

Her Son's Surrogate Pt. 02

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The next day, Sunday, Carol woke and realized she needed to talk to her son. The first thought she had on waking was of his visit the day before, and the upcoming one at noon. What they were doing couldn't be healthy for his marriage, and didn't follow the spirit of the venture...even though she honestly loved what they'd done. She thought about calling him to have them both over to discuss things, but Andy was coming over anyways...and maybe it would be better to get his take without his wife there.

Carol got out of bed, going about her usual routine, unable to stop thinking about Andy and his visit. When noon was imminent, she couldn't resist putting on her 'outfit', but put a robe on over top and waited for her son on the couch, instead of his room.

She could see the surprise on her son's face when he walked in the door. He was dressed the same way as the day before, but his shirt was a tank top, showing off his muscular arms.

"Is everything okay?" he asked.

Carol smiled reassuringly. "Yes, everything's fine. Sit down for a bit, I just wanted to chat before..." She waved at the stairs.

He came and sat on the couch next to her. "What's up?"

"After yesterday, I realized I'm...I'm growing attached to what we're doing, to the connection I'm feeling with you. I actually had the thought that I didn't want to get pregnant, because I didn't want what we're doing to stop. I know it sounds awful, but I didn't intend for it to happen. I was thinking we could stop for a bit, or go back to the previous method..."

"Oh, Mom, no. Um...it's not just you. I'm feeling it, too, and honestly, if I didn't have to leave yesterday, I'd have stayed longer. I'm just happy you're enjoying our sessions, as it makes all of this much easier. Um, especially after yesterday, I found myself hoping it takes a while for you to get pregnant...and even once you do, well, we don't have to stop."

Carol's mouth dropped open. "Don't have to stop? Once I get pregnant, you have to go back to your wife. Even if you can't have intercourse, she must miss doing other things. She's holding back on being with you, to give this a better shot, you have to take care of her properly once I catch."

"Mom, Becca's not holding back."

"What? She must be."

"No...she's not." He looked resigned.

"I don't understand."

"Mom, she's just not interested in any of it. I guess the vaginismus makes her self conscious, or it's how she was raised, I don't know. All we do is kiss and hug, and not much of that. If I'd known about this before the wedding...but I've grown to accept it, because I love her."

"You're not intimate...at all?"

Andy shook his head. "When we were dating, she said she was waiting for marriage. Then we found out about her condition. I wanted to do other things, but she froze up there too. It always leads to her just, like, freaking out and leaving."

"I'm sorry, Andy, that must be...frustrating." A lightbulb went off in Carol's head. "I guess that explains why you didn't have an issue being ready to go that first time?"

"I mean..." he smiled a smile that made Carol's heart thump. "It helped, but I was still super nervous. I was just here to do my duty, but it was amazing. Ever since that first time, I was ready to go before walking in the door. Seeing you in my room every day, in your shirt and panties, is very exciting. I hope I'm not embarrassing you."

Carol shook her head, mute.

He went on, "You're so different from other girls. Seeing the wet spot in your panties when I take them off, knowing you're excited, is a huge ego boost. Then when we get started...you're so hot, and hearing your moans when I push inside...wow. I've never been with anyone like you. Yesterday was the most passion I've ever felt from a partner, and all I could think about was coming back here to do it again."

Carol was blushing hard now, and Andy's words had her tingling in all the right places. "You have no idea how much I needed to hear that. From the very start I've been so ashamed of my body's reaction to you, and when I climaxed the first time, bent over in your room, I was sure I was going to die. I couldn't help it! It felt so good...*you* felt so good."

Andy grinned. "The first time you moaned and tried to hide it, I felt so much better, knowing you were enjoying it. Each day, your reactions were more obvious, until...I felt like the king of the world when you came, mom, honestly."

"I was mortified. I almost called it all off."

"I'm glad you didn't." He reached out and took her hand, running her fingers through his.

"I guess...we're okay?" Carol searched her son's handsome face for any sign he was hiding his true feelings, but found none.

"More than okay," he said, squeezing her hand.

Carol felt her heart flutter at the touch, and knew she was ready. "I think it's time we went upstairs and made a baby." She stood and pulled him with her.

Leading him into his old room again, Carol stopped and dropped her robe, looking over her shoulder coquettishly. "Can you take my panties off?" she asked.

"It would be my pleasure," he said, staring at her round ass.

He dug his fingers into her waistband, pushing her panties down over her plump, round ass. He knelt down behind her, running them down her legs, and Carol watched in shock when he kissed her cheek with a big smooch, his bristly face scratching her soft skin.

"God, I love this ass," he said, low and husky. He kissed it again, moving from spot to spot, pressing his mouth into her flesh.

Carol purred, loving the feel of his warm mouth. The purr turned inquisitive when Andy reached up and pushed her shoulders, forcing her to bend over. He held onto her legs, and she had to reach out to the bed to stop from falling over.

"What are youooooohhhhhmmyyyyyuhhhhhhhh," she moaned.

Andy gripped her ass with both hands and pressed his face between her cheeks, burrowing into her crack until he found her rosebud and pressed his tongue into it.

Carol had never had anyone do this to her before, and cried out in shame and pleasure. She squirmed, and he reached one arm around her legs to hold her steady. Pinned, she could only moan and wriggle under the onslaught of her son's tongue on her asshole. When he moved down, she knew she was lost, and his forever. His wide tongue split her labia and speared into her vagina.

"Aannnddyyyyyy!" she screeched, as her son buried his face in her twat, locking his lips on her clit and sucking, hard.

His big hands clamped onto her thighs, strong arms easily holding her in place, and commenced a writhing, licking, flicking assault on her pleasure bud. It had been so long...she'd forgotten what a man's tongue could do. Carol couldn't move or get away, and his slathering, massaging, penetrating tongue kept going, forcing her to give into the moment. She came, juices flowing from her clenching, pulsing vagina, dripping down her thighs and all over her son's face. He didn't let up until she begged him to stop.

Andy slowly released his hold on her thighs, letting her collapse on the bed, ass jiggling with the impact. Carol just breathed, quivering from the after-effects of her monstrous orgasm. A few minutes later Andy lay down next to her.

"Sorry," he murmured, putting his hand on her back. He smelled like soap, so must have gone to wash his face.

"Don't ever apologize for that," she whispered, between breaths.

"I could have warned you," he said.

"I might have said no, and that would have been a crime," she said, with a small smile. "I guess we still have a job to do." She slowly rolled onto her back.

Andy rolled into her, leaning in to suckle a hard nipple.

Carol cooed, cradling his head. "You can do anything you want with that mouth, anytime you want, but for now, come here." She pulled at him, urging him between her spread legs, lost in the feeling of giving herself to him.

Still on her high, the fertile mother watched as her son kneeled over her, his impressive penis jutting towards her. Sure that she would

never get used to the sight, she sighed when he entered her slick vagina in one smooth, easy motion.

"Ohhhhh, you're making me go againnnn." she keened, cunt bearing down on her son's cock.

Andy pulled out, her cunt gripping him tight, forcing him to push hard to re-enter, forcefully spreading her open. "Mom," he gasped. "I'm going to come."

"Good. Come in me, Son. Come in your mommy. Make your baby." The feel of his mushroom head pressing into her cervix sent tingles throughout her pelvis, and she could swear she felt his first blast of semen hit the target.

A moment of surrealism hit Carol then. It was seeing her son above her, his weight pressed into her pelvis, his face contorted with the force of his orgasm, and knowing he was deliberately impregnating her. He was injecting his seed into his mother, an act of incest rejected by the entire world, and she loved it.

After several pulsating ejaculations, Andy fell forward onto her, letting her wrap her legs and arms around him and hold him close. When he stirred, he lifted his head up from her chest, looking down at her.

Carol had the sudden urge to kiss him, so lifted her head and planted her mouth on his. He returned the kiss eagerly, slipping his tongue into her mouth to touch hers. It was the perfect end to explosive sex, and they kissed for several minutes, mouths duelling and tasting, biting and sucking.

It should have been weird, but Carol had never felt happier at that moment. She was tired, but in a good way. Andy moved down to her chest, sucking at her tits, taking as much boob flesh in his mouth as he could. She watched, enjoying the suction and thinking of when his son would do the same thing. Becca was sure of a girl; Carol now

knew it would be a boy, just like her Andy. Her first boy continued to pleasure her breasts until he lifted up, and they both watched as his penis grew to full size between them.

They didn't say a word, he simply slipped his hard cock back into her drenched pussy. They made out some more while he slowly fucked her, until he came again, shuddering over top of her. Carol didn't come, but was happy to have him in her, to have him finish and then lay with her before heading back to his wife.

When he had left, she realized that he'd never really acknowledged things would have to go back to normal when she got pregnant. The thought filled her with sadness all over again, but she reminded herself she wasn't pregnant yet.

Carol went to work the next day, feeling like she was on cloud nine. Coworkers noticed and commented on how happy she was, and she could only agree with them. It was all she could do to keep her mind on her tasks, and not on the memory of lying with her son.

After two wonderful sessions with Andy, Carol couldn't wait for that afternoon. Would he be able to stay, or would it be a quickie?

Just when life hands you two days of great sex, it backhands you for daring to ask for more. Linda, her boss, came to Carol just before she was done for the day.

"Carol, we've got an issue and it looks like you're the only one who can fix it. Remember the order you had a little oopsy with a few weeks ago?"

Carol nodded, dreading what was coming next.

"It turns out the wrong information was sent with the order and the install was flubbed. The client needs you to head to their office and

help with a proper install...and talk to the auditors looking into the root causes."

"They need a scapegoat?" Carol guessed.

"They need a scapegoat."

Carol sighed. "Okay, I'm a big girl, I can admit my error. When do they need me?"

"Your flight to Vancouver is tonight. You should have enough time to get home and pack. Details are coming via email any minute now."

"Tonight?! I can't go tonight, I have plans with Andy."

"Sorry, hon. I'm sure he'll understand. Blame whatever was going on in your head when you sent the wrong information."

Carol slumped in her chair and put her face in her hands. "Fine. I guess I'll see you in a few days."

"Safe travels," Linda said, patting her shoulder before going back to her office.

Carol knew why she'd screwed up, as that was the day after Andy and Becca had asked her to be the mother of her son's child. Andy. She had to let him know about the trip.

He didn't answer his phone, and she felt bad just sending a text, but she was short on time.

'Emergency work trip came up. I'm headed to the airport and will be gone for a few days. Give Becca my love. See you when I get back.'

The next couple hours were spent rushing home to pack before racing to the airport. She just barely had enough time to get through security before her flight boarded. In her seat, hurrying done, Carol was finally able to relax.

She checked her phone, and saw a message from her son. 'Okay. See you when you get back. I'll miss seeing you at your place.'

Carol sent back, 'I will too.' And attached a heart emoji. They were careful about not putting anything explicit in their messages, in case someone saw, so she hoped he would understand exactly how much she was going to miss him.

The flight was over before she knew it. She got booked into her room at her hotel and went to eat at the restaurant in the lobby, ending a whirlwind day. Any other time, she'd have welcomed a work trip to another city, just for the change. Now, she felt guilty, like she was going to get in trouble from Ms. Becca for not finishing her homework.

Carol tended to dress down for trips, to avoid unwanted attention. For some reason, men assumed a woman on her own was looking for company. Today she hadn't had time to think about it, and was still in her work outfit of a skirt and blouse. Chum in the water.

She saw the guy coming from a mile away. He was young, about Andy's age, and spotted her from across the room. He was attractive and well dressed, but was a bit too polished. Men on work trips at the end of the day tended to look a little tired. There were plenty of tables, but he made his way towards her with a slight leer, as if he wasn't aware she could see him.

"Is this seat taken?" he asked.

"Yes, it is," came a baritone voice from behind her. A man stepped around Carol's seat to the chair the younger man had indicated, pulling it out to sit down and set a drink on the table.

The young man simply nodded, smiled, and swerved, on the hunt for another woman to accost. Carol looked at her 'saviour' with a raised eyebrow.

"Doug," said the man, holding his hand out to shake.

She took it, while giving him the once over. He was her age, or a bit older, with salt and pepper dark hair. His face had laugh lines and gentle eyes. His suit was ruffled, tie pulled out, top button undone. He had a wedding ring on his hand.

"Um, thanks, Doug...I guess. He was harmless."

Doug smiled, and said, "I know. But I'd been working my nerve up to come say hi, and didn't want him to get in the way."

Carol laughed. "Oh, he was going to cramp your style. You got in your own way, and forgot to take off your ring," she pointed out.

He looked at his hand and shrugged. "It's so I don't get hit on by women."

Carol laughed again. "Is that a danger? I think I'm the only one here, and I'm not hitting on you."

Doug took a sip of his drink. "I know, that's why I had to come over. Make it easier."

"I couldn't possibly hit on a married guy. I was married to one once; their wives don't like it."

Doug held his hands up. "I won't push, but I'm already sitting here, and I do need to eat. Do you mind if I stay and keep you company? Keep the riff raff at bay?"

"Suit yourself. I've had a long day, when I'm done eating I'm headed to my room to sleep. By the way, my name's Carol."

"Nice to meet you. What brings you to Vancouver?"

"Work. I need to help a client with an issue. I'll be only a few days I hope." Her voice echoed the amount of need to be back home.

"Last minute kind of thing?"

"Yes. Very last minute. I had plans I had to cancel." The word 'plans' felt inadequate to describe getting knocked up by her son.

"And uh...is this client mad?"

Carol gave Doug a suspicious look. "They are not pleased."

"And are they calling in an auditor?"

Carol groaned. "Let me guess..."

"I'm the auditor."

Carol's company sold very expensive software that required specific configurations tailored to each client. By sending the wrong documentation, Carol had set their project back weeks, and they wanted their pound of flesh. Doug was there to determine exactly how liable her company was, for compensation purposes.

"I've gone over the high level stuff," he said. "It doesn't look good."

"No, it's not good. You'll find out tomorrow anyway. I was sent to cooperate, and try to get them back on track. It was my fault."

Doug raised his eyebrows. "They're just going to admit it? No sidestepping?"

"Well, I'll review what they did, but we know I sent the wrong info, so it's hard to imagine it's anything else. I suppose their people could be incompetent."

"Is this likely to cost you your job?"

"No, but it won't look good on my yearly review. It'll set me back some, that's for sure."

"That's too bad. You seem...well, from our limited interaction, you seem like you know what you're doing. One bad day?"

"You could say that. I'd gotten some alarming news. I should have called in, but figured work could distract me. Now here I am." Carol waved at the waiter to bring her another drink.

"I'll get it. I think you need it," Doug said, gesturing that he would pay for her drink.

"Thanks. I guess we'll be working together?"

"I guess so."

When the waiter brought her drink, they ordered and continued their conversation. Doug was easy to talk to, and they chatted about random topics while waiting for their food.

"What were these plans you had to abandon?" Doug asked, in a break in the conversation.

"Oh, nothing. I was going to see my son."

"Was he visiting or something?"

"Ha, no, we live in the same city, he's, well, it's a long story. Him and his wife are trying for a baby, and I'm offering, um, assistance. We were just meeting up to, ah, discuss it."

"You were going to discuss having a baby with your son?" Doug's smirk told her he was teasing her.

"You're twisting my words." Carol smiled, blushing at how close he was to the truth.

"I am, I'm sorry." He smiled, and she could see where he'd gotten his laugh lines. It was an attractive smile, and she wondered how

successful he was with it. If he wasn't married...and if she wasn't 'spoken for'. It wouldn't do to get knocked up by another man.

"What does your wife think of these last-minute trips?" she asked.

"She doesn't. She passed away a few years ago. I just haven't gotten around to taking the ring off. It's never been an issue until today, and now the first time I approach a woman, it kills my chances."

Carol's heart melted with sympathy. Having gone through the death of a spouse, she knew exactly how Doug was feeling. "My husband passed as well. Cancer. I'm sorry about your wife."

"Thanks. Cancer as well. I know it's dumb, but I don't want to take the ring off yet. Maybe I never will."

"It killed me to take mine off, but it hurt to look at. I've moved on, which he wanted me to. I'm, hmmm, I'm seeing someone. It's complicated."

"He's a lucky guy."

Carol smiled and was interrupted by the waiter bringing their food. They ate mostly in silence, and when done, went their separate ways, knowing they'd see each other the next day.

In her room, Carol undressed, happy to be out of her work clothes. When she unhooked her bra, her breasts slumped on her chest, and she rubbed where the underwire sat. Let free, her nipples unfolded. A day and a half ago, Andy had been sucking on them, and now she was in a hotel. She was so tired, the thought didn't even spark arousal.

She put on warm PJs, brushed her teeth and climbed into bed. Feeling like she could use some cheering up, she facetimes Andy. Within seconds his smiling face filled her screen.

"Hey," she said. The screen lit up her face in the dark room.

"Hi, Mom. Was the flight okay? I missed you today."

"I missed you too." Seeing his familiar, handsome face soothed her jangled nerves. She wanted to reach through the screen and pull him through to join her in bed. "The flight was quick."

"Becca sends her love." He looked around. "But she wasn't too happy at the interruption of our plans."

"I figured. She knows what she wants. I don't blame her, but it's unavoidable. It's all your fault, anyways."

"My fault?"

"Both of you. I'm here to fix a mistake I made the day after your...proposition. I'd never have done it without that distraction."

"Sorry, Mom. I know it was a shock."

"It's okay," she said, softly. "It led us to where we are now."

"Will you be long?"

"I hope not. Each extra day I'm here will be one less with you."

"I'm not going anywhere," he said, looking confused.

"I know, but once I get pregnant, it all stops. We stop."

Andy's face fell. "Yeah. I haven't really thought that far ahead. I've been focusing on being with you, and trying for the baby."

"Once I catch, you have to go back to Becca. She'll need you. I know what you said, but she's your wife, not me." Carol was proud that her voice didn't break on those final words. She knew she was

being silly, this infatuation with her son, but she hadn't felt like this since Don died. Was starting to think she never would.

Meeting Doug had actually been a good thing, as it showed she could let Andy go, once this was all over, and possibly have a chance at finding a new partner.

"I met someone," she blurted. "At dinner. We had dinner together. He came up to me, and it turns out we'll be working together this week."

"Oh? Is he...I mean, did you, uh, did he want to..."

"I'm alone," she said, letting him off the hook.

"Oh," he said, clearly relieved. "I mean, not that you can't, if you wanted to. You can do what you want."

"Another time, I might have been tempted. But I don't think it would be good if I got pregnant with another man, do you?"

"Aaahhhh, no, that wouldn't go over well." He clearly looked flustered at the thought.

Carol lowered her voice, murmuring, "There's only one man's baby I want growing in me, and I'm looking at him right now."

"Fuck, Mom. You're killing me here." The camera view swooped down his body until she could see a visible bulge in his pants before moving back up again.

She giggled, feeling a rush at his reaction to her. Reaching into her top, she pulled out a tit and pulled her phone back to show him. "I miss your mouth."

"Dammit, Mom! You're not going to be back for days! Becca won't let me..." he trailed off.

Carol gasped, mouth open in shock. "She won't let you touch yourself? I'm sorry for teasing." She put her boob away, relishing his look of disappointment. He had a way of making her feel desired that she hadn't felt in a long time.

"I didn't say stop," he pointed out.

Carol laughed again, and popped her tit out again. She made sure to put it front and centre in his view. "I won't torture you long. I just wanted to see your face before bed. Can you hold 'the fort' until I get back?"

"I don't have a choice. Becca wants all of it saved for you. And Mom? I'm glad you're the one to carry my baby."

The words sent a thrill through her body, and she had to bid her goodbyes quickly to avoid tearing up. Damn him for making her feel so good!

The next day, she ran into Doug in the lobby. They grabbed some breakfast and taxied to the office of the client together. Meetings, meetings and more meetings filled her day. She offered up her mea culpa, and it was accepted graciously, with a focus on getting their project back on track.

By the end of the first day, it looked like things weren't as bad as she feared. She and Doug went back to their hotel to get dinner.

"I think," Doug said, after they got their drinks. "That went very well. With your help, they'll be back on track in no time. I'll make sure my report shows how integral you were to making this go away. Maybe your boss won't be so hard on you."

"Thank you. She's one of the good ones, but there's no way I don't come out of this clean. It's okay. I'll work extra hard to remind her why she hired me."

"To hard work," Doug said, raising his glass.

She tapped his glass with hers and drank. It was a smooth whiskey, something she didn't normally order, but felt like she needed after the long day. Dinner was quiet, with light talk about anything but work. After they were done, she said, "I'll be another couple days. Are you heading home tomorrow?"

He shook his head. "I have one more day at least. What are you up to now? I always get restless away from home, and can't sleep unless I get some energy out. Do you want to join me in a movie or a walk around the sea wall?"

"I could go for a walk. Let me go change and I'll meet you in the lobby."

"Sure."

Carol went to her room and changed into jeans and a t-shirt. She'd been unsure about what to pack for, so had probably too many clothes, but better that than be caught with nothing to wear. In the lobby, she found Doug also in jeans and a polo shirt. She saw him first, and had time to check him out unnoticed. He was fit, with muscular arms and a nice ass.

"Hey, ready to go?" she asked, making him turn her way. She didn't miss him checking her out, which she supposed was fair.

"Yeah, let's do it!"

It was a nice day, and the seawall was packed with other people walking dogs, skating, biking, sitting, chatting and eating. Carol and Doug navigated the people while walking along the water. "It's a beautiful city, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes. I lived here for a while, when my wife was alive. I moved away after she passed, so coming back is bittersweet. I have nice

memories though. Did you do anything to move on from your husband?"

"Not really. I still live in the same house, although it's a bit big for me. I just took time to let Don go, and accept my new life. It felt like it was over for a while, but recently I've been feeling...energized."

"Since you started helping your son and his wife?"

"You're a very perceptive man, Doug." Carol chuckled. "I guess the thought of grandchildren woke me up. How about you, did the new location help?"

Doug stepped aside for a jogger, then said, "It helped me forget, most days, but I haven't moved on." He held up his ring finger with the wedding band on it. "However, if you weren't taken, I'd be pressing my case with you a bit harder."

"If I weren't taken, I'd let you press it," she responded, before covering her mouth. "I didn't mean it like that!" she protested. Her face burned at her gaffe.

Doug laughed. "Ah, now I'll have some good thoughts to put me to sleep."

"Well, you're welcome," Carol said, still embarrassed.

The rest of their walk was filled with small talk of no consequence, and when they parted in the lobby of their hotel, Carol was ready to relax in her room. She got into her PJs again and thought about watching some TV but didn't turn it on.

Somewhere in the hotel, Doug was having some 'good thoughts'. Carol was flattered that he was attracted to her, and if things were different, she would have been interested. His interest did highlight that she didn't have to be alone if she didn't want to be. When this whole grandchild thing was over, she could retreat into the role of

grandma, and look for a partner to fill the void left behind by her son.

The next day, Carol was in a meeting room on her laptop, overseeing the new configuration install when Doug walked in.

"Hey there," he said.

"Hi, Doug. How's it going?"

"I'm all wrapped up here. I have a flight in a few hours, so I thought I'd say goodbye."

"It was nice to meet you. Good luck with everything."

He looked uncomfortable for a second before lifting his hand. There was no ring, just a pale section of skin. "I've, uh, well, you helped me realize that it's worth being available. Maybe the next woman whose table I sit at won't be taken."

"Maybe," Carol grinned. "But you're going to have to wait for that tan line to disappear. Safe travels."

"You as well, goodbye." He turned and left, and Carol went back to her laptop.

The rest of her trip was straight forward, and she left on her return flight with a happier client in her wake.

Finally home again, Carol dumped her bags on the floor and went to bed, falling into it face-first. She could unpack later. For now, she needed to unwind from the trip. Eyes closed, she breathed in and out slowly, pondering having a bath. It was Friday afternoon, and she needed to let Andy and Becca know she was back, but...not yet.

At some point her body decided she needed a nap, and she fell asleep. She woke up to a whisper.

"Hey, Mom, it's me." Andy was sitting next to her on her bed.

"Mmmm, hi there. I missed you," she murmured, stretching. "How did you know I was back?"

"Becca had me come around to pick up the mail. I saw the light downstairs, so I let myself in. Is that okay?"

"Mmmyeah...I just needed a little nap. It takes me a while to unwind after a flight. I get all tense in the shoulders, from the seats."

Andy leaned over and put both hands on her back, thumbs pressing into her muscles. Tingling waves radiated from the pressure, running up in her neck and shoulders. "Ohhhhhhhmmmm...." she groaned. "Keep doing that."

He chuckled and leaned in further, putting some of his weight into the massage. With sweeping motions, he ran his hands across her back and neck, pushing the stress and tension out of her body. It was heavenly.

"I should hire you to massage me after every trip," she said.

"Deal," he said, quietly. At some point the massage got slower, and softer. Less kneading, more caressing.

Carol's moans turned to sighs, as her body woke up under her son's ministrations. It had been five days...when his warm hand went under her shirt on her back, Carol didn't protest at all. When he undid her bra, she sighed at the release. When he reached under her stomach to undo her jeans button, she lifted up, to give him room, and soon he was skinning her pants down off her legs.

She just lay there, arms under her head, eyes closed, and let him do what he wanted. Kisses along her bare legs. Hands trailing along her thighs. She knew she was wet when he peeled her panties off. Her pussy was warm with anticipation.

After hearing the rustle of his clothes coming off, the mattress shifted, and then his hairy legs were straddling hers.

"I feel like this is less of a massage," she commented.

"I may have had ulterior motives."

She felt him lean forward, and then a hot, hard rod pressed between her cheeks, splitting them apart.

"Mmmm, what are you going to do to me now?"

Arms settled into the bed on either side of her, he leaned to her ear. "I'm going to fuck you, and put my baby in you." His cock was pressed hard into her now, shaft rubbing up against her sphincter.

"I don't think that's the hole you make babies in, but you're welcome to try." Carol wiggled her ass, feeling her son's rigidity massage her asshole. She'd only done anal a few times, but he felt so good there, and she wondered what his size would be like.

He chuckled. "Maybe another time. I promised to save up what I have for your womb."

Carol felt himself adjust, pulling his hot hardness down her crack until it cleared her ass cheeks. Then he pushed, splitting those cheeks and spearing into her overheated vagina. Her legs were closed, but her wetness allowed him easy access to the depths of her cunt.

"Oh, fuck," she grunted. Five days, and she'd forgotten what he felt like. When he was fully pressed into her ass cheeks, he lay down on her back and started to hump her from behind. His head pressed into the ridged front wall of her sheath, every stroke rubbing her g spot.

Andy's hand snaked under her chest, into her shirt and grabbed a tit, pinching her nipple. His breath sounded in her ear as he fucked her, his magnificent cock driving her higher and higher. His weight on her body, pinning her down, helpless, set fire to her brain. He kept fucking, longer than he should have been able to after five days, until he broke her.

Carol, cocooned in the heavy shelter of her son's body, came while he drove his cock into her over and over. Her vagina clamped down on him, trying to keep him, but he kept fucking. Her juices gushed from her cunt, soaking the bed, and he kept going. This wasn't lovemaking, it was breeding, and he was going to make sure she was bred.

"Do it," Carol urged. "Come for Mommy. Come in my pussy, baby. Fill me up...ahh!" The final sound came out as a sharp cry, as her son gave one last push hard into her and came.

Tired mother lay under her son as he convulsed and spat rope after rope of come into her fertile baby factory. He had so much for her, it couldn't be contained, and she could feel it oozing past his shaft. With a final push and hug, he finished. Pulling out of her, he rolled onto his back next to her, arm over his eyes, breathing hard.

Carol rolled and pulled her shirt and bra off the rest of the way before moving to snuggle him, putting one bare leg up onto his. Her knee nudged his semi-hard, wet cock. She pressed her tits into his arm and put her head on his shoulder. "Do you feel better?" she asked.

He nodded, arm still over his eyes.

"Did you miss me?"

Another nod.

Carol felt such a surge of closeness to him then, she needed to show her love. It wasn't something she'd ever done before, but looking at his now wilted penis, laying limply on his leg, she thought it could use a clean. She moved down, picking his exhausted cock up in two fingers and putting the slimy head into her mouth. It was a mixture of musky, bitter and tang. He jerked under her.

"Sensitive," he husked.

"Mmmm, I bet." She went in for another, bigger suck, using her tongue to wash his member. Feeling him soft in her mouth was new and interesting. The formerly powerful organ was reduced to floppy meat. Licking and sucking her way, she made it to his balls, which were also wet. Popping one in her mouth, she gently rolled it around before doing the same for the other one. Genitals clean, if still wet, Carol returned to his shoulder.

"Do you need to get back to Becca soon?"

"Um, no. She told me to stay, to make up for lost time."

"How long? Not to appear greedy, but can you go again before you go?"

Andy took his arm away from his eyes. "She told me to stay the night, if it's okay with you."

"Oh! Well, sure, that's fine. You can stay in your room; the sheets might need changing..."

"I can't just stay here?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

It honestly hadn't even occurred to her. Why couldn't he sleep in her bed? "Yes, you can. I'd like that." she said, softly.

She lay and cuddled Andy, letting his sperm soak, until she had to get up to go pee. From the ensuite, she called out, "Do you want to

get some dinner?"

"Yep, I'm famished," he called back.

She heard rustling as he got dressed. When she came back in the room, he walked up to her and hugged her. "I missed you."

Carol laughed. "I could tell."

He let her go and leaned down, sucking her nipples in turn. "And I missed you, and you..." He got on his knees and spun her around. "And you and you," he finished with a kiss on each ass cheek.

"Goofball, get up and go find the delivery menus," she said, smacking him on the shoulder.

He grinned and did so, leaving her to get dressed. Most of her son's baby batter had dripped from her in the toilet just now, but more would come. She put on panties and a flowing skirt, coupled with a thin blouse and no bra. Leaving the top button undone to show plenty of cleavage to go with her protruding nipples, she went to join her son.

Without the urgency of having to eke out as much sex as she could in a short time, Carol was able to relax and enjoy an evening with her son. They chose Chinese from a local place and had it delivered while cuddling on the couch, perusing Netflix.

Just a short time ago, she'd never have contemplated such an intimate position, but now it felt natural to lean into his larger frame and make herself at home. He held the remote in one hand and her waist in the other, and they discussed what to watch.

When the food came, they ate in the kitchen, in comfortable silence until he asked, "Who was the guy who hit on you?"

"Oh, it's funny. He was just a random guy in the hotel restaurant, but I let him sit at my table. It turned out he was the auditor for my client, so we ate dinner together. He was a nice guy; a widower like me."

"Yeah? Sounds like a bit more than being hit on."

"It was more friendly than predatory. We hung out a bit."

"Did you, that is, um, well you know."

"Did we have sex? No, I didn't feel that way about him. He was a comfortable person, but our dynamic lacked a certain passion. It was more like friends hanging out."

Silence reigned. Andy toyed with his food for a bit until he looked up at her with wide eyes and said, "I know exactly what you mean. I love Becca, but she is more of a friend than a lover. I enjoy spending time with her, but you...mom, you set my soul on fire. I've been avoiding saying anything, because where can it all go? But honestly, since the first time, all I want to do is make love to you. I want to be in you and feel your reactions and hear your moans and sighs and make you come and come and come." He finished with a slightly wild look, face red with the force of his emotion.

Carol felt her body wake up again. She stood up, abandoning her half-eaten dinner and walked around to her son. Even sitting down, his head was close to her standing height. She could see a bulge in his pants. "If you want me, take me," she said, simply.

Andy stood and stepped up to her, looking down into her eyes. "I liked it when you were bent over in my room," he said. "When you stood there, pussy dripping, waiting for my cock. The sound you made, trying to be quiet, but unable to stifle the moan when I took you."

Carol's pussy responded to his dominating stance, and low voice. "Follow me in one minute."

Turning, Carol trotted to the stairs and to his room, dropping her skirt and bending over at his bed. Once again, she listened for the telltale footsteps. Seconds ticked over and turned into minutes, until she started to wonder what had happened to him. Then she heard it: the quiet tread on the stairs - slower than usual. He was teasing her! Each footstep brought him closer, and ramped up her anticipation.

He entered the room and stepped up behind her, but didn't touch her. Carol arched her back, pushing her butt out to tempt him, but he didn't bite. Just when her desire peaked and she thought she might break, his hands landed on her panties, and he slowly pulled them down. She looked down, between her legs, and watched her sticky panties pull away from her labia, a string of her lube and his semen clinging between them.

Liking the slow tease, but impatient to feel him inside, Carol lifted her leg up out of her panties as soon as she could, spreading open for him. Chewing on her lip, she closed her eyes and waited for the feel of him *there*.

Andy's hands returned to her hips before roaming over her ass, squeezing her flesh. When he smacked her cheek, she let out a little peep of surprise. The sting tingled but didn't hurt. He repeated the smack on her other cheek, the tingling spreading out in waves like her jiggling butt.

Strong hands back on her hips, and then she felt it - the tap of his cock brushing against her gaping vulva. It came again, a longer brush, a firmer touch. She held her breath, determined to stay silent, until he pushed a little, forcing his mushroom head into her, shattering her discipline.

"Ohhhh...." she breathed, lungs emptying as her cunt filled up.

Teasing over, Andy pushed in her all the way, and then commenced fucking her with full strokes, while she did her best to keep quiet. "It's okay, Mom, let it out."

"Ohhhhh...Andyyyy...aaahhhhhh," she cooed, happy to give voice to her pleasure.

Andy continued to pound into her, the percussive slap-slap-slap of their mating joining her cries. Before long, her internal spring wound up tight, Carol came on her son's cock while urging him on, "Come in me. Come in your Mommy's pussy, I want you to knock me up. Make a baby in me, do it, fill me up with your seed and make me a new Mommy."

Her words had the desired effect, and from behind her she heard him groan, pushing in deep. He joined his ejaculate with hers, their juices mingling in her body, the opening in her cervix sucking up their wonderful cocktail and delivering it to her womb.

Legs shaky, Carol sank to his bed again. It hadn't been long since they'd last done this exact method, and yet it felt like forever. She curled up on the bed, and purred when Andy cuddled up behind her, wrapping his arm around her middle, cupping a tit. They lay there for some time, him idly playing with her nipples and kissing her neck and shoulder.

"I've been having thoughts," she said, rolling onto her back.

"Mmhm," he replied, leaning down to suck her thick nipple into his mouth.

"Ahh, stop, I can't think while you're doing that," she laughed, smacking at his head. When he let her bud go with a slurp, she continued. "I've been having thoughts along the lines of what you said. Intrusive thoughts of this never stopping. Meeting Doug made me realize that my life isn't over, and I can enjoy the rest of it with someone. But I don't want someone; I want you. I don't know

where this can go, either. I just know that I've never felt this way about someone, and I can't get enough of you."

"What do we do?" her son asked.

"I don't know. Becca is probably aware that I'm ovulating right now, or should be. Stay the weekend and we can talk about it...among other things."

"Other things?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh, stop, you can't possibly be ready to go already."

He laughed, and said, "No, but it won't be long. Shall we go back to the couch? Finish dinner? Lay here some more?"

"Dinner, then Netflix, then chill."

The plan went perfectly, and then it was bedtime. The 'chill' was taken to her bed, where they cuddled up, nude as jaybirds. At some point, Andy had discovered that she had a weak point in her nipples. She watched from her back as he pulled at her teats with lips and fingers, the tender buds broadcasting signals to her pussy, sending her libido into overdrive.

An itch built in her, a need for him to take her, and she grabbed his cock, squeezing his length and making him moan.

Carol spread her legs slowly, and her son crawled between them, cock bobbing along. He leaned over her, strong arms braced by her sides, and looked down at her expectantly, a smirk on his face. Whining, she grabbed him and pulled him to her, hastily swabbing his mushroom head through her labia to lube him up before placing him at her entrance.

When he pushed, Carol lost all sense of where they were. She let out a breathy moan, pulling at him with both hands to get him deep

in her as fast as possible. The wonderful sense of fullness returned. She ran her hands over his chest, feeling his lightly haired smooth skin. Feeling like she was where she should be, she looked up at her son with a radiant smile.

"I love feeling you in me," she sighed, rolling her hips to feel his pelvis rub on her clit. Grabbing his head, she pulled him in, pressing her lips to his, searching out his tongue with hers. He responded passionately, and for several minutes the two lovers rocked together on his bed, necking and fucking.

They hadn't had sex like this: a slow coupling with maximum contact. He rarely pulled out, just pressing and rubbing, and Carol could soon feel it; her impending orgasm approaching with each surge of his hips, each press of his cock into her depths. Near the edge, her motions got wilder and Andy responded in kind. He let off their kiss and started a full fuck, putting extra effort into it, the squeaks of the bed proclaiming his labour.

"Andy...I'm going...ohhhHHHH..." Carol moaned, each successive cry getting louder until he covered her mouth with his again. Fingers hooked, she held onto his shoulders while her body tensed and trembled, waves of sexual energy radiating to every part of her body. She came, tensing around him and under him.

Andy kept fucking her, splintering her orgasm into several mini ones, all dragged out by the feel of him inside of her, his throbbing cock stroking her thrumming nerves. The sound of him slamming into her wet pussy joined the creaks of the bed. Eventually she relaxed, and her mind turned to him, to that magical moment when he spilled himself into her. "Please, come for me baby. I want to feel you go in me."

As usual, her words spurred him on, until he did as she asked, and came. Carol cradled his head to her, letting her soft body pillow his rigid one as he spurted his seed into her fertile womb.

Carol wallowed in the post-coitus euphoria, rubbing her hands up and down Andy's back while he suckled on a fat nipple. Eventually he shifted, and his limp cock pulled from her, a puddle of their combined lust quickly forming under her ass. He lay his head down on the pillow next to her, cuddling up to her side before falling into a deep sleep.

Saturday dawned with the incestuous couple still entwined under the sheets. Carol woke first, feeling the dried remnants of their sticky love crumbling on her thighs as she stretched. Andy woke next, yawning and smacking his lips. He looked over at her and smiled.

"That's a welcome view," he said.

"You're not so bad yourself." She moved again, and winced at an ache in her groin. "Ohhh, I don't think I've ever had that much sex in one day. You broke me."

"I had five days buildup to dump in you," he teased with a smirk.

"I hope you have more, because we have the whole weekend, and Momma's baby factory is open for business."

"I'm working on it right now," he confirmed, giving his balls a jiggle.

Carol giggled and leaned over, putting her lips up to his sack. "Hey, Andy's sperm. You wanna make a baby? Get ready, he's going to shoot you in me soon." She kissed his sack lightly, the sparse hairs tickling her lips. To her delight, his penis stirred, rolling and straightening. She looked up at her son, who was looking back with an amused expression.

"Well? Now what are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"I guess it is my fault." So saying, she climbed over him and straddled his middle before aiming his cock at her pussy and sitting down. The ache of his head easing her sore pussy open was soon replaced with pleasure, and she rode him until she came and collapsed into a heap. Too tired to move, she just lay on his chest while he growled and grabbed her thick thighs, fucking up into her until he came.

"Mmmm," she purred on his chest. "I can feel you shooting. I love it."

It had been years since Carol had last had morning sex. Waking up and rolling over to find a horny partner was a thrill everyone should experience. She could feel herself drifting back to sleep when Andy pushed at her, saying, "I have to pee!"

Carol giggled and rolled off of her son, letting him trot to the bathroom. It was a few long moments before the sound of his pee hitting the water came tinkling into the room.

Unbelievably, mother and son actually felt sated and instead of lying in bed, got up to start the day. They ate breakfast and then faced each other across the table. "Now what?" Andy asked.

"Now, I want your help to go shopping for maternity clothes. I won't need them for a while, but it can't hurt to go looking for sales."

"Lead the way! Ohhh, wait. Should we ask Becca to come with us?"

Carol felt torn but knew the answer. "Yes, we should. You call her, I'll get showered."

After her shower, she contemplated what to wear to go shopping with her daughter in law. She decided on a skirt for ease of removal, and a thick bra to hide her swollen nipples, still plump from the morning romp. Her blouse was also a conservative cut, as she didn't want to call attention to her assets around Becca. When she came

back downstairs, fresh and clean, she asked Andy, "Well? Is she going to meet us?"

"Yes, but I had to explain why we weren't using the time 'better'. It's not easy to say, 'I need a break from fucking my mom because she's so sexy I came in her four times since yesterday'."

Carol chuckled darkly, glad it wasn't her that had to explain it. She walked up and tiptoed to kiss him lightly before saying, "I know you were exaggerating for effect, but what you just said made me cream in my panties a little. Or maybe it was your cream dripping from me. Either way, you made a mess in my panties. Now go have a shower, you stink. You can use the extra toothbrush in the drawer."

Andy went to his car and grabbed a bag with clothes before going to get cleaned up. Becca had made him take it with him, 'just in case'. Once cleaned, they made their way to a mall between their houses and met up with the future mom.

As Carol and her son walked down the hallway towards the food court where they would meet Becca, she couldn't help but feel like they were a couple. They didn't touch, or look at each other, but their distance felt...intimate. She took a step away, trying to dispel the illusion. Andy looked over a question on his face.

"Just trying to make it look like we're not...you know. More like we're mother and son."

"Ah. You know she knows, right?"

"Conceptually. She doesn't know the lurid details, or how close we've become, does she? I was under the impression she looked at this as transactional."

"She does...but she's made some comments..."

Carol's response was cut short as Becca found them. She was also wearing a blouse and skirt, which had the unfortunate effect of making her look like Carol's daughter...or like Andy had a harem of sister-wives.

"There you two are! Are you ready to do some shopping?" Becca said with a bright smile.

Carol looked at Andy briefly before saying, "Absolutely!"

An hour in, she briefly thought about taking pity on Andy and giving him a break from the nonstop chatter and browsing, except he wasn't the one who was going to grow as big as a whale. He could suffer a few hours following his wife and mother to get her clothes.

When they called a halt, having plumbed every clothing store in the mall, they went to grab some lunch, ending up at one of the 4 top tables, each with a tray in front of them. Carol and Andy started in right away, but Becca paused to put her hands together, whispering a brief prayer before joining them.

"I've been meaning to ask, how religious are you, Becca? I only ask because Andy isn't, and I don't remember it coming up before...sorry if this is insensitive."

Becca shook her head. "It's fine. I don't mind talking about it. It's true that I wasn't practicing much when I met Andy. It's only since the troubles that I've gotten back into it. I find it comforting, because so much of my childhood was spent around the church."

"Where was that?" Carol asked, picking at her fries.

"It's a little community in southern BC, you might not know it. Bountiful?"

Carol shook her head, as it didn't ring a bell.

"Anyway, we were a close-knit community, with what you might call more traditional gender roles. There was some trouble, and I moved away, deciding to keep the more wholesome bits. Prayer and introspection."

"And the gender roles?"

"Andy and I share the household chores, and he cooks often enough. If you're thinking of my role in your journey to conception, I'm doing a lot of the domestic stuff because Andy has his part set out and it needs his whole focus." She gave her husband a pointed stare, but it was clear how much the young woman loved him.

Seeing her daughter in law's love up close made Carol suddenly feel self conscious about the extent she was 'stealing' her son from her. She only had Andy's word to go on regarding her behaviour when it came to sex...maybe she should go straight to the source? "After we're done, Becca and I are going to check out the more intimate stores, and there's no men invited. You can go check out some other places while we shop; we'll let you know when we're done," she told Andy.

He nodded, mouth full. Becca looked surprised, but didn't comment.

When they were done, they bussed their trays and the women headed towards Victoria Secret. Carol laid it out. "I have to ask again. Are you sure it's not a burden for Andy to be away so much? It must be hard not to have him around...although he did say you don't seem interested in him intimately."

To her surprise, Becca looked at her with tears in her eyes. Carol quickly ushered the woman into a service corridor, away from the bustle of people going by. "I'm sorry!" she said. "Am I wrong? I'll beat him within an inch of his life if he handed me a line!"

The young woman sobbed, "I try so hard to be what he needs, but it's just not there! My body won't let it happen. I'm broken, I know

it, and I can't even satisfy my own husband!"

"Sh-sh-shhhh," Carol soothed, hugging Becca's shoulders. "You're not broken, you just might not know what you want. Tell me, do you love Andy?"

"Yes, of course!"

"And do you never feel sexual desire? Or is it just Andy you don't desire?"

"Uhh, what do you mean?"

"God, I can't believe we're having this conversation in a mall. Look, do you ever get worked up, horny?"

"I'm not sure..." the woman was blushing now, furiously.

An idea had occurred to Carol after Andy described trying to be intimate with his wife, but she hadn't mentioned it to him. Carol looked her daughter in law in the eyes. "Are you gay?"

"What? No, what a vile thing to ask me. Never ask me that again!"

"It's nothing to be ashamed of. Have you ever felt tingly when looking at a woman?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, hang on, you've got a little thread here," Carol said, reaching for Becca's collar. Cupping the young woman's neck, she pulled her close, and planted a scorching kiss on her lips. They stayed like that for eternal seconds, the older woman giving her best while the younger stayed firm...and then softened. With a little moan, her lips melted into Carol's and the kiss was returned with heat.

A fellow mall-goer walked past them in the side hall, clearing his throat, waking the two women up. They separated, soft lips moist

and red. Becca's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shone with interest.

"You might not be gay, but that was a great kiss," Carol said. "And you felt it," she pointed at the woman's chest. For the first time, Carol could see two bumps poking from Becca's thick shirt.

Suddenly shy, Becca covered her chest and looked away. "I am attracted to Andy, my body won't let it happen."

Carol sighed, and said, "Alright, fine. I believe you. Do you want to go shopping for some bras and panties with me? Or go find your husband? I could use your help..."

Becca shrugged one shoulder.

"Let's go!" Carol set off.

In the store, Carol led Becca from rack to rack, picking up pretty bras and panties, asking if she liked any of them. The young woman didn't respond much, but she noted lingering gazes.

At one point, deep in the store, Becca asked, "Why did you do that?"

"What, kiss you? I know it's a bit extreme, but I was curious." Carol kept looking through the racks.

"I didn't like it, you know."

"I think you did. I know I did."

"I thought you liked men."

"I do! Ha, Becca I love men. I just think women have a lot to offer, and don't pass up the opportunity to dabble. I wouldn't say I'm bi, but there's a healthy chunk of curious in me. What do you think of this bra?" She held up a demi cup bra trimmed with lace, fitting it to her chest over her shirt.

Becca blushed even more and looked away.

"Okay, that's a winner. What about these panties? They're a little small, but they would show off my hips." She held them to her crotch until Becca looked. Somehow she got even redder.

"Two for two! Okay, time to try the bra on." She went to the change rooms, dragging Becca behind her. Grabbing an empty room, she took pity and left the young woman outside to wait.

Changing swiftly, to not give her daughter in law time to think about leaving, Carol soon had the new bra on, and tucked her breasts into the cups. They weren't quite big enough, but worked well enough to get a second opinion. Tossing the door open, she thrust her chest out to Becca. "What do you think?"

"Eeep!" she squeaked, eyes going wide.

"I thought so, too. Can you go grab me one with a bigger cup?"

Becca shook her head furiously. A clerk nearby heard and offered to go get it instead. With the bigger size in hand, Carol went back in and changed. It was perfect. She contemplated showing Becca, but felt she'd pushed a bit hard already.

Purchases in hand, Carol and Becca went to the checkout before going to find Andy. It was a bit of a walk, which went by in silence. "You're going to have to tell him," she said. "He's been very patient with you, even going so far as to be with me to produce a baby for you. It's the least you can do for the guy."

"I don't know what you're talking about, I'm not gay."

"I won't say anything for now. You give it some thought, about what it might mean to live your true self. Andy will support you no matter what, and telling him doesn't mean you have to lose him.

Remember, he's already been dealing with the marriage as it is. I daresay finding out you're a lesbian might be a relief for his ego."

They reached Andy's store without any more comments, and were soon on their way, purchases in hand. Becca went to her car, and mother and son went to theirs. At her house, Carol said, "I'm feeling a bit worn out after all that shopping. I think I'll take a nap. Meet up for dinner?"

Andy shrugged. "Sure, I can watch some baseball."

"You do that," she said, leaning up to kiss him softly on the mouth.

"You sure you don't want company?" he asked, a bit of hope in his tone.

"Not yet, but I'll let you know. Wake me up in an hour," she threw back over her shoulder, heading upstairs.

The afternoon revelation weighed on Carol's mind. She felt a bit bad about forcing a kiss on her daughter in law, but her reaction spoke volumes. She knew the kiss and teasing was over the line, but she had to know! For her son's sake, if anything.

She lay down on her bed, closing her eyes to rest. A while later she was woken by the bed shifting and she rolled her upper body to see Andy crawling towards her, completely naked, a hard cock hanging down between his legs.

"Oh, that's how you were going to wake me?" she asked. "What a treat."

"Stay there," he directed, coming up behind her and spooning up. His erection poked her back.

Carol felt herself react to the feel of her son's looming presence behind her. He fumbled at her skirt, lifting it, and she helped by

pushing her panties down. With one large hand, he lifted her upper leg and shoved his cock between her thighs.

"Ugh," she grunted, when he thrust into her, working his hips to bury himself as far as he could. Carol grabbed a tit, squeezing it, dropping her hand to her clit. She played with herself, occasionally reaching down to feel her son's wide cock where it plunged into her.

"That's it," he huffed into her ear. "Put your fingers on either side."

She did as directed, and he groaned, still fucking into her. With a final lunge, he came, filling his mother with his load all over again. She hadn't come, but didn't mind. He'd needed a quickie, and she was happy to give it to him.

Pulling out of her, he rolled onto his back, juices dribbling from her. Carol pulled her panties back up, sealing his come inside as best she could before rolling to cuddle up. She traced all over his chest, running her hands over his sparse hair and fiddling with his nipples, flicking them with her nails to make him grunt.

Carol imagined the pool of semen inside of her working its way up to her womb and finding a fertile egg to join with. Did they just make a baby with a quickie? When she'd soaked enough, she got up to make some dinner, leaving Andy to lay naked on the bed.

The rest of the weekend was low key. They fucked, rutted, made love, and generally wore each other out for the next 24 hours. Finally, Sunday afternoon, worn out and cuddling on the couch, Carol said, "We haven't discussed what to do when I get pregnant."

A long pause. "Nope."

"I'm not stealing you from her, let's get that straight."

"I don't want you to...but I don't want to stop," he sighed.

"Yeah...but between your mom and your wife, you have to choose her. She's your future." It broke Carol's heart to say it, but she knew she was right.

Andy didn't respond.

After dinner he headed back home to be ready for work on Monday, leaving behind a mother so full of sperm she swore she could hear herself slosh when she walked.

Andy continued his daily visits, somehow taking longer each time, laying in his mother's arms after each extended baby making session. He stayed over on the weekends, neither acknowledging the future, but each doing their best to make a child that would end their time together.

Of course, it all had to end. Andy wasn't her husband, and there was an end date to their bliss. With the amount of sperm he'd been dumping into her on a daily basis, it was no surprise to Carol when, six weeks after first bending over for him, she missed her period.

She was sitting in her bathroom, on the toilet, staring at the + sign on the pregnancy test thoughtfully provided by Becca. They'd done it. Knocked her up, put a bun in her oven, yadda yadda. The goal of this entire venture, and they'd succeeded. New life was growing in her womb. She should be happy. But all she felt was sadness that the passion and connection she had found with her son was going to go away. How could it continue?

There wasn't any way to avoid it: she had to call and tell them.

"Mom?" Andy said, picking up right away.

"It worked," she said, simply.

"You're pregnant?"

Carol nodded, though he couldn't see her. "Yes."

"Oh, Mom, that's great news. Becca! We did it! Our baby is on the way!" he called out.

"Congratulations," Carol whispered, tears streaming down her cheeks. She hung up and went to the living room, curling into a ball on the couch, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Doug may have shown her she had options, but she didn't want options. She wanted her son.