

MOTHER OF LOVE CH. 02

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Sophie enters exciting new territory with her Son.

Incest/Taboo

4.77

18.4k words

Sean let out a breathy sigh and steadied his back against the wall; cold tiles providing sanctuary from the aggressive downbeat of ten thousand warm raindrops. Coupled with the post-orgasmic sight of witnessing me, his loving mother, on her knees, choking back gurgles and swallowing his cum with genuine enthusiasm, I could see why my Son was having a hard time standing up.

"Mom, where the hell did you learn to do that?" He asked, wiping his eyes to convince himself he wasn't in some sort of hyper realistic dream. "No girls at school-."

"Have even *half* the experience that I do, so none of them will ever be able to make you come like *that*." I stayed down on the floor for a minute longer, gently nursing on Sean and running my fingertips over his freshly emptied balls.

An odd sense of surreality came over me; his balls, so wonderfully plump like two large, smooth eggs, weren't just *empty*. They had drained their entire contents into my stomach, like an injection of warm, gooey medicine, but continued to seize up as if desperate to squeeze out one last drop. Somehow, "empty" seemed like an understatement.

I had stopped swallowing for Donald years ago, and I didn't miss it for a second. What fascinated me was how devoted I was to getting Sean hard so he could feed me again, with an urgency I hadn't felt in ages.

I wasn't sure why I felt so compelled to deliver a knee buckling orgasm to my Son, but the sounds he made had encouraged me like a carrot to a horse. I gave him everything I had to give, in a way I never had with my husband, with more devotion than I thought I could muster.

"What did I do to deserve that? You are fucking amazing, Mom. You should teach the girls at school a thing or two." The nervous excitement of my babyboy's voice was bringing up all sorts of motherly emotions in my womb.

I squinted my eyelashes together, pushing the water drops from my eyes. "You know what, I was just about to ask the same thing about *this* python." My hand gripped his semi-rigid shaft halfway up, letting my finger tips slowly run over its surface until I twisted my palm around the head, polishing the water off the bulging, glistening helmet. "Momma hasn't tasted a cock like this in a long, long time." I not-so-subtly gestured to my throat. "You have no idea how long I've been wanting someone to scratch that itch."

I stood up next to my grow-up son, letting the warmth of his embrace shield me from the water. "I love you, Sean." I whispered into his neck, placing a tiny kiss on his collarbone. I closed my eyes and let my mind float in the gelatin thick lust saturating the air.

My hands mindlessly wandered up and down the impressive length of Sean's dick, coaxing it back from the brink of softness with a few well-trained strokes & tickles. Donald never got hard again this soon after an orgasm, but truth be told I had never had such a desire to make him so.

I knew taking Sean in my throat again would likely mean a trip to the hospital for a punctured trachea, and there was no way I was letting him *really* fuck me without some serious soul searching to determine if I was still a good mother or not.

With that, I knew I had to call Caitlin and pump her full of details just like how my Son had done to me with cum.

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Sean was still in the shower when I left the bathroom, clad in only a simple towel that didn't quite cover the bottom of my mound. I had to admit, showering with Sean had given me a thorough soaking, worthy of investigation once I was alone.

My leg muscles were so unbearably shaky as they carried me back to my room, I felt I could crash at any minute. It was like coming home from a party late at night when I was in high school; stumbling through the halls like a drunk, using the walls as a sturdy brace to keep me upright, walking at a snail's pace so I didn't feel an oversized load of semen sloshing around in my guts.

It was unusual for the sloshing in question to belong to my Son, but I relished the nostalgia all the same. Every step I took nearly reduced me to a whimper, finding myself helplessly to the incredible feeling of Sean's cum bubbling around inside my belly.

The longer I went feeling the weight in my gut, growing accustomed to being full, the more my critical thinking returned. I left me wondering how, and why, I had just sucked my son off in the shower.

Because he had cut the lawn, right? That's how most mother's reward their sons isn't it? The more I thought about it, the more I agreed that if it wasn't, it definitely *should* be, since our shower was exponentially more fun than paying him an allowance. The worry and guilt was beginning to dissolve, leaving me with nothing but the unrivaled thrill of having Sean's gooey deposit costing the walls of my stomach, splashing around with every step.

I caressed my belly with both hands, like I used to when I was carrying Sean as a baby, and rested my back against the wall. My eyes closed and a smile slowly spread across my face. Maybe it'd been hard to admit at first, but now I was completely committed to how blowing my son made me feel, and I wanted to chase that feeling.

I loved my son, he loved me, and we both clearly liked seeing how far I could take him into my throat. Nobody was getting hurt, so why should we stop? How could we, considering I was just rediscovering how much fun my mouth could be? "Maybe next time *he'll* be the one using his tongue on me." I sighed hopefully, patting my pussy mound and slipping my middle finger through the moist, glistening folds of my vagina.

My eyelids fluttered and I let out a soft purr. I didn't want to stop playing with myself, but Lucy would be awake soon and if she saw me having "time to myself" she would go ballistic, with good reason. I knew Sean didn't need any more stimulation, and if he walked out to that sight I was sure he would take it as an invitation.

Quickly, and with my fingers still dripping with beads of honey, I dashed into my bedroom and locked the door behind me. Dressing myself seemed half important, so I only threw on a small pair of baby blue boy shorts. They didn't do much to cover my bum, but seeing as I was alone, classiness was no longer my top priority.

I flopped down on the bed and groaned into my pillow, reaching for my phone on the bedside table. My fingers flew like lightning plugging in Caitlin's number, forcing me to repeat it couple times to compensate for my shaking hands. A few deep breaths settled me enough to punch the it in properly, but my heart continued racing through the four long, drawn out rings coming from the other end.

Caitlin picked up in the middle of me criticising her for taking so long to answer, thankfully after I'd already gotten the cursing out of my system. My sister answered with an elegant tone I only heard from her when she knew people were watching. "Caitlin Ried speaking, how may I help-."

"Cut the shit, Cait, its me." I didn't mean to interrupt her so sharply, but I didn't have time for her pleasantries. "Where are you right now?"

"At home, why?" Caitlin arched an eyebrow, though she knew Sophie couldn't see it.

She could probably tell based on my behaviour that something was up, and she knew I wanted to vent about that something. The more anxious I was to share, the juicier the gossip, so my sister knew she would barely have to prompt me to spill the beans. "Come on little girl, let me hear it." Years of practice had taught Caitlin that, as her baby sister four years her junior, I was a routine proprietor of the art of "kiss and tell". There wasn't anything yet to hint at an aura of sexuality to my words, but that didn't stop Caitlin from making assumptions.

"Who was it, Soff?" She teased me with pet names, pushing my patience to the point of bursting before I was allowed to relay my story. Her jokes didn't stop even when I gripped the phone with iron fingers, trying to crush the tiny machine in my palm like a stress ball. "Usher at a movie theater? Maybe a mechanic? Ohohoh no wait, was it a bouncer again?"

The cheery pitch behind my tone took a violently sharp turn, and I snapped at my sister like a disgruntled alligator. "A big, generous *fuck you* to you too, Cait."

"Oh, come now, love." Caitlin cooed. "We both know how hard it is for you to say no to a cock, isn't this what always happens?"

I knew Caitlin was referring to my old sexual escapades, wherein I was a young, horny teenager willing to stuff anything in my vagina if it led to an impending orgasm. "I've never cheated on Donald." I exclaimed proudly, which *would* have been completely true, save for the last hour or so. I felt the need to defend myself even though I knew she was right.

"i know sweetheart, I know. So, you met a new man. Start from there." Caitlin excitedly urged me to keep going, brushing off the impending judgement I saw coming my way.

"Well, not exactly." I groaned, resisting the urge to wimp out and disconnect the call immediately. I took a breath of new confidence and tried to keep subtlety in my corner. "Cait, you'd do anything for your girls, right?"

"Of course I would, Sarah and Jess mean the world to me. But I don't see what-."

"Bear with me, just for one minute, please." I was practically begging my sister to hear me out, desperate to vent everything I could about how the past 2 hours had gone. "I don't really know where to start, but I guess the ball started rolling when Sean came home today."

"Oh my goodness, my Bunny is home!" Caitlin squealed like she'd just won a free vacation, remembering all at once how much she missed her nephew. "I haven't seen him in ages, I miss my

pudgy little bun-bun."

"You know he's shed the baby weight, Caitlin, he looks better than ever. You can't keep using a nickname you gave him when he was-."

"A chubby bunny?" She interrupted with a giggle.

"Yes! To be fair, the only word he knew *was* 'bunny'." I found it hard to not leap to Sean's defence, but it was encouraging to know none of it was made up. Sean had shaped himself into a man whom I was losing the ability to keep off my mind.

"Wow, somebody has a little mommy crush, huh?" Caitlin teased me, making kissy noises into the phone. "Well, I don't care, he's always gonna be Bunny to me. What does Sean think of this new boytoy you've found?"

"Uh, he's okay with it I guess. It's a bit strange for both of us, to be honest, but he doesn't seem to mind." My heart was thumping in a quick rhythm, the bass echoing around my chest with powerful reverberation.

"Makes sense, he's a mature boy. He knows you and Donald have been unhappy for a while, and he's always been a momma's boy so I don't doubt he would keep your secret." Caitlin said mischievously. "So, he and the new guy have met? Does he know you're fucking him?"

"No, I mean yes sort of, but no, no not really. We haven't, uh, had sex yet." I gave my head a vigorous shake, trying to work up the courage to be direct. "Do you remember a couple years ago, at the Alister's Christmas party, we were drinking on the couch, probably the last couple of people awake?"

"I remember that, we talked for like 2 hours. God, I remember it so vividly but it's like I wasn't even there, mentally, ya know?"

"Sort of, yeah." I was growing more anxious with every passing second, biting my tongue to hold from rushing the explanation. "Anyway, I remember you said something about us that I still, admittedly, think about every so often."

Caitlin gave me a soft chuckle. "I can't promise I'll remember it, I was reasonably drunk. Paraphrase it for me?"

"Sure." I exhaled deeply through my nose, silently praying this would play out the way it was in my head. "It had to do with you and I, how we were slightly too...explorative, for sisters. Do you remember that?" Hope rang true in my voice.

Whether she did or not, I got the feeling she was playing me. "Not quite, what else did I say?"

"Well, I mean, do you remember how we used to...God, how do I explain this? We were very self-educating in the realm of our bodies."

"You mean when I came back from university the first time?" Caitlin was past chuckles now, launching into a fully formed laugh. "Soff, sweetheart, I still remember exactly what your pussy tastes like. And more importantly, I remember how incredibly talented you are with those hands, wow."

"Oh, great, so you remember us having sex." I felt my body decompress for a short second, a brief reprise for my overstressed psyche before the realization that I'd used the word 'sex' tensed me back up again.

"I don't know if I'd call it sex, we were still technically virgins when we met our college boyfriends. At least, *I* was." Semantics, some would say. But I didn't see it that way. Fooling around with Cait was just between us, no matter what I did with her it didn't do anything to prepare me for the first time I saw a penis in person.

"I'm sure if we'd asked them for a foursome they would've said yes. Guys seem to have a permanent hard-on for the whole 'fuck me and my sister' angle, so the convincing would have been minimal." Caitlin said. 'I doubt I would've had to convince *you* that much either, you little whore."

"Fucks sake, Cait!" I yelled, cupping a hand over my mouth to stifle the shock. I had clearly forgotten how crass my Sister could be, and how even after all these years I had a hard time deciphering if she was being genuine.

"Oh relax, you spaz, I'm half kidding."

It might have been my imagination, but I picked up on a hint of nostalgia in her voice that had me thinking all sorts of devious thoughts. Caitlin and I hadn't been..."together", in over twenty years, but now the vault of memories had swung open and they came tumbling out.

"I kind of miss our exploring." I pouted, curling a strand of hair around my middle finger.

"I don't know how much professional exploring is usually done with mouths and fingers, but we got the job done."

"Did we fucking *ever*!" The two of us cackled like we were in middle school late at night at a sleepover again, gossiping about boys we imagined were gossiping about us. A brief silence led me to prompt my next question. "And it wasn't...weird, was it?"

Caitlin lapsed for a second before filling in the gap. "It was just between the two of us, so if it wasn't weird for us two then who gives a damn what other people would've thought? They don't know us, that part of us, and they don't need to. It didn't change who we are, if anything it just brought us closer."

I found strange, familiar comfort in my sister's words. Despite her being a mere handful of years older than me, she had always been known to speak far beyond her years.

"You're right, Cait. Thank you, I needed to hear that." Sometimes going so long in between phone calls to Caitlin gave me the sense that she *wanted* to be distant, but I was happy to find myself mistaken at her overwhelming support. Leaning on the momentum of her charitable positivity, I chose to push the envelope a little further. "Have you ever thought about doing it again?"

It didn't even take a full second for my sister to respond, and she dropped the three words she knew would send goosebumps through my entire body. "All the time." I couldn't help it, I groaned a little, and she heard. "You like that, huh Soff?"

"God, yes I do. I haven't even touched a woman since-."

"Since you had both hands gripping to the roots of my hair when I tongue fucked you at Shephard's Bay twenty five years ago? Even *then* it'd been ages since we were intimate, and yes I'm

using the word even though I know you hate it."

"I'll let it slide." I whimpered. "I mean, don't get me wrong, if Donald wasn't around so often I probably would have already started pleading for you to come over."

"Tsk tsk tsk," Caitlin scolded with a bubbly tone. "Once a slut, always a slut, so it seems."

"Careful who you're calling names; I know exactly how to work that ass so that you'll be calling me whatever the fuck I want." I snapped, dropping the innocent tone and feeling a rush of warmth surface from the pit of my stomach as I recalled one of Caitlin's favourite fetishes.

"I guess sisters just have that bond between them."

My eyebrow arched. "What bond would that be?"

"I dunno, same parents, same genes, similar bodies, I spend enough time practicing on myself it doesn't surprise me that I can flip your switches, too."

"Ease off the horn; its inflating your ego like a cheap balloon." My eyes swam circles. "I see where you're coming from, though. It's hard to get past the taboo, but he doesn't seem to mind."

Silence. Pin-drop, gut-wrenching dead silence let me know I'd accidentally shown way, way too much of my hand. I resisted the urge to fill the silence by backpedalling into an incessant ramble, and waited to see how my Sister would react.

Thankfully, it didn't take more than a handful of painfully slow seconds before she clued in. "Wait a minute...he'? Are you talking about your new boyfriend? Why would that be taboo, Soff?" Caitlin seemed calmly alarmed, prodding the subject further but apprehensive to learn too much about it. "I mean, cheating is taboo, sure, but not the way incest is."

My throat tightened at the mention of the word incest; the stigma of my new favorite thing was wired into me biologically and I couldn't help but recoil at hearing it phrased that way. Knowing what I was hoping to accomplish with this call, her interest served as a green flag to let me know I was picking my words well. "Just hear me out, and save your judgement for someone who'll listen to it."

"Relax! For crying out loud I haven't even judged you yet, what's gotten you so wound up?"

I swallowed a lump the size of a baseball and found my voice buried beneath the rubble of my wavering confidence. "Okay, so, you know how Sean got home today?"

"You mean like you mentioned a whole 2 minutes ago? Now you're just repeating our conversation back to me, I thought you called with juicy gossip?" She was starting to grow impatient, I could hear the pout forming through the receiver.

I had two options laid out in front of me. One: bail and tell her some bullshit story that even I knew she would only pretend to believe to end the call.

Or option two; The "risk alienating your only sister because she thinks you're slutting up for your only son" kind of option.

Swallowing my fear, I chose the latter.

The air hung heavy with a peculiar sense of silence that left me less sure of myself than I was when I first called her. I picked my words carefully, not leaving myself any breathing room to ensure Caitlin didn't interrupt me. Relaying the story back gave me a somewhat villainous vibe, so I started throwing in some extra details to lessen the judgement against my character.

When I came to the part about my son shoving his dong halfway down my trachea, I heard her take a dramatic breath. She said nothing, weighing the outcome of every line of dialogue hoping there was one that didn't go along the lines of:

"You let Sean...throat fuck you? Fuck's sake, Soff, I'm all for being adventurous but you just made me blowing that guy on the ferris wheel look like a marital consummation." She was shouting, but not angrily. There was almost a sliver of relief, like she had been expecting worse, but the overwhelming aura of desperate intrigue was what shone through in her voice. "I mean, that's probably the last thing I ever expected of you, I knew you two were close but...doesn't this count as cheating on Donald?"

"It's not like that, not at all." I stated firmly, stomping my foot but gaining nothing from it. "I love Donald, and I love Sean. I just love them in very different ways."

"Uh huh, so now *Sean* is gonna be the one bedding you like Egyptian cotton? Wonder if he's up to the task."

"Oh fuck, Caitlin, if you had any idea how eager this kid is you wouldn't be wondering."

"You're making me jealous, share with your sister!" Caitlin pleaded, balling up her fists and slamming them on her bed in frustration. I knew she wanted a picture, that part didn't surprise me. What surprised me was how quickly she took to the idea of Sean and me being this close.

I reasoned that our past together, dabbling in incestuous games and exploring each other past what most sisters would, gave her an edge that cut the judgement many people would have shown me.

Still, her enthusiasm was surprising and I felt urged to make sure it wasn't being played. "You seem a bit too excited, Cait. This wouldn't happen to be something you've already been thinking about, would it?"

"And by *this* you mean..." She tried to play coy.

"I mean my son, and his dick, and the fact that I can practically hear your mouth watering over the phone." Metaphorically, of course. But she didn't know that.

"Fine, you're right."

I waited.

"You're right about...yes, okay Sean is good looking but I've never thought of him like that I mean, he's my nephew." Caitlin was trying to ground herself, retreating back into what she knew as safety instead of branching out. "I just think we'd be lying if we didn't say he was growing up into quite a hottie."

"But he's my *son*, and that didn't stop either of us. You're curious, aren't you?" I was only half aware of it, but my index finger was now slowly circling my areola, teasing it to forming a firm, pink nub I could easily pinch between my fingers. As I seemed myself I felt the ribbons tying me to civility

begin to loosen. "If he can gag his mother on his cock, surely he would be happy to choke his big-titted aunt as well."

"Would that be...okay? I'm a curious girl, we already knew that. But this might be too much for me." Her final sentence trailed off and I could tell she was thinking deeply. "Hey! I thought we had a long-standing deal that you would send me any dick pics you had of guys you'd slept with. When did that stop?"

"About 25 years ago, when Donald formally requested I stop blowing strange, well hung men and marry him instead." I blew hair out of my face, stifling the pang of guilt I felt at disparaging my husband in such a cavalier way.

She was right, though. For years, anytime I had met someone worth taking to bed, I made sure to forward all of their dick pics to my sister for approval. Not that I had actually let her judge my relationships on penis related qualities, but it was a fun little game.

"I haven't had sex with him yet, you goof. I can't just blatantly ask him for a pic of his dong."

Caitlin scoffed. "Yet, huh? Got a plan in the works, do ya, Sophie?" Shit, she caught me. I tried to misdirect her with a topic change.

"It sounds to me like you're desperate for a picture of Sean's dick, is that true? I think I have one from when he was a baby lying around, he used to love running around naked when he was a little guy." I rustled the sheets around, trying to make it sound like I was looking for something in my dresser drawers.

"NO!" She took the bait. "You know I want a recent one! Nobody cares about baby snakes, I want a python I can fucking gag on." This time it was laughter I had to stifle; after going this long without talking about sex with her, I'd forgotten how blunt our dirty talk was. It made sense, we taught each other everything we know.

"If that's what you want, then you picked the right nephew. I couldn't even stop my eyes from watering when he had his balls against my chin." I closed my eyes blissfully, rubbing my stomach and imagining Sean's semen swimming around my insides.

As for a picture, my mind continued to swim with possibilities; Sean had a great one of me, maybe I should get one of him to show to Cait. Better yet, maybe I wouldn't have to rely on just a picture to show her what Sean was packing. Theorizing that my sister was at least twice as horny as I was, and without a son for her to take it out on, I pitched an idea I knew would go over well. Caitlin listened with a patient ear, gasping and giving "ooooh, aaaah" at all the right places, until she culminated with an ear shattering; "FUCK YES!"

I held the receiver away from my ear and rolled my eyes, waiting for the fangirling on the other end to die down.

"You'd be comfortable with that?" I already knew the answer.

"I'll find the girls a sitter as soon as I can. I can probably be over tonight?" She sounded suggestive but I could tell there was a desperate plea behind her words.

Sadly, I had to turn her down. Tonight wasn't right for us to swarm Sean with Mommy-love, as per my plan. Instead, I convinced Caitlin to give the night to Sean and I, whatever I thought that meant.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Soff. Your kid has huge feet, so I can only imagine the damage he's gonna do on you if he gets in there." My sister warned me lovingly.

I chuckled at her use of the word "if", like there was any chance I'd even bother inviting Caitlin over without the promise of getting her off.

"It's getting really late, I should call it a night. I'm here if you wanna call again, I love you."

"I love you too, Cait. I'll call you tomorrow and tell you how it goes tonight, okay?" She agreed and we hung up, severing contact until our rendezvous tomorrow.

Though it was difficult, I convinced her to wait until tomorrow by promising one, very particular, condition. Much to my dismay, and Caitlin's outburst of joy, I was cornered into promising Caitlin she and my son could do the one thing I wouldn't even let Donald do.

Synapse cannons fired off in my brain, letting the stomach-churning reality set in all at once. I was going to let my Son in my ass, and I didn't know whether I was trembling from nerves, or unexplainable excitement.

But I was ready as hell to find out.

My bare feet stuck to the chestnut brown hardwood floors as I silently crept downstairs, adding little suction sounds to my small steps as I descended to the living room.

After my eventful phone call with Caitlin, I hadn't the capacity to put on anything more than a long sleeved shirt over top of my shorts. I never thought twice about how I dressed around my kids, so going without a bra wasn't uncouth. It felt different now, knowing there would be prying eyes watching me prance around half-dressed.

Sean and Lucy were taking up opposite ends of the couch, both facing the TV, leaving the middle cushion open. My theory was that they did this so when they started fighting, their insults had time to gather momentum before slapping the other person across the face. That, and a safe distance to avoid hard-flung fists.

I entered the room in the middle of Lucy giving her older brother a long, overly detailed explanation on why they weren't going to be watching anything on the Discovery Network, and why Sean should "kindly go fuck himself, thanks".

Her words, not mine.

If I hadn't broken them up, it would have escalated to a full blown slapfest in mere minutes.

"Lucy, your Brother got home *today*, at least wait the customary 24 hours before you start bugging him?"

Lucy flung the remote at Sean and hit him in the shoulder. "Momma's boy." She retreated into the safety of her phone screen, effectively sealing away from Sean and I.

"Damn right." Sean muttered under his breath, exchanging a knowing look with me. I gave him a little wink timed with a commanding clap to bring his Sister down to Earth. "You, with me, in the kitchen."

"What? What did I do?" She whined, flicking her phone off and casting her face in shadow.

"Nothing, yet." I folded my arms over my chest. "Which is why you're going to help me with dinner, for a change."

"Why the hell doesn't Sean have to help?" She complained.

"Because," I looked to the boy in question. "He's had a long drive back from university, which *he* chose to attend this year-."

"Mom, we've been over this."

"I'm not finished, Lucy." I forced my tone to grow angry, but I felt nothing of the sort. Thanks to my shower with Sean, I was feeling bubblier and happier than usual, but I couldn't tell her that. "He's been working *all* year, making his own meals and doing laundry by himself."

"What a fucking chore." Lucy was growing bored, I had to pull her back in before I lost her to her phone.

"Excuse me, young lady?" I let a menacing growl sneak into my voice that gave her goosebumps visible from the doorway. "He's my son, if I *can* take care of him, I will. Sean has been doing chores for me all day and as your mother, I'm telling *you* to help me. I'll find work for him, you know your Brother *hates* cooking."

A grumble of discontent was all Lucy fought back with, dragging herself off the couch and marching to the kitchen with heavy, grumpy footsteps.

A smile crept on to Sean's face; it seemed this commanding stance got a rise out of him. Good to know. Rather than follow hot on the heels of my grouchy daughter, I teased my Son a little bit, to feel the rush I felt on my knees in the shower, by offering him an ultimatum.

"Hey, hot stuff." I whispered, cocking my head to the side curiously. Caution told me to keep eyeing the door in case Lucy decided to make an unannounced reappearance.

"Hey, Mom." Sean said, greedily absorbing the image of my body's every inch, not bothering to concentrate on keeping his mouth from hanging open. "You look...really great."

Whether or not that was true, I appreciated the compliment. I hadn't done anything to doll myself up, so seeing such a bewildered reaction to my natural, low-effort self was something only Sean had ever shown me. "Thank you, sweetheart. I have an idea, if you're up for it."

"Always."

"You don't even know what it is yet, what if I *do* actually make you clean the gutters?"

Without missing a beat or shifting his gaze, Sean replied; "As long as I get to have you at the end of it, I would crawl through fire."

'*Have me*'. Is what he had said. Not have *sex* and with me, or *fuck* me, but he wanted all of me. I choked up a bit, flustered in a way that reminded me of trying to talk to cute boys in highschool so many years ago, before I discovered how to really "talk" with them.

I seductively slid my boy shorts down over the hump of my butt, turning to the side just enough to Sean could see the swell of his Mother's round, succulent bottom silhouetted against the dim light

coming from around the corner in the kitchen.

"And what will I get from Mommy as a thank you?" Sean spoke softly, no anxiety peppering his words, with a boldness I wouldn't let go unrewarded. I felt the plague of goosebumps appearing on the back of my neck and welcomed their arrival.

"What do you want from her?" I purred softly, daring to drop my bunched up cotton shorts even lower, to keep his attention where I wanted it. Even when I spoke with the sexiest voice I could, Sean was transfixed on my ass, just how I wanted it.

His gaze was unwavering, and I had the sinking feeling that my Son was wordlessly telling me he had already picked his favourite part of my body, regardless of how talented I was with my mouth. To be fair, I *was* intentionally swaying my butt back and forth, and I *had* been doing squats lately, so the attention was warranted.

Sean hadn't responded to me yet, so I subtly prompted him. "See something you like?" I bit my lower lip, waiting for his approval of me like a schoolgirl looking for attention while giving a final little dip to pop out my lower half.

"I don't see anything I *don't* like, you're flawless, Mom." It didn't feel like Sean was trying to swoon me, he was stating an indisputable fact that even he was having trouble comprehending. "If I clean the gutters can I have...her?" His wording was awkward; I had never had my vagina referred to as a "her" before. Seeing as "she" tightened in response, pinching out a small droplet of honey from between her creamy lips, I don't think *she* minded one bit.

"We'll see how clean you get the gutters, okay? I don't wanna make enormous promises just to get a lazy job out of you." What was wrong with me? I was asking myself over and over again, but nothing could compensate for the guilt, or adrenaline rush, Sean gave me.

"Wow, Mom, I've never had a girl let me...back there." He exclaimed, making me wonder why I hadn't noticed it was my bum he was gawking at. I assumed he was eager to return to his first home, but perhaps he had other plans.

"Have you ever tried it?" Sean was riddled with curiosity, tightly wound like a Hitchcock thriller.

Technically, I had. But it wasn't something I had done with a man before. Caitlin had always had a wild fascination with my ass; she said it was so thick she couldn't help but leave handprints in my flesh.

It happened one night, after pestering me for an entire hour, I finally caved and allowed my sister to play with my ass. I swear to God she was less like a kid in a candy store, and more of a kid in charge of an entire candy factory; she was in absolute uninterrupted euphoria the entire time I let her (gently) prod and push her fingers into my inexperienced hole.

Once I was used to her fingers, she introduced me to the wonders of her mouth. To this day I can't even picture anal without first imagining her tongue buried between my ass cheeks, sloppily sucking at my puckered butthole.

We only did it a handful of times after that, each attempt becoming rougher, until I finally had to stop her to save myself from being ripped in half. I'd always been interested to try it again, with a real dick, but hadn't found an opportunity where I actually *wanted* someone, man or woman, to *really* give it to me in the one spot I felt so fragile.

My stomach churned with freshly hatched butterflies as it slowly became clear that the opportunity I was looking for might have presented himself to me. Regardless, I wasn't ready for that yet, and Caitlin would have a field day if she knew I'd caved to anal sex without her, so I pushed it to the recess of my mind. Still, I left a mental sticky note on the idea that read "revisit later; with Cait."

Rather than clue Sean in on my history with anal, I let him think I was a tad more pure than I really was. "Never, not even your Father. I never let him in her." For added effect I smacked my ass and turned just enough so the light bounced off my skin, juicy handfuls of meat rippling for his amusement.

My babyboy was staring in wonder, giving more praise to my teasing than I had ever received from something so slight. Considering he'd already seen me completely naked *and* knew what the back of my throat felt like, I didn't imagine something so tame would rile him up this quickly.

His reactions were never disingenuous, never faked for my benefit, he was genuinely and unequivocally obsessed with seeing me naked. Much to my surprise, I had nothing but similar feelings I was aching to return in the most devious of ways. Truth be told, I felt like a teenage slut the way I was craving attention from my Son, sexual or otherwise, I found myself attracted to simply being near him.

"You can have *her* one day." I grabbed onto one cheek and the doughy flesh oozed over my fingers, earning saucer-sized eyes from Sean. "But not yet, despite what my shower may have implied, we're gonna start taking it slower."

That wasn't entirely true, but I needed a way out in case everything got too...real, I suppose. "So before we do anything else, I'm gonna need those gutters cleaned." I winked playfully and stomped my foot, snapping him from his daze. "So, big guy, the gutters sound like a fair chore, or what?" He nodded and took off like a rocket, not bothering to hide the enormous bulge in his sweatpants.

In fact, and I'm sure he did this part on purpose, his cock brushed against me as he slid past me until the hall, slowing down so that I could feel the heat from his crotch radiating like a furnace near to my own heat source. We were only pressed together for a couple seconds, yet it took every ounce of restraint in my soul not to collapse into Sean's arms and pin us against the wall.

When he was out of the room, I finally had a chance to catch the breath I had found so fleeting amid our palpable tension. My heart was trying its hardest to burst from my chest and I didn't want the feeling, the rush, to stop. My pulse returned to normal, but my thoughts were still whirring a mile a minute. I had to pull myself down from the clouds, where my Son proudly dominated my concentration, in order to convince myself to start dinner.

I went through the motions on autopilot, coasting through the meal-prep without a single shred of brain power dedicated to actually cooking. At the height of my fantasizing I wouldn't even be able to tell you what I had chosen to make.

I didn't feel like myself, I felt young again. The last time I had experienced this infatuation was in high school with my first boyfriend, back when making out was considered a serious commitment. These thoughts were so different from my usual harmless sexual daydreaming, featuring whatever golden bodied, pinnacle of prowess was in the spotlight that week.

No, these were moments of bliss where I imagined nothing but my Son's arms around my body, his lips latched onto a nipple like when he was my baby, and his cock stuffing me to my heart's desire.

My heavy daze prevented me from hearing my name called, even after Sean shouted it for the fourth time or so. I turned and blinked like I had woken from sleep to see my boy standing in the kitchen doorway covered in sweat, nail beds full of dirt and gunk. "What happened to you?" I asked.

He shot me a look of concern. "Gutters, remember? You *do* remember telling me to do them, right?" His smile dropped. "Don't tell me I did this for nothing!"

I offered him a sympathetic smile, abandoning subtlety as I dove straight for his dick, grabbing it through his thin cotton shorts and giving the spongy head a small squeeze. "Baby, I'm kidding. It's about time they got cleaned out, I've been asking your Father for weeks."

As if on cue, I heard the door beep indicating Donald had opened the front door. All he had to do was round the corner and he would see Sean's meaty cock resting comfortably in my palm. And if he looked even closer, he would have seen me salivating.

Until now, the taboo carried little weight, since it was just between us. But hearing Donald return home had made it abundantly clear that it would only take a second, one single moment, to derail everything I had set in motion. I didn't want Donald to know anything, or rather, I didn't want him to even think there was something to know about that he *didn't* know about. All that realization set in and I leapt back from Sean, banging my head on the cabinet behind me with a sharp *CRACK*.

"Sophie, honey? You okay?" Donald droned from the front hall.

"I'm fine, but *fuck* that hurt." I rubbed the back of my skull while Sean rooted through the freezer for a cold-pack.

"Hey now, watch your language for crying out loud, our kid is home." Donald laughed jokingly as he waltzed into the kitchen, oblivious to the boner Sean had stealthily flipped up into his waistband. He dropped his coat and suitcase, leaning in to give me a light peck on the cheek and Sean a firm handshake.

"*God dammit, I wish he was Sean.*" I caught myself thinking sour thoughts towards Donald, so for the sake of our family I put on a brave face and called Lucy to the kitchen for dinner.

We ate through dinner in mostly silence, save for the sound of Donald tapping away on his phone while he ate. It was set down on the table, so every touch set off a tiny vibration I could feel on the other side of the table. "Honey, do you have to do that now?" My faux smile was on full display.

"Dear, we've discussed this." He didn't grant me the courtesy of eye contact. "I have a company to help run, they need me there. So, if I'm going to be *here*, I also have to be *there*, okay?."

"*I need you to be here, Donald.*" I said through gritted teeth. "Why don't you talk to your Son on his first night home in months?"

He rolled his eyes, hoping I wouldn't see it with his head tilted down as he begrudgingly pocketed his phone. "Okay, if that'll help get you out of this *mood* of yours." What an asshole. "So, Sean, what are you gonna do tomorrow with your first day back on the old block?"

Sean grumbled something about relaxing, giving his Father minimal attention. Ever the ignorant, Donald didn't notice his disinterest and kept talking about how they should go to lunch with some of his colleagues the next day, essentially inviting him to a stuffy business meeting. "Come on, it'll be good for you to make some new connections. It's all about networking, you know, Son?"

My temper reached a boiling point and I saw an opportunity to release some rage. When Donald finished, I turned to Sean again. "Actually, I think you have some chores to do tomorrow."

"Sophie, he has all summer to do chores, let me spend some time with him if that's what'll help you...settle down." He was trying to deliver his condescension gently, but I wasn't about to let that slide.

"He's staying home, and that's final. I missed my Son, I don't want you scampering off with him all day." I snarled, pushing my food around my plate to direct the conversation away from me. "Lucy, hon, what are you doing tomorrow?"

Always eager to win the affection of his daughter, Donald perked right up when she started telling "Daddy" about her upcoming day at the beach, followed by a house party that same night. She, along with Donald, would be gone all day. My nerves started buzzing at the realization, the same way they used to when my parents would leave me and my Sister in the house alone for the weekend.

I flashed my Son a smirk across the table and he caught it instantly, returning it with an unabashed wink. His foot brushed up against mine and I felt my heart flutter, reminding me of the thrill of trying to keep our secret. His toes continued to wander until they were mere inches away from my panties, testing my warmth. I was sure Sean felt it, with the way a smile crept onto his face the longer his toes ventured.

I had to admit, I was growing fond of Sean's boldness. It seemed as though the more comfortable I made him, the less he saw me as a matronly figure, and as more of a woman. A woman who, against the laws of nature, was seriously considering having sex with her Son. Then again, wasn't this sort of the *most* natural thing in the world? Perhaps my brain was finding ways of reasoning to sooner get Sean between my legs, but the more I thought about it the more I began to unravel my guilt. I knew Sean wanted to do it, he'd probably even do me in the pantry if I told him I was ready to go now, but was I really ready?

The thought gave me a little chuckle, provoking interest from Donald. "Everything okay?" He hovered down a spoonful of mashed potatoes, sans eye contact.

"Fine, sweetheart. Everything is just fine." Now it was my turn to avoid eye contact, though it was to deter my Husband from seeing how dramatically our Son could get me to blush through a burst of endorphins.

I spent the rest of the meal with my head down, pretending I had an appetite for anything other than Sean.

The clock on my bedside table brightly flashed 11:15 pm in bold, red lines. The only other light on was in the bathroom where Donald was completing his nightly ritual. I, on the other hand, was in bed going over the news he'd just dumped on me.

"I'm sorry, you have to do *what?*" I tried to keep my voice down, but hushed whispers couldn't contain my disdain.

"Keep it down, Soff." Donald urged, eyeing the door like one of our kids would come bursting through at any moment.

"Don't call me that, only Cait calls me that and you *know* that, so why do I have to keep telling you, Donald?" My voice grew louder as I spoke longer, until I was out of breath. "Explain to me why, after not seeing your son for 8 months, you would take this stupid vacation?"

"It isn't a vacation, that's what I'm trying to tell you." He pinched the bridge of his nose, sighing deeply. "It's for work, everyone from work is going."

"Who is *everyone*, exactly?" I folded my arms across my chest and arched an eyebrow as high as I could. "Is Amanda going?"

He said nothing for a moment, like he considered lying before realizing I wouldn't have made it easy to get away with. "Yes, okay yes Amanda is going, she works with me I can't make her stay home just because you're so-."

"I'm so *what*? So jealous, right?" I was trying not to sound shrill. "Well fuck me for being jealous, or distrusting, or crazy, or whatever you want to call me. But when my Husband kisses another woman I shouldn't have to find out about it through your work friends."

"I told you I was sorry. We were drunk, the office went out for cocktails and the two of us just...made a mistake." Finally, I was seeing shreds of shame.

"I've heard the story, thank you, it doesn't warrant repeating." Either way, I knew Donald would continue to defend his actions despite regretting them.

"She's in a relationship now, and this isn't a vacation it's just work focused. We'll be doing team building exercises and work shopping product development all day, it's all about investing in synergy and group cohesion. Hardly the place for romance."

He threw buzzwords at me to keep me distracted, so I played along. Truthfully, I didn't give a shit what he was doing. "Fine, forget I said anything. I could use some time to myself, go on your little retreat."

He groaned like a bear and slid into bed, placing himself as close to the edge of the bed as he could. "Thanks, sweetheart. I knew you'd understand."

I rolled over and shut my eyes as tight as I could. "Goodnight, Donald."

He stayed silent.

Minutes ticked by as I tried to get to sleep, but dreams eluded me with all their might. My brain was drugged up on full blown lust and sleeping beside my snoring husband was somehow not stifling that. I was an addict in need of a fix, and admitting that to myself stung a little bit.

I knew just down the hall from me was a dick waiting to be serviced, so I did what absolutely *no* sane mother would do. I got out of bed, and I got dressed for my Son. I was currently wearing a baggy sweatshirt and shorts for maximum comfort, but I wanted to look good.

No, scratch that. I wanted to look amazing, for him.

I slipped into a vibrant red babydoll that cut off a couple of inches above my knees, and was stunned to find it had never been worn before. There wasn't much in the way of support for my breasts, if I spun around too quickly they would crash against each other like rolling waves. I never realized how white the untanned portion of my breasts was, but seeing them with my bronze tan

lines, contrasted with the vibrant red lingerie, they *really* popped. There was something extremely eye catching about seeing three different colours bouncing around when I swayed my boobs back and forth.

I did a sharp turn to see how my skirt would keep up, but ended up exposing a fair bit of my bum to the crisp night air. I gave it a light smack, relishing the sound echoing around the bathroom, challenging me to do it harder. I brought down my palm with more force this time and watched in the mirror as my bottom absorbed the impact, sending out a little ripple like a pebble in a pond.

I had hit myself so hard enough that my other cheek quaked as well. The two mounds fed off each other's energy, wobbling back and forth even after I had poised myself to take another hit. This time I nearly squealed when my hand came down with a **THWACK**, startling me half as much as it stung. Despite that, I was mesmerized watching my bum taking the punishment and turning a luscious, rosy pink in the process.

I felt a tad silly admiring my own body in such a way, but for years I had felt like it was something I should be neutral about. I never cared very much about how I looked, my kids always came first when I was in my prime. After Donald and I stopped being intimate (sorry, I know, I hate that word too) I fell into a lull where being attractive seemed frivolous. Sean was finally pulling me from that void and giving me the confidence I had back in university, where I was a young, dumb, hot twenty something who had no trouble getting a man.

Staring at my reflection, I could finally see that girl coming back for the first time. I tried my hardest to imagine myself in Sean's shoes, what it would be like to see his Mother dressed up, just for him. I only prayed he wasn't asleep already; I was growing as impatient as I was horny and it was compounding by the minute.

I exited the bathroom with a deep breath, hoping to steady my nerves. Suddenly every creak and groan from the floor was an alarm bell alerting the warden to my daring escape. I crept along the creaky floorboards with feather-light feet, stepping in all the right spots where I knew there would be minimal noise. Down the hall, Sean's room was pitch black, but it would take more than that to discourage me.

I reached his door but couldn't bring myself to open it right away. I had peeked behind his door while my Son was sleeping many, many times throughout his life, as most Mothers will do. But tonight it was taking every modicum of will I had just to grip the handle.

It was serene, as if I wasn't really conscious. How could I be at my Son's door right now, preparing to open it dressed in an outfit that begged him to have sex with me, knowing I had watched my baby boy sleep in that bed so many times?

"Oh, Sophie, I hope you know what you're doing." I mumbled to myself as I opened the door, holding my breath to hear if Sean was awake or not. His breathing was low and constant, taking very deep breaths. I had a few seconds to prepare before I actually woke him up. His bed was big enough for both of us to fit side by side, and then some, so he didn't even stir when I climbed in beside him and tossed the covers over my half naked body.

He was still asleep, completely unaware of my presence. I stood over him for a moment watching his shallow breathing, wondering if he was dreaming of me as much as I day-dreamt of him today.

"Okay, Sean, time to show Mommy what you can do." I whispered, planting a kiss on his forehead.

His eyes snapped open and scanned the room to get his bearings before landing on my face with a confused look. "Mom?"

"Hey, sweetheart." I combed my fingertips against his scalp and gazed longingly into his dark pupils. "Is it okay if I sleep here tonight? Your Father stole all the blankets and I need someone to keep me warm."

"But it's summer?" He gawked without a clue.

"Stop poking me with logic." I wrinkled my nose. "Can you please shut up and hold me now?"

I nestled my body into Sean's arms, burying myself as deep into his chest as I could. His massive arms encompassed me and gave me a sense of peace, rubbing my shoulders and playfully toying with my blonde hair. He was taking deep breaths with his nose pressed to my skull, savouring the mango & coconut aroma wafting towards him. "You smell great, Mom." His husky voice carried an edge to it when he kissed the top of my head, a deep rumbling I could feel vibrating out from his chest.

"I taste great too." I winked with equal parts sexy and cheesy, kissing him without warning. He kissed back with as much effort as his groggy sleep state would allow.

"You're right, you do. What is that...cherry lip balm?" He asked, nibbling on my bottom lip and tugging on it softly. "Delicious."

"I think my other lips taste a whole lot better, do you wanna find out?"

I swung one leg over Sean and climbed on top of him. His hands rested on my thighs, just below the skirt of my babydoll. "You look incredible, Mom." His eyes were wide enough to speak for themselves. "Did you buy this...for me?"

Truthfully, I hadn't. But that doesn't mean I had to let the opportunity go to waste. "I knew how much you'd love your Mommy dressed in red. I'm sorry the underwear doesn't match."

"I think it'll be fine, Mom. What, uh, what colour *are* they?"

I played up the teasing and kissed my way up Sean's neck, nibbling on his earlobe. "They're a really nice creamy white, almost a sort of peach, I guess?" I whispered to him, wondering if he would get the hint without having to feel around.

His interest was clearly piqued. Sean's hands slid further up my thigh and bunched up the skirt, exposing my bottom to the air. He felt around for evidence of said underwear, but instead found only bare skin. "Mom, you aren't wearing panties." As if I didn't know that already.

"I know, honey. I wanted to bring out that adorable face you make when you're speechless." I smooched him again and was greeted by the aforementioned face. "There! That's the one!" My taunting was having an unexpectedly quick effect on Sean; I could already feel his boxers tenting up. Since that's all he was wearing, Sean didn't even have to be fully erect for me to feel his cock bump against my bare pussy.

The thin barrier of fabric separating us was tightly pulled around the head of Sean's dick, keeping it from entering me, but only just. I was firmly grinding my hips against my son, pushing my weight down to stop him from springing up and losing control. I worked myself into a groove, stirring up a noticeable warmth deep in my belly that grew more intense as I gained speed.

My hands traced over my son's naked body as I felt my way around his chest like I was reading braille. I couldn't stop myself or stay in one spot for too long, I liked letting my impatience get the best of me. Sean's chest was heaving steadily with his deep, concentrated breaths, encouraging my hands to explore the muscular body I was so proud of creating. I paused for a moment when I reached his heart, bewildered by how fast the thing was beating.

Keep in mind, this is the boy I hugged after he ran his first cross country event in high school, and I remembered feeling the powerful thumping of his heart against my chest when I embraced him at the finish line. But that was still nothing compared to the machine gun speed he was experiencing now, and I felt my motherly instincts kick in.

"You're nervous, huh baby?" I cooed softly into his ear.

"A little bit, yeah." He said sheepishly. "Is that weird?"

I kissed Sean's neck as reassuring as I could, letting my lips linger. "Not at all. I'm actually kind of nervous, too."

"Really?" For some reason, he didn't believe his Mother was a nervous wreck upon inciting cowgirl with her Son. If that wasn't enough to bring some anxiety to the surface, then feeling the pulse of his heartbeat through his cock definitely was.

I was prolonging the foreplay for as long as I could, afraid that once I let him inside of me, my Son would never see me the same way again. "You tell me; feel Mommy's heart." I grabbed him by the wrist and guided his palm over my breast, placing my hand over top of his and pressing down so he could feel the rapid fluttering for himself. "I haven't had sex with anybody except for your Father since I married him, and I hate to be the one to tell you, but you're somewhat larger than him."

"I am?" Sean didn't even bother trying to conceal his pride, practically blinding me with how bright he beamed.

"You are." I smiled gleefully, feeding off his burst of happiness. "I don't know where you got *this* thing from, maybe it was your Grandfather?"

With our lips still locked, I tried to take off my babydoll without breaking the rhythm. I had barely gotten it up over my bum when Sean stopped me and insisted; "Let me do it."

I relinquished control of the fabric and let him take hold. Surprisingly, he didn't immediately try to undress me. Instead, he let me smother his shorts in my juices and went to work playing with my ass. Neither of us dared to be the one to break our kiss so we remained connected at the waist and lips, twisting our tongues together and swapping spit like a couple of horny teenagers.

Feeling his hands against my bare bum startled me at first; heightened sensitivity due to my spanking earlier. Still, I knew that was only part of the answer. The real reason it felt so different was the sheer passion Sean was displaying, pouring over my body with interest in every detail.

He was anything but gentle, unconcerned that it was his own Mother he was roughly toying with. My cheeks gave no resistance when he dug his palms in and took a greedy handful. The meat of my pudgy bum oozed like putty between his fingers. He lifted up the skirt of the babydoll and spanked me, like I had earlier, conjuring a yelp that was thankfully muffled by our lip lock.

Closed eyes entrenched me in the moment, letting my kissing become sloppy and lazy so I could, in turn, allow my mind to focus on Sean's touch. For so long I had felt apprehensive about my bottom

half; I could never get it toned down to the smaller size I wanted it and felt like it didn't fit the rest of my body.

Sean, on the other hand, had no such thoughts. He tucked his hands under the swell of my bum, where my legs ended and curved out to form two juicy bulges, and cupped the bottom of my ass with his thumbs. I was finding it hard to maintain my balance as my butt was jiggled, accompanied by small clapping sounds when he pushed my cheeks together.

Of course, he was making it do that on purpose, but it felt oddly enjoyable being massaged with such aggression so I took no issue. All the motion stopped, however, when I felt him place his fingers deep into the crease where my pussy had created a gooey mess of honey. He managed to get a grip and pulled my ass apart like he was readying himself to enter it, but instead he kept it held wide open so the chill of the air could tickle my buttohole.

Once he was satisfied he had spread me enough, he rearranged his hand so his middle finger wasn't being used to stretch me. I wasn't expecting him to be such a confident adventurer but Sean was prepared to keep going until I said stop, which I sincerely didn't want to do. I was honestly so willing to give Sean anything he wanted that I didn't know if I would tell him no, even though anal had always been forbidden to all but my sister.

Feeling his finger lingering over my backdoor gave me a rush of memories, namely my recent promise to Caitlin. I wanted her to be there the first time Sean fucked me in the ass, essentially taking my anal virginity all over again. The couple of times Donald and I had tried were trainwrecks; it hurt too much the first time when he got past the head, so the second time he made sure I couldn't resist.

It hurt, a lot, and by the end he took to covering my face with a pillow so he couldn't hear me pleading for him to stop. We hadn't done it or talked about it since, so anal was somewhat of a black mark on our history. I knew the only way Sean would ever get inside my bum was if Caitlin was helping him, and I think he could sense my reservations; I couldn't stop myself from clenching up defensively as soon as he made contact.

"You don't like that, Mom?" His voice carried pebbles of disappointment, but was full of concern more than anything.

"I'm sorry, honey, it's not that I don't like it." It was pretty obvious to me at this point that if Sean wanted it, I would likely give it to him just so I could see him happy. Even though my brain was screaming *NO*, I didn't want that to be what came out of my mouth. "It's just...kind of hard to explain."

Thanks to me running my mouth, Sean now knew he was bigger than his Father, but he didn't know by how much. If I told him, it would make a lot more sense why I wasn't eager to take his monster cock in my ass, but I didn't want him to know that letting him back there would equate to the thickest thing I'd ever taken in there.

"How about today you make sure you know how to please your Mommy's pussy, and if you do a good job I might let you have a little fun back there...someday." I winked and pecked him on the nose, no point in spoiling the surprise for him. "But, first things first, we have to get these boxers off you."

"And we have to get this dress off *you*." His eyes lit up.

"You got a little distracted playing with Mommy's bum, huh?" Cue the immense blushing.

"Can you blame me?"

With his focus regained, Sean bunched up the bottom of my babydoll, slowly lifting the garment above my breasts, off my shoulders, and then onto the floor.

The way Sean stared at my breasts made me feel like I was on the receiving end of a teen movie cliché. He was wide eyed and slack jawed, looking like he was laying his eyes on his first pair of breasts. "Honey, you saw me naked in the shower, remember?"

"I know but...they're *bigger* from down here." He was probably right considering I was towering over him, boobs wobbling back and forth so my nipples dragged across his face. He was gawking up at his Mother's breasts like a baby bird waiting to be fed.

I bent over so my nipples were lined up with his mouth, making sure one of the pink caps ended up sealed between his lips. As soon as he had a hold of it, Sean started sucking on the rubbery surface, giving me a torrent of nostalgia I'd been longing for. My hands instinctively crept under the back of his head, supporting my Son while he hungrily nursed on my breasts. He had definitely gained better control of his tongue since we last did this, and was using it to gracefully manipulate the sensitive nub without being overbearing.

But then, just when I got comfortable I would feel his teeth lightly press into the milky white breast meat his face was drowning in, followed by a long, tender lick from his tongue. The slimy texture was foreign on my skin; I'd never felt something like this before.

Sure, I had kissed plenty of guys, but I had never had anybody actually drag their tongue across me like they were trying to taste me. That's the impression I got from Sean; I had never seen such unbridled lust before, except in movies where it always looks forced, but my Son didn't look like that. He was experiencing absolute joy, now that I had given him an opportunity to be friendly with my breasts.

The shower was nice, but I wanted to make it about *him*. Now it seemed he was more than willing to repay the favour, and I was happy to let him. Rather than take the lazy route I decided to make good use of my hands, arching my back so there was enough space between us to shimmy his boxers down, but only to his knees.

"I can't reach down any further if you don't let go of my boob." I got no reaction. I'd have to pull him out of his daze if I wanted any communication. "Okay, if you *just* wanna play with my chest that's fine, but I guess that means I got *this* wet for nothing." Cue an instant reaction in the form of my nipple being released from his mouth with a small **pop!**

"I didn't know I was doing so well." Liar.

"Oh, sweetheart, you are." I innocently batted my eyelashes and placed Sean's hand in mine. "Do you want to feel how wet your Mommy-slut is?"

He nodded, dumbfounded.

"Then you have to let her take your pants off." I was still tugging at his boxers to no avail, unable to reach back far enough to remove them.

"Not yet." He was still side-tracked with my breasts. "Your tits are too good to pass up, Mom."

I flicked Sean's ear and he gasped: attention gained. "Your Mother doesn't have *tits*, Sean, I have breasts. Tits are how a stripper earns tips."

"What's the difference?"

"You didn't breastfeed from tits, baby, you breastfed from *me*." I pushed my boobs together and his eyes turn from pinholes to saucers, hopelessly hypnotised as I dug my fingers in to the white flesh. "Don't you think they deserve some respect?"

Sean buried his face between them, trapping his mouth and nose in soft breast meat until he reached the center of my chest and planted a kiss between them. "I never thought about that, sorry, Mom." His voice vibrated against my boobs and I couldn't help but giggle. Okay, not a dainty little giggle, it was more of a surprised yelp laden with laughter.

He recoiled. "Are you okay?"

"You're trying to tickle me!" I mashed my breasts together again, trying to shake off the warm, fuzzy aftershocks. "Take your pants off, young man. Don't make me count to three!" His grin was contagious enough to end my ruse pretty quick, and in a matter of seconds I was reduced to begging. But for the sake of my character, we'll call it 'persuading'.

"Okay, you win!" He kicked his drawers off with a few easy flicks, what a show off. "See? Easy! Now sit down, Momma." Sean started his hands at my knees, his palms firmly pressed against me as he slid them further up my thighs. Their path ended at my waist, subtly pushing me downward until I felt his cock sandwiched perfectly between the lips of my vagina, instantly dousing his entire girth with the cream dripping freely from between my legs.

Maybe it was all the previous muscle memories of toying with myself the same way, albeit with a flimsy piece of silicone, but my anticipation didn't prepare me for the pulsating heat I felt radiating off my Son's cock. I closed my eyes and devoted myself to the sensation of his dick dragging over my clit in a steady rhythm, with only a single stroke to get us in tune, as though we had been practicing together for years.

One particularly firm stroke threw me off balance and I instinctively shot my hands forward to balance myself before I fell. Before I could even open my eyes to see where my hands had landed, I felt Sean's large, encompassing hands catch me and tightly interlace our fingers.

"You knew that was gonna throw me, didn't you?" I accused between bated breaths.

"Well, you are kind of delicate." He teased without allowing even a hiccup into his grinding. "I figured I might have to catch you."

"You think I'm delicate, do you?" I increased my pace, but unlike his Father, he was somewhat of a natural at keeping up with me. My plan backfired, but his bare cock against my clit was a wonderful consolation prize. I gave up on trying to control our speed and let Sean take charge. All I could do was bear down and ensure that each forceful push made contact with my clit, pushing my hips down to angle the sensitive button towards my Son. Sean was in a trance that I didn't want to take him out of, particularly now that his eyes were closed.

An idea crossed my mind and I didn't bother to think about it twice; my plan was fool proof.

I grabbed Sean by the wrists and guided his hands to my butt, gingerly using them to spread myself once they were planted on me. "Don't let go." I whispered into his neck, removing my hands.

He couldn't help but gently knead my ass and timidly pull me open a little further, but they stayed glued to me.

Sean's grinding was slower now, more deliberate. "Keep going." I encouraged him with a whisper, nibbling on his earlobe. I had not been this nervous when I lost my virginity, but something in me *needed* this to go right, so I fought back my anxiety and let my instincts lead.

"Are we ready?" I was asking myself more than I was asking my Son. I didn't need him to answer, his body was telling me "yes" all over. I matched his timing and made sure that the second he pulled back his cock, my hand wrapped around the base of his shaft. Without breaking stride Sean lurched forward again, only this time he didn't touch my clitoris.

My son effortlessly popped between the folds of my vagina, pushing my gooey juices down with it as the fat, throbbing head sunk deeper and deeper inside of me. Every inch he fed my pussy was swallowed up with an unabashedly hunger. I had never been so full before, yet my walls earnestly made room for our guest until his hips were flush with mine, his cock nuzzled firmly against my cervix.

The hairs on the back of my neck stood up and a cold shiver ran through my spine, which slowly grew into a glowing fire brewing in the pit of my stomach, as though I had swallowed lava. With his cock firmly embedded in the depths of his Mother's vagina, Sean started pulsing, fluttering against my cervix like his persistent bulging would open me further.

Neither of us spoke; there was nothing to say. All of the guilt and emotional weight I had experienced vanished as though it had never been, and I fell unconditionally in love with having my Son inside of me. Unlike the times I would play with myself, I didn't have any clawing, desperate need to get myself off in record time. When I was alone, my toys never sat still for this long, especially my vibrating ones, but that state of mind was absent here.

I think a part of me was waiting, wanting, for him to take control, momentarily forgetting that I was the one on top. Dragging his cock out from within my warmth was a disappointing thought, but I was getting antsy, so I raised my hips and let a few inches of Sean's fat cock ease out of me. I gasped loudly, but Sean's grunting drowned me out. Neither of us were prepared for how good it felt to fill, or be full of, each other.

My insides were used to intruders of a decidedly smaller size; not even my toys were able to give me such a fulfilling stuffing, but Sean's girth was proving a welcome challenge. I needed to see how much I could take before I really started aching. I plopped down into Sean's lap and my globular bottom bulged out like a pancake under my weight.

I thanked myself for maintaining an interest in pilates for so many years, I loved having an ass I could be proud of, just as I'm sure Sean thanked me for my tightly developed grip. I happily conformed my fleshy walls to fit around him, trying to milk and store every drop of precum from his balls. My pussy knew it was being fucked by someone special, it knew the prize we were facing was one to treasure.

Sean's bulbous head was perfectly poised so as not to fall out when my ass rose, waiting to be swallowed whole when I plummeted down again. The constant pounding was forming a knot in my stomach where I could feel my Son hitting each time I impaled myself on his throbbing erection, so I aimed to change pace.

I grabbed my Son by each side of his head and pulled him up to kiss me. His muscular arms encircled me and pulled me down into his lap as he rose to a sitting position, keeping his lips locked with mine. There was something to be said about communicating wordlessly and getting exactly what you want from your partner; Sean and I were in perfect harmony. The knot in my stomach uncoiled itself as I slowly eased my Son into me, taking the time to feel him gingerly peel me apart rather than punishing my body with his full effort.

Once he was buried to the hilt I began steadily rocking back and forth, carefully trying to release some of the pressure on my cervix. Sean did a wonderful job of keeping me held tight; one hand nestled between my bum cheeks and the other on my shoulder so he could pull me down to meet his strokes. My breasts flattened over Sean's chest as he brought me as close as he could, creating a mountain of squishy boob between us.

Sean placed his lips in a seal around my nipples, jutting out like bullets, and sucked them while flicking his tongue over the bumpy surface. His sucking grew harder until I felt him pop it from his mouth, retrying the same tactic on the creamy skin like he was sucking on a giant, puffy marshmallow. His sucking left a small red ring that stood out noticeably, successfully branding me with his own personal hickey.

The longer we stayed in this position the more I felt civility leaving me, giving way to lust. Sex with my husband was always done with the objective of impressing him, or at least doing a good job, and that's something I had always considered to be *my* job. Archaic, I know, but we married young and nothing ever changed. The differences being that now, looking like a mess of sweat and tangled hair, towering over my own son, I felt sexier than I ever had.

I was thoroughly enjoying being so close with Sean, but the fire in my gut needed more in order to burn at its brightest. There was a moment of weakness in him and I took advantage by pushing him down onto his back and taking control. It didn't last long, as the second I closed my eyes to bask in my newfound power, Sean dethroned me. I didn't register what was happening before I was torn down and thrown to the blankets, snapping my eyes open to see Sean hovering over me with a goofy smile.

"See?" He winked, withdrawing from me and leaving me feeling empty. "Told you; you're fragile."

He spread my thighs apart and climbed between them so he would have uninhibited access to his mother's pussy. My heels dug into his back in an effort to bring him closer and he followed mercifully, equally uninterested with the idea of leaving his mommy's clutches. I didn't have time to pout over his absence; his cock dipped between my lips and I swallowed the inflated helmet, cooking up a bubbly, gooey mixture of precum and my own nectar that threatened to leak out should I be left unplugged for too long.

Sean plunged his cock into the creamy pussy and stirred me up, filling all the space I had left. I clenched with all my strength, forcing a bead of wetness out of me that dripped down between my butt cheeks, gliding over my asshole and sending a tingle through my legs. I couldn't help but groan and dig my nails into his shoulders as he inched out, preparing for the next moment where I knew I would be made to stretch for him again.

My Son held himself over me, leaving me very little room to move as I squirmed around beneath him. The oncoming waves of pleasure encouraged me to lose what control I had left.

"Mom, are you okay?" He asked with concern.

It was then, when I finally took a breath, that I realized I had been holding it for more than a few seconds. "Y-yes sweetheart, I'm fine." My eyes fluttered open in response to hearing him refer to me as 'Mom', and I'll be damned if it didn't trigger something major in my brain.

"It's just that you-."

"Stopped breathing, I know, I'm okay." I stroked his face reassuringly, an instinctive mothering move that I'm sure works better when my face wasn't contorted in a pre-orgasmic glare. "Just...keep fucking your Mother, baby. Your Mommy-slut is gonna come really, really soon, so can you-."

"Can I do...this?" Sean interjected, tilting his hips down so his next thrust was aimed squarely at my g-spot. The head of his cock dragged against the velvety soft spot at the top of my vagina and sent fireworks into my eyes as he did. I couldn't manage to respond, but I must've nodded 'yes' because Sean replied, "Okay, Momma, hold on tight."

I bit into his shoulder just enough to inflict a touch of motivational pain. Each thrust was directed with precision against my g-spot, giving me just enough relief in between to catch a small amount of breath. My eyes were shut so tightly I was seeing stars appear behind my eyelids, their size building to a crescendo until all I could see were fields of white with blue and yellow spots dancing on the horizon.

My toes were curled so intensely the muscles began to cramp, and the same thing was happening over the rest of my body. I shivered like a leaf but my Son held me close, undoubtedly benefiting from the fleshy vice constricting his cock in a slippery death grip.

I gave myself to my orgasm, falling out of touch with reality as I moaned like only Sean and I existed in the world. I had to muffle myself with his shoulder again but he didn't seem to mind, bearing into me as I bit down harder. My ankles locked around his legs and he got the message, obediently holding himself as deep as he could so each of my convulsions had something to hold on to.

Sean covered my mouth to silence the whines that I couldn't contain. "You've gotta be quiet for me, Momma." He insisted, but his wording only served to encourage me. My tingling brain was made of fire, igniting like gunpowder down my spine causing my back to arch with Sean still inside of me, bumping my g-spot again. This cycle happened over and over; I would tense up and arch my back when Sean brushed my inner button, then relax as he withdrew, only to feel my muscles constrict when he sunk into my depths again, hitting my g-spot every time on the way down.

Lucky for me, my son is a patient man. Sean rode my orgasm out with me and waited until the final wave ran through me before he started to pull back his cock. After being embedded in me for so long, enough suction had built up that made my walls and lips want to cling to my Son with dire desperation. "Stay." I urged, digging my nails into the back of his head and pulling him in to kiss me, until I was satisfied he wouldn't be going anywhere. "Now baby, if you love me, you'll keep fucking me."

"I still am, Mom." He laughed like I was making a joke.

"No, you aren't, you're just resting inside of me." I made sure he was looking into my eyes so he knew I was serious. "I'm telling you to *fuck* me. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Mommy." He treated me to my favourite smile in the whole wide world.

"Yes, Mommy-*what?*" I teased, waiting for his playful return response.

He gave a slight chuckle and pushed his fat cock into me, taking me off guard to fill up every small space he had left to fill. "Yes, my Mommy-slut." He cooed between kisses across my neck. I tried to remain in the dominant role, but found that it wasn't nearly as much fun as letting my Son take the reins.

I got the feeling that he had been holding back, despite my assertion against fragility, as he now gave in to the urge to pound his Mother with gradually increasing speed. I wasn't going to tell him to stop; I wanted to see what my Son would do with me before I brought him down to Earth. Every handful of strokes he would make the next one a bit quicker, so it didn't take long before I felt him bottoming out once or twice every few seconds.

My tightness was starting to fade, my pussy was telling me it was giving up trying to maintain elasticity, but Sean didn't seem to mind one bit. In fact, when I formally relaxed I heard him groan with excitement. "How did you somehow just get even *softer?*" He found the time to beg me amid a mounting assaulting against my tender, velvet tunnel.

"Don't ask silly questions." I demanded, transfixed watching him slide into me at such a fast pace, my tummy, breasts, and thighs all rippling without a moment's rest. Our foreheads were pressed together, sweat forming on our brows. He was pounding me awfully hard, and he sure as hell wasn't doing it for my sake. My hands rested comfortably on his neck with my thumbs rubbing behind his ears to give him a subtle reassurance that I could handle the rough treatment, no matter sharply I squealed.

I edged my thumbs up and down, subtly soothing his racing brain like only a Mother could, calmly rubbing behind his earlobe and tracing down over his jawline. That had always worked when he was a child to stop him from over-processing, and bring out an old technique yielded a similar result.

The sheets beneath us were soaked through, but still I could feel more wetness bubbling to the surface. My body was remarkably in tune with Sean's, like a practiced call-and-response, I made sure I was feverishly wet to endure his forceful pounding. This allowed the thickness of my Son's cock to be encased in wetness all the way down to my cervix without skipping a beat, knocking against the womb he was created and held in, expressing an insatiable desire to refill the emptiness in his Mother's tummy.

"B-b-baby?" My words were rushed and breathy as I tried to condense them into a whisper. He didn't respond, face unflinching, and I knew he was too far lost in being deep inside me, so I tried again with a new tactic. My hand crept underneath him and reached his balls, allowing my fingers to wrap around the base of the bulging sack, and I gently tug on them until he let out a gasp. "Can you hear me *now*, baby?" I kissed his chin with a cheeky smile and he nodded with a sharp grunt.

"Oh good, baby. Momma can feel your balls pulsing, they're getting real tight, do you think you're going to come for me soon?" My words intentionally carried a begging tone, and Sean only grunted his affirmation. "I can't believe I'm saying this. I haven't let your Father come inside me in years, so this isn't safe at all, but-."

"But if I pull out, it'll be fine." He kissed me and pushed me into the bed, flattening me against the mattress.

"Well, yes..." Intent on getting I had a nervous rumble in my stomach that told me I was crossing a dangerous line, but that wasn't nearly enough to deter me from crossing it. "But if you *don't* pull

out..."

Suddenly, I had Sean's undivided attention. "What...do you mean? I have to pull out, right?" He was desperately looking for me to prove him wrong. So many Sex Ed classes had taught him that there was an objectively safe way to have sex. And to be fair, that's true, and it was comforting to see my boy play safe.

But that wasn't the *fun* way. I wasn't as afraid of the risk as a teenager hopped up on newfound kinks would be. I had years of horniness building up under the surface and I wasn't passing up the opportunity to feel cum splashing inside of me for the first time in almost a full decade.

I gave his bulging orbs a squeeze, they were so achingly full I couldn't believe he walked around all day without getting to empty them in a healthy way. "Are they always like...this?" I raked my nails from the bottom of his shaft, over his balls and towards the bridge connecting to his asshole, tickling him before circling my palm around his sack again to keep them warm.

"Pretty much, they always feel this heavy. I shouldn't complain, though, you've gotta spend all day lugging *these* around." He jiggled my boobs around and let them bump into each other. "At least I can drain my balls, these have been huge ever since I was a kid."

Just the mention of him depositing his cum into me only served to excite me further, in a way I don't recall ever feeling for a stranger filling up a latex balloon. Now, knowing my Son's seed was about to come flooding into my womb, I was trembling helplessly with anxiety but I wanted, or needed, to see where that feeling would take me.

"Do you want to pull out?" I asked hollowly, taking an intentional pause before providing a second option. "Or do you want to help me make a little brother for you?" My brain doubled back on itself, wondering if I had really just said that out loud. The look on Sean's face asked if I was serious, and I had to ask myself the same question.

Was I worried about getting pregnant again? Not necessarily, I knew today would be safer than most, but the mere concept was sending shivers all the way to my toes. Something primal within me wanted Sean to breed me, to put his baby in my belly despite, or because of, the undeniable risk. The stigma of a mother letting her child impregnate her would rightly incur scorn, but tonight I was longing to be more than just his mother.

"Are you sure? Like, really sure?" Sean didn't want me to deny him, but I knew that my "okay" was the only thing stopping him from unloading in me. He was nervous too, but his desires were instinctive as well; the impulse to spread his seed had taken over, and his body wasn't listening to the worries of his mind. "What if I get you-."

"I know, baby, you might." My voice jumped to a squeak. "But right now that isn't enough to stop me, so I'm not thinking about that right now." That wasn't entirely true; my newfound impregnation fetish was starting to sound more and more enticing. Every sane part of my being was screaming at me to stop my Son from coming inside of me, but at the moment those parts didn't have nearly enough control. I gave Sean's balls once last reassuring squeeze, priming them for an explosive release, before moving my hands to his chest for stability. "Baby, can I get back on top? I want to feel you dripping out of me."

The request was barely processed before Sean tightly pushed his chest against mine, pinning me firmly to the bed and wrapping his arms around me. We rolled in tandem to the other side of the

bed to put me on top. My hands latched to his chest and rooted me in place, giving me an anchor so as to bottom his cock out with as much force as I could endure.

I was reading every sign my Son gave me, and they all told me he was about to cum, so I wanted him to know I was ready for it. His cock had grown thicker due to the powerful little pulses rippling from the root of his girth up to the swollen head, and I knew exactly what that meant.

With his eyes closed he still managed to catch a handful of my hair and pull me down for a kiss. I responded instantly with an equally enthusiastic tongue lashing, keeping him tense and focused on dueling my tongue while I worked my plump pussy lips up and down his length, until only the head was resting motionless inside of me. I flexed my muscles and worked the slippery, throbbing egg, feeling the firmness pushing back against my smothering. The rest of his cock was begging to be swallowed up into my gooey pussy as well, but I wanted to bring my Son right up to the edge before I pushed him off.

I balanced myself just right, so that I was tightly constricting underneath the bulging crown with only the tip sealed inside. I pulled back, dragging my fleshy insides up and over the spongy head. His guttural moans told me I was doing well, but my goal was to milk the semen straight out of his massive balls, so I wasn't going to stop until I did.

"Mom, oh my God, I'm gonna cum." He blurted out, unable to hide the disbelief that he would direct that sentence towards *me*. I was experiencing the same surreal feeling; I didn't think I would ever hear an orgasm preceded by "Mom", but at this point I wasn't even surprised that I enjoyed it. "You're gonna make me cum, oh my *God!*"

"That's my best boy, cum for your Mommy." My nails dug into his pectorals to show him how serious my demand was. I, too, had grown tired of the shallow teasing and was craving something more than short dips. I dropped my full weight down into Sean's lap and wiggled my hips back and forth, forcing my pussy to make room and take him balls deep.

His cock head dragged against my depths, waiting patiently to deposit a large helping of sticky cum into my waiting womb. The length of Sean's dick shuddered briefly before stiffening to granite, stubbornly pressed right up against my cervix with no intention of relenting, despite hitting bottom. I made sure to clench down ferociously in an effort to cocoon his member in velvety soft walls, and create the perfect environment to accept and store all of my Son's baby butter.

One particularly powerful flex engorged the thick vein running down the center of his cock, priming his cock like a syringe with a heavy dose of sperm and allowing a second contraction to inject the white goo into the deepest part of my pussy. My lips were closed tight enough that he didn't have much room to leak out, and I slowly felt what little space was left inside of me being flooded with warm cum. As he let go of one burst after another, I naturally relaxed my body and allowed Sean's cum to gently expand the walls I surrounding him in, giving an extra few centimeters to contain even the smallest addition to my already bulging collection.

My cervix halted his sperm from sinking further, and it built up like a river to a dam. As the bubble of cum grew, it became warmer with every drop my Son donated to my hole. It was looking for a way out of my hot, sticky pussy, but I was clenching too tight to let it escape, forcing his buttery cum to churn in my pussy and marinate in a swampy concoction of our collective syrup.

"Mom I-I'm still I coming." Sean gasped, intentionally flexing his erection to spurt the last few ropes of cum out before the flow turned to a dribble. My poor boy was so used to finishing in his hand that he didn't anticipate how his much cum his mother would pull out of him. I expertly milked

every powerful emission I could, proving how talented I was at extracting more cum than he thought he could provide.

Little drops of his seed were still making their way out of his balls, but his body was too tired to eject them with the same force as his first donation. What was left was calmly trickling out and hoping to find a home deep in my pussy.

I laid my head down on my Son's chest, rising and falling at the mercy of his spastic breathing. His cock was losing rigidity but I didn't stop massaging him. He was tucked snugly in my kitten, bathing in our juices and trying to stay hard as long as possible. I would have loved to stay together until he got hard again, but I didn't think either of us had the energy to muster up round two.

Both his balls were sufficiently devoid of cum, but he continued to throb in vain, obsessively trying to up his odds at getting me pregnant.

Oh, fuck. **Pregnant.**

The last time I had a pregnancy scare was in college. It ended up being a false positive, but after feeling how much was sloshing around inside of me I was pretty sure my odds were worse this time around. I didn't want to alarm Sean, it had been my idea to let him cream me, so if I showed regret he surely would too.

It was hard to process that his children, my grandkids, were swimming around my vagina at that very moment. Every movement gave them a new pocket of air to fill and it was impossible to shake the sensation of his cream seeping to the bottom of my pussy. His cock was still semi-hard when I moved to raise my hips off of Sean's lap, and he did his best to lift his body with mine so he didn't slide out of me as intended.

"Sean, baby, can you pull your dick out of Mommy for just a second?" My eyes were begging with desperation, and I'm sure my whimpering betrayed the calm demeanor I was attempting.

I kept my hips raised and he begrudgingly let him fall, taking his time on the drop. The bubble of cum sitting comfortably against my cervix was threatening to pop, and as I felt the bulging head of his cock start to withdraw, I found my vagina wasn't bluffing. All it took was an inch or so of room for his semen to notice my lack of constriction and start dripping faster than a popsicle on a summer day.

Oozing like thick pudding from my hole, Sean's cum followed his cock until it finally popped from my clutches. I sighed defeatedly, wishing he could have stayed there forever. Long strands of glistening white cum were led out of me, following the cock stretching me as it made room on it's way out. The moment his dick left from my grip, I loosened exponentially. With nothing keeping me held open, I realized how worn out my pussy was when it stayed open on it's own. The poor thing was gaping open, if only slightly, giving his cum a way out.

It felt like two full loads of cum raced to get out first, and resulted in a second, smaller bubble forming just behind my opening. A smaller amount would have clung to his cock and fallen out by now. Having so much fill me up had created a sort of vacuum with the suction Sean's dick created by plunging into me with so much force.

I eagerly reached down and positioned my fingers under my slit. Without even having to push it out, my creamy dessert started to trickle into my palm like warm, bubbly honey. It fell through my

fingers and dribbled across Sean's pelvis, but he didn't seem to mind. The viscous goo clung to my hand, moving slowly now that it was out of its extra lubricated hole and on my skin.

I lifted my hand and, in a trance, couldn't stop myself from bringing it close to my mouth. Against my lips I could feel how warm the mixture truly was, and I longed to have it stuffed back inside. Cum was still dripping out of me, leaving my mouth wide open to hungrily gulp down the reward stuck to my fingers.

Sticky ropes swung between my digits, linking them together like webbing. I pushed my pinky into my mouth and savoured the salty flavour run over my taste buds. I didn't swallow yet, instead pulling my first and middle finger apart and laying the cum strand between them directly on top of my tongue. I slurped the second helping to the back of my throat but held it there, dragging my tongue against my palm and collecting the quaking pool of cum it held. Like sucking spilt milk off a table top, I pressed my lips to my palm and gobbled down the remains of Sean's semen with an audible **slurp**. Sucking each of my fingers off one final time, then checking to make sure I had eaten every morsel, I rolled the cum around in my mouth and let the salt dance over my tongue.

It took two tries to swallow his whole load, but once it had collected at the back of my throat I managed a hearty gulp and felt the mass of semen creep down my throat towards my gut. The warmth slid down my gullet and plopped into my stomach, eliciting a faint coo that I couldn't withhold. I made a show of it by rubbing my belly and throwing him a wink. "You're yummy."

"You're welcome- I mean, thank you?" Poor boy was all flustered watching his Mother feast on cum. He looked down and saw how much had emptied into his lap, laughing at my sheepish grin. "You made quite a mess."

"I think we share that blame fifty-fifty." I let the final, painstakingly slow drops of cum release from my pussy, adding to said mess. "Uh...okay, maybe sixty-forty? It's hard to hold that much in there?"

"Is there any left?" He raised an eyebrow, moving his fingers towards my slit.

"Let me check." I beat him to the punch, putting two fingers to my slit and let them claw their way inside, digging at the walls of my pussy, still slick to the touch. Sean watched breathlessly as I rummaged around his former home, hoping I could discover a few more hidden dribbles. "I think I'm empty, for now."

His eyes sparkled. "You want to go again?"

I was taken aback; nothing can prepare you for the unrelenting enthusiasm of a young man given access to a willing hole. "Right now? I don't think so baby, I don't really know how long I've been in here and I'm nervous we might have woken your Dad."

My pouty boy gave me his best puppy dog eyes, but to no avail. "Please, Mommy?" My brain shivered hearing my adult son call me that, and the context made my inner lips tingled with delight.

"Patience, sweetheart, I have plenty of surprises for you tomorrow, all you have to do is wait for them." I booped his nose with mine and began to climb off him, but I'd barely lifted one leg when he wrapped a hand around my neck and tugged me down to his level.

I saw the anticipation in his eyes, and managed to duck my head under his arm before he had a solid grasp. "Uh-uh, not tonight."

I honestly would have let him go again if he hadn't caved, but I beamed with pride seeing my Son respect my decision. "Okay, but I'm holding you to that!"

"Oh honey, you won't have to. I'm looking forward to it as much as you." Albeit with more anxiety; I periodically remembered that I'd promised my bum to Caitlin, and vicariously to my Son, so every reminder gave me goosebumps and unsteady nerves. "I think I better go, your Father might wake up."

"You already said that." Sean proclaimed. "He's a heavy sleeper, there's no way we woke him up."

"And *if* we woke him, I doubt he'd even be able to hear you fucking me all the way down the hall." I teased my Husband about his hearing all the time, but never in such a callous way.

"Once that cuck's vision goes, I'll be able to have you anywhere I want you!"

I didn't have a response to that; I hadn't expected Sean to take jabs at his Father like I did, it felt like something husbands and wives do with each other. Listening to Sean disparage his Father stung me; I already knew how much it would crush Donald to find out I was sleeping with his Son, but I thought Sean had more respect for him than that.

"Sean," I began quietly. "I don't want to hear you talk about your Dad that way, ever. Okay?"

"But you do it all the-."

"Do as I say, not as I do." I commanded defensively. "At the end of the day he's still your Father, he deserves your respect."

"Respect? I already fucked his wife-."

"Watch your language!" I snapped, pointing a menacing finger at Sean. "I'm not 'his wife', I'm *your Mother*, and you will treat me as such."

He lowered his head in defeat, and I knew I'd upset him. "Sorry, Mom." He said without eye contact. I was fine, after so many years, to adapt my feeling towards Donald, but I felt guilty knowing I'd changed Sean's mind as well. Now, I was afraid I'd messed up my family dynamic for a quick fuck. "It's just that-."

"Don't apologize. I can't ask you to treat your Father with more respect than I do, it's not fair." My brain was wrestling with internal conflict; I knew I'd made a risky call, and had to live with the fallout, so why was I more excited for the future than afraid of it?

My Son didn't seem bothered so I tried to adopt his cavalier approach, stifling my oncoming anxiety. "I should head back, are you okay?" I knew Sean was doing great but it was natural to over-ask.

Even in the dark I could see glimmers of moonlight reflecting off his pearlescent grin. "I'm awesome, Mom." He squeezed my hand tight. "Are you?"

I nodded mindlessly, unwilling to lend credence to my fears. "I love you." Was all I could think to say before rolling from underneath his covers and exposing myself to the frigid atmosphere of his bedroom. My Son was growing groggy, and fast, as I watched his eyes fighting with the natural inclination to succumb to sleep after a bout of bedroom fun.

My babydoll was hardly enough to combat the unforgiving chill of the hallway. I scampered to my room holding my skirt between my legs to try and keep out the cold, forgoing any element of stealth. Every creak and groan was present on my return journey, but they didn't scare me the way they had on my way to Sean's room. I was burdened with a secret I knew I'd have to carry with me forever, but found momentary solace in knowing I wouldn't have to keep it alone.

Caitlin was still slated to see me tomorrow, something I didn't know I had been looking forward to so greatly. She was the only person besides Sean that I trusted to keep quiet, and if it hadn't been so late at night I would've called her for morale support. Instead, I promised myself I would call her first thing in the morning. She would want to hear all about this, and despite her jealousy I was sure she would be excited to hear the news.

The news that I, against all my better judgement, had just let my Son have sex with me. And tomorrow, I was gonna let him do the same thing to my Sister.

I released a pent up sigh. "Sophie, what *are* you doing with your life?"

And the little devil on my shoulder poked me, leaning in close to whisper to me; "Whatever the fuck you want."