

Fertility Temple, Impregnating Mom

HeyAll

Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



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Lactating mother gets impregnated by son's cock.

1. Fertility Temple, Impregnating Mom

Ancient temples are a favorite tourist spot in South America. It's a place where tourists get to see lifestyles and religions of early civilization. It also became a place which led Laura to become impregnated by her son.

It all started when Laura took her son, an anthropology major, on a trip to Chile for a firsthand look at some of the temples he had been studying in college. The trip was meant to be educational and a fun way to spend their summer together.

Things took a drastic turn when Bobby wanted to stay behind the tour group so he could take extra pictures and savor the experience. He was considering going for a doctorate, and having this kind of firsthand experience could be useful in the future.

The weather was hot and humid, and they both wore tshirt and shorts. Laura wiped a bead of sweat from her eyebrow as she waited alongside her son.

“And we’re officially alone,” Laura pointed out, watching the rest of the tourist group move ahead. “It’s a little chilling in a fun way.”

She looked around at the jungle and the ancient temple which they stood next to, while Bobby took pictures and touched the carvings. That particular temple had a flight of stairs, about 50 in all, before reaching the entrance.

“Are you scared?” Bobby joked.

“There could be dangerous animals in the jungle. You never know.”

“I mean the temple. Weren’t you listening to the tour guide?”

“I’ve never been a superstitious person,” Laura replied, turning her attention towards the temple. “I’ll admit that this place has eerie vibes though.”

A mischievous expression crept over Bobby’s face. “If you’re not superstitious, let’s go inside.”

“The tour guide told us not to go in there,” Laura said, switching to her more motherly tone of voice.

“But he’s not here, is he?”

“If he didn’t show the group this temple, then it’s for a reason.”

Bobby shook his head. “Mom, the guide doesn’t have time to show each temple. Besides, everyone would be exhausted going up and down each entrance, with all these stairs to climb.”

“Fair point.”

Laura checked the time. They still had an hour before the tour group was set to depart from the area. And she could still hear them from afar, so they weren’t totally alone and they wouldn’t be lost.

“What do you think?” Bobby asked. “Up for a little adventure?”

“In all likelihood, I doubt I’ll be coming here again. I’m not a jungle person. So we might as well get the most out of this.”

He smiled, “Follow me.”

They hiked up the stairs, and in the hot weather of Chile’s jungle, they both sweated a little more and had to wipe their foreheads by the time they made it to the entrance.

Inside the temple was everything you’d expect from an ancient structure. It was hard-surfaced,

mostly plain looking, small plants were growing between cracks, and the place was lit by sunlight coming from openings in the sides and on top.

They walked slowly and explored while Bobby took more pictures. Each step took them closer to a small altar in the center of a ceremonial room, with sunlight shining down on it from an opening above.

“That looks incredible,” Laura noted. “What is it?”

Bobby snapped more pictures. “It looks like a fertility statue.”

The small sculpted statue was placed on a stand about five feet tall, so that worshipers could have easy access to it. It was a carving of a large breasted woman with swollen nipples and a round belly; the universal symbol of maternity.

“I can’t believe the tour guide isn’t showing this to the group. It’s gorgeous and I think it’s the most interesting sculpture in this area.”

Bobby turned to her and smiled, “Well, the tour guide did warn everyone. This place could be *hauunnntteedd*.”

He exaggerated the last word with his trademark humor, and his mother couldn't help but laugh.

"I'm serious," she said after. "If the guide didn't bring the group here, then maybe it's a precious artifact."

"Or maybe we're really sweaty right now because of all those stairs we had to walk. He probably didn't want to exhaust the group."

Laura had to agree. "That's also a possibility. But still, we weren't invited to be here, so we should wrap this up and rejoin everyone. Who knows what else we're missing."

"More interesting than this?"

Bobby reached out and touched the fertility sculpture, feeling the smoothness of the rounded stomach.

"Bobby!"

"What? It's a rock."

"It's an artifact," she said. "You're the anthropology student, not me. I shouldn't have to explain this to you."

“Mom, there’s nothing wrong with touching it. I think it’s a unique experience touching something that was made nearly a thousand years ago. It’s like being connected to early civilization. Besides, this thing is as sturdy as it comes. It’s a rock. It won’t break if you touch it.”

Laura gazed at the intricate carving. “I suppose you’re right.”

“Want to touch?”

She shrugged. “At this point, why not?”

As fate should have it, a small cloud above the temple had moved, causing sunlight to shine directly down upon the altar of the fertility statue. Suddenly the old, dirt-covered rock carving looked anew. The direct sunlight shining over the statue made it glowing and lively.

“Incredible,” she said softly, while her hand was still out.

“Are you still going to touch it?”

With a cautious hand, Laura reached forward and touched the fertility statue on the altar as the sun shone directly upon it. She put the palm of her hand directly onto the impregnated belly, while her thin,

slender fingers touched the breasts and nipples of the carving. She almost felt a strange connection to it, especially as the sunlight seemed to amplify its beauty.

“What do you think?” Bobby asked. “Amazing, right?”

Laura’s eyes were transfixed and her hand remained. “I can understand your fascination with ancient civilizations. It’s unbelievable.”

She removed her hand and they were in awe over the sculpture, which still glowed under the direct sunlight. As soon as her hand left, a cloud above had seemingly returned, taking away the direct shine on the altar.

When the glow left, Laura slightly hunched over. Her mind felt disoriented and there was a tingly sensation around her chest.

“Are you okay, mom?” he asked, noticing her discomfort.

She tried to shake it off. “I suddenly became a little light-headed, that’s all. It’s so weird.”

“Hmmm... It might have been the strong reflection or the overwhelming experience of

touching something like this. I'm sure it'll pass."

"I'm fine now," she said, trying to regain her wits.

He gave her a closer look. "We should get back to the rest of the group now. They have more medical knowledge than me, in case you need it. Can you walk okay?"

"I should be fine. Let's go."

His eyes suddenly shifted downwards. "Umm, mom?"

"Yes?"

"You're sweating."

"I know," she said. "It's really humid."

"I mean... your chest. You seem to be sweating in an unusual area, if you catch my drift."

Laura looked down and noticed that there were faint wet spots on her tshirt, on the tip of each breast. She pulled at her tshirt to get a better look, wondering if this was really sweat. She had never sweated so much in that area before, and she faulted herself for not wearing a better bra.

“It’s...” She was flabbergasted for a moment. “It’s just sweat. Give me a second to dry it and I hope no one notices.”

She reached in her pocket for a packet of tissue and turned around to pat the wet spots. As she touched herself, she realized that the source of the wetness came directly from within her bra. How could this be? Had her breasts really released this much sweat all of a sudden? She had never been in an area this humid before, and plus she had been walking and climbing stairs all morning, so that might explain things.

“Can you look away for a moment?” she said to her son. “I might need to do a little extra cleaning.”

Bobby made sure not to look in his mother’s direction. Then Laura slipped a hand underneath her tshirt with a dry tissue and wiped around her bra. After wiping each breast, she looked at the tissue, and she could have sworn that the color had a white consistency. But she tried to push those thoughts away, wondering if the humidity could possibly be making her hallucinate. Besides, the thought of breasts producing so much milk at this moment was crazy.

She stuffed the wet tissues into her pocket. Although she had a feeling something was wrong, she didn't want to make a fuss.

“Okay, I’m ready now,” she said. “Let’s go.”

He turned to her. “You look kind of pale.”

“I’m fine,” she said with a forced smile. “Let’s go.”

They walked side by side as they left the fertility temple.

Nearly a week later. It was 5 pm when Laura arrived home from the office, where she worked as a loan officer for a large bank. It was also her first day back in the office since returning from the trip.

She went straight to her bedroom, undressed her suit, and had to wipe her chest dry before putting on her home clothes.

Then she went to Bobby’s room, where as usual, he was on his computer surfing the internet.

“Can we talk?” she asked.

“Yeah, sure. What’s up?”

Laura sat on his bed and Bobby turned to face her as he remained sitting by his desk. They were a mere two feet apart.

“What I’m about to say may sound strange to you,” she said. “In fact, I can hardly believe it myself. But I’m not crazy.”

He seemed slightly taken aback. “What do you mean?”

“The fertility temple,” she said after a deep breath. “How much do you... What I’m trying to say is... How much are you a believer in that sort of thing?”

He looked confused. “What thing? Ancient civilizations?”

“I mean... A little more specific than that.”

“Mom, what are you talking about?”

Laura took an even deeper breath. “The tour guide gave a passive warning about the fertility temple we visited, making some vague inference. Do you believe, or know anything in your research, that suggests that some of the stories of the temple may be... true.”

“True? As in, supernatural?”

“Yes, do you think any of those stories have merit?”

He thought for a moment. “Who knows, there are a lot of supernatural things in the world. I know I believe in ghosts and that sort of thing. So it might be possible.”

“I’ve never been a superstitious person, or a believer in the supernatural. But I’m starting to reconsider.”

His eyes sharpened. “Really? Why?”

“I need you to be mature about this,” she said. “What I’m about to say is kind of explicit.”

“Of course. Just tell me.”

Laura composed herself. “When we were inside the temple and you saw sweat on my chest, well, it *wasn’t* sweat. I knew it was milk, but at the same time I thought it was impossible. I thought my mind was playing tricks on me.”

“Did it? Was that your imagination?”

“That’s the thing. Since then, I’ve noticed a few trickles of milk coming out of my nipples. I called my doctor and she said I shouldn’t worry about it, but she didn’t know the cause. When I went to work

today, I had to take a break from a meeting because my breasts felt so full and my nipples ached. It's the most unbelievable thing. And it's only happening because of our trip."

They looked each other in the eyes for a long moment. Laura wasn't one to joke. And Bobby never had a reason to doubt his mother. It was a strange conundrum they were in.

"There has to be a reasonable explanation," he eventually said. "Maybe you accidentally touched a plant which produces drug-like chemicals. There are plenty of those in South America."

"So you're saying I'm hallucinating this?"

"Maybe."

"But you saw the wet spots on my chest."

He paused. "Good point. But still, it could have been sweat. It was hot that day."

"Bobby, milk squirts out of my nipples if I pinch them."

He raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure?"

"Do you want me to show you?" she asked as a last resort. "I really don't want to. But for my own

sanity, and to find a solution to this, I feel like it's the only option I have left."

His eyes widened a little, and Laura had no idea what was going through her son's mind. She wondered if he was grossed out by the possibility of seeing his mother's nipple squirting milk. Or maybe... he was excited by it. She pushed both of those thoughts out of her mind.

"I can't deny it if I actually see it," he said, then gulping.

She gave him a slightly skeptical look, trying to figure out his motives, which still seemed unclear to her. All she knew was that Bobby was always there when she needed help, and she hoped he would be mature and well-mannered if her breasts were to come out.

"This is only for medical necessity," she said, lifting up her top to expose her bra. "Can you grab some tissue from your counter, please?"

Bobby reached over and pulled four sheets of tissue from a kleenex box, then handed them to her. She placed them on her lap.

After a deep breath, Laura pulled the underside of her bra to reveal both of her matured breasts, with

pink nipples that already seemed to be hard. She wondered how Bobby would react to this, and she got her answer. She noticed that his eyes instantly became glued to her tits, and even widened at the sight of them. She couldn't blame him for acting like this, mom or not.

Men will always be attracted to tits, even their own mothers, she thought.

"I'll keep this brief," she said, trying to be composed. "You can determine if I'm crazy based on what happens next, okay?"

Laura picked up two sheets of tissue and placed them in the palm of her left hand. With her free hand, she grabbed the underside of her tit and squeezed. Then she milked herself, squeezing at the curved breast towards the nipple, then giving the nipple a light pinch.

As a result, a gush of milk squirted from the pores of her nipple. It was white, thick, and creamy. It gushed onto the tissue with a giant squirt. She repeated this process three times in quick succession. With each squeeze, more milk shot onto the tissue in her hand.

When she felt she had shown enough, she used the dry tissue to wipe her nipple clean, then she pulled her bra down to cover her breasts. Finally, she fixed her top so she was presentable again.

When she looked at Bobby, she noticed how flabbergasted he was, both by seeing her breasts so up close, and the fact that she squirted milk.

“Well?” she asked.

“I... I can’t believe what I just saw.”

“I don’t want to go to the doctor’s office just yet. They’ll think I’m insane for even mentioning the temple experience.”

“Any ideas for what you’ll do?” he asked. “This is pretty weird.”

“I was hoping to ask you. There must be something in your books, anything in your research, or professors you could make inquiries to.”

He nodded. “I’ll do that, right away. Jeez, I can’t believe this is happening.”

There was a brief pause as Laura prepared to drop the other big shocker. For a moment, she decided on how much she actually wanted to reveal.

“And another thing,” she said.

“Yes?”

“I’ve been having the most bizarre dreams the last two days.”

“Like what?” he asked hesitantly.

She paused for a moment. “I’d rather not go into all the details. But they were all rather explicit. Forget I said anything about that. Please, find out what you can and keep me updated.”

“I will. God, I hope this is nothing. I mean, it could have been a reaction to something. Maybe you brushed up against an exotic plant which had this effect on your body. It could be gone soon.”

She forced a smile. “I hope so. You could be right. It could be going away soon. You know that I have a tendency to overreact sometimes.”

“I know you do,” he replied with a genuine smile.

“Try to find out what you can for me, okay? In the meantime, I’ll get started on dinner for us.”

Laura stood up and gave him a kiss on the forehead. All the while, there was a creeping feeling within her that this was only the beginning.

Just before bedtime, Laura was in her bedroom wiping her breasts before she went to sleep. She had just finished squeezing several squirts of milk from her nipples into a glass cup to alleviate the pressure. It had been many many years since she had last expressed milk, and as bizarre as it was doing it at this age, she had to admit to herself that it felt nice. Her nipples had always been sensitive and the fullness of her breasts made the feeling even more intense.

She stopped when there was a knock on her door. She finished drying her nipples and pulled her top back down.

“Come in,” she said.

Bobby opened the door and saw the wet paper towels alongside the glass cup of milk.

“Did I come at a bad time?”

She shook her head. “No, it’s fine. Did you find anything?”

“Actually, I did,” he said, holding up some printouts. “I looked through a textbook and that lead

me to the right internet searches. I printed these papers for you to read.”

He brought them to her and they sat on the bed together. He pointed out parts of the article which he had highlighted.

“I found out why the tour guide wanted to avoid that temple,” Bobby began to explain. “Do you want to read it yourself, or do you want me to explain it to you?”

“I think it’s better if you just explained it to me. After all, you’re the expert in this field, not me.”

He agreed. “Apparently the temple had been used for about a century to facilitate breeding. It’s believed that the altar has special powers to induce fertility because of a spirit within it. According to this article, a few years ago, locals still believe that the altar has powers, and that many local women with fertility issues go to touch the statue for blessings.”

“Has that been researched at all?”

“No. No one has bothered to see if those powers are true. What scientist would devote their resources to that? The whole thing is insane by modern and scientific standards.”

Laura gestured to her cup of breast milk. “Except for this, right?”

“Oh... yeah...” he replied, a bit uncomfortably.

Her eyes lingered on him for a moment. At this point, she was keen enough to figure out that Bobby wasn’t grossed out at all when he saw her tits earlier, nor was he disgusted looking at her milk now.

In fact, she had now become certain that it’s the other way around.

Boys will be boys. And men will be men. Laura understood that.

“You act like you’ve never seen milk before,” she said.

“Not yours, anyway.”

“I’m sorry for showing you my breasts earlier. It was the only way to convince you that I haven’t lost my mind.”

“You’re kind of right,” he admitted. “It’s not something you hear about everyday, and I honestly didn’t know what to think.”

Despite her better judgment, Laura felt compelled to push this along further. She knew she wasn’t in

her right state of mind with all the hormonal changes going on inside her body, but what else was a desperate woman to do?

“A first-hand learning experience, wouldn’t you say?” she asked, almost suggestively.

“That’s one way of looking at it.”

“So it seems like we’re both benefiting from this,” she pointed out. “You’re learning more about ancient magic than most could ever understand.”

“And you? What’s your benefit?”

Laura picked up the glass of milk and gently twirled it, so that the milk would sway side-to-side without spilling, in a perfectly circular motion. It was a hypnotic sight for Bobby, which is exactly what Laura had expected.

“The truth is, Bobby, lactating is a unique feeling for women,” she explained. “It can be intense. My nipples have always been sensitive, and when my breasts are filled with milk that needs to be squeezed out... well... there’s nothing like it. And it also plays to my maternal side. Oddly, I feel complete as a woman when I lactate. It makes me feel like I’m nourishing life from my nipples. Your father used to

nurse from my lactating breasts and it was one of the most erotic things we had ever done as a couple.”

She noticed him instantly becoming uncomfortable (in a good way), and that made her smile.

“Oh...”

“It’s getting late,” she said. “And I’ve had a long day.”

He paused, then forced himself to speak. “What are you going to do with that milk?”

Laura thought for a moment and smiled. She lifted the glass and brought it to her lips and took a sip, which instantly made Bobby tense. She drank it slow and savored the creamy taste.

“Would you like some?” she asked, licking her lips after taking a sip.

“No... Umm... I can’t.”

“Nonsense. It’s perfectly healthy and safe.”

She brought the cup of her milk to her son’s lips. Bobby sat frozen and clearly didn’t know what to do. As she had expected, he opened his lips, and she

brought the cup to his mouth and poured a little bit for him to drink.

When she moved the cup away, she watched with a perverted sense of delight as he closed his mouth and gulped it down.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” she asked.

He shook his head. “No. I... I should go no. Goodnight.”

She said parting words as well, thanking him once again. Before he left, walking out of the doorway, a question came to her mind.

“In any of your research, was there a cure?” she asked before he left.

“From what I’ve read, there doesn’t seem to be a cure. It ends when the woman is finally impregnated.”

A moment lingered between them, wondering if that was actually the case, before they both said goodnight again.

It was 2 am when she awoke, her body covered in sweat. Her nipples ached and her breasts needed to be milked again. In all her life, she had never produced this much milk so rapidly. Most striking of all, her pussy was soaking wet and her clit felt stiff.

She just had the most intense, vivid erotic dream of her life, and with her heart pounding so fast, and her pussy still aching, she knew she couldn't get back to sleep. There was only one thing she could do and her body compelled her to do it.

While she was still dressed in a nightgown with nothing underneath, she got out of bed and walked down the hall. It was a full moon night, which shone through the windows and allowed her to see.

She entered her son's bedroom. He was still in a deep sleep. He awoke the moment she turned on his bedside lamp, which shined on his face.

"Mom?" he groaned, struggling to open his eyes.

She sat beside him. "I'm sorry to wake you. But it's all so clear to me now. I had a dream."

"About what?"

"*Everything*," she said with clarity. "I understand it all. How it works. What it is. What I'm supposed

to do.”

He gulped at his mother’s suggestive nature. “And what’s that?”

“Can I show you? There’s no other way. I have to.”

He nodded and softly replied, “Okay.”

“Don’t be startled. I know what I’m doing. And I know this may seem completely out of character for me, but this is my decision. If you don’t agree, at any point, then we can stop.”

Laura gently and casually lifted his blanket and pulled it down to his legs. Her fingers hooked underneath the waistband of his shorts, then she pulled it down so that his flaccid penis was exposed.

“Mom...” he said as his body flinched and he tried to cover himself.

She used her hands to touch his body, putting him at ease. She saw that his eyes were wide and that he was in complete disbelief over what was happening.

“Shhh...” she whispered. “It’s okay. You have nothing to be ashamed of. I know what I’m doing.”

Laura reached down and touched his flaccid penis, and within seconds, it came to life and grew in her hand. A man's growth always amazed her. It went from something soft and delicate, to something hard and menacing. And it was her own son's.

"Why are you doing this?" he asked nervously.

She continued caressing him. "I've been having dreams the last few nights. Vivid dreams, and I've had the most vivid dream yet before I came here."

"About what?"

"What I'm doing right now," she said, rubbing his stiff shaft. "Whatever happened in that temple, it's too late to fix. Things will only get worse for me unless..."

Her voice trailed off and she used two hands to work the hard cock.

"Unless what?" he asked. "Mom, there has to be another way."

"So you don't want this?"

"Mom... I... We can't..."

She squeezed him tighter. "If you don't want this, you would have stopped me the second I pulled your

shorts down. Don't deny it. I'm not stupid."

"What do you mean?" he asked, offering no resistance to the continuous stroking his mother gave.

"Your eyes were glued to my nipples. And you liked tasting my milk. I could tell you were really aroused. There may be good news."

He gulped. "What?"

"I may have plenty more milk on the way. Relax. Don't be startled."

Much to Bobby's sudden disappointment, Laura released her grip on his cock. She stood and lifted the bottom of her nightgown, which exposed her pubic hairs under the strong lamp light. Bobby's eyes were glued. But that wasn't the intent of this.

Laura put a knee on the bed and climbed over her son's stiff cock. She lowered herself, using one hand to hold the cock upright. When she lowered herself further, the tip of his cock touched her labia, causing him to squirm. When she lowered herself further, the cock slid inside of her pussy. Entry was easy because of how aroused her pussy was. She was naturally dripping wet and arousal always makes for easy entries.

His eyes widened as his cock went all the way inside of her pussy. Laura sat down on his crotch and they looked each other in the eyes.

“This is how it’s going to work,” she said, gently rocking her hips. “If at any point, you want me to stop, I’ll stop immediately. All you have to do is tell me to stop. If you refuse to answer, I’ll consider that an acceptance.”

Both of them breathed heavier and she gyrated her lips a little more. She put her hands on his chest for support.

“Why are you doing this?” he breathed deeply. “Are you under some sort of...”

She cut him off, rocking her hips some more. “I know exactly what I’m doing. I have to do this. I just have to.”

Showing his lust, Bobby used both hands and held onto his mother’s hips underneath her nightgown.

“What did you dream about?” he asked, his mother riding him faster now. “Was it about the temple?”

Laura's breathing became more labored. "For the past few nights, I've dreamt about you getting me pregnant. They were random dreams. Different places. Us having sex and I knew I was pregnant after we finished. But an hour ago I dreamt... Oh... Just like that..."

Her mouth widened and her eyes briefly closed. Bobby had taken charge and pulled her hips closer, and he squeezed her hips tighter too. The erotic motions had found its way to her elusive g-spot.

"Tell me."

She mustered her breath. "I had an orgasm as I slept. I dreamt of this happening, us having sex, me on top of you. Everything you've said just now, it happened in my dream. It was like I saw the future."

More passion grew between them. She squeezed his chest tightly and thrust her hips even harder, making her son gasp for air. She was in complete control now. Her pussy clenched tight with every thrust she gave.

She continued, "Oh... Uhh... I've felt it... That's why I'm doing this."

"What else did you see?"

The question caused Laura to have a moment of reflection. She slowed her thrusting until it came to a halt, and instantly she could tell that Bobby was disappointed that their fuck session had stopped.

“Months from now,” she said, sitting on his raging hard cock. “I saw myself pregnant. I was in the kitchen, naked, cooking for you. And when you went to the kitchen, you were already used to seeing me pregnant and naked, cooking for you. It was like our new life. You took a moment to admire my belly and swollen breasts.”

“I did?”

“Don’t act surprised. I know you were aroused by seeing my breasts today. And I especially know that you almost became hard drinking my milk when I fed it to you.”

He gulped. “What else happened in the dream?”

“Do you really want to know?”

“Yes, of course.”

She rubbed his chest. “You hugged me from behind. I turned to face you. Then you kissed my chest, my belly, then you drank from my nipples.

After you had your appetizer of fresh milk, I sucked your cock. Then we ate our meal.”

“Oh god.”

“These are the kinds of things I had been dreaming about. They all felt so real. The common thing was, you got me pregnant. Ever since I touched that statue on the altar, I was never the same. And your research was right; this won’t stop until...”

“Until what?” he asked, knowing.

“You get me pregnant.”

He sighed, “So what do we do?”

“Are you willing to go all the way?”

Bobby was too stunned to answer. And like Laura had said earlier, silence would be treated as a form of acceptance. With her pussy raging the way it was from all her drastic hormonal changes, she needed this. She needed this so badly. Her body craved it immeasurably.

As she stared into his eyes, she clenched her pussy as tight as she could. Then she rocked her hips. Her pussy felt right with Bobby’s cock inside it. Her son’s cock. Her pussy had never felt so

complete in her entire life. And that confirmed that she had made the right decision.

Laura pulled her nightgown over her head to be completely naked. Her breasts were stiff from arousal and fullness from the milk inside. She loved the fact that Bobby gazed so lovingly at her tits.

She rocked her hips fast. Faster than she ever had before. The bed squeaked and she rocked so hard that her tits swayed in the air. Both of them moaned. Laura nearly screamed as her g-spot was being struck.

“Mom! I’m going to...”

Magical words to her ears.

“Cum inside me,” she whispered as the bed kept on creaking. “I want this to happen. Make me complete.”

It felt like something supernatural was happening when they both inexplicably reached an insanely powerful orgasm at the exact same time. As her pussy squirted and clenched, shooting a flood of her juice down, making a mess all over Bobby and his bed, Bobby came as well.

His cum was equally as powerful. His cum shot straight into her fertile womb. For the first time in Laura's life, she was able to feel cum inside her womanly parts. It was like she could sense it somehow.

In their throws of orgasm, they both breathed deeply, heart rates out of control, and her eyes nearly rolled back.

Then she collapsed on top of his chest, pressing her tits and nipples on top of him. Both of their sexual organs ached from the immense pleasure they gave each other.

"What did we do?" he asked after a minute of silence and recovery.

She caressed his cheek, then kissed it. "We did what we had to. We did what was best for us."

The next morning was a haze. Laura woke up first, as she always did. She put on her nightgown and left her son's room, where he was still sleeping.

After she washed up and went downstairs for coffee, she heard Bobby in the upstairs bathroom washing up as well.

She got started making breakfast on the stove. She also realized that she still smelled like cum, which was dried all over her inner thighs. With what had happened in her womb, she knew she was in for a new reality. A new life entirely.

This was the first step in her new life. So she embraced it, pulling off her nightgown and tossing it on the chair. She cooked while she was completely naked.

Minutes later, Bobby came down and was treated to the stunning sight of his naked mother, stirring the stove top, with her nipples so hard.

“Breakfast will be ready soon,” she said, trying to be casual about this.

“I’m starving.”

“For eggs?” she asked, knowing that wasn’t it.

Her body tensed when he approached her from behind and gave her a big hug, feeling her naked body. He cupped each of her full tits, then rubbed down to her stomach.

“Are you really...” his voice trailed off for a moment. “You know...”

“Yes, I am. I know I am. And no, I don’t regret it. Do you?”

He spun her around and bent down to suck her nipples. He took each nipple in his mouth and sucked, sending the creamy white goodness down his throat. More came out when Laura squeezed the underside of each breast as she was being suckled. He drank heartily.

“The eggs will become overcooked,” she said, milking her tits for him.

He briefly spit a nipple out, with milk all over his lips. “I think I’m on a new diet now.”

“Good,” she said, turning the stove off. “Because with all the milk I’m producing, I can’t possibly drink it by myself. I need a helper.”

Bobby went back to work on each nipple, sucking them so hard that Laura almost told him to slow down because it hurt a little. But as much as it hurt, it also made her pussy so very wet.

He spat a milky nipple out. “You aren’t the only one who’s producing a lot of protein.”

“Is that so?” she smiled.

“Why don’t you find out for yourself?”

So she did. After her milk had been adequately drained that morning, it was her turn to find out what her son had to offer. She got on her knees and pulled his shorts down. Unlike the night before, he offered zero resistance and let his cock hang free. It was already hard.

Laura looked up at her son, who now had a more dominant and confident attitude when it came to sexual relations with his own mother. It was something she could get used to.

She bent forward to suck his dick. He gasped immediately, which she was glad to hear. She wanted to make a good first impression the first time sucking his cock, so she took it deeper, towards her throat. She wanted to show that she was more than just a professional woman, housekeeper, and mother. She wanted to show that she could suck a good cock, that she was a sexual human being like any other woman.

“Oh, fuck mom, you’re the best,” he moaned.

Her sucking was relentless. “Mmm Hmmm...”

As she focused her sucking on the tip of his head, her hands stroked him at a furious pace. She looked

up at him while he came, and she swallowed every last drop of cum which ejaculated into her mouth.

She was certain she had succeeded in convincing Bobby that she could handle all of his sexual needs as a young man. After all, this would be their new life together. Thanks to the fertility temple.

The End

Your votes & comments are appreciated.

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