



# **Her Son's Surrogate Pt. 01**

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## **Her Son's Surrogate Pt. 01**

Carol was doing her best to stay out of her son's affairs, but it was difficult when she knew she could help, if only he would confide in her! She stared at her phone, thinking of her latest unsuccessful attempt to find out what the issue in his marriage was. He refused to say.

Knowing all she could do was hope it would work out, she went back to preparing her dinner for one. Ever since Andy had moved out to live with his wife, the house felt too empty. She knew she was compensating for the quiet by poking her nose in his business, but what else was she supposed to do?

It didn't help that in the last few months his visits had gotten less frequent, and she hadn't even seen his wife, Becca, since the wedding. The last she heard they were going to try to have a baby, and now she was frozen out.

It wasn't fair, really. She'd had a child, and could offer support and advice! And yet, every time she even tried to bring the subject up, she was shut down. If she pressed, he just said goodbye and hung up. She considered herself a strong, patient woman, but this was pushing her limits. If it continued much longer, she might have to play her ultimate card...and pay them a visit.

Once she had dinner ready, she took it to the TV room and sat and ate while watching a show. She used to eat at the kitchen table, but it got too lonely. The rest of the night was quiet, and she retired early to get up for work the next day. Her bed was cold and empty, a fact that had been distressing after her husband died, but seemed normal now. Curling up under the covers, she cocooned into a warm ball and went to sleep.

The next morning, she woke up sure of her next move regarding Andy. If he wouldn't confide in her, she would go to him. It was silly for them to just throw away her help! She sent him a text explaining her plans to go visit them that weekend. It was a funny way to think of a fifteen-minute drive, but the way they'd removed themselves from her life made the distance feel longer.

At work, she put her phone away, as usual, and didn't pull it from her drawer until the end of the day. She found 15 text messages and 3 voicemails waiting for her, all from Andy. Aha! She'd gotten his attention. Reading the messages quickly, all she saw were excuses.

'Becca's not up to it', 'Not a good time', 'We have plans.'

Listening to the voicemails, it was just more of the same. It was almost enough to make her give up. Almost. She called her son back, happy that he picked up right away.

"Son, I am coming to visit, nothing you say can change that," she said firmly.

"Mom, no. Look, I know you mean well, but it really won't help anything." He sounded frazzled.

"How am I supposed to know what will or will not help, if you won't tell me what it is? You know I can help."

"It's not about your help, Mom, it's just..." he trailed off, clearly upset.

"Just what?" she asked.

His voice was weary when he answered. "Just that things are tough right now. Becca is doing better, but she's getting some crazy ideas. If you come, she'll tell you, and it will ruin everything."

"I don't understand. Doing better with what? What crazy ideas?"

Silence, and then, "It's a whole thing, but the most important bit is we can't have children."

Carol's heart fell through her stomach, and she had to sit down quickly from the shock. "Oh, son, I am so sorry to hear that. I didn't know. I would never have pestered you so much if I knew. You should have told me."

"I...it's complicated, Mom. Look, she's desperate, and is willing to do anything for a baby. I'm getting worried."

"I don't want to push...but have you explored all the options? IVF? Adoption?"

Despair filled her son's voice. "Yes, we've looked. Adoption takes too long for her and IVF is too expensive."

"Honestly, Andy, why didn't you come to me?"

"I wanted to, but I just couldn't..."

Curiosity dug its claws into her brain. Carol had to take a beat, to calm herself, before asking, "Why not? What is going on? Talk to me, Andy!"

Anguish filled his voice. "She's got a crazy idea in her head, and is convinced it's the right way to go. I didn't want you to find out."

"Oh, come on. Can it really be that bad?"

"It's bad. Believe me, it's bad."

"Well, let me decide how bad it is..."

He sighed, deep and long. "I can't tell you on the phone. Can I come over? It'll be easier to explain, and then at least I can tell Becca I tried."

"Of course. I'm just leaving work now; I'll be home in 10."

"Kay, see you in a bit."

"Okay." Carol hung up, head swimming with conjecture over what her daughter-in-law's crazy idea might be. She made the drive home in closer to 10 minutes due to worry for her son. He'd sounded so dejected, almost defeated. Whatever was going on, she would do her best to support and encourage him.

Once home, she put some water on for tea and waited for him to arrive. The water was just coming to a boil when she heard Andy's car pull in, so she poured the tea for them both and took the mugs to the kitchen table. When he walked in, he looked like a man walking to certain death, which made her melt with sympathy.

She rushed to give him a hug, reminded of how big and strong he was when he hugged her back. When she pulled away, she urged him to sit. "Tell me what's going on, surely it can't be that bad," she soothed.

"It is. Just, give me a minute. I'm not sure how to even say it." His usually cheerful face, with the sparkling blue eyes she loved so much, was drawn and tired.

"Why don't you start at the beginning. I won't say a word." Carol smiled encouragingly.

He took a deep breath and ran his hands through his short hair, the same shade as her own dirty blonde. He looked around at the house he was raised in as if seeing it with new eyes before taking another calming breath. "Okay, so I mentioned Becca can't have kids..."

Carol nodded, keeping her promise.

"She has a condition that makes it...hard to conceive. Have you heard of vaginismus?"

"Ummm, it's like, an inability to have penetrative sex?"

"Yeah, essentially. Her body tightens up when it comes time to do it, and there's no way I can...you know. We've tried, but it's just too painful for her. We went to a doctor, and she said it's not physical, it's probably psychological."

"Oh, no," Carol murmured.

"Yeah. Becca and I have talked a lot about it, if there's anything that might be...preventing her from being with me. She insists there's nothing, she's doing everything right. Whatever the cause, there's no way she can get pregnant the normal way."

Carol winced, feeling a wave of sympathy for her son. Questions filled her brain about their relationship, but she kept her mouth closed as promised.

"I suggested therapy, to see if there was a way to, you know, help her, but she refused. It's been tough on both of us, but I can see her pain when the topic of babies comes up. It means a lot to her to be a mom one day."

Carol nodded her understanding.

"It got to the point where she's exploring other options. Mom..." he sighed. "It's all so expensive."

Feeling like the end had finally come, and she could speak, Carol said, "So you need money? I don't have much, but I can try to help."

"No! God, no, if only it were that easy." Andy's expression turned sour.

"I can't imagine the stress on your marriage...to not be able to consummate...and now her pressing for a pregnancy that can't happen." Carol's curiosity welled, threatening to burst with a

thousand questions. Top of them: Had they never had sex before getting married?

"Yeah. I really love her, and I'm trying my best, but her ideas...they're out there."

"Ideas?"

He nodded, running his hand through his hair and staring down at the table. "Lately she's been exploring the idea of a surrogate, and at first it made sense. We take some of her eggs, my you-know, and they put them together in a lab for another woman to carry to term."

Andy paused long enough for Carol to get antsy until he said, "Then we found out vaginismus often causes infertility, and the chances of it being successful are low...too low to pay for, if we even had the money."

"Ohhh, I'm sorry," Carol murmured.

"Yeah. When we found out, I braced myself for her to react badly...but she didn't. She just got this determined look on her face and brought up another option - our last, probably - to find a traditional surrogate. We use my stuff and another woman uses her eggs and carries the baby."

"That doesn't sound so crazy to me."

Andy seemed to lose the ability to look her in the eye.

"Is there more?" she asked.

"Yeah. Becca made me swear to get you to think about it before reacting. So, please keep an open mind when you hear the rest of it." He waited.



Carol nodded her head warily. Rest of it?

"Surrogacy is stupid expensive. Never mind the lab costs, surrogates themselves get paid a lot of money. The cheapest way is to find a friend, and not even involve a lab. Do it the natural way, and the friend gets pregnant."

It took Carol a few seconds to understand. "Becca wants you to have sex with another woman and get her pregnant?"

Andy nodded, clearly miserable, not even able to look in her direction. "We don't know anyone willing to do it." His voice got low and quiet. "She wanted to ask you, which is why I've been avoiding you." He trailed off as if he'd said something significant.

"Well, all my friends are older, but maybe there's someone at work..."

He interrupted her. "No, Mom. She wants you to be the surrogate."

Carol stared at her son, aghast, the proposed scenario spinning out in her mind. "That's...crazy!"

Andy's face said it all; he knew it was crazy. He laughed, sounding a bit manic. "You actually thought about it longer than I predicted you would. I told Becca it was a non-starter, but she insisted."

At the mention of her daughter-in-law, Carol took a mental step back and a deep breath. "Hang on...I'm reacting first...I said I'd think about it. I just...wow, that's a lot." She looked at Andy with concern. "I'm sorry you're going through this. It must be super stressful for you both."

Andy smiled wearily. "This is why I love you. Right after I tell you the nuttiest thing around, you're full of empathy and concern."

"Well...I had a friend struggle with fertility issues. It was hard. She was eventually successful but it took a lot of money, and it was the hardest thing she'd ever gone through. Becca must be suffering...I need something stronger than tea."

Getting up from the table, she went to the cupboard and took out a half full bottle of Sherry. Pouring herself a glass, she raised an eyebrow at Andy, who nodded. Another glass, another pour, and she was back at the table with their drinks. She took a healthy slug of the potent liqueur, pausing to feel the warmth trickle down to her stomach.

Away from the initial shock of the idea, she took a beat to at least consider it, as promised. So many questions surfaced, she felt overwhelmed almost right away. "I don't even know where to start thinking about this. Can I ask, why isn't she here asking?"

"In case you freak out. She thinks you'll go easier on me." he smiled grimly, but was serious.

"When you see her, tell her I sympathize with what she's going through, and I'm not judging her. She can come to me with anything."

Andy nodded. He took a swig of the Sherry.

"I'm surprised it even occurred to her. Inbreeding - because that's what this is - causes genetic defects! Why would she want some monster baby?"

"I asked the same thing. She insisted that the first time is very low risk. How she knows that, I have no idea, but I did some research and she's right: studies show the first generation of 'intergenerational reproduction' carries very little risk of abnormalities."

It took Carol a few minutes to wrap her head around that one. She sipped her Sherry a few times while thinking. Warring in her head was her desire to help her family and the ick she got from who the father would be. He was a handsome man, it was just...he was her son!

"How did she even get you to agree to ask me? Are you on board with this?"

"Not at first, no. Not by a long shot. It took weeks of persistent pestering and appealing to my own desire to have children...plus it would make her happy. I wouldn't say I'm 'on board'...more like reluctantly compliant." It was dryly said, but painted a colourful picture.

"How would it work? I can't even wrap my head around this. Mechanically, how would we do this? A turkey baster? I can't believe we're even talking about this." The alcohol was taking effect, warming her face and numbing her teeth. "Never mind. Forget I asked. Why don't you head home, this is all a lot to take in."

Andy nodded and stood up. His glass was empty. "Thanks for not freaking out, and I'm sorry for dropping this in your lap. Don't forget, I was trying to avoid all of this." He said it with a smirk.

Carol laughed. "That'll teach me to not poke my nose in. Seriously, though, Andy. I'm always here for you. Next time, don't keep me out of the loop."

He bent down to kiss her cheek before leaving her to her Sherry. Once it was done, she cleaned both glasses, put them away to dry, and went to change out of her work clothes.

In her room, she pulled her clothes off, revealing a body that was no longer young. Her D cups hung on her chest, her large nipples pointing closer to the floor than the ceiling. Her wide hips were more padded now, her thighs thicker, but she felt like her shape was still

pleasing to a man. She ran her hand down her belly, no longer toned but not fat either. Her butt, never small, was spreading out. Curvy, not overweight. Voluptuous.

Musing, the mystified mom imagined a baby growing inside of her. Breasts filling with milk, nipples darkening in readiness for lactation. It was a strange vision, but not an unwelcome one. If only the father could be someone besides her son.

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The next day was normal, workwise, but internally she was a mess. Carol flubbed up a couple of tasks, requiring rework and a gentle reprimand from Linda, her supervisor. She apologized profusely, before immediately screwing up another order.

Linda came to her desk, with a sympathetic expression. "Look, something's clearly bothering you. Take the day, get your head clear and come back fresh tomorrow, okay?"

Embarrassed and flustered, Carol nodded her agreement. With the state her mind was in, she shouldn't have even come in. She went home with a bottle of wine. It probably wasn't a good idea to get drunk, but she felt like it was a reasonable reaction given the situation. At home, she kicked off her shoes and poured herself a glass, taking the bottle with her to the living room.

It was supremely unfair that the only options open to the young couple were adoption or surrogacy, and both were out of their reach. Adoption was a harrowing, invasive, bureaucratic journey into their personal lives which had no guarantees, while surrogacy was damn expensive and required a generous woman. IVF was just as expensive. Carol racked her slightly wobbly brain, trying to think of an alternate solution, but came up with nothing that Andy hadn't already mentioned.

A second glass of wine soon joined the first.

Carol had promised to keep an open mind. One by one, she carefully examined the different aspects of the idea, trying to see if there was a path forward. Was she okay getting pregnant? *Yes*. Was she willing to risk her health in order to help her son and his wife? *Yes*. Was she okay joining her egg with Andy's sperm? *Ick. This was tougher.*

Even if Andy's research was correct, there was an innate sense of wrongness to the entire idea...how could she carry her son's baby? After some contemplation, she realized the issue was with it being Andy's. Actually being pregnant was fine. If she could get her brain to ignore how it came about...she might be able to come around. With some serious mental gymnastics, she was potentially okay with it, which was a weird revelation.

There were benefits to the whole thing. A path to happiness for her son and his wife. A grandchild (*second child, aaaaagh*). Her own sense of satisfaction at being able to help her son in such a substantial way.

They hadn't even discussed the mechanics of it, and how they would put egg and sperm together. There were details to iron out, but the end result was what they all wanted. Carol had been looking forward to grandchildren for years, and if she could help that come about, she would do it.

A bit tipsy, Carol went to call Andy. He picked up on the first ring. "Hello?"

"Hi, Andy. I gave it some thought, and I think you two should come over to talk."

"Oh, uh..ok. I'll let Becca know. When were you thinking?"

"Tonight is best."

"Alright." After some muffled talking, he came back to her, "We'll come over around 7, okay?"

"See you then." Carol hung up, anxious energy filling her. Getting pregnant again, at her age! Memories came back of the last time. The weight gain, the cravings, the hormone surges. There were good parts too: Feeling Andy kick in her tummy, singing to him...the extra surge to her libido. Don had had a hard time keeping up with her!

Feeling like she'd made a scary decision, Carol went to get something to eat, making a mental note to book a checkup with her doctor.

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When it came time for Becca and Andy to arrive, Carol was sitting in her living room. She heard their car pull in, and stood to go meet them at the door.

Ushering the young couple in, it felt like it had been years since she'd last seen Becca. She was dressed in a knee length patterned skirt and blue blouse, her brown hair pulled back in a simple ponytail. It was a demure, girl-next-door look that Carol knew her son liked.

"Come in, sit down. Would you like something to drink? Tea? Coffee?" Carol offered.

Becca shook her head, clearly nervous. All three sat down, two across from one.

Smiling gently, Carol said, "Andy told me your proposal. I'm flattered you would trust me to help you out like this. It's no small thing."

Becca nodded, retreating into herself next to her husband. She seemed to be bracing herself for a blow.

"I won't torture you any longer; I've decided to do it."

Becca's face lit up, a huge smile transforming the young woman into a beauty that Carol hadn't seen since their wedding. Carol grinned and looked at Andy, who just looked shocked.

"Are you sure, Mom? I mean...this is huge!" he said, clearly wrestling with several emotions at once.

"Yes, I'm sure. You're giving me the chance to help you both in a time of need, and I couldn't possibly pass it up." Carol was feeling a well of emotion herself, seeing the transformation in front of her.

Becca hugged Andy fiercely, squeezing hard with her head in his chest. When she let up, Andy let out a wheeze, causing his wife to laugh. She wiped tears from her face and looked at Carol. "I can't thank you enough. You've given me hope when all I could see was darkness. Thank God for his blessings."

Carol grinned and stood up, opening her arms. Laughing, Becca leaped up and they hugged, the happy woman squeezing Carol just as hard as she had her husband. When they parted and sat again, Becca's face was flushed with joy.

"When can we get started?" she asked Carol.

"Um, well, I'll be making an appointment with my doctor for a checkup, to make sure it's even possible. Beyond that, I should be, um..." she trailed off, her face burning at what she was about to say. "I'm, um, open for business this weekend, as it were. Is that okay? Too soon?" She'd checked her cycle before they came over and she should be ovulating then.

"This weekend sounds perfect. Thank you, thank you, thank you! Oh yes!" She turned to Andy. "We have some shopping to do. We're going to take good care of her!"

Carol smiled. "I won't need help yet, but I'm sure it'll be welcome at some point. I'll keep you updated."

"If there's anything you need, day or night, call us, okay?"

"Of course." Carol smiled, hesitated, and then bit the bullet and asked the biggest question left unanswered. "How are we going to...you know...kickstart this baby...um, I've heard turkey basters can work. Will Andy drop by with a jar? I'm not sure..." Carol had never felt so uncomfortable in her life, and wished for this part to be over.

Becca looked at Andy, who looked back at her. He said, "You say it, it's your plan."

The young woman nodded and bit her lip. She looked back at Carol, and said in a soft voice, "We need to do this as God intended, man and woman joined together naturally, and not by some cold, impersonal injection. I hope you understand."

It took Carol a bit to understand what she meant. "Naturally? You mean...intercourse?" Carol looked at her son, who was redder than she'd ever seen him, and was looking anywhere but at her.

Becca smiled and nodded, her eyes still full of joy.

Carol felt trapped. She'd already agreed, and backing out now, especially seeing her daughter-in-law's happiness, would feel cruel. But...sex? With Andy? Her ick factor went up about a gajillion times.

If there was a way forward, Carol felt like she owed it to the young couple to at least think it through before rejecting the plan. She said, "I see. That's an...unusual request." Externally she stayed calm, but internally she was reeling, unsure if this was all real. She carefully blocked off any mental images that threatened to arise.

Becca continued, "I know this is unusual. I hope it won't be an issue. Can I let you two figure out the details?"



"We'll figure something out," Carol said, mind numb, wondering what she'd just agreed to. After more assurances that she would call if she needed anything, Carol walked Becca and Andy to the door. Becca gave her husband a significant look before walking out the door and closing it.

Andy stood at the door for a bit before turning back. Carol had seen her son as a man for many years, but right at that moment he looked like a lost little boy.

He said, "I don't know what to do. I'm happy - shocked - you're helping, but this is going to be super weird."

"Yeah. I agreed, but I have no idea what we're going to do. I'll...try to think of something. Somehow, we can make it work. Keep it strictly business."

He nodded. "Should I, um, come over Saturday then?"

"I guess so. I'll text you instructions for what to do. You can be in and out in no time." Carol felt her face burn at the unintended innuendo. "I mean, we will be done fast."

"I get it," he said, with a sigh. "This is going to be weird for a long time."

"Once I'm pregnant, we can pretend it never happened, and you can both look forward to your new baby." She held her arms out for a hug, hoping to ease their discomfort. He leaned in and he was once again a man, with his big body and strong arms easily wrapping around her smaller frame.

He squeezed once before letting her go. "Thanks again, Mom. I love you," he said.

"I love you, too. See you Saturday."

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To say that Carol was apprehensive for Saturday was an understatement. The very idea of intercourse with Andy was incomprehensible, so what were they going to do? Not having an immediate answer, she skipped over that bit in her head, going right to researching what pregnancy might be like for a woman of her age.

The first hurdle, unfortunately, was conception, which brought her right back to the issue she was avoiding. When she had Andy, 24 years ago, she caught right away, much to her husband's annoyance. He'd been looking forward to trying for longer than mere weeks. Any hope of repeating that speed went out the window when she found that it could take several months for women her age to become pregnant. Her ideal situation of a weekend effort might be a pipe dream. Instead, they could be facing months of awkward encounters.

Taking the first step, Carol was able to get a doctor's appointment for Thursday. It was quite odd to be going for a checkup for pregnancy knowing the father would be her son. Carol stuck to asking questions that wouldn't hint on who her partner would be. Her doctor gave her a physical, asked some lifestyle questions, and in the end she was given a clean bill of health and minimal risks of complications from a pregnancy.

With the sign off from her doctor, and her mental justifications in place, there was no reason for the planned session on Saturday not to take place. It felt like signing her own death warrant, but she'd agreed to it; no backing out now.

The problem was, every attempt at coming to terms with the actual act of getting pregnant by Andy was met by revulsion. She literally couldn't imagine being intimate with him. Several times Carol was

seconds away from calling it all off, before she remembered the look of joy on Becca's face. How could she disappoint them now?

She came up with a few ideas to try and limit her involvement but still balked at having her son on top of her. Even if she got past that, how would they navigate the act itself, when she would surely be dry as a bone...and how was he supposed to get aroused enough to do his part?

Friday evening arrived, and Carol was dreading going to sleep...and waking up on D day. Literally. She brought home a bottle of wine, reminding herself that she would soon lose the ability to indulge if things went to plan.

The house was empty and dark when she got home, as per usual. She felt a stab of loneliness before squashing it. Better to drown it out with alcohol and Netflix.

She stripped down to her underwear, letting her skirt and blouse drop into her laundry basket before finding her flannel PJs. Comfy, warm, and shapeless. Perfect.

Padding to the TV room in her slippers, bottle of wine and glass in hand, Carol settled in for the night. She had an order of chinese on the way, and endless entertainment at her fingertips. If this couldn't distract her from the looming breeding session, nothing would.

Carol spent at least twenty minutes browsing rows of thumbnails. Her endless entertainment options were not looking very attractive. Crime drama, true crime, crime serials, comedy crime. Nothing new, it seemed they had Carol's tastes pegged, but it wasn't what she wanted right now. Desperate, she went to the profile selection and found 'Guest'. Immediately, the shows offered were very different. Romance, family, sitcoms...and documentaries.

Intrigued, Carol started flipping to the right, perusing the brand new section she'd never really paid attention to. One caught her eye, a

documentary on animal husbandry. The subject matter was drier than her pussy was going to be the next day, but the thumbnail was provocative: a horse mounting another horse. She pressed the button to see more info, and it just started playing, a feature she hated. The first image on the screen was a farmer, with dark greying hair, chiselled good looks and a cliched set of overalls. Her thumb hovered over the back button, waiting to see what he'd say.

It turned out the hunky farmer was pretty boring. She'd just made the decision to duck out of the show when he led a horse from a barn, prancing and pulling at his halter. It was clearly male, due to the impressive cock dangling between his legs.

'Horses are eager to get to work, and quick to finish, which makes breeding them a unique part of animal husbandry,' the farmer said. He led the stallion to a woman waiting nearby, who proceeded to wash the horse's penis. Carol felt a tingle inside at the thought of handling all of that cock.

Fascinated, Carol watched as the farmer led the prancing horse to a stall where it immediately mounted a waiting mare. Disappointingly, in only a half dozen thrusts, he was done. Job complete, the stallion dismounted and walked away, cock still dribbling come.

Carol felt an idea start to form...

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Saturday came, and Carol put her plan into action, sending instructions to her son.

She'd set his arrival time for noon, so with 15 minutes to spare, she went to get changed. She put on a long skirt and demure blouse, and pulled her long, blonde hair back into a ponytail just like Becca. If the effect worked, Andy could imagine the woman bent over in front of him was his wife, instead of his mother. Well, his wife if she put on a few pounds.

When noon hit, she heard a car pull into her driveway. Taking a shaky breath, her stomach in knots, Carol went to Andy's old room, bending over and placing her hands on his bed. She closed her eyes and waited, like a mare waiting for her stud.

A few minutes later, she heard the creak of footsteps on the stairs. She could hear them approach, and then she felt herself joined by another presence in the room. Low breathing paused at the door, before coming up behind her.

Carol closed her eyes, knowing this was the make or break moment. Could she go through with it? Would he be able to perform? What if he saw her for the middle-aged woman she was, and wasn't able to get hard? What if he left, duty unfulfilled, because his mom and her fat ass killed his erection? Carol wished she could be anywhere else right then.

Andy didn't speak, as he'd been instructed. She felt her skirt lift and cool air waft over her legs. Carol bit her lip as she realized what he was seeing: a pair of big white panties. She waited for him to proceed, cursing herself for not removing them. However awkward it already was, now he would have to take them off of her!

Thankfully, he didn't hesitate. Carol felt thumbs dig into the waistband and push her panties over her wide hips, and down her legs. With a quick lift, she pulled one foot out of them, then almost tripped when her foot got caught. Hastily kicking the garment away, she spread her legs. This was not going well.

Carol's senses were on hyper-alert to every sound in the room. She heard clothes shifting, and then the snap of the bottle of lube she'd left on his dresser. Some vague squick-squick, and some cloth sounds of him wiping with the towel she'd left him. When his hands landed on her hips, she twitched violently. His touch was warm and steady, calming her with casual strength. Carol did her best to prepare herself for what was coming next.

A poke. A prod. A push. Each one missing its mark, leaving streaks of lube on her thighs and labia. It was going so badly. On the fourth attempt, Andy's warm head split her labia, his lubed up glans running through her groove until he hit her clit. He pulled back to try again, and Carol mustered whatever courage she had left and reached between her legs. With two fingers, she located her son's very hard, and impressively thick penis, and placed it at the entrance to her vagina.

Eyes still closed, attempting a mental divorce from the proceedings, Carol was unable to stop a squeak from escaping her lips when she felt herself opened up by her son's slick head. He wasn't forceful or rough, but it had been a very long time since she'd last had sex...and he was big. Thankfully the lube helped.

After the initial inch of penetration, Andy stopped, allowing her to get used to him. Carol silently praised his patience and breathed deep, bracing herself for the next few minutes. Slowly, with a few gentle thrusts, her son worked his penis into her cunt, easing open her channel. He kept going, and then, for the first time in her life, Carol was introduced to the feeling of being *full*.

Carol had had a few penises over the course of her life. Not many, but the memories were vivid, and none of them had felt like this, not even her late husband. Somehow, this one fit her like he was made for her, the perfect length and girth, giving her a sense of fullness she'd never had. His head tapped at her cervix, and she had to stifle a moan. It wasn't supposed to be like this. All she could concentrate on was the feel of her son's cock.

He gave a few tentative thrusts, followed by a few stronger ones, each one firing off tingling waves throughout her well-stuffed vagina. Carol stayed as still as she could. He sped up, hands pulling at her hips to bring them together, a faint clapping sound filling the bedroom as he hit her ass cheeks. She felt a stirring inside; a

blossoming of life where she expected desert. Heat followed, along with a glimpse of a reward given enough time.

Long before anything embarrassing could happen, she heard a muffled grunt, followed by a throbbing warmth inside as her son filled her pussy with his cum. When he was done, he slowly withdrew from her body.

Carol heard more clothing movement, and then his retreating footsteps. Alone, Carol let herself fall forward onto her son's old bed and rolled to her back. Knowing she needed to stay laying down for a while...to let his *stuff* soak in...Carol did her best to breathe evenly, trying to calm down from the unexpectedly intense session.

Looking around at the posters from Andy's youth on the walls, she idly wondered if he'd ever had any other women in there, or if she was the first. Certainly the first impregnation, which, successful or not, was what it was. The session had been quick, impersonal, and effective; exactly as she planned, but what she hadn't planned on was her own reaction. Son or not, if he'd kept going, she was headed for an orgasm. Even now, she could feel the residual tingling left behind by the penetration of her long-unused vagina, and the lingering feeling of being *stretched*.

When the soak time was done, Carol got up and pulled her panties back on. A text on her phone was waiting for her. 'Same time tomorrow?' She sent back a thumbs up, praying it would be just as quick the next time.

The rest of the day was spent in a kind of mental fog. At random times it would occur to her that her son's sperm were swimming inside of her, heading for her egg, maybe making a baby. Other times she would recall how it had felt when he entered her, the stretch of her vagina as her stallion mounted her. She was now feeling a mix of anticipation and dread for the next day. She'd get to feel him in her again, but what if she came?

Forgotten was her worry about his ability to perform; he'd been plenty hard.

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Sunday Carol allowed herself a sleep in, waking at 10. She had no chores or plans, aside from a mid-day impregnation. It was so ridiculous, she could only laugh at the thought.

Noon came all too quick, finding Carol once again dressing in the skirt and blouse. This time she left her panties off, thinking it was distracting to have to pull them down. When she heard her son's car, she went to his room and once again took her position.

While waiting for her son to join her, Carol took a deep breath and prepared herself for the feel of him penetrating her. Knowing was a blessing and a curse, for she could prepare herself for it...but also anticipate it. Her reaction to him, while not appropriate, was out of her control. She just had to stay quiet and still. He would handle the rest.

Just like the day before, footsteps announced his arrival, and then he was with her, lifting her skirt. Carol could only imagine his reaction to seeing her without panties. The pause after lifting her skirt seemed to speak volumes. More sounds: the rustle of his clothing being removed, then the lube top cracking open. Carol waited, ready to guide him again. When his hands landed on her hips, he pressed in and found her entrance on the first try. His lubed-up head speared between her labia and directly into her vagina.

Carol dropped her head at the feel of him spreading her open. There was no need for repeated thrusts this time, as he sank into her depths in one go. The feeling of perfect fullness returned, yanking a low moan from deep in her chest. This was definitely not good. Within moments he was penetrating her with full strokes.



Carol did her best to keep her mouth shut, to not cry out at what he was doing to her. Somehow, it was ten times as intense as the day before. She could feel every ridge and vein running across the sensitive ring at her entrance. Every stroke of his head strumming along her G spot before moving to tap on her cervix.

Carol felt panic well up inside of her, matching the orgasm welling up with it. She was going to come! She tried to think unsexy thoughts, but found it hard to concentrate while her son was fucking her. Just like the stallion, her son had mounted her, pumping away in an effort to breed her. Inexorably, he fucked her orgasm closer and closer...until he stopped.

Just in time, he stopped thrusting and pushed in hard, his hips pressed against her ass. She felt him throb in her, and once again millions of her son's sperm were released into her body. Carol's climax retreated, her inner body unwinding, orgasm narrowly averted. By the time he pulled out and left, she was sighing with relief at the close call.

She lay down for the same soak time, thoughts and feelings floating around her head. She had not anticipated actually enjoying the feel of her son's penis inside of her, and wasn't sure where to go from here. All of her mental preparation had gone into dealing with revulsion - for his and Becca's sake - but instead was having to fight off pleasure.

The best she could hope for was that these two sessions had been enough, and the matter of her enjoyment wouldn't ever come to light.

Carol spent an hour puttering around the house, when she heard a knock at the door. It was Becca.

"Hello!" Carol said, inviting the young woman in with a wave of her arm, thrown off by the unexpected visit.

"Thank you," Becca said, hurrying past Carol to the kitchen to drop two full grocery bags onto the counter.

"What's all this?" Carol asked, trailing behind.

"I picked up a few things for you. Just some fun things to help you relax. Some supplements for women trying for pregnancy. I sent you a song playlist that is good for meditation and for the baby when she's in the womb."

"She?" was all Carol could say.

Becca blushed. "I'm hoping for a girl, but I'll be happy either way. Andy told me not to come, but I'm just so excited! Do you think...do you think you're pregnant? I read that some women can tell when it happens. Sorry. I know I'm coming on strong."

Carol smiled. "I haven't felt anything. Don't worry, you'll be the first I tell. I appreciate the supplies, you're very thoughtful."

Becca stood for a second, ringing her hands. "I guess I should go," she said.

"Not at all! Sit, we can have some tea while you show me everything you brought." Carol could tell that something was worrying the woman, but wasn't sure if it was her place to pry.

Becca sat down at the table for a second before jumping up again. "I'll get the tea, you sit." She practically steered Carol to a chair.

The older woman could have protested that she was perfectly capable of making tea, but thought perhaps it was easier to go with the flow.

When the tea was brewed and both women were sitting down, an awkward silence took over until Carol grabbed one of the bags and

started pulling items from it. It was just as Becca described, and once she got the conversation flowing, the tension dissipated.

A half later, both bags divested of their contents and tea mugs empty, Becca once again looked nervous. Several times she opened her mouth to say something before clamping it shut again. Carol tried to be patient, but in the end had to put the poor woman out of her misery.

"Is there something bothering you?" she asked.

Becca sighed. "Yes, but Andy warned me not to say anything."

"I feel like, between the three of us, there needs to be open lines of communication or things could get off track. Let me know what's on your mind."

Becca's cheeks turned a cute shade of pink as she said, "I just worry it's not enough."

"Not enough?"

"Times. Attempts. The women I know who got pregnant did it a *lot*." She emphasized the word with widened eyes.

"Oh! Well, this weekend was my ovulation window. If it doesn't work, we'll know in a couple of weeks and we can try again." Carol tried her best not to let on how she was feeling inside about the prospect of being bent over in Andy's bedroom again.

"Yes, but what if doing it more than just twice is a better chance. From what I've seen, the more times the better."

Carol wondered how many pregnancies the young woman could have possibly seen. "I'll admit, it makes sense, but I'd hoped the two times would be enough. How many times were you thinking?" Carol asked, afraid of the answer.

"Once a day, until your flow, or lack of flow."

A shiver ran through the older woman. "I...see. I'll have to give it some thought." She grasped desperately for any available straw. "Schedule-wise, we both work, and it'll mean a commute here for Andy. I'm sure you won't want to have him gone too much..."

Becca said. "Andy is willing to do whatever it takes. Besides, it seems to go pretty quick." She lowered her eyes.

"Yes, I suppose it does." A mental image of Carol's son behind her popped into her head, and she knew she was blushing. "...but won't you miss being with him? I don't want to take away from your time. I'm afraid if he is here daily it won't leave much energy for you."

"His sole job right now is to make a baby," Becca said, firmly.

Poor Andy. Carol had intended to go radio silent for the most part with her son, to lessen the awkwardness that they might feel, and now he'd be coming over again.

"I guess it wouldn't hurt to add a few more sessions...I'll arrange it with Andy."

Becca sagged with relief. "Thank you, Carol."

As her daughter-in-law was heading out the door, Carol reflected that between visits from Becca and sessions with her son, she was far more a part of their lives than ever before. Be careful what you wish for.

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The next day back at work, Carol texted Andy to call her when he had a chance. Just sending the message took an effort, and it spoke to her anxiety over what they'd done. It was consensual, and for a

purpose, but what do you say to the person who inseminated you twice?

Her phone rang a few minutes later. She answered it on seeing his face on the screen.

"Hey, Mom."

Carol smiled when she heard his voice. What was she anxious about? It was Andy! "Hi! I guess you know Becca came by yesterday."

"Yeah. I asked her not to, but, well..."

"Don't worry, I understand. She is concerned and wants everything to go well. The stuff she brought over was very thoughtful."

"I hope you can make use of some of it, at least. There's going to be more..." he said, in a comically threatening tone.

Carol laughed. "I'm sure I can use it. The incense, not so much, but the rest of it looks good. I've been meaning to try out meditation."

Andy's laugh joined hers. "Yeah, I'm sure you have. Ahhh, I'm sorry Mom. I'm sorry for all of this."

Carol sobered up. "Don't give it another thought. Please. Everything's fine, I have no complaints, okay? You're going to dig yourself into depression if you can't ease up on yourself."

"Are you sure? I feel like you were coerced, or emotionally blackmailed or something."

"Take this to the bank, son. No one could tell me to do this, it's done out of my love for you both, okay? I don't want another apology from you, ever. I'm happy to do this, got it?"

"Yeah...got it."

Carol was happy to hear actual relief in his voice. "Good. I assume you're okay with how things went this weekend? Is there something that would make you more comfortable?"

A long pause. "Can you try something besides the skirt? It keeps threatening to fall down and get in the way. Plus, it reminds me of Becca, which doesn't help."

"It doesn't?" Carol was honestly surprised. "I thought you might like it if I dressed like her, to make things, you know, easier."

"I don't need the help, honestly."

Oh! "Well, what would be better? I was aiming for quick and easy."

He didn't answer for a while, until he said, "Maybe go with a t-shirt and panties, like the ones you had on the first time?"

Carol blushed, remembering the pair he was referring to. Not her most attractive ones, but it was for him, not her. "I can try that," she said, her voice sounding huskier than normal. Her pussy was tingling, readying itself for action it wouldn't get until later.

"Thanks."

"I guess we have to find a time to fit in a weekday visit. When are you done with work?"

It was odd trying to schedule insemination.

"Around 4. I can be at your place by 4:30."

"Okay. I can be in place by then. I'd say I'll see you, but I guess I won't."

Andy chuckled darkly. "Yeah, I'll be doing the seeing for both of us."

They hung up on that note. When the end of the day rolled around, she made her way home, the now familiar ache of dread filling her heart the closer she got to another session with her son. Would she ever get used to this?

Carol got home with about fifteen minutes to spare, so went right to her room to change. Pulling her slacks and blouse off, she chose a t-shirt and turned to see herself in her mirror. The long shirt draped over her generous bust and pooled around her hips. She pulled it down, hiding her panties, making it look like she was bottomless. Andy's parting remark came back to her, making her wonder what he thought when he was behind her.

Suddenly curious, Carol bent over and leaned on her bed, craning her head around to see herself in the mirror. All she saw was a wide ass covered in white cloth...which had a damp spot on the crotch, and a few blonde hairs poking out the sides. Blushing furiously, Carol frantically dug into her drawers to find another pair, but heard the sound of Andy's car in the driveway. Quickly pulling panties out, she discarded them one after the other: too old, too thin, too small.

When she heard the footsteps sounding in the front hallway, she abandoned it and ran to Andy's room. Her panties would be on the floor soon anyways. Bending over, steadying herself on his bed, Carol did her best to slow her breathing and her heartbeat.

Footsteps sounded outside the room, and Carol clenched her eyes with shame. Bracing herself for the worst, she listened for the audio cues of his progress.

The first thing she heard was a gasp as Andy saw her. The next she heard was steps coming into the room, and then a departure from the norm. Instead of the crack of the lube top opening, she felt his hands on her hips. He caressed her there, running his hands along her flanks. Carol quivered at the light touch, and felt her pussy blossom between her legs, labia thickening with arousal. He dug into

her waistband, dragging her panties down. She could feel the wet cloth peel away from her vulva, an embarrassing sign of her arousal.

Andy took his time lowering her underwear, letting his hands stroke her outer thighs as he did. This wasn't the brisk, business-like approach from the weekend. His touch was driving her crazy, waves of goosebumps running up her legs. When he let her panties drop, Carol stepped out of them and once again spread her legs for her breeding stud.

Clothing rustled and then he took her hips firmly in hand, and she felt it: the brush of his hard cock against her wet, gaping labia. He didn't need any help finding her weeping entrance, and he pushed his way into her, causing her to grunt from the swift penetration. She lost herself in the feeling of being filled with his cock once again.

When Andy took two handfuls of her meaty hips and started stroking his cock in and out of her, all she could do was take it...but could feel herself wanting to do more. He fucked her steadily and confidently, perfectly pounding her pussy, each penetration sending her higher and higher as she once again approached an orgasm. Eyes clenched, she did her best to fend it off, to hold out until he came and let her off the hook.

She didn't make it. Unable to hold off her climax any longer, Carol came on her son's cock. She tried to keep quiet - to contain her cries of passion - but she knew it was a useless gesture. The spasming of her pussy, clamping down on her son's cock, was proof of her orgasm. In the middle of her climax Andy broke the 'no talking' rule, emitting a single 'Fuck', before coming with her, filling her with his warm throbbing once again.

Imagination filled her head with images: gobs of semen squirting from his slit, spraying her cervix, coating her womb. The pulsing of



her greedy pussy milking Andy's shaft, pulling as much impregnating sperm into her womb as possible.

Carol hadn't felt so satisfied in years. Their respective climaxes done, mother and son paused. Long seconds ticked by with them joined in the most intimate way, until he pulled out, and she fell forward onto the bed.

She'd done her best. She'd tried to keep it at bay, but her orgasm arrived just the same, and now she was exposed. Too ashamed to look at her son, she waited for him to wipe up and leave before she burst into tears, knowing that an element of their relationship was forever altered. Even if they stopped the sessions after that day, they would forever know that his cock had driven her to an orgasm.

It took a while for Carol to calm down enough to get up to put her panties back on, trapping her son's semen in her vagina. She grabbed the towel he'd used to wipe himself, seeing the bottle of lube next to it. She hadn't heard the click of the lid opening...he'd known he wouldn't need it. What must he think of her?

The rest of the evening was a blur of emotions. She went from crying, to picking her phone up to call the whole thing off, back to crying, back to phone in hand, over and over. It exhausted her so much that she ended up heading to bed early.

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After a long, welcome sleep, Carol woke up feeling better. Wrung out, but calmer. It occurred to her to wonder why she was giving herself such a hard time. They were mother and son, but in the end it was still sex, and it was only natural she would be affected by it. Not to mention, she wasn't the only one climaxing. If it was okay for Andy to come from being in her, she should be able to come as well. Carol took a deep breath, bracing herself for the day. She needed to relax and stop overthinking the whole thing. Maybe some meditation...she quirked a smile.

Feeling a bit better, Carol got about starting her day. In the shower, running soapy hands over her hips, she thought of her son's hands there, gripping and pulling, fingers digging into her flesh with his urgency. When she washed her pussy, she shivered at the sensitivity lingering from her orgasm. What would tonight be like?

That day after work, she was in place on time, legs spread and bent over. She knew there was a wet spot on her panties from her anticipation, but didn't bother changing - he'd seen it already. When Andy arrived, he wasted no time in pulling her wet underwear off and thrusting his hard cock into her. Inevitably, she came again, but this time didn't feel the sting of shame. Instead, she let out a low sigh, allowing her body to react the way it wanted to, enjoying the feel of her son's hard cock plunging into her over and over. When he came, she held herself still for her stallion, welcoming the feel of his seed into her fertile womb.

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"Hellooooo," Becca called out. "Anyone home?"

Carol hastened to stand on shaky legs, pulling her panties up and going to her bedroom to put on pants. Andy had just left, and despite her daughter-in-law's knowledge of what was going on, Carol didn't want to push it in her face. She did her best to tidy her hair and look like she hadn't just finished getting railed from behind by her son.

In the kitchen, Becca was unpacking a grocery bag of food. Carol joined her, bemused by the items she was pulling out.

"Apricots?" she said, holding up the package.

"It's for helping your milk to come in," Becca explained. "They've got prolactin to help encourage milk production."

"Oh, honey, I never had an issue with that. These puppies made more than enough for three babies." Carol hefted one generous breast to highlight the point.

The move seemed to fluster Becca, making her blush. "Are you sure you are okay breastfeeding her? You're already helping us so much..."

Becca still insisted on calling the as-yet to-be-conceived baby a girl. Carol smiled and reassured her that it would be her pleasure. "Anything for my granddaughter. It just makes sense, given I'll have the goods naturally."

"Thank you so much, Carol. I truly wish I could breastfeed her as well. Having more than one woman who can step in to breastfeed would make things much easier."

"We'll make it work. I can pump and freeze so you can do feeding sessions."

The two women sat to have some tea, made by Becca at her insistence. She brewed them apricot tea, which turned out to be better than Carol assumed it would be. "I can feel it working already," she quipped, squeezing a breast.

Becca's face turned red again.

"Sorry, am I making you uncomfortable? I am just joking. I feel like, with all that's going on, we're close enough to tease, but I can stop."

"No, please no, it's fine," the young woman said. "To tell you the truth, I'm uh, a little envious of your body. God has given you breasts and hips made for feeding and producing babies..."

"I suppose so. Don't sell yourself short, I'm sure Andy prefers your perky set over my old, droopy ones."

"You're just being nice, your breasts are wonderful." Becca's face was glowing at the confession.

"Thank you...how are you doing? Holding up okay, with everything?"

"Andy comes home very happy, which is nice to see after the stressful times before."

"He's happy those times are over," Carol pronounced.

"That's part of it, but I think it's his visits here too. It must be making him so happy to know he's working to get us a child. You're so good to us, going through this every day, I know it must be hard."

Carol thought of the pounding she'd gotten upstairs less than an hour ago. "It is hard, but I'm happy to endure it for you both," she demurred.

When the tea was done, and Becca had extracted Carol's promise to call if she needed anything, they parted. Carol went to make some dinner, feeling a trickle of semen drip into her panties when she stood up.

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It was to be expected, but Carol knew it wasn't going to be happy news: she had gotten her period. Despite two weeks of daily visits from her son, emptying himself into her over and over, she wasn't pregnant. For her part, what had started out as a daunting duty in order to produce a child had since morphed into the best part of her day; just the thought of going to Andy's room had her pussy dripping wet.

It was all well and good for her, but surely not for Becca, who was going to have to endure more weeks of sending her husband to service his mom.

Heart full of sympathy, she phoned Andy.

"Hey, Mom," he answered, surprise evident in his voice.

They didn't really talk much lately, preferring to do their 'communicating' in his bedroom. Ironical, as this had all started because she wanted him to call more often. "Hey, hon. I'm very sorry, but I have bad news: I got my period this morning. Please give Becca my love."

"Aw, okay. Thanks, Mom. I'll let her know, but don't be surprised if she answers with determination instead of sadness."

"I'm not giving up, tell her that too. We'll keep trying." It was difficult for Carol to separate her desire to be a surrogate and her desire to be fucked every day, but they both had the same result, so it didn't matter much.

"Okay. I guess...there's no need for me to come over for a bit."

Was it her imagination, or was there a hint of disappointment in his voice? "No, I suppose not. I'll let you know when to come over." She knew there was disappointment in hers.

"Okay."

Andy was correct about how his wife reacted to the news. She visited every day, doing her best to pamper her mother in law and bring her food along with doing chores around the house. If Carol wasn't so fond of the woman, it might have gotten annoying, but as it was she just enjoyed the visits.

Carol found herself missing Andy's visits more than she thought she would. A daily dose of dick had proved addictive, and she found herself passing by his bedroom just to feel a thrill. By the end of the fifth day, she was more than ready to resume their insemination activities.

The first day back at it, she was bent over in his room before he even pulled into the driveway. When she heard his footsteps on the stairs, a stream of her juice dripped into her panties. Her engorged labia gaped wide in anticipation, and when he pushed into her, he entered hard, in one thrust. In record time, she was creaming on his cock and then he was creaming into her.

Carol paid attention to the feel of his hands drifting off her hips, almost as if he was reluctant to depart, before she heard him leave. She was already looking forward to the next time.

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The next day, Becca came to Carol with an expression the older woman was getting used to: determination. "I know you and Andy are doing your best, but I'm wondering if there's more we can do."

Carol smiled and led her to the living room. They sat on the couch, and she said, "I'm not sure what else there is. We are trying daily."

"For starters, I've read it's better to try in the morning, after a good sleep. Can we try changing the schedule?"

Carol thought about her morning routine, trying to imagine fitting a visit from her son between her morning coffee and when she walked out the door. It didn't seem possible. "I'm not sure it would work. Maybe on the weekends we could try it?"

"What about even moving to noon, he could come by your work..."

Carol laughed. "I don't think my boss would like me leaving to the parking lot to do that kind of thing. Keeping it at my house also keeps it secret..."

"Are you laying down, to let things flow where they need to go?"

"I lay down for a while after each visit, yes."

Becca looked pensive, chewing on a fingernail. "I know we're already asking a lot. Would you consider a different method?"

"A different method..." Carol dreaded the clarification.

"Laying down...during," Becca whispered, as if suggesting something lewd. For a mother and son, it certainly qualified as unusual.

"Oh...I had hoped to avoid that."

Becca nodded. "I knew you would, but I heard, from a family member, it can help. When the regular way doesn't work."

Regular way? Confused for a second, Carol pushed the comment away and focused on the suggestion. "Possibly? I am not sure how we can do that without being face to face."

Despite enthusiastically welcoming her son into her body on a daily basis, Carol wasn't sure if she could easily make the swap to missionary. She definitely couldn't speak for Andy's comfort level..

"I know I'm grasping at straws here. It might not make a difference, but then again, it might. Will you at least consider it?"

"Of course...would it help if I spoke to Andy about it, or do you want to?"

"If you could, please...I get tongue-tied with some stuff."

Carol could believe that it was hard for Becca to talk about how her husband bedded his mother. She wasn't sure what she would say, either. "I can't promise anything, but maybe we can sort it out."

"Thank you again, Carol. I'll just go now, so you can call Andy."

"Alright, I'll see you soon."

When the young woman had left, Carol sat and thought about what she might say to her son. The thought of a change excited and frightened Carol at the same time. Missionary was so much more intimate...

She called him, unsure of anything.

"Hi, Mom. Is Becca all done there?"

"Yes, she's headed home. Listen, I know this is going to be weird, but Becca is asking that we try a new position, to hopefully raise the odds..."

"Oh?" The little uplift at the end of that one syllable told Carol he was interested.

"She wants me laying down during...it. I told her I'd think about it, and talk to you...what do you think?" Silence, prompting Carol to look at her phone to see if they were still connected. "Hello?"

"I'm here, I'm just surprised she suggested it." he said.

"I know it's a big thing, and I'm not really sure how I feel about it."

"Yeah."

"We could try, you know, with most of our clothes on? Or use blindfolds? I don't know, I'm just making this up as I go."

"What about...I mean, things have been going well, right? Can we just try it the normal way?"

It was Carol's turn to go silent. The normal way. Face to face, him on top of her, nude bodies pressed together. Her heart beat once, hard, in her chest. She'd managed to get comfortable with their current method, so was it possible she could do the same with missionary?



"Okay," she said softly, feeling as if she'd just agreed to lose her virginity.

"Tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow."

Carol hung up and went to pour herself a glass of Sherry.

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Tomorrow was Saturday, and their appointment was set for noon. Carol puttered around the house for a while, doing aimless tasks in a bid to keep her brain busy. It was difficult not to think of the upcoming session with her son. So many thoughts swirled through her head about what to expect, how she'd react, etc, etc. All the same worries she'd had before their first session almost a month ago.

When she heard the car in the driveway, Carol stood up and went to his room. She was already wearing her t-shirt and panties outfit, but didn't know if she should take them off, or leave them on. Did he want to take her panties off, as usual, or just get down to business? Where should she look?

Things were much more complicated now. They'd be having straight out sex, not the faceless breeding - however hot it was - that had come before. Carol's mind raced, all her past encounters with a new man coming to mind. The awkwardness, the hesitation, the fumbling. The fact it was her son this time just made it all a thousand times worse.

Would he want to touch her? To look at her? Should she touch him?

Heart pounding, Carol took a deep breath to try and calm herself. Footsteps echoed in the hallway. Instead of facing the bed, for the first time Carol was facing the open door. When he turned into the

room, mother and son came face to face in their role as mating partners.

Andy gave her his usual charming smile, his warm, blue eyes flicking from head to toe and back up again.

"Hey," she said, taking her turn to look him up and down. He was wearing loose gym shorts with an elastic waistband, a t-shirt, and socks. Easy to get out of.

"Hey," he said back.

Carol wasn't sure what to do next, but he took the issue out of her hands. He surprised her by stepping forward, closing the gap between them. His warmth and scent filled the air around her, and he loomed over her. She avoided meeting his eyes, looking at his chest instead.

Carol waited, entirely unsure what to do.

He reached out and put his hands on her hips, pulling her closer, forcing her to take a step. They were only inches apart. "Is this okay?" he asked, while tugging her shirt up.

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. She stood passively as he exposed her belly, letting out a careful breath when he reached her breasts. He had to pull her shirt out to clear them, and then her nipples came into view. She darted her eyes up to see her son's face, noting his rapt gaze on her tits.

He kept lifting, so she raised her arms to help, and then her T-shirt was tossed into a corner, Carol resisted covering her bare tits and erect nipples. Andy stared, a half smile on his face.

"They're just tits," Carol muttered, embarrassed by his attention.

"No, they're most definitely not. They're perfect," he said. Slowly, waiting for a protest that didn't come, he cupped one breast, gently lifting it, letting it spread out in his hand. He ran his thumb over her plump nipple and bumpy areola, sending sparks to Carol's pussy.

Being in front of her son, topless, felt odder than anything she'd ever felt. Afraid of losing her nerve, she reached for his shorts, pushing them down. She only got a few inches before she had to stop: the waistband was caught on his erection. Carol looked up at Andy, and he smiled, nodding, so she carefully pulled it over the bulge. His underwear came with his shorts, meaning that when she pushed down, his penis was exposed to her eyes for the first time in years.

She'd felt it inside of her many times, touched it with her fingers once, but never laid eyes on it while hard. Jutting from his trimmed blonde pubic hair was a strong, hard erection, with a thick shaft and topped by an impressive mushroom shaped head. A pearl of precum glistened at his slit, which winked at her in time with its throbbing. This was the sex organ that he'd been pushing into her on a daily basis, and she loved it at first sight.

Her focus was distracted by Andy digging his thumbs into her panties and pushing them down. Carol wanted to stop him, to grab his hands and hold onto her privacy, but forced herself to let her son get her naked. When her panties hit the floor, she stepped out of them and sat down on the bed, scooting backwards to the pillow in the center.

Andy stripped his shirt and socks off, before kneeing up onto the bed to join her. This new situation had thrown her anticipation off, so she gestured to the dresser. "You might need the lube," she said.

"Becca is out shopping; I have time. Let's just cuddle for a bit, and maybe we won't need it."

"Okay," Carol whispered, and watched as Andy laid next to her, his impressive penis poking into her leg. He was warm all over.

Carol stared up at the ceiling, unsure of what to do. Andy leaned up on his elbow next to her, running his hand over her breasts, gently fondling and squeezing them. His rough hands felt good on her skin. When he pinched her nipple between two fingers, she felt a reaction down below, making her squirm.

"Again," she whispered, and he did.

As if in slow motion, Carol watched her son lean over and take her nipple into his mouth sending a spike of desire through her. His active tongue swathed over her nub before he sucked - hard, and her nipple responded, hardening in his hot mouth. Carol grabbed his hair, gasping and pulling him into her breast. As he sucked on her, he traced his hand along her belly, down to the thatch of wild blond hair covering her vulva.

Carol was forgetting her concerns. When Andy slid his finger between her lips, finding her clit, she decided she didn't care who was in bed with her, and spread her legs to give him room. He ran his fingers up and down her labia, spreading her juices all over her vulva before dipping them into her rapidly moistening sex. The slight spreading of her vagina reminded her there was a very lovely cock nearby that could be better put to use.

"Please. Put it in," she said softly.

He took his place over her, his tall body seeming to dwarf hers. With both hands, he lifted her legs, pushing them towards her chest, spreading her glistening labia even more. Moving up, he let his erection rest on her pussy for a bit, running it along her lips, before pulling his hips back and placing himself at her entrance.

Fascinated, Carol watched and felt her son's cock press into her vagina, stretching her as well as he ever had. He pushed in, going

deeper and deeper, until his balls snugged up to her asshole and she felt his head tap her cervix. Carol imagined it opening a little, as if kissing his tip to coax his sperm into her womb.

"I've wanted to do this since the first time," he said, his face close to her, sweet breath filling her lungs. He pulled out, dragging a long moan from her, before plunging it back in, accompanied by the sound of her welcoming sigh.

"You can keep doing it," she husked, sure that she never wanted him to stop fucking her.

He did. He fucked her long and hard, extracting the sounds of her pleasure, in a chorus of cries and moans. When she was close, he pushed in a little harder and held it, his pubic bone pressing on her clit, forcing her climax from her. She screamed out, unable to do anything else, while her pussy creamed all over her son's cock, and her juices streamed onto the bed beneath them.

When she relaxed a bit, Andy picked up again, running his length in and out of her sensitive pussy. Strung out with her orgasm, Carol just lay there when he sat up, grasping her plump thighs in both hands and using them to pull her into him. She held onto his hands, feeling where his fingers pressed into her flesh. Her ass cheeks quaked and her breasts rolled each time her son thrust his cock into her welcoming cunt.

His breathing started to get louder, his movements erratic, and she knew he was close, until with a final push, he grunted and came. She watched her son with adoring eyes; his large frame hovering over her, hips pressed firmly into the cradle of her spread legs, cock filling her with powerful pulses of come.

She felt closer to her son than ever before, knowing now that she was glad to have him in her bed and in her body. When he was done, he pulled away slowly, wilting wet cock drooping between his thighs, a thin stream of semen stretching to her entrance.

He hesitated then, clearly unsure if he should leave. She reached out to him, saying, "I have to lay here a bit, to let it soak in," she said. "Please lie with me?"

"I'd love to," Andy said, laying down and warming her side again. His wet cock left streaks of come on her leg, but she didn't care. He put his hand on her belly, and she took it, placing it on her breast. He took the hint, gently running his hand over her soft tit and finding her nipple with his fingers.

This wasn't what they had discussed. Lingering afterwards, casual touches, cuddling. None of it was needed to make a baby, and yet, it was all Carol wanted. She wanted the connection she felt right then to last forever.

Inevitably, they did have to part. Andy got dressed and left, saying he wanted to be home when Becca was done shopping. Carol waved goodbye as he ducked out the door. As good as the previous sessions were, what they'd just done was one hundred times better. Carol found herself dreading getting pregnant, if it meant she couldn't experience such pleasure with her son anymore.