above him. Chest heaving to catch her breath, sweaty red cheeks glowing in the after effects of her orgasm. She leaned forward over him, giving him free reign. He took it, and grabbing her hips, started fucking up into her pussy, plowing into her from below. It brought him the rest of the way to his own orgasm, his enthusiasm bringing her a second helping, as she tensed up above him. Together they shuddered through their peaks, him delivering the second of many loads of life-giving sperm into her womb.

Later, calm and collected again, they cuddled in his bed. Her leg was wrapped over his, her breasts pushed into his arm. She idly played with his nipple, which sent some strange sensations he'd never felt before. He could feel their sweat drying, sticking. Their combined juices covered his now dormant penis, laying against his thigh. Somehow her nipple play was causing a stirring down below.

She watched his cock slowly expand and looked up at his face, delight written plain on her features, and said, "Again?"

Caleb Helps Out Again

Monday morning dawned a little brighter than normal. There was a song in the air, an enhanced hue to the colours. Caleb swore that at one point, several bright blue birds flew in the window, sang a tune to serenade him in the shower, and then flew out. Cinderella had nothing on him.

As he dressed for school, the final week of his high school career, he couldn't help but feel good about, well, pretty much everything. He had woken up in his bed and rolled over, feeling for his mom, but found the space where she had 'slept' empty. He figured they had had about 3 hours of sleep all told.

After she had woken his dick by playing with his nipple, (and where had that come from?) they had fucked again, slowly, and then fallen asleep together in his bed. At one point he had woken up to find his mom bent over his waist, her lips wrapped around his dick. She smiled when she saw he was awake and climbed on top of him. They had done it even slower that time. The rest of the night felt like a sex dream, and it probably was, but the effect on his mood was immeasurable.

He walked into the kitchen, ready to greet his mother the way you greet a lover.

She was at the counter and saw him enter, quickly preempting his greeting, saying, "Hey! Look who's home!" A gesture to the table.

Caleb turned and saw his dad.

"Hey, Dad! Welcome back, did you have a good time?"

His dad shrugged a bit. "It was fine. Restful, in any case."

Caleb could practically feel his mom rolling her eyes.

"Well good, glad to have you home."

"Thanks. At least someone is happy I'm home," his dad grumbled.

Caleb quickly grabbed a granola bar and ducked out the door. No way was he going to stick around to hear them have it out.

He felt for his dad. It had to be tiring and frustrating to have his wife pester him over and over about having another kid, when he couldn't provide one for her. She had better smooth it over, as they needed to keep having sex to cover the inevitable pregnancy. No immaculate conception here.

The thought of his mom and sex soon drove any thoughts of his father out of his head.

Over the course of the day, his initial energy waned as his late night activities caught up with him. Mentally he was still buzzing, as he was continually replaying what they had done together. It got to the point where he had to excuse himself to go to the washroom to 'calm down'.

By the end of the day, Caleb had moved on to the future. Contemplating what was next. Was one night enough? Would his mom want to fuck him until she was pregnant? Could they do that with his dad back home? By the time Caleb was headed home, he was feeling fairly anxious about it all. He supposed in the end it was all in his mom's hands.

After school he tried to keep his thoughts under control; maintain a level of normality. It was difficult, and he was forced to adjust himself to a better angle as he dropped off his bag in the hallway at home. It would be a few hours yet before his mom, *his lover*, was home from work, and he was going to be hard pressed not to jerk off while waiting.

Walking into his room, the first thing he noticed was a sort of funky smell. His dad hadn't set foot in his room in a couple years, but he knew his mom would appreciate a fresh room, and fresh sheets, so he got to work opening a window and changing his bed. It distracted him for a bit, but soon the thought of them in his bed got him hard all over again. He pushed down on his dick, relishing the wave of sexual energy that resulted.

Thinking of his mom got him speculating all over again about what they would do going forward. He fluctuated between two extremes: they would never do it again, and they would do it constantly. It got to the point where he gave up and went to play a video game to take his mind off of it all.

This helped to distract him, so much so that he didn't hear his mom come home at all. When she knocked on his door frame he almost fell out of his chair.

She laughed, and said, "Hey, Jumpy. How was school?"

School was so far outside his realm of thought that he short-circuited for a second. "Umm, school... uhhh, it was fine... how was work?"

"Good! Got lots done today," she said.

Sitting down on his bed, she said, "Oh, did you change your sheets? Good idea, I forgot to mention it. What did you do with the dirty ones?"

"I washed them. They're folded and put away."

His mom raised both eyebrows up high. "Well. Good job."

They sat there in slightly awkward silence. Caleb wanted to move to the bed to join her, but it felt like an obvious 'move'. His mom just

sat on the bed, watching him with a smile, apparently happy to wait for him. Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore.

"Soooo... what now?" he asked.

"Do you mean 'what now' regarding your help getting me pregnant?" she replied.

It was out there. He nodded.

"Well, I'm not taking any chances. I'm going to need your help until the doctor confirms I'm pregnant."

"Ummm, I'm totally happy to do that, but Dad's home. It's going to be hard having sex in my room with him here. Do we have to wait for him to be out of town? I'm already pent up a bit, even after last night. That's another question: should I be saving it all for you, or can I relieve myself when I need to?"

"Uh, well, don't wait for me if you're feeling pent up," she said with a smile. "You have more than enough to get the job done, based on what I've seen." She winked as she said this, and he felt his cheeks get hot.

"We'll have to work around your Dad, that will be the hard part. We'll manage." She paused, tucking her hair behind an ear. "I was thinking today, at work. Remember my conflict with what we're doing?"

Caleb nodded.

"I've decided that, despite how much you turn me on, and despite how much fun we had last night, once I'm confirmed to be pregnant, we stop - cold turkey. Your job is done. Got it?"

Caleb was still buzzing about being able to fuck his mom again, so was willing to overlook any kind of an end to it. He nodded his

acceptance. "Got it," he said.

She cocked her head and stared at him for a bit before looking at her watch. "What are you doing right now?"

Caleb swallowed, and said, "Nothing."

"Nothing?" she said, as she stood and started to strip. "Are you calling me nothing?"

"Uhhh... no, Mom, I didn't mean that," he said, catching on. "I mean, I wasn't doing you when you asked."

She laughed, and said, "I was teasing. Come on, let's get a quickie in now."

Caleb could only watch, stunned, as she casually stripped off her shirt and then her bra, revealing her stunningly round, perky breasts. They shook on her chest as she moved, hypnotizing him with their movement.

"Hey, come on, your Dad will be home soon. Let's get a move on."

He leapt into action, stripping off his clothes in record time. As he did so, she finished getting naked and kneed onto the bed, situating herself in the center of it, before laying down.

Caleb joined her on the bed, crawling towards her. He watched as she spread her legs, letting him see her pink pussy open like a flower. Her lips were swollen and wet, and they parted stickily. She beckoned for him to come closer, and he shuffled towards her until his legs brushed up against her thighs.

He was now towering over her, his cock jutting from his middle, pulsing and bobbing in time with his heartbeat. Caleb watched with awe as his beautiful mother took hold of his penis, and gently pulled him closer yet, pointing him down. He bent over, allowing her to pull

him close enough to swab his cockhead between her moist, engorged lips. The feel of her delicate hand on his shaft, and her warm juices coating his head was enough to make his head swim.

"This is supposed to be a quickie," she said, amused.

"Right," he said. "A quickie. I don't think that will be a problem."

He felt her push him lower, settling him at her entrance, and then letting him go. He shoved, reflexively, and he was once again in his mother's vagina. It was hot, and wet, and clutched at his organ with elastic strength. Despite having done it last night, it still blew his mind, and he tried to take in every sensation at once. A drowning man trying to drink his way to rescue.

He leaned further towards her and ended up above her face, watching her expression as he fully buried himself in her. Her brow furrowed, mouth gaping open as he felt her love canal stretch to accommodate his girth.

"Fuck, Caleb. You feel so good," she gasped.

"You feel good too, Mom. I still can't believe we're doing this."

He started to pump in and out of her, feeling every inch of her vagina grip and clasp him as he fucked her. He watched her breasts shake on her chest, rolling up and down in time with his thrusts. He leaned down to take one nipple into his mouth, and she moaned in response.

His mouth on her tit, his mom said, "You're helping me have a baby, right? You'll end up with a baby brother or sister who'll suck at that tit too. Ohhhhh, baby you make momma feel so good when you fuck her."

They were now in a frantic rhythm, him penetrating her in long, full strokes. He couldn't keep hold of her nipple, and let go, feeling his

climax approaching quickly.

"Oh fuck, baby, I'm going to come soon. Please come too. Please Caleb, please put your baby in me. Breed me, stud, like I deserve to be bred. Oh, Daddy, make me a Mommy again!"

This last explosion of dirty talk sent him over the edge, and he plunged one final time into her, his head planted near her womb. Torrents of his semen washed over her cervix, bathing it in his fertile seed. Blast after blast, their fluids mixing, forming the perfect baby cocktail.

His mom's inner muscles gripped him so hard while was in her that he felt like she was milking him for every drop of sperm. Once his throbbing cock slowed, he started to tentatively fuck her again, adding to the lightning bolts of pleasure hitting his brain.

"Oh fuck, keep going," his mom said, so he kept fucking her with his hard cock, until she went tense underneath him, her baby factory clamping down on his cock. Muscles stood out on her neck and chest, her breasts quivering as she came on him. If there had been anything left in him, she pulled it out. Eventually she went limp and he withdrew from her, a sea of semen flowing out following his cock.

"I don't know much, but isn't that supposed to stay inside of you for it to work?" he asked, panting and smiling and collapsing next to her.

"Mmmmmmyeessss...." she said, lazily. "I'm not worried about it. I think there's every chance I'm already pregnant, but we'll keep trying until it's confirmed."

"How long do you figure?" he asked, taking in his mother's naked body on his bed, as she recovered from her exertion.

"I think a couple weeks to be sure, but if I miss my period that'll be the first clue."

"So we keep trying until then?" he asked, trying his best not to sound anxious.

"Mmmhmm..." she murmured, eyes closed, a small smile playing across her mouth. She was writhing her hips as she lay there, the hypnotic motion distracting Caleb.

"Does it work better if we do it a lot?" he asked. He could feel himself stirring, watching her.

"Of course. It increases the chances." His mom opened her eyes to look at him, then down at his crotch where his dick was slowly growing. "Oh, baby. I am not hating this. Come on, then," she said, opening her arms for him. "Quick like a bunny, before your Dad gets home."

Caleb laughed at her tone, but sobered up once his dick was buried inside her, submerged in a pool of his own cum. It felt too good. The second quickie took longer, and by the time he'd finished dumping another, smaller, load of his baby batter into his mom, they heard the door open downstairs.

As they scrambled to get dressed, his mom said, "This is what we have to avoid."

Caleb nodded, concentrating on getting his pants on without falling over.

Hours later, after a successful evening of keeping his face neutral around his mom, he was in his room finishing some homework. It was almost time for bed, and he was still glowing from his afternoon romp.

As he turned his light off and stripped down to his underwear, he was surprised to see his mom slip through his door. She closed it behind her, and leaned back against it.

"I'm just here to talk, okay?" she warned, holding up a hand. She was dressed in a full length robe.

He nodded.

"So, obviously we need to be a lot more careful than we were this afternoon. I admit I'm fully half of the problem. It's going to be hard for me to say no to you. I'm so focused on having a baby, it's all I can think about half the time."

Caleb nodded his understanding.

"So going forward, we need to make sure your Dad isn't going to find out, and we're being sensible about when we do it. And we don't let anything slip about what we're doing. If we're careful, we can get through the next while and then when I'm pregnant, no one will be the wiser. We can return to being mother and son. Sounds good?"

Caleb nodded. "I'm glad I can help you with this," he said.

"I bet you are," she said with a grin. "I'm not denying it's good for me too, but it is for a purpose in the end."

His mom walked to him and kissed him on the forehead. Caleb wanted to grab her, hold her, hug her, kiss her, but didn't want to push her to make a bad decision. She slipped out the door, leaving him to his incestuous thoughts.

The following few days provided very little in the way of convenient windows for Caleb to 'help' his mom. They got in one quickie per day, but it was always rushed - to beat his dad getting home. He desperately wanted to spend more time with her. Within her. But he was happy to at least get the quickies.

On the third day, after emptying himself inside of her, his mom, while dressing, said, "I know you want more, Caleb. Honestly, so do I. At least we're getting these times in." She hesitated. "You're still helping me," she said, before leaving.

Caleb pondered if there was a way to get his dad out of the house for several hours, or even a day or two.

That evening he offered to help with the dishes after dinner. It was sometimes his job anyways, but his mom appreciated it if he did it without asking. The offer to help this time was new, and she gave him a look. He put on his best innocent face.

"Sure," she said, and they cleared the dinner table together.

In the kitchen, Caleb started filling the dishwasher, and running a sink for the pots and pans. When his mom joined him with the last of the dishes, they made short work of it all.

Caleb knew his dad. He knew he had a routine that was unshakable. After dinner he'd spend at least a half hour watching sport highlights, followed by a half hour of Jeopardy. His mom sometimes joined him for Jeopardy if she had nothing else to do, but not always. By Caleb's reckoning, they had a good hour when his dad wouldn't stray from the living room.

He watched as his mom finished washing the last pan, placing it in the drying rack. She was wearing very sensible slacks with a light blouse that buttoned down the front. The pants did nothing to hide her great ass, formed as they were over her cheeks.

Heart beating in his chest, Caleb decided it was now or never. He walked up behind her and hugged his arms around her middle, pressing himself fully against her back. A small twitch was her only reaction, and so he raised his arms until they contacted the bottom of her breasts. The weight and warmth of them caused his dick to

lurch in his pants. The feel of her butt further enhanced his arousal, and he grew to full length.

His mom froze where she was, as if trying to think through what to do or say. Caleb took the opportunity to push more, moving his hands to cup her breasts, squeezing the undersides. A moan rumbled from her, more vibration than sound. Moving his hands up, he felt the bumps pushing through her bra and shirt, and gave them a flick with his thumbs. A stronger moan.

This horny son might have been inexperienced, but the signal his mom sent when she pushed her ass into his groin was unmistakable. He pushed back, and heard the moan as well as felt it this time.

"Fuck, Caleb, this is naughty. But you're just helping me, right?" she murmured to him.

He nodded into her shoulder, nipping at her flesh through her blouse.

She pulled his hands away from her and turned around within the circle of his arms. They embraced and his mom kissed him. A long, passionate kiss that got him even harder, if that was possible. He could feel her tits against his chest as he pulled her into him. One hand caressed down her back, and then dug into her pants and panties, so he could squeeze one warm, full, soft cheek.

His mom started to kiss his mouth lightly, and she punctuated each peck with a word.

"Do. You. Think. This. Is. Smart?" was the full message.

"Probably not," he got out, between her kisses. "But if our time has an expiry date, I want to give you the full benefit of my help."

He joined his other hand with the first, and pulled her into his cock with both hands clamped on her ass. She groaned and kissed him,

tongue invading his mouth.

A minute later, she let him go, and took his hand out of her pants, pulling him along behind her. She led him down to the basement, closing the heavy door behind them. There was one area of the basement, tucked around a corner, that was half finished, and it was mostly full of old furniture they hadn't bothered to get rid of.

One of the pieces was a large, stuffed, red, velvet chair. It was overstuffed, really, and they'd moved it down here after one too many visitors got lost in its depths.

His mom turned and started undoing his belt, so Caleb started to unbutton her blouse, but she batted his hands away.

"Let me," she said.

Once she had his pants down his legs, his underwear followed, and his erect dick sprang into the cool basement air. She turned him, pushing him into the chair. It was old but still springy, and he sank into it with a puff of dust.

Caleb watched from the chair as she took her pants and panties off, revealing her strip of hair, and the slit of her weeping pussy to his eyes. When she was naked from the waist down, she climbed up onto the seat cushion, straddling his legs. It was big enough for her to comfortably put each leg on either side of him. The soft cushion caused his dick to retreat into his lap, so he pushed his butt up, showing more of his shaft to her.

She laughed and said, "That's better, I wondered where it had all gone."

Then she grabbed hold of his shaft, pointing it to her entrance before sinking down on him with one slow movement. Caleb grunted his satisfaction at being inside of her hot, wet vagina, her walls stroking him as they sucked him in.

When his cock was fully embedded inside of her, she started a rolling movement with her hips. There was little in and out, but lots of front to back, and it clearly did something for his mom, as she started to whine a little with each roll. Her weight had driven Caleb deep into the crack of the chair, so he pushed up, and felt his cock slip even further inside of her, hitting deeper spots. The whine got louder, and so he started his own thrusting in time with her rolling.

Not satisfied with her top on, Caleb unbuttoned his mom's shirt. The expanding gap revealed more and more of her cleavage until all of the buttons were undone. He pulled the sides apart, and impatiently pushed her bra up over her breasts. Still trying to maintain his rhythm, Caleb started to fondle and play with her nipples, pulling on them. The whine got louder still.

"Oh fuck, Caleb, don't stop. Oh, that's it. Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhhh!!!"

His mom stopped moving as she shuddered through an orgasm on him. He was very close, and tried to keep pumping up into her, but without her active assistance, didn't get far. He leaned forward to take a nipple in his mouth, sucking it in hard. The crinkly areola felt great on his tongue, as he ran it around and around the nub. Would this be making milk in nine months?

As his mom came down from her high, she started to roll on him again, and he picked up his thrusts. A minute later Caleb came, filling her up, or was it just keeping her topped up? They shared a sloppy kiss while he finished pumping his load into her.

When he was done, she carefully disengaged, putting one hand under her to catch any drippage. The sight of his mom's vagina dripping his semen onto her delicate hand spiked Caleb's brain like nothing had so far, causing his dick to surge into life.

They didn't have time to go again, but if they had, he'd have pulled her back for round two.

"Thank you, Baby," his mom said, as she dressed. "Thank you for the help."

They shared a smile, and returned to the main floor.

It turned out that the combo of his dad's routine, and the availability of a handy chair in a secluded space, lead to them having more sex than ever before. All it took was for Caleb to give his mom a look, or raise an eyebrow - once all he did was cough - and they were headed downstairs to fuck on the chair.

Sometimes she rode him, sometimes she bent over it and he fucked her from behind. Other times she sat in it and he ate her pussy until she screamed into a throw pillow. It was their fuck den, and they used it whenever they could. His dad never asked where they went, and never ventured into the basement.

Unfortunately, as all good things must, it came to an end. In Caleb's mind, the worst happened.

His mom got pregnant.

It was an event of joy and celebration for his mom and dad, but for Caleb it meant the end of a very special two weeks. He smiled his way through his parents' joy, but it was more of a grimace through gritted teeth. Part of him hoped that maybe his mom would go back on her word, that she'd realize the fun they were having was enough reason to keep their physical relationship going. Part of him knew it was over.

Come the first evening after the positive pregnancy verdict from the doctor, his mom came to visit Caleb in his room for the last time.

"Hey," she whispered, after closing the door.

"Hey," he replied, his tone low.

"Aw. I guess you know why I'm here. Look, Caleb, I owe you, okay? You gave me the baby I dreamed of. I know that we both had a great time getting here, but we agreed it was going to come to an end."

"So, that's it? Cold turkey? Not even one last visit downstairs?" He tried his best not to whine.

His mom sighed and said, "Cold turkey. It's for the best, Hon. If we don't stop now, we'll be tempted to keep going. At least I know I would. I love being with you, I really do, but each visit downstairs means a chance of getting caught. I was willing to risk it for the baby, but now it's too much."

She opened the door behind her, and said, "I love you." Then she was gone.

Caleb spent a hard night trying not to be miserable, but he was mostly unsuccessful. In the morning he joined his parents in the kitchen and tried not to bring the mood down. He was mostly successful at that.

Actually, he wasn't sure there was anything he could have done that would change the mood, they were both so happy. His mom got ready for work singing and dancing, swaying to internal music. If she'd been anyone else, he'd have been pissed at her, but not his mom. She'd gotten what she wanted, and he'd helped her do it. It was the plan.

As the weeks passed after the pregnancy confirmation, Caleb found himself daydreaming about the sessions with his mom in the basement. They were fertile memories for his spank bank, and there were times when he abused himself quite thoroughly. He sank into the recalled feel and taste and smell of his mom, her body against

his, the sound of her cries echoing off the bare walls as he rammed his cock into her.

It didn't take long for him to come to terms with returning to his old relationship with his mom. It was for the best. He'd gotten some excellent experience in bed, and was able to turn that to good use with his dates. He got compliments, and word got around. His mom seemed happy too, with only a few lingering looks that suggested she was remembering their time together.

It was over Christmas holidays that Caleb, off for a week from his work, finally got a special gift.

The house was decorated to the nines, the most he'd seen his parents do in years. There was baking galore, his mom spending hours in the kitchen. As Caleb was helping his dad put up the last of the decorations, he dug into a final box and found a sprig of plastic mistletoe.

"Hey Dad, should we put this up?" he asked, holding up the fake branch.

"Sure, put it all up. Your mother insisted we empty all the boxes," said his dad.

Looking for a good place to hang it, Caleb settled on the doorway between the living room and the kitchen. As he moved the chair he'd stood on to hang it, he was surprised by his mom coming through the entry. They almost collided, but she caught his arms in time to prevent any damage.

She looked up at the faux sprig of green and red, and said, "Oh, great! I haven't seen that in years."

Caleb took in his mom's outfit while she was looking up. She had on a printed red dress, the skirt down to her knees, and the bodice hinting at cleavage. When she looked at him, he looked up at the

decoration, then down at her. He lifted an eyebrow and was pleased to see her cheeks go pink.

He said, "I think if you're standing under the mistletoe, you get a kiss. Isn't that right?" The twinkle in his eye could rival St. Nick's.

Hi mom laughed and said, "Oh, I guess so. Okay, give me a kiss." She pointed at her cheek.

Caleb was not having any of that. He looked over at his dad, to see he was occupied with finding a yule log show on the TV. Turning to his mom, Caleb cupped her face and pulled her to him, planting a kiss directly on her lips.

The familiar feel of her sweet lips brought back all of the memories from months ago in full force. He kept his mouth pressed to hers, even letting his tongue dart out to taste her. He was pleased to feel her tongue flicking out to meet his as she parted her lips. What he thought would be a quick smooch went on and on. Caleb was nervous that his dad would turn around, until he noticed that his mom had angled her head to look over his shoulder. She was keeping watch.

When the kiss ended, Caleb felt his heart beating, and his rock-hard cock straining against his jeans. He looked in his mom's eyes for an explanation, tender feelings, desire, anything.

What he saw surprised him: tears.

"What's wrong?" he said, quietly, but she turned and left the room.

"Don't worry about her, son, women get emotional when they're pregnant. It's not us, she probably just remembered a sad cat video from years ago or something," his dad said from over his shoulder. "Where is that yule video? They have it every damn year," he muttered.

Caleb followed his mom into the kitchen but she wasn't there, so he went looking. She wasn't in her room, or his room, or the laundry room. She hadn't left the house. As a final resort, he went downstairs to the basement, shutting the door firmly behind him. As he got to the bottom and around the corner, he found her, sitting in the red chair. Their chair.

He could see she had been crying, so he kneeled down beside the chair to wrap his arm around her shoulders. The chair was so big that it was awkward, but he did it anyway.

"I'm sorry for upsetting you," he said.

She sobbed once, and said, "It's okay. I'm okay. I get weepy at funny things now and then. Kissing you up there brought back all the memories of our fun times down here, and I just got sad."

"Do you want me to leave you alone?" Caleb asked, not sure what to do.

"Oh no, it's fine. You can stay. Here, come join me."

He stood up and tried to sit next to her, but the chair wasn't quite big enough for that.

"I don't think there's room," he said.

"Oh. Well, here," she said, and stood up to let him sit down. He did, perplexed about how that solved anything, until she sat down on his lap. Ah.

The large red chair and her sitting sideways on his lap made him feel like Santa Claus.

"Ho, ho ho! What would you like for Christmas, young lady?" he said in a deep voice.

She gulped a laugh and leaned her head on his shoulder and said, "Thank you for finding me. You always make me feel good."

They sat there a bit, Caleb's arm around her waist, gripping her side, his other arm across her legs. Her warmth radiated through to him, and his hand at her waist stroked up and down lightly. As they sat there, he lengthened his strokes until he was caressing her entire side, his fingertips brushing the sides of her breast. He heard a murmur come from her. A type of moan he hadn't heard in months.

His other hand, on her lap, instinctively started a similar caress over her legs. Her skirt moved with his hand, and with each stroke the material rose higher, until he was stroking flesh. She wasn't wearing any nylons or hose, and the bare skin sent a shiver up his spine. A more distinct moan emitted from her chest.

This was familiar territory now. He'd heard these moans many times when he was 'helping' her, and she had never turned his advances away once she started up. He slipped his skirt hand under the material, advancing up her thigh, then moving between her legs to their apex, feeling moist panty material. She sighed, and then moaned again when he pushed his finger deep into the v of her crotch, her slight belly bulge pushing against his wrist.

His mom let one leg slip off his lap, exposing her core to his questing fingers, and then he was pushing aside her panties, running his digits up and down her wet slit. The loudest moan yet came rumbling from her as he found her clit and strummed it briefly before slipping between her lips to her entrance. The seeping entrance to her vagina, entryway to her womb, the heavenly hole he'd come from, and returned to again so many times.

As he pushed two fingers into her, she sighed, "Oh fuck, Caleb. Please..."

Exactly what she was asking for might have been up for debate. Please stop? Please do it more? Please fuck her? Whatever it might

have been, he went for broke, pushing further into her, feeling her juices coat his fingers.

Caleb rejoiced in the feel of her most intimate place, having missed it so much. He stroked her inner walls, curling his fingers to put pressure on the upper, ridged area that always got a reaction. His mom groaned and her vagina convulsed, sucking his fingers in. Then she was pushing his hand away, his fingers sliding from between her slick lips. She stood up, to his disappointment. Had he gone too far? Violated her rule of cold turkey? His dismay quickly turned to joy when she reached under her skirt and shimmied her panties down her legs.

"Get those pants off," she said, and he did.

He once again sat in their chair, cock straining to the ceiling, precum bubbling from his slit as he watched his mom climb aboard. She straddled him like she did months ago, and he pushed up, giving her full access to his rod. As she sat down on him, she arranged her skirt around her knees, hiding the fact that as she lowered, his cock was pushing up into her.

Fully seated on him now, her ass on his lap, her baby bump rubbing his stomach, she started the same rolling motion. Caleb tried to grab her boobs, but she pushed his hands away, as she changed to fucking up and down, faster and faster. He shoved his hand under her skirt, grabbing her bare haunches in his palms, and joined the efforts, pushing up into her. The feel of her pussy stroking his cock sent him higher and higher with each plunge. He tried not to come. He tried to hold off, to let her get as much pleasure as he could, but it was a useless effort.

Within minutes he was gasping, groaning, grunting as he spewed gobbets of his now unneeded seed into her womb. He looked into his mom's face, her cheeks flushed, eyes glassy, looking over his shoulder as she rode him through his orgasm.

When he was done, she leaned forward and placed her forehead on his, cradling his head in her arms. Caleb looked at her mouth, open and panting, saliva glistening on her tongue, and swooped in to press his lips to hers. She responded instantly, kissing him with a savagery that surprised him. His mom pushed forward, forcing his head back, and now her entire torso was pressed against him - belly and breasts - while they kissed. He was still buried in her; he could feel his spend dripping out of her and down his ball sack to the chair cushion.

It was the perfect Christmas gift. Caleb didn't care what he got on the actual day.

"Thank you," he whispered, after their kiss ended.

"No, thank you," she said, smiling. She was back, looking at him, eyes present. "Merry Christmas, Daddy."

Caleb's heart thumped once, hard, in his chest at her words, and then she was climbing off of his lap, his dick slithering out of her hole and landing on his thigh with a wet flop. She put her panties on and left up the stairs, leaving him to dress and clean up.

As she climbed the stairs he heard her whisper, "No more, Caleb." Then she was gone.

Thankfully, during their earlier trysts they'd started keeping cleaning materials in the basement, so it was easy to clean up. He hummed a Christmas song as he cleaned, the memory of their coupling dancing through his mind, warm tingling radiating from his groin.

He had another reason besides sex to be happy. It was apparent that as she had broken her 'no more' rule once, it might happen again.

More months passed, but the No More rule held. Caleb's mom was true to her word, going right back to the same mom/son relationship, as if they'd never engaged in lovemaking.

When she was in her sixth month of pregnancy, Caleb started to get hints that things might not be paradise in the house anymore. Tensions had eased considerably after he had gotten his mom knocked up, but now they were ramping up again.

The first hint was one day, when Caleb was eating breakfast, his dad came thumping down the stairs, yelling back up, "Well, it's fine for you, but how can I possibly keep up!"

When he got to the kitchen, he looked surprised. "Sorry, son, I didn't know you were up," he said, grabbing a cup of coffee.

"I have to work early," Caleb said, trying his best not to sound curious about the argument. He really didn't want to get in the middle of it.

"You shouldn't have to hear that, I know, but sometimes she makes me so furious. I'm just one man, dammit!"

Caleb weighed saying nothing versus giving a noncommittal grunt, and in the end went with nothing. It was the wrong decision. Or maybe there was no right decision?

"I mean," his dad continued. "What does she think, I can be ready to go at the drop of a hat? I'm not a machine!"

"Um, Dad, TMI?" asked Caleb.

"TMI? Oh! Yeah, you're right. Aw, sorry. I'm all out of sorts. I'll complain to my buddies at work. See you, son."

His dad left, and Caleb followed soon after. He didn't want to be around in case his mom came down still pissed off.

That night, Caleb noticed things were a lot frostier in the house, and it didn't take a genius to see that the tension was caused by his dad's inability to keep up with the pregnant hormones of his mom.

Normally she was polite and kind, with a happy word for anyone. That night, she was stomping around the house, making snide comments about people who couldn't 'get up' in the morning. It got to the point where his dad retreated to the living room with his dinner, leaving Caleb and his mom at the table alone.

"Is everything okay, Mom?" he asked, stirring his food around on his plate. His dad had thrown together some salad and pork chops. It tasted fine, but with the tension he didn't have much of an appetite.

She grunted into her plate, not looking up.

"Is there anything I can do?" He was both excited and terrified that she might take him up on his offer.

His mom looked up from her food, and said, "No, I'm fine."

"Seriously. I have been reading a bit about, you know, pregnancy. The hormone changes can be really extreme. If you're feeling stressed or upset, I can try a massage or draw you a bath, or whatever."

As he spoke, he stood up and walked around behind her chair. Her hair was down, laying loose across her neck. He gently gathered it up and pushed it to one side, leaving her shoulders and neck bare. Tentatively, in case she objected, Caleb started to rub the skin at her neck. Slowly, letting the warmth of his hands sink into her muscles, he rubbed back and forth from nape to shoulder. It wasn't meant to relieve muscle ache, more to let her know he was there. He hoped the contact and heat would ease her mood.

It seemed to have the intended effect, as he could feel her relax, shoulders slumping and head drooping. He took a step further,

rubbing harder, building up more heat and pressure. To his surprise, he heard a telltale, low grunt emit from her. He really hadn't been pushing for any kind of intimacy, but based on previous experience, if he kept going, he'd get her worked up.

Caleb wrestled with his conscience. On the one hand, his only intent was to make his mom feel better. On the other hand, if she was this receptive, maybe it was really what she needed? He kept massaging her shoulders and neck while he thought, and, decision still unmade, heard another grunt. What to do?

Normally he'd push things. Extend his hands down her chest, or around her sides. Touch more of her. He didn't think it was right, this time. After a few more minutes, he stopped rubbing, and patted her shoulder a couple times.

"Does that feel better?" he asked, moving around to his dinner. When he got to his seat and could look her in the eye, he saw a dangerous glint lurking there.

"That was very restrained of you," she said quietly.

"Well, I just want you to feel better," he said, suddenly ravenous, and attacked his dinner.

"Dooo youuu...?" she purred.

"Ah, um, uh huh," he hedged, not meeting her eye.

"And what if I told you I wanted you to bend me over the red chair and pound the ever-living fuck out of me. That it would make me feel better. What would you do?" She pitched her words low, so as not to carry, but that didn't change their intensity.

Caleb's face heated up considerably. He cleared his throat a couple times, shifting in his seat to try and reposition his dick to a more comfortable spot to grow, as it was currently doing. He knew what

he wanted to do, but it felt like a trap. He kept eating, to buy time, but she didn't give it to him.

"Chicken," she muttered.

It lit a slow fire in him. Wasn't he her helper?

When he had finished eating, he stood up and walked around behind her. He leaned over her and whispered into her ear. "I'm not going to take you downstairs, because you're upset, but when you've calmed down, if you ask nicely, I will pound the ever-living fuck out of you any time."

As Caleb walked away, his heart practically hammered its way out of his chest. He'd never spoken so forcefully to anyone in his life, never mind his own mother. He wasn't sure that what he'd said was a good idea, but felt strangely proud that he'd said it.

Later, in his room, near bed time, he wasn't shocked at all to see his mom come into his room. She slumped against the door, head down, and stayed there a while.

"Your Dad isn't interested in me much these days. He says he doesn't want to risk hurting the baby." Her tone and volume were quite low.

"Ahhhh, I assume you mean 'interested' interested."

"Yeah. The problem is, it turns out this baby is making its Mommy insatiable. I can't seem to get enough dick, and the paltry amount your father is offering up isn't enough."

She looked up now. "I need you to help me, Caleb. I need you to take me downstairs and pound the ever-living fuck out of me. Wear me out, son. You'll be helping me if I can stop craving cock for just five minutes."

"Wow," he said. Of all the things he expected to hear...

She smiled a crooked grin. "You think you can do it?"

"I will surely try," he said. He walked over to join her at the door, took her by the hand, and together they walked down to the basement. They ended up in front of the red chair.

"If this chair could talk, eh?" he said.

His mom squeezed his hand. "No talk."

She was wearing thin pants with an elastic waistband, which she stripped off, along with her panties.

She bent over the arm of the chair, spreading her legs. "Fuck your mother, Caleb."

Caleb stripped his pyjama bottoms off, his semi-hard cock filling with blood as he stared at his mother's naked ass. He walked up and caressed one cheek, gently, feather-light.

"Don't tease! Put it in!" Some of the fire she'd shown at the dinner table was coming back.

Fully erect, Caleb stepped up, letting his nodding rod nudge up to her slit, grazing the wet skin between her legs. He took hold of her hips, the newly plump flesh filling his hands easily. He felt her hand grab hold of his cock, planting his head into her opening.

"Now, fuck!" she demanded, so he did.

One full thrust in, pulling her into him as he pushed forward was enough to bury his cock into her to the root. The position she was in put a lot of pressure on his shaft, squeezing him tightly. Not wanting to disappoint, he kept up even, long strokes, in and out, bottoming out each time, his balls slapping against her labia with each thrust.

Caleb worked up to a fast rhythm, the pace pounding his hips into her butt, creating a slap, slap, slap that echoed through the mostly bare basement.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," his mom chanted, but it was background noise to him now. He was immersed, mentally and physically, in his mother's tight, wet, hot cunt. Caleb felt almost superhuman as he fucked her, like he could go all night. There was no feeling of needing to come yet. This was purely for her, to make her feel better.

As mother and son coupled, his gaze wandered. He looked down at her, her shirt riding up a bit, exposing more skin. He looked at their union, his cock, slick, as it rammed in and out, her now-generous buttocks slapping his belly. A brown crinkled knot grabbed his attention.

A sneaky thought penetrated his mind. Surely... this would add to her pleasure? He left one hand to keep hold of her hips as he moved back and forth, the other went for a roam. Caressing her back and butt, Caleb ended up running his thumb over the winking brown star between her cheeks. A moan.

Curious now, he sucked his thumb into his mouth, wetting it thoroughly, before returning to her asshole, and running it around the rim. A louder moan. Encouraged, he pushed on the middle. It was a light push, but he was surprised to feel the muscles there clenching, opening and closing, as if beckoning him to go further. He pushed harder, popping the first knuckle of his thumb into her anus, and was rewarded by the loudest moan yet.

Caleb took this for the positive message it was, pushing his thumb further in, to the hilt, and started to fuck his mother even harder. It was a frenetic fuck, almost out of control now, but he was gratified to hear his mom moaning as loud as ever. He pulled double duty, plunging his dick into her vagina as he pumped his thumb into her ass.

Her moan turned into a low wail, which climbed the registers as she approached her climax, ending with a shriek as she came on his dick. He became alarmed as she almost collapsed beneath him, her torso shaking and quivering. Her bending over created a new angle on his cock, which prompted his own orgasm. Fumbling, he tried to hold his mom up while spasming and shooting deep into her.

It was almost comedic. He wrapped his 'free' hand around her waist and pulled his thumb from her bottom. Next came his cream-covered cock from her vagina.

Caleb steered his mom towards the chair until she awkwardly slumped into it. He panicked for a second when he thought she'd passed out, but she smiled up at him.

"Thank you, son." She smiled. "Turns out I only needed a finger in my butt. I'm going to nap here a bit, then go to bed."

Caleb slumped onto a nearby smaller chair, and watched her sleep. After a bit, he retrieved her panties and pants and dressed her. She mumbled a bit, but didn't protest.

What felt like hours later, she woke up, and together they went upstairs. Her, to her bed, and he to his. "No more, Caleb," she whispered as they parted.

In the morning the atmosphere seemed to have discharged. His mom was chipper, his dad was relieved, and they went on with their lives. His mom had broken the No More rule again, and Caleb was just waiting for the next time.

Three months later, his mom had the baby. She was a gorgeous little girl. Caleb felt a wash of love overcome him at meeting his sister/daughter for the first time. After what felt like too short a time, he handed her back to her mom. His mom. Their mom.

"She's beautiful," he said.

His mom smiled at him, tired but happy. "Thank you, Caleb, you'll never know how much this means to me."

Life gained a bit of normality after his sister was born. Caleb's mom was fully occupied with her, and while she was tired, she was also very happy. Caleb couldn't ask for more.

Weeks passed, then months, and finally little Cassy started to sleep better. Not all night, but something approaching consistency.

Caleb noticed the change in his mom right away, as she was up in the mornings, chipper and bubbling. One day, after his dad had left for work, he was just about to head out too, when his mom stopped him.

"Hey, before you go, do you know what day this is?"

"Ummm, nothing comes to mind. Monday?" he said, with a grin.

"Yes, but also, it's the one-year anniversary since you gave me the most wonderful gift in the world: Cassy."

Caleb's mind flipped as he recalled the events surrounding the first time he'd fucked his mom, and he could see from her bright cheeks and dancing eyes that she was remembering as well.

"Special occasions like this deserve a special celebration," she said.

Caleb was stunned as she fell to her knees in front of him, reaching for his zipper. The feel of her unzipping his pants, and fishing around in his underwear, got his heart thumping fast.

"Fuck, Mom," he said.

"Sshhh," she said, looking up at him with a smile.

His rapidly growing cock was in the open air now, and he flinched as his mom's mouth closed over the tip. The wet heat of her lips expanded over his head, the rigid ring created by her pursed mouth slipping down his shaft, until she bottomed out. She started bobbing on his cock, hand milking his base. Each sucking pull of her mouth was accompanied with the flick of her tongue across his sensitive underside.

"I'm going to -" he said, but it was too late.

Thankfully she was prepared, as he started to fling jets of his semen at the back of her throat. Without missing a beat, she swallowed it down. It had been a while for Caleb, so there was a lot there, and some slipped from her containing lips to dribble down her chin. He didn't care. He was too busy grunting while his cock pulsed, the ecstasy of his climax almost too much to keep standing.

When he was done shooting, his mom swallowed the rest of his spunk with a great gulp.

She pulled off of him, smiling, wiped her chin and tucked him away in his pants. With a final zip, he was put back to normal.

"Have a good day at work," she said in a thick voice, whether from semen or arousal, Caleb couldn't say. "And remember: no more."

"Thanks, Mom," he said, and went to work.

A year passed. A year of his dad bugging him to go to school. A year without any trips downstairs with his mom. A year of his daughter growing up. Of course, no one but him and his mom knew it, and his dad was more than happy raising Cassy thinking she was his own miracle baby. Caleb felt bad about it sometimes, but figured it was

better than not having Cassy at all, which would have been the case without his help.

Caleb had barely dated anyone during this time. A few dates here and there, a coffee, a dinner. One girl went down on him in his car but then didn't return his texts. He knew his heart wasn't in it. He spent the days and weeks and months waiting for his mom to break her No More rule.

It was pathetic. Caleb knew it was, but couldn't bring himself to move on. What if she needed him, and he wasn't there?

Meanwhile he spent a lot of time alone with his memories. He would visit the red chair and stroke himself off while thinking of his mom in his lap, or bent over the chair, or kneeling between his legs, head bobbing up and down.

His dad had tried to get rid of the chair at one point, but his mom had shut that down, saying it might come in handy. Caleb liked to think she was as attached to it as he was, but he never caught her sitting in it.

One year after his mom had given him a blowjob on his way out the door, Caleb was in the basement, in the red chair. He was buried in one of his favourite memories: his mom sitting in his lap. His cock was hard, jutting up from his lap, and he was slowly stroking away.

"Having fun?"

He jumped, unaware that anyone was there. Thankfully it was just his mom, but he still hid his bare cock, sitting up to cover it.

"I've seen it before, you know," she said, as she walked around the corner from the stairs.

"I know," he said. "I was just...thinking."

"Yeah, I've been thinking too."

Caleb wasn't sure if she meant real thinking, or the thinking he'd just been doing with his hand. He didn't say anything as she went and sat down on one of the newest additions to the castoff furniture spot: a couch. He stared at her, and she stared back. She was wearing a robe, her bare legs sticking out the bottom.

"Do you know what today is?" she asked.

This time he knew. "Two years ago I gave you Cassy."

"Yes, you did, and I think of it every day."

"Well, yeah," Caleb said with a smile. "She's with you 24/7."

"Not today. She's out with her 'father'. But I don't mean I think of Cassy every day. I mean that I think of that day, every day, when you gave her to me. When you got me pregnant. How you got me pregnant. Every single day I think about how you...gave *it* to me."

She crossed her legs on the couch and for a brief moment Caleb could see that her upper thighs were also bare.

"I know you haven't been very happy with the rule I put in place. I admit that I haven't been happy with it either, but it was safer that way."

Was safer? Caleb nodded. "I know."

"When I say that I think about it every day, I'm not kidding. Literally, every day. It's been hard, living with you and not being able to touch you or hold you. Kiss you, fuck you, shower with you, wake up next to you." She paused and said, "Bend over for you."

Caleb grunted his surprise. She hid all of that so well.

His mom continued, "When I woke up this morning, I realized that it was silly not to have those things. It was silly for two adults who are attracted to each other not to enjoy each other." As she said this, she pulled open the tie of the robe, spreading the sides to expose her naked body.

Caleb ate up the sight of her, his eyes having been starved of her nudity for so long.

He started at her feet and traced his gaze up her slim legs to where they met, a small patch of hair atop her labia, shining with arousal. He examined her belly, some stretch marks the only sign of her pregnancies. He took in her full, round breasts, her nipples erect, and he ached to taste them. He followed her narrow neck to her jawline, fine strands of hair framing her face. He stared at her lips, slightly parted, and he could practically feel them pressed against his. He ended up at her eyes, staring back at him as he examined her.

"You're so beautiful," he said.

She opened her arms and beckoned to him. He stood up and let his pants fall to his ankles, kicking them off as he walked to her.

"Strip," she said, and he ripped off the rest of his clothes.

She took her arms out of the robe and turned sideways to lay down on the couch, spreading her legs. He practically fell onto her, desperate to feel her skin on his. He struggled to take in all of her at once: her breasts on his chest, her wet lower lips pressed up against his shaft, her upper lips kissing him. The taste of her flooded his mouth.

He ground his hips into her, pushing his head against her clit, and she whimpered into his mouth.

"Don't tease, you can do that later. As much as you want. Just put it in me," she said between kisses.

No argument on his mind, Caleb pulled his hips back and let his cock blindly probe for her opening. After a couple of failed attempts, his mom giggled and shifted her hips, and then his glans was spreading her open.

She moaned as he pushed into her, his hard length stroking along her sensitive entrance.

Caleb lifted his head to look down at his mom. She looked back, but their attention was on their union, the place where his cock was buried in her wet, clutching vagina.

"Fuck me, son," she whispered.

Overcome by emotion and pleasure, he dropped his head onto her shoulder and started to fuck, his dick stroking into her over and over. He went hard, and was rewarded by the sound of her moan, the one he loved so much. As he continued to pound his rod into her, the moan got louder in his ear, and he could feel her hands on his sides, urging him on. Caleb had been primed even before his mom had joined him in the basement, so before long he could feel the familiar onset of his impending orgasm.

As Caleb buried his cock as far as it would go, ejaculating ream after ream of sperm into his mother, he roared, "NO MORE RULES!!!"

Caleb later would define this part of his life as the best part. His mother - his lover - and he took every opportunity they could find to be together. It was bliss, it was heaven, and it was so much better than before. It was also dangerous and foolhardy, but the danger seemed to egg them both on.

It started with small things. Touches as they passed in the hallway. Kisses when they were alone in a room. Caleb started helping her out cooking a lot more, leading to long periods of just standing pressed up side to side with each other at the counter. He would caress her butt when she bent over, she would cup his cock as she walked by. She took to wearing a full-length apron, which allowed him to slip his hand under it, onto her breast without being too obvious. He could feel her nipple harden, boring into his palm each time.

It was sweet torture to only be able to touch, but as Eric and Cassy were home a lot, they didn't have many opportunities to be alone. The red chair was harder to manage with a toddler around that needed watching.

It was a week later that the next step was taken. After a week of touches, and only one frantic coupling when Eric ran to the store, Caleb was feeling pent up. He knew it was getting to his mom as well, as each time he managed a caress or fondle, he was met with a quiet hiss and then a moan.

On the day in question, Caleb woke up with a hardon, as usual. He fondled it for a bit before heading for the shower to relieve his stress. A minute into soaping up, he thought he heard a sound in the bathroom. He stopped and listened but it didn't repeat, until suddenly the curtain pushed open and his naked mom stepped into the shower with him.

"Oh, damn," he said, as they crashed together under the spray, his wet skin sliding on hers.

"We don't have much time, I just couldn't wait any longer," she whispered.

He 'mmhmm'ed in response, grabbing hold of her hips and pulling her into his groin. His hard rod pushed into her mons. Without wasting a second, she lifted her leg up, giving him room to plunge

his dick into her, miraculously spearing her entrance in one try. They both groaned at the connection, and then they were fucking in the shower, thrusting frantically, lips and tongues mashed together.

Cassy might wake up, Eric might come looking for either of them, all sorts of things could happen to expose them, and so they hurried to finish their fuck. Bodies slapping, squishing, humping, thrusting until he exploded into her and she clutched him to her, riding out his orgasm.

And then she was gone. Out of his arms, out of the shower, peeing in the toilet and toweling off at the same time, and then out the door.

A quickie by every definition, but exhilarating nonetheless, and it opened the floodgates for where and when they would dare to be intimate.

The next time was when Caleb was helping her cook. She was wearing a flowing skirt that he suspected didn't have any panties under it. Eric was in the next room over, so Caleb stood next to his mom and ran his hand over her ass. He couldn't feel any panty lines, and when he looked at her, she was looking right back with a small smile. She winked.

Heart beating, Caleb moved behind his mom, giving her a quick hug before dropping to his knees. His mom turned and opened her mouth to speak, but quickly clamped it shut as he lifted the hem of her skirt up, up, up over his head.

He found himself in a dark wonderland. Her legs and the globes of her ass were in the wonderland with him, and he took advantage, caressing and stroking everything he could reach. He kissed her cheeks, letting his tongue trail across her soft skin, wetly smooching and nibbling south. His mom spread her legs and he moved a hand between them, finding a very wet pair of bare labia. He pushed a finger between them, finding her entrance, dripping and inviting.

Caleb's access was limited, so he was content to just plunge his finger into her for a bit, but then he was being pushed back, as she bent over at the waist and spread her legs more. Now he had better access, and buried his face into her quim, smelling and tasting her delicious pussy. He pulled his finger out of her, replacing it with his tongue, as he tried to push it in as far as he could.

The telltale moan arrived as he plundered her grotto with flexible tongue and massaging digits, covering both with her juices. He used his other hand to pull aside a cheek, giving him even better access, exposing her even darker grotto. Caleb couldn't resist, and used his already lubricated finger to massage and penetrate her asshole while licking her from behind.

The moan above got louder, and Caleb was about to stop when his mom suddenly squatted down onto him and a flood of her girl-come coated his tongue, mouth and face.

Like a well-trained team, his mom lifted her skirt and he stood up and left the room to go wash, leaving her to recover in silence. A short recovery, as Cassy woke up from her nap with a wail.

Caleb's crowning achievement was the day he got to fuck his mom in the same room as his dad.

They were all watching TV, Eric in his own chair, Caleb and his mom on the couch, Cassy mercifully sleeping in her room. The furniture was situated in an L formation facing the entertainment center, so just a flick of the eyes would betray any kind of intimacy between them; they sat on opposite ends of the couch.

It had been a trying day, as it was a Saturday and there were plenty of opportunities for touching, but none for anything more. Caleb was almost sure his mom would sneak out and join him in his bedroom that night, something they hadn't had to risk yet.

At one point Caleb got up to go pee, and when he got back he was surprised to see his mom bent over the back of his dad's chair, talking to him. Her butt was waving back and forth as she swayed on her feet, her legs spread. She was wearing the long skirt that Caleb liked so much.

The temptation was too much, so as he approached from behind, he gently lifted the skirt up, revealing her bare ass. No panties again. He watched, mesmerized, as her ass drifted back and forth in front of him. He couldn't help it, he had to risk a touch, and so gently grazed his hand on one cheek. She didn't flinch.

Emboldened, he drifted lower, pushing his hand between her legs. She pushed back against it. He put a finger into her wet entrance, and she pushed back harder, keeping her torso from moving too much.

Caleb wondered if she was willing to go further. He was wearing sweats, so pushed them down to his ankles, his stone hard cock bobbing in front of him. He stepped up to her ass, rolling her skirt over her butt, and pushed his dick between her legs.

No reaction. He used one hand to aim himself, and then pushed forward, his head piercing her entrance, her soaking hole gobbling up his rod. She pushed back.

His dad wasn't paying much attention, his focus was on the TV, but he was responding to whatever conversation he was having with Caleb's mom. Caleb grabbed hold of his mom's hips and used them as anchors to thrust slowly in and out of her, keeping her motion to a minimum, while getting full strokes in.

How they managed to get away with it was beyond Caleb, but get away with it they did. Within a few minutes of him entering her, he was emptying his balls deep into her womb. No moaning, no heavy breathing, just silent pulsing. When he was done, he pulled out and

let her skirt drop and went to clean himself up, thinking of the long drip of come he'd seen dripping down his mom's leg.

They carried on with their affair, taking and using each other in equal measure, until one day Caleb met a girl. It was a fluke meeting, as he ran into her - literally - in a coffee house. They each spilled their drink and managed to exchange numbers in the process of cleaning up and buying new ones.

A few weeks later he was headed off on a weekend trip with Jane, leaving his mom, dad and Cassy home.

It turned out that Caleb's final time with his mom was a quickie fuck in the laundry room, but he didn't know it at the time. If he had known, he'd have taken his time, committed it to memory, something, anything. But his relationship with Jane progressed, and he had less and less time for his mom, until one day he was moving in with Jane, and they were having wild sex around their own place.

Caleb and Jane eventually had two kids together, and his mom was never anything but joyful and helpful and caring.

Every now and then Caleb would recapture the magic they'd had and crank one out to a memory of him and his mom making love in the red chair. The same red chair that now sat in his den, and had a whole new set of memories hammered into it.