

JASON & AMANDA - PASSION CH. 01

idealogue2077

Temptation is High between Mother and Son, Pregnancy Ensues.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

11.7k words

Jason & Amanda -- Crimes of Passion Ch. 1

I had finished my schoolwork and needed a break before my mother got home from her latest date.

My Mother was in her early 30s, which means she had to spend most of her youth raising me. I was 18 now and going to college, so hopefully I would be able to carry my weight and take care of her for a change.

College classes were exciting and challenging -- especially criminology and law. I didn't know where my interests lay when I started taking classes last year. But I see myself as an investigator or detective someday. It just seemed to fit with my personality.

My mom, Amanda, was a lovely and caring woman. She consistently met all of my needs in maintaining our home and providing ample affection.

I didn't have to do much while she was around, and I saw it as her way of showing her love.

When someone shows you they love you to the degree my mom does, it is not hard to love them back...and I really love my mom.

Her only failing, if there was one, was that she was barely able to keep food on the table. As a fitness instructor at a local gym, she didn't make a great deal of money.

Aside from her great nurturing ability, I should also mention -- and many could attest -- that her greatest asset was her physical appearance.

This is not something I like to focus on since I think that constantly being objectified by men her whole life has taken its toll.

She is strikingly beautiful with an amazing body that is hard to ignore.

Her beautiful dark hair, toned legs, well-proportioned butt, and large natural boobs turned heads wherever she went.

Instead of her looks working to her advantage, somehow, she attracted terrible men who just wanted to use her.

It had been like this since my parents divorced many years ago. They were never close, that I can remember. They slept in different bedrooms for most of my childhood.

I suppose this left my mother starved for affection, and after the divorce, she made up for lost time.

It was hard to watch as she went from a bad relationship to worse.

On occasion, she met someone who lasted longer than a one-night stand. Even so, the men didn't last long.

For her, it was almost like being beautiful was a curse, attracting men who always wanted sex but not the long-term relationship she was hoping for.

I tried to ignore the many signs of her exploits, such as an occasional used condom in the bathroom trash can or the nights I had to put my headphones in to stop listening to the sounds coming from her room.

It was Friday night, and my mom should have been coming back from her date. I had been through this enough to know the drill.

I eased back on the couch to watch a movie, knowing I'd skedaddle back to my room if she returned with a man in tow.

However, this night was to be a departure from the date nights that came before.

It would stand out as one of those key moments where small choices can change your life in big ways.

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I was not far into my movie when I heard my mom turn the lock and stumble into the house.

This wasn't the first time she was drunk, but she seemed more inebriated than usual.

She sat down on the couch next to me, still wearing her short skirt and tight top that exposed her midriff.

Clearly, she was dressed to impress whoever she met up with that night, though there was nobody with her.

"Hi, baby. Why are all guys such jerks?"

"That bad, huh?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure this guy spiked my drink -- I called for a ride and got out of there once I started feeling strange."

My mom could drink, so I dismissed her assertion as possibly just being paranoid.

Either way, she met a guy she didn't like and bailed. It happened all the time.

She popped onto the couch next to me. "What are we watching?"

"Nothing much, just some sci-fi. You'd probably like it."

She smiled and leaned against me. She was very comfortable with physical contact, so this was normal for us to snuggle up.

It was not lost on me that my mom was most people's idea of a dream woman, but you should know that I did not regard her that way.

Yes, I had seen her in bathing suits and sometimes dressed in bedroom apparel that left little to the imagination, but I refused to allow myself to look at her that way.

She was a touchy-feely person, but even when she hugged me or planted kisses on me, I made sure not to go there out of respect.

I knew my friends masturbated thinking about her, and they often joked about it.

I would tell them to 'cut it out,' and I meant it.

I loved her truly, and the constant objectification pissed me off, as did the undeserving men who should never have been allowed to touch her.

My mom interrupted the movie. "Why can't I find a nice, attractive guy that's willing to commit to me? I'm not getting any younger...."

Wanting to cheer her up, I said, "You will, Mom. There's got to be a guy out there that sees you for who you truly are. These guys are just looking at your exterior. I don't think they can see how kind, caring, and lovely you really are. You're a rare find, and anyone would be lucky to be with you."

I meant every word I said.

Her pretty brown eyes softened as she looked at me with love. "Jason, you are so sweet."

She looked thoughtful for a moment. "It takes one to know one, my handsome, strong, and kind man." She squeezed me, her warm body comforting.

As we watched the movie, Mom moved in closer, her head resting on my shoulder. She whispered, "I feel so...strange."

"Huh?"

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her turn her head towards me, no longer watching the movie.

She whispered in my ear, "I love you...Jason."

I felt her breath on my face and smelled the fresh scent of her hair as she gently nuzzled my neck.

She moved slowly and subtly as she maneuvered her face, brushing her lips against my neck and cheek. She inhaled as though she were taking in my scent.

With her so close, her smell was overpowering -- a mix of her body and perfume. She smelled heavenly. Like, if I were to pick out the perfect scent of the perfect woman, that would be it.

It was not often that I was this close to her for so long.

I froze, motionless, as I felt my mom's lips caressing my cheek.

She gently kissed my ear lobe. The sensuality of her tender motherly nibbles was delightful.

I felt slack-jawed as my mouth hung open, and I closed my eyes, falling deep into the sensations she brought on.

I knew I shouldn't, but...it was like I was hypnotized.

The gentle kisses continued down my neck and onto my jaw. Then up my cheek and back up to my ear, where she nibbled on my lobe.

Her breathing was overpowering in my ear as she whispered, "I think about you..." before continuing her sensuous kissing on my ear.

My eyes rolled back into my head as I felt her tongue lick and caress my ear and neck.

My brain must have been delayed by a good amount because the implications of what she said, plus what she was doing, didn't register fully.

What did she mean...when she said, 'I think about you?'

Did that mean what I think it meant?

I had never in a million years gotten a hint that my mom was the type of person that would have thoughts about her son.

I had been so adamant about keeping things above board with her, especially since she was so beautiful and easy to objectify.

I had never once thought there would be a problem in the other direction.

It was then that it registered for me -- she must have actually had her drink spiked with something. There is no way my mother would cross a boundary like this otherwise.

She must have been admitting to something buried deep, something that would only come out if her inhibitions were removed.

It also was clear that what she said was the truth. She did think about me.

My ego swelled. How could a woman as attractive as her think about me...in that way!?

My mind went places as I felt the intimacy of her mouth on my skin.

I knew to allow this to go further was a violation of sorts. She had been drugged, and I was responsible for stopping this.

For the first time, I was unable to control my arousal, and it was directed towards my mom.

She moved closer, and her hand was now on my leg. I knew I had to stop this...and soon.

I thought, just another minute. I'll never experience this, or anything like it, for the rest of my life. Just one minute, and then I'll do the right thing.

She was incapacitated after all...and probably wouldn't remember any of this.

Isn't that how these types of drugs worked?

I always loved my mom's attention -- she was always so good at touching me and making me feel warm and comfortable.

Maybe a few more minutes wouldn't hurt anyone?

I shut my eyes tight and relaxed into her ministrations as I thought more about her words.

She said she 'thought about me.' When and where did she think about me?

It sank in when the full depth of her sensual words finally registered. She thought about me...when she touched herself. That is what she meant.

Oh my God. My ego swelled even more when I realized my gorgeous mother had those kinds of secret feelings for me.

You cannot blame me. If you saw her, you would realize how tantalizing the thought was.

The level of temptation to allow me to think about her sexually had increased in an instant.

Was it possible that I had subconscious thoughts about her? I had been so good ever since I hit puberty.

When I saw her bend over wearing yoga pants, her curvaceous butt, and toned legs on display, I would look away.

When she wore her bikini in the backyard tanning, and I felt myself responding when I saw her flawless skin, perfect tummy, and her barely covered breasts, I looked away.

I definitely looked away when I saw flashes of her panties when she sat in a skirt or walked from the bathroom to her room in a towel.

No, I definitely did a good job. I would never allow myself to think of her as a sex object.

While I was caught in my thoughts, she had repositioned herself so she was directly facing me.

I felt her leg swing over and her weight press against my lap as she straddled me on the couch. I kept my eyes closed -- as if that made this ok.

Her soft scent was overpowering as I felt her face touch mine.

Her lips gently pressed against mine. I opened my eyes. She was looking directly into mine...with desire!

My God, not her big beautiful brown eyes! They were enough to make someone's heart stop under normal circumstances, but the intimate expression of warmth and love they contained burned through me.

I felt myself entertaining the possibility of not stopping, even though I knew she was in some kind of trance.

I needed to take responsibility. To make sure this didn't go any further.

Her full lips pressed against mine.

Ohhhh fuck, I thought, as I felt her tongue part my lips.

She kissed me tenderly and gently. My mouth relaxed almost automatically, allowing her entrance.

Her soft tongue moved into my mouth, exploring.

This was the most erotic experience of my life up until then. Oh my God, she felt so good.

My resistance was breaking as my arousal skyrocketed. Her lips were so warm and comforting, and she was clearly an expert at kissing.

I couldn't stop her as I started to respond to her intimate kisses.

It was like she was teaching me to make love with our mouths. It was so far beyond what I had experienced with any of my girlfriends.

She started rocking her hips back and forth as we kissed.

My dick had long since given in, stretching my pants to their limit.

My body was betraying me and urging me to go along with this intoxicating experience.

I felt her take her top off.

Oh fuck. I knew I shouldn't look, but I opened my eyes anyway.

I stared incredulously. She had taken not just her top off but her bra as well.

Right in front of me, like in a dream, my mom's big voluptuous breasts undulated with her rocking motions.

I had never seen her naked breasts before that I can recall, and they were breathtaking.

Her sizable nipples were pinkish-red and swollen with arousal. I was mesmerized.

This was so far over the line, but I couldn't look away from her forbidden fruit, and my body was overtaken with desire as I wanted them...and her.

She saw me looking at her incredible tits.

She took my hand and put it onto one of them.

I couldn't stop. I squeezed it, feeling the contours of her hard nipple. Her boob felt so soft and velvety in my hand.

Her hand glided onto my scalp tugging my hair as she gently pulled me forward so I would take her nipple in my mouth.

Oh my God, it felt so good, it felt so right. My body knew exactly what to do. I relished the feel of her motherly nipple as I sucked like a milking baby.

She continued rocking her hips and gyrating smoothly as she planted kisses on my face and neck again.

Her breathing increased as I felt her continue to generate friction against my crotch, rubbing me through my pants.

She leaned forward and whispered, "I want you."

Oh fuck, I thought, this was too much. Did she want me -- like inside her?

I couldn't even imagine how that might feel, to be inside my stunning mother.

Of course, that could never happen.

My mind suddenly went to the mound that was pressed up against me under her skirt.

I wanted to feel those panties that were rubbing against my groin. My young teenage brain could not pass up a chance like this.

This had gone too far, and I had gotten one heck of an experience out of it.

I would just touch them and then call it a day.

I reached down and pushed my hand between us. I reached for her panty-covered pussy.

I felt her silken mound instead as she gyrated.

She wore no panties under that skirt -- and she was truly wet. Wetter than any girl I had ever been with.

I couldn't believe what I was doing; this was insane. The temptation was enormous.

I went this far, I may as well experience another minute of this before I pulled the plug.

I pushed my fingers against her wetness, feeling the soft flesh. Her breathing and movement increased, and she felt my fingers and thumb stimulate her.

Using my thumb, I made circles where I felt her clitoris to be. She responded instantly, moaning quietly, "Hhhuhhhh...Mmmmmmm."

Her nipple was hard as I sucked it for all I was worth.

Suddenly she seemed to be tensing up as she slowed down.

Maybe a part of her was still in there and knew this was wrong...maybe she was coming to her senses?

My well-lubricated hands continued to rub her clit with my oily fingers.

Amanda began to shudder as she came, grinding on my hand. "Uhhhhhhhhh...Unnnngggghhhh."

She sat on my lap, breathing heavily. She had stopped moving

I released her nipple and leaned back to look at her. She wore a dream-like expression. Her eyes closed as she mumbled, "I'm...so...tired..."

Her body weight suddenly pressed against me. Whatever drug she had been given had finally taken its toll. I rolled her over onto her back.

She looked so peaceful...so beautiful.

Her body was completely exposed, from her breasts to her legs.

Her skirt was still hiked up to her hips, fully exposing her delicate vaginal lips, still glistening with moisture.

I tried to look away but couldn't. I knew I needed to put a blanket over her and leave. But this was some kind of fluke, a once-in-a-lifetime situation, and I just wanted to look at her.

She was that beautiful.

I kneeled at the edge of the couch. She lay on her back. The only sound was her breathing.

She looked even more impressive than I imagined. Her well-conditioned legs were inviting as my hand moved from her muscular calf, up her leg, and to her inner thigh.

Her skin was so silky, almost like it wasn't even real. How could someone's skin be this soft?

I thought, I definitely should not do this as I gently touched and stroked her soft pussy, which was coated with her warm lubricant.

Leaning forward, I inhaled the fragrant scent of her arousal.

Ohh, my God, I thought. I had never smelled anything like it.

Sure, I had girlfriends, but their pussies did not smell this good. It was like her musk triggered some primal part of me.

My already erect cock, almost impossibly, hardened into granite. I had never been so turned on in my life.

I ran my hand up her smooth stomach and felt her soft breasts. Her nipples responded, swelling rock hard.

The voice that had been telling me to leave her seemed more distant now.

My pulsing cock seemed to be getting louder, instructing me on what to do as lust overcame me like a palpable energy.

I leaned in closer and felt the heat radiating off her wet pussy as I slipped my finger into her tight slit.

She was so ready. She came less than two minutes ago. And she clearly wanted me inside her, didn't she!?

I told myself I had no design to do anything more, I just needed to relieve the pressure on my crotch from the restriction of my pants.

I stood up and pulled them down, stepping out of them, underwear included.

My erection pointed upwards, pulsing with the beat of my heart.

Ohh fuck, I thought as I held my quaking dick, so close to the most alluring vagina possible.

I shocked myself as I climbed onto the couch, kneeling between her legs. Don't do this, I thought.

I pushed her thighs wider...just to get a better view.

She was so Goddamn sexy laying on that couch, sprawled out like some living centerfold sex doll.

Her pussy was beautiful. It was shaven, with just a small patch of dark hair above her pubic mound. Her pussy lips glistened enticingly.

I moved forward, holding my cock in my hand.

I told myself I was going to stop -- I would just feel what it was like to touch the head against her lips, for just a few seconds. Then I'd go back to my room and masturbate, thinking about this experience.

Oh, fuck, I shouldn't be doing this. This was wrong.

I was already rubbing the head of my dick against her opening.

Her lube coated the head of my penis, making me light-headed as her juices prepared it for insertion.

My balls seemed to be aching fiercely. What the fuck was I doing!?

She was so hot -- the hottest thing I had ever imagined and I wanted to enter her so badly, but this was so fucking wrong.

Her hot gash continued to caress my dick as I rubbed, feeling a tug pulling me inward whenever the tip passed over the edges of her hole.

I was caught up in the moment and knew I needed to stop.

Just a little deeper, I thought. Then I'll pull out and go back to my room to masturbate using the oily lube that now coated my dick.

Surely that would be good enough!?

It felt like I lost control as my dick slid slowly into her tight pussy and my pelvis pressed up against her pubic mound.

Oh my fucking God, I was inside my Mother. I moved inside her, feeling her depths grip my shaft.

"Ohh...ohhh...my God," I said out loud. I had never had unprotected sex without a condom.

The sensation of being inside my mother's pussy was unlike anything I ever imagined. It was so hot and felt so natural.

I could feel my balls already starting to boil as my cock hungered for more sensation.

I leaned forward, holding myself above her juicy body as I thrust harder, enjoying the feeling of her tender flesh stroking my hard cock.

Her tits bounced with each thrust, and her head bobbed slightly. She moaned softly as though she were having an ecstatic dream.

Some part of her felt me thrusting in her and liked it.

The sensation and warmth of her pussy was unbelievable.

My balls ached for release as the tension peaked.

At that moment, I wanted to cum in my Mom's pussy.

Of course, I was going to pull out and try my best to clean up the massive load I would be shooting all over her face, tits, and stomach.

But as I got closer, I felt like I was transported into another realm of pure pleasure.

The primal lust I felt had completely taken over.

A new voice whispered to me. It would feel so good to cum in her...to feel my seed releasing inside her sexy tummy.

I would never have an experience like this again, and surely never again with a woman this beautiful.

I felt my balls begin to tighten, preparing to unleash their load.

Oh fuck, I can't do this, I thought. No way.

I knew I had one last chance to pull out before I came.

As I looked at my mother, splayed on the couch, desire incarnate, I felt my sanity leave me as I was overcome with pure desire and lust.

I had never cum inside a woman without a condom, and I suddenly needed to feel what that was like, and with her.

The feeling of her perfect loving pussy gripping me was the final enticement. I had to do it.

That primal part of me commanded me to deposit my seed deep in her.

I know she used condoms, but she was probably on the pill, right? No way would she risk it with any of the guys she dated.

Before I could come up with any more excuses, my balls erupted as they ejected gobs of my thick cum into my mother's unbelievably hot pussy.

"Fuuuuck...Ohhhh...fuck..." I moaned as quietly as I could while my body executed its biological imperative.

I pushed into her hard as I came, pressing myself against her entrance as my cock juice spurted fiercely into her depths.

She made soft mewling sounds as I came. Maybe her body was responding on an instinctual level?

My cock continued to pulse the last of my sperm into my mother's sacred channel.

I lay on top of her, completely depleted.

She was still out cold.

I stayed like that, snuggled up against her until my cock softened and slipped out, unplugging the torrent of cum that began leaking out of her.

I felt so ashamed as I got up, cleaned her up, and put her outfit back together.

I tucked her in with a blanket and a pillow and kissed her cheek, heading off to bed.

The shame of what I had done was astronomical.

I went from never allowing myself to hold a sexual thought about my mother to not only fucking her but filling her with my cum, all in the course of an hour.

* * * * * The Day After

Jason woke up early the next morning. He heard Amanda in the shower.

He imagined the worst, picturing how his mother must have felt when she got up, and more of his cum dripped out of her vagina.

Would she remember? Would she find out what he had done?

He wanted to believe it was somehow her fault.

He definitely would not have done it if she hadn't come on to him like some sex vixen.

Then again, she was clearly under the influence of some specialized date rape drug, so how was she at fault?

His torment led to other, deeper questions.

How much of what happened was the drug, and how much of it was her own secret yearnings for him?

Jason went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Amanda loved to do that, and maybe it was the guilt of what he had done, but Jason needed to make himself useful.

Amanda walked in, looking groggy. "Did I...bring anyone home last night?"

Jason awkwardly replied, "I don't think so?"

"I woke up on the couch, but I can't for the life of me remember how I got there."

She sat and started to eat the pancakes, eggs, and toast Jason had made.

She was starving.

Jason was terrified. Would he have to face what he had done?

"Jason...?"

"Yes?"

"Did I say anything to you when I got home? The last thing I remember is seeing you and trying to tell you something."

"You said you thought the guy you went on a date with put something in your drink."

Amanda was thoughtful as she paused. "Yes, I do remember feeling the effects of something after I had that drink at the bar...and leaving to get home before it was too late."

"Exactly. You were definitely drugged."

She gave Jason a bashful look, "I know this is probably too much information, but I think I had unprotected sex last night," as she broke eye contact.

Jason felt enormous guilt as he sat down next to his mother and took her hand.

"Mom, it's not your fault. You were drugged last night by your date. Whatever happened was not on you."

"I know, but I put myself in that situation. I've just put myself out there too much, trying to find a man to settle down with."

Jason did not want any guilt on her conscience. "You are the victim here. Anyone who would do this to you is a terrible person."

Jason felt ashamed and looked away as he couldn't look her in the eye.

She spoke quietly. "I'm not sure it's that simple...am I a terrible person?"

"You know you're not. You are the most un-terrible person I have ever met." Jason was sure he was the most terrible person in this contest.

Amanda relented. "Thank you, baby. I'll just cross my fingers and hope I'm not pregnant."

"Yeah, and maybe you can move on and put this behind you?"

Jason wanted very much to put it behind him as well. He crossed his fingers behind his back.

He loved his Mom and could see the impact this was having on her.

He had taken advantage of her and felt terrible for it. He would do whatever he could to make it up to her if he could.

* * * * *

A couple of weeks went by, and outwardly, things seemed normal between us.

Mom wasn't interested in going on any more dates, so that had changed for the better.

I wouldn't have to think about any more undeserving guys being with her, thank goodness.

Another change was that I couldn't help but replay our sexual encounter. I thought about it often.

For Mom's sake, I tried to put it out of my head, but it was the most erotic and intimate sexual experience of my life, even if in the end, it was not my proudest moment.

There were constant reminders put in my face nearly all the time. Mom would dress for the gym. Or come home and do chores. Whatever she was doing, her incredibly sexy body was on display.

I would look at her irresistible ass and think about how it would feel in my hands. Or I'd remember how her breasts looked when they bounced in front of me.

She was so pretty and desirable. As hard as I tried, my dick had gotten a taste and wouldn't let it go.

* * * * * A Big Surprise

A significant event happened two weeks later as we were eating dinner together.

Mom was unusually quiet -- she was usually so much fun. Something was definitely on her mind.

"Mom, what's going on...talk to me."

"Honey, I don't know how to say this...but...I'm...pregnant."

"Holy shit," I said. Full well knowing she was a staunch pro-lifer.

I said, "Is it...from that night?"

"Yes."

"How can you be sure?"

"I used protection, except for that one incident...and you know my views on abortion."

I said, "But, doing so would be understandable...we're talking about, uhhhh, rape here, right?"

"I have been really struggling with this. I don't think I could ever...end a life."

She looked at me with kindness in her eyes. "I...think...it will be a lovely baby. I can't in good conscience end this baby's life."

She gave an exasperated expression. "I guess I can kiss goodbye to any chance I have at finding a partner."

I couldn't stand seeing the enormity of this weighing on her shoulders alone.

I said, "You are not alone in this. I will help you raise this baby. I mean, nobody has to know how it came about." I certainly didn't want them to know.

She was still dour but brightened a little, knowing I was committed to sharing the burden with her. "You really are a great guy; you know that? You're going to make some woman so happy someday."

It felt great to hear her say that, though I wondered how great she would think I was if she knew the truth.

Either way, I was curious to know how the situation was going to play out.

Part of me felt excited when I let this new reality sink in. That was my baby growing in my mother's beautiful tummy.

* * * * *

Things continued fairly normally from there. I took my remote college classes and helped out around the house, preparing for the eventual arrival of the baby.

We made preparations and worked together to build out a new room in the house for the baby.

We ended up spending less and less time apart.

My mom was so nice to be around. We always had a great time, and she found ways to touch and comfort me, which never failed to melt my heart.

I'm not sure if it was me or it was her, but something was bringing us closer together.

When she kissed my cheek or snuggled up with me on the couch, I couldn't help but think of her in romantic ways.

Maybe it was the fact that my baby was growing inside of her.

That made me want to protect her even more than I already did, but it also engaged some animalistic part of me that wanted her to belong to me in return.

I also couldn't help but remember what it was like to be inside her...to imagine what it would be like to be coupled with her again in the most intimate ways.

Thinking about her made my dick hard, and unlike the many years before when I abstained from desecrating my mother's image, I began to beat off thinking about her...a lot.

* * * * * The Long Embrace

It had been well over a month since my mom told me she was pregnant. As I came into the house, returning from a class, I heard her call to me.

"Jason...I want to show you something!"

Her voice came from the bathroom, and she sounded excited.

I walked in. She looked at me and then in the mirror, looking at her stomach.

She wore low-cut yoga pants, which usually showed off her flat stomach, but this time there was the slightest contour barely visible.

"Mom, is that the baby?"

"Yes, honey. Do you want to touch it?"

I wanted to touch her tummy but also thought about how I struggled to control the slew of sexual images and urges that had plagued me since that night on the couch.

I sincerely believed I could bottle all that up, and I would be fine.

After hesitating, I answered, "Yes."

She took my hand and put it on her tummy. I could feel the slightest contour. The bump that visibly showed my child growing in her belly.

A strong urge overcame me just then. I wanted to be closer to her.

I moved behind her, still holding my hand on her tummy, and looked in the mirror.

She looked into the mirror, watching me. She smelled divine. I loved the scent of her hair and skin, which began to overpower me.

"Mom, you are so beautiful. I know you know that, but I just wanted to let you know."

She smiled brightly, showing her teeth, her bright eyes beaming. "Thank you for taking such good care of me. You really are so special to me."

I blushed. My mom's expressions could make you feel amazing.

As I stood beside her, ogling her beautiful visage, I couldn't get her words from that night out of my head: 'I think about you, I want you, I love you.'

Even though the drug may have eked these confessions out of her, it wasn't like they came out of thin air. She must have had thoughts and feelings she was hiding or burying inside her.

Feeling bold and curious, I moved behind her and slowly put my other arm around, placing my left hand on the other side of her stomach.

"Mom, do you ever...think about me?"

I slowly pulled in closer, pressing up against her. I leaned my head over her shoulder, as I was considerably taller than my Mom.

She let out a barely audible gasp as she felt me wrap around her, holding her so intimately.

She didn't stop me, though.

Instead, she looked away from me in the mirror and quietly said, "Yes."

She looked ashamed...and very pretty in that moment of vulnerability.

I could hardly believe she admitted it, but I maintained my cool.

I breathed in the scent of her hair and moved my face close to hers. We stood like that, nobody doing anything other than basking in the comfort of being held.

I whispered in her ear, "What if we decided this was our baby." I felt her breath move slowly in and out as I held her against me.

Her eyes closed as she breathed, "I wish it were...."

She did!?

I pressed further. "I'd take such good care of you...wouldn't I?"

She murmured, "Uhhhh huhh..."

I wasn't sure how long I could go without knowing where the line was, so I decided to test the waters.

Leaning in, I planted little kisses up her neck.

"Uhhhhhhhhh," she quietly murmured again, transfixed as she opened her eyes, watching us in the mirror.

I kissed and teased her ear as I felt her pregnant tummy, pulling her even closer, liking the feel of her curvaceous and perfectly thick butt pressed up against me.

I couldn't stop myself. This had been building up, and I was acting out all the feelings and impulses that I had repressed over the many weeks we had gotten closer.

She was in a trance-like state as I nuzzled her and whispered, "I'm going to take such good care of you and the baby...aren't I?"

She breathed. "Uhhhhhhh...huhhhhhh."

My hand moved almost on its own as it slid upwards and slowly cupped her breast.

She didn't move to stop me. Instead, her face shifted, reflecting contentment and arousal all at once as her mouth opened with a sigh.

There was something powerful and deep going on here. I felt no resistance but rather complete acquiescence from her.

It made me bolder.

I kissed her neck and ear some more. "Do you ever think about me...being in a deeper relationship with you?"

Her eyes narrowed to slits as she breathed. "Uhhhhhhh...huhhhhhh."

I couldn't believe what she had just openly admitted as I fondled her voluptuous breast. She didn't appear ashamed anymore. She was into this.

Needless to say, I was hard.

Boldly, I moved my hand that rested on her stomach, downward ever so slowly into the front of her yoga pants. "Is this ok...Amanda?"

She gasped, her breathing pattern interrupted. She looked at me in the mirror, eyes locked, as I felt the top of her pubic mound.

"Yess..." she said, completely enraptured.

I carefully lowered my hand to her entrance.

My fingers felt her wetness as I moistened them and began to rub them gently and slowly around her swollen clit.

Her eyes began to roll back in her head as she started taking small, quick breaths, clearly in ecstasy. I dipped my finger back into her vagina to lubricate them further.

I pushed my hard dick against her butt as I continued to stimulate her clit with my fingers.

My other hand moved under her top and squeezed and twisted her hard nipple.

Her mouth opened wider as she took in larger breaths. "Uhhhhhhh...Ohhhhhh..." Her expression was unbelievably sexy and erotic.

It had not been long, but I could tell she was getting close.

I whispered, "Are you going to cum for me..."

That tipped her over the edge.

She began to climax, moaning, "Ohhhhhh... fuck..... Ohhhhh.. Jason..." as she came, shaking.

I moved my hands back to her tummy and continued to kiss her neck and ear.

She turned her head, a look of pure passion in her eyes.

Then she leaned in and kissed me -- not tenderly, but with an intensity.

I remembered the familiar sweet taste of her mouth and tongue as we joined together once again in the sensual dance she had taught me on the couch.

I groaned as she kissed me.

We were completely sober, in the middle of the day...doing this!?

She bit and sucked my lips with force, breathing heavily. She seemed to be on the verge of exploding.

Quickly and smoothly, she pulled off my shirt and pulled down my pants, unleashing my raging hard-on.

She looked down at it, mesmerized. Her gentle and loving hand wrapped around it and squeezed.

She said, "My God, you're so gorgeous," as she looked me up and down with a lustful gaze. She really meant it.

She stroked my raging boner gently as she leaned in and kissed my chest and neck.

With sudden urgency, she turned around and pulled her yoga pants and underwear down all at once, exposing her shapely backside and luscious pussy.

She leaned forward on the bathroom counter, looking into the mirror at me expectantly.

I took a moment to assess her stunning body as she bent over for me. She really looked like some kind of centerfold model.

Her full pussy lips opened just slightly, revealing her pink garden within. Those depths called to me as I rubbed the tip of my dick against her womanhood, gathering lubrication.

She looked at me intensely. It was clear what she wanted.

I gently inserted the tip, teasing her a little. She held a wonton look on her face...she wanted more.

The smell of her arousal overpowered me as I grabbed her hips and pushed slowly into her depths, feeling her warm embrace of my shaft.

I watched her mouth open in the mirror in delight as she felt me enter her.

With each thrust, she moaned softly. I couldn't believe I was inside her again.

I slapped against her big butt as I continued to pump away inside my mom's tender pussy.

"Amanda...you're so fucking hot," I said under my breath as I fucked her, enjoying the sight of my big dick stretching her pussy.

She said, "Ohhhh....you feel so good baby...you're so gorgeous."

I loved hearing her talk like that, and I amped up my tempo, feeling myself getting closer. "I'm going to cum in your pussy...is that what you want?"

She responded with urgency, "ohhhhhh...Yes... honey. I want your cum in me...."

I thrust, feeling the gentle friction and heat of her pussy.

I said, "You feel so fucking good!"

Her ass slapped loudly as I pumped.

She looked into my eyes through the mirror. "I love you, Jason" I could tell, she meant it.

I looked into hers and replied, "I love you too, Amanda."

She started to cum again, "I'm cumming....Ohhhhhh, God!"

I felt such power coursing through me as I uttered, "Mom, I'm going to cum in your pussy!" while she orgasmed.

She cried out, "Ohh fuck yes. Cum in me, honey...take me! Uhhhhnnnnnnhhhh." I felt her cunt contracting just as my balls began to erupt.

Gobs of my potent sperm shot deep into my mom's pussy.

I held her ass tightly against me as I pushed deep inside her, unleashing spurt after spurt of my life-giving seed.

It felt like I was making her pregnant all over again.

When I pulled out, my cum oozed out from her pussy and down her legs. It was an obscene and delightful sight.

She turned around with a look of pure joy...and kissed me passionately.

When she was satisfied, she looked at me with her soft and caring eyes. "That was so nice, honey. Thank you!"

As it was getting late, I said, "I have to get to bed now -- I have a busy day with classes tomorrow." I kissed her on the cheek and left for my room. I needed to think.

She seemed to acquiesce and accept what happened so quickly...almost too quickly. There was definitely more to this story.

* * * * * Detective Work

The next day when Mom went to work, I decided to do a little work of my own.

Instead of schoolwork, I'd be testing out my investigation skills today.

I know I should be more trusting, but something about my mother's behavior was bugging me.

I crept into her room.

I really didn't need to creep, but it just felt like the thing to do when you're invading someone's personal space.

I looked through her drawers, under her bed, and in her closet. Nothing appeared out of the ordinary, though I found some vibrators and other interesting sex toys in a box.

When I was about to give up, I noticed a section of wood flooring that looked slightly different.

No way,... that's only on bad television shows where people have secret floor panels, isn't it?

Well, it wasn't. She did have a secret space on the floor of that closet, and what I found didn't seem shocking...at first.

A series of handwritten notebooks lined a box that sat in the space. I casually lifted one out, opened the cover, and began to read.

These were my mother's private journals, and she had secretly written...a lot.

As I read through her journals, I learned a great deal about her.

I knew she was an only child and had a good childhood, raised by affluent, upper-class parents.

But I didn't know the unusual circumstances that led to my birth.

The first of many shocking revelations: She had been raped.

And not just in a spur-of-the-moment scenario, like being caught in a dark alley at the wrong time.

The rapist had gone through her window and gagged her mouth while she slept.

He wore a ski mask and proceeded to make her pose for him and please him before he took her and deposited his seed inside her.

She was so ashamed of what had happened that she told no one, and when she found out she was pregnant, her parents shamed her.

They convinced her to marry her then-boyfriend, the person that I had thought was my father.

It all made sense now. I looked nothing like my scrawny father.

Instead, I was half a head taller, more muscular, and -- not to brag -- better endowed.

This must have been a terrible burden on my mother all these years -- to carry this dark secret.

I wondered if she saw her rapist in me? Was I a reminder of what happened to her all those years ago?

Her journals began recounting her psychological state along with her sexual exploits over the years. It seemed to me that they were related.

It also was clear that she believed that she was a terrible person.

Around the time she was raped, she was going through a phase where she showed off her body and got constant attention from men.

She knew she was hot, and got off on it to the point of arrogance.

She relished being a slut (her words in the journal) and thought nothing of it until some ravenous man decided to take her against her will.

After that, she didn't really have anywhere to go and nobody to talk to about it.

She stopped dressing promiscuously and tried to accept life with her husband. But she couldn't.

She secretly met up with men who, in a controlled environment and using protection, would mistreat her, tie her up, and have their way with her.

It seemed she had developed a fetish, and it was resoundingly similar to her experience of being raped.

Interesting, I thought. My mom really did have a propensity to think she was bad or something was wrong with her. It all started making sense.

I continued to read through 18 years of journals, slowing down as I got to the end.

When my mother told me she 'thought about me,' that was a huge understatement.

She was infatuated with me, to say the least. She obsessed over me, not only when she masturbated but when she was with other men.

She was also conflicted about her feelings towards me. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't help herself, it seemed. Though she was adamant about not infecting me with her corrupting influence.

I scanned forward to that fateful night when she had been drugged. I was not prepared for what I read:

"I masturbated, thinking about Jason again.

He is all I can think about anymore. I know it is wrong, and there is something wrong with me.

Unlike my fetishes, I can't bring myself to act these fantasies out since that would likely destroy my relationship with the most important person in my life.

In moments of weakness, I've tempted him, but he seems completely disinterested in me. He is such a good boy, so it does not surprise me that he is not disgusting like me."

In a later entry:

"Maybe it is my biological clock ticking, but I want to have at least one more baby, and all the men I've dated are not even close to what I'm looking for.

It is with great pain that I acknowledge that the man that I am looking for and really want has been with me all along, only he will never be able to have that type of relationship with me.

But -- and I'm probably going to hell for thinking this -- if I can't have a relationship with Jason, maybe I can have his offspring? I know it is so wrong, but it's what I want -- my deepest desire."

I exclaimed out loud, "Oh my fucking God...where is this going!?"

Amanda's diary continued:

"Today is the day I do it. When I think about my plan, I realize how crazy it is...how crazy I am.

Jason is such a good guy. I don't think he can be tempted into doing anything like this. If I succeed, it will just prove how horrible I am.

I'm going to leave tonight, pretend I have a date, and when I come back, I'll see if I chicken out or go through with it."

I paused, lots of thoughts flitting through my mind, before continuing to the next entry:

"Dear Diary,

I did it. I can't believe I did it. It is a miracle that it worked.

I went out for a few drinks, taking my time, before returning home.

I feel so terrible for lying to Jason. This was the first and only time, but I had to. Otherwise, I don't think this would work.

When I came in, I told him about being drugged.

Then I sat on the couch next to him -- closer than usual. I was terrified, but once I started kissing him, I forgot all about that.

He tasted so good and felt so right. It was better than I always imagined. Far better.

Once we were making out, he put his beautiful hands on my pussy and made me cum. It was so hot.

I wanted to touch his body and do so much more for him, but I had to stick to the plan.

I pretended to sleep on the couch after turning him on. I felt so bad about the way I set him up.

I could tell he was conflicted. I watched him with my eyes partly closed. Luckily, he was mostly looking at my body instead.

Once he started touching me, I got so excited. It was hard to lay still.

He was so hot when he took it out. It was beautiful.

I needed him to take me. I needed him to want me the way I wanted him -- even if just for a moment.

When he entered me, it was the greatest feeling. I prayed for him to cum inside me.

And then he did it. He unloaded his precious seed in me. It took all my willpower to keep from crying out.

For this to work, he has to think it was his doing. I know this is manipulative and wrong, but this way, he has an out and doesn't have to be a part of my terrible world.

He can just pretend nothing happened, and I can still have his baby.

I only pray that I am pregnant."

So many feelings flooded through me after reading all of what she wrote.

There was so much to sort through. I supposed I felt elation at how my beautiful mother felt about me, but I also felt lied to and manipulated. It was very confusing.

Ultimately, I felt angry. She had completely tricked and tempted me into doing something I felt terrible about. She was going to let me carry that with me. For how long? For the rest of my life?

My mood darkened as I waited for my mom to get home from work.

* * * * * Confession, Part 1

Amanda entered the house wearing a tight gym outfit. When she trained other people, like she just had, she still wore the attire but actually worked out on other days.

The stretchy fabric barely concealed her sizable rack, toned legs, and impressive athletic butt that called attention to itself with every flex of her glutes as she walked.

Amanda said, "Hi honey, how's it going?"

She was completely oblivious to the vast knowledge Jason had gained that day, exploring her journals.

Jason asked, "Is there something you want to tell me?"

"Like what? That I love you very much?" Amanda smiled, beaming with joy.

"Like, about the baby." Jason had his hands on his hips.

"That was very sweet what you said yesterday...about wanting to take care of the baby. And, of course, that was very special, what happened between us." Amanda looked nervous.

Jason stood up and walked towards her. "I'm going to give you one more chance to tell me the truth." Jason sounded serious.

Amanda hung up her jacket and set her things down. She looked away as she said, "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Jason."

"So there's nothing more to say about that night you got pregnant?"

"Not that I can think of."

"And that's your final answer!?" Jason sounded deadly serious.

"Uhhh, yeah." Amanda still could not look at Jason.

"OK. Just remember, I gave you a chance."

Amanda began walking away from Jason, clearly affected by his serious tone.

She needed time to think. Jason's questions made her feel the weight of her terrible lies. She felt so bad and didn't know what to do.

He knew it was probably not nice to use all the information he had learned about his mother to his advantage, but he had to use everything at his disposal.

He knew three things for sure: That she was deeply in love with him, that she couldn't resist being dominated, and that she was terrified for him to find out any of her secrets.

The first two items he could do something about. The third would just have to wait.

He couldn't stop thinking about how she tasted and felt in the bathroom the night before. He was horny as fuck, and she looked so goddamn hot in those gym clothes.

"Stop." Jason commanded in an authoritative tone.

Amanda stopped in her tracks.

"Come back here and stand in front of me."

She walked up to Jason, looking at the floor, a timid look in her eye.

"Kneel."

Amanda could barely process what was happening. Jason's manly voice made her excited.

Butterflies flitted about in her tummy as she knelt down before him.

Jason said, "I think you know you've been bad. Haven't you?"

Amanda hesitated but replied quietly, "Yes."

"Do you think you should be punished?"

"Yes."

Jason unzipped his pants and took out his throbbing cock. He couldn't believe how hard he was already. The thrill of what he was doing made him even more aroused.

Amanda looked up. Her brown eyes fixated on his big cock.

Jason said, "You like that, don't you?"

"Yes"

"You want to suck it, don't you slut?"

Shame shone on Amanda's face as she said, "Yes."

"I'll let you suck it, but first, you have to tell me you're a slut."

Amanda paused, looked down, and said, "I'm a slut."

"Look at me! Say you're my slut."

Amanda slowly looked up at Jason with big bashful eyes.

"I'm your slut, Jason."

She looked so beautiful at that moment. He couldn't believe it was this easy.

Jason held his dick inches from his mom's mouth.

"Suck my dick, slut."

Amanda's pussy tingled with arousal as she smelled the musk from Jason's big thick cock. She took his dick in her hot mouth, wrapping her soft, voluptuous lips around it.

She looked at him with her sweet, caring eyes as she slurped it in and out of her mouth. Her pussy felt so wet now that she was finally able to please him like this.

Holy fuck, Jason thought. Her mouth stroked his cock expertly, bringing him almost to climax right away. He had to adjust tactics quickly.

"Lick my balls."

Amanda smoothly moved below Jason's big rod and popped one of his heavy balls in her soft mouth. She held his shaft as she moved underneath, her tongue lapping and stimulating his sensitive scrotum.

Her tongue felt tender and intimate -- it was clear that she really wanted to please him.

He said, "Take off your top and show me those tits."

She removed her top, releasing her elegant white breasts.

"Rub them on me."

She pressed her soft boobs together against Jason's long, hard dick and gently caressed it.

They felt so smooth, stimulating his sensitive dick.

"Stand up, take the rest off, and show yourself to me," he commanded.

Amanda stood and removed the rest of her outfit, including her panties. She stood naked before him.

"Turn around"

She obeyed

Her perfect buns drew him in as he pressed his hard dick against the soft flesh.

He reached around and felt her heavy tits, squeezing her hard nipples. Amanda let out a soft sigh as he did so.

Jason's mind raced with possibilities.

He said, "Now, pose for me against that couch...show me that butt."

Amanda strutted over to their living room couch, put her hands on the armrest, and raised her butt while splaying her legs.

She looked fucking hot. Jason's dick was throbbing. He wasn't sure how much more of this he could take before he needed release.

He walked up behind her admiring her ass and pussy.

"I want you to look back at me as I enter you."

Amanda turned her head and looked back at Jason with pleasing bedroom eyes.

Jason inserted his rod into her hot pussy. She was clearly turned on as she was dripping wet.

As he fucked her, he remembered the hurt of being deceived by the woman he cared for most in the world. He felt his anger boil.

He reached forward and grabbed Amanda's hair, pulling her head back and holding it up as he pumped way in her heavenly pussy.

"Ohhhh fuck me, Jason," she roared. She loved it.

Jason fucked her harder. He was just using her body at that point as he thrust deep into her, loving the sound of her ass slapping against him.

He pulled her hair harder. It had to hurt.

She responded, "Ohhhhhh...I'm cumming," panting loudly.

Jason was letting his pent-up aggression out as he yelled, "You belong to me, don't you bitch?"

"Yesssss...yesssss...Jason!"

Jason's heavy balls discharged into his mother's hot snatch, pumping thick white gobs of his semen into her sanctuary.

"Ohhhh Fuck, Yeah," Jason bellowed as he pumped deep, feeling his cum shooting into her tight pussy.

When his dick softened, he squeezed out the last drops of his cum into her and eased himself out of those heavenly lips.

He slapped her ass and said, "You like that, didn't you?"

"I did, honey. Is there anything else you'd like me to do?"

"There's only one more thing, and then I'm going to bed."

"Yes?" Amanda had turned and looked excited.

"You can tell me the truth about that night like I asked in the first place!"

Amanda looked like she might cry. He had never seen his mother so timid. Maybe he caused this with the rough sex he just had -- he wasn't sure.

She said, "I can't tell you more...you won't like me."

Jason didn't mind taking his time getting the answers after all. "You're going to tell me everything. All of your secrets...eventually."

Jason left Amanda alone in the living room and went off to bed.

* * * * * Confession, Part 2

The next morning when Jason got up, he smelled breakfast cooking.

He made his way to the kitchen. Everything was spotless, and his mom had cooked a breakfast fit for a king.

"Good morning, honey," Amanda said in her sweetest voice.

She was dressed to the nines, wearing a short frilly dress. Her hair and makeup were done up. She looked gorgeous.

Jason was taken aback. His mom always went out of her way to care for him, but it was like she was trying her hardest to impress him.

He sat down and started to eat. Amanda watched him as he ate.

He loved all the attention, but wasn't ready to relent with his punishment until she was honest with him.

"Do you have something to say to me?"

Amanda looked away. "I don't know what you mean, honey."

Jason said, "These pancakes are dry."

Amanda looked a little embarrassed.

"And you are dressed up like a slut. Is that what you were going for?"

She looked crestfallen as she said, "I...I'm sorry....I just wanted to please you."

He commanded her. "Put your hands on the table and lean over."

She bent over the table.

Jason pulled up her dress, exposing her bare ass. She had almost invisible thong underwear on.

"Since you're not going to be honest with me, I'm going to do this!"

He slapped her ass, enjoying the sound and the sexy jiggle of her cheeks.

Amanda crooned, "Whatever you want, baby."

She was aroused already. She was enjoying this.

Jason pulled her panties down, exposing her damp pussy.

"You're already wet, aren't you, slut."

"I'm wet for you."

Jason realized that nothing he did or could do to punish her was going to have the intended effect. He realized that he was going about it the wrong way all along.

He had an idea.

He continued to slap and tease Amanda, and he really did want to have sex with her, but for his tactic to work, he would need to abstain for now.

Instead, he fingered her and rubbed her clit until she came. He knew by now that when she was really worked up like this, she would have an insatiable need for him to be inside her.

When that moment came, Jason said, "Since you've not come clean, I am going to give you the ultimate punishment. I will not be having sex with you or interacting in any significant way until you confess."

She still waited with her hands on the table, a pleading look in her eyes. "Please fuck me...I need you to fuck me...if...if you want to?"

"I'll continue what we are doing, but only if you are ready to tell me all your secrets. I'll be in my room."

Amanda looked terrified and sad as Jason walked away, went into his room, and closed the door.

* * * * *

Jason took off his clothes and sat on the edge of his bed, waiting. He hoped he played this right.

Only minutes later, he heard a knock on the door.

"Come in if you're ready to come clean."

The door opened, and Amanda walked in, looking timid.

Jason held his hard cock in his hand. "I'll give you your reward, but you have to promise to tell me everything."

She looked at his sexy dick with longing as he stroked it. "I promise...but can we continue what we were doing in the kitchen first?"

"Why?"

Amanda looked crestfallen. "Because...I'm afraid you won't like me after I tell you...and I want to at least have one last time with you...just in case you don't like me afterward." Her eyes welled up. She was close to breaking down into tears.

Jason's heart opened to her. She was truly terrified, and he was the one being sneaky now since he already knew all her secrets.

He just wanted her to confess...he wanted to trust her fully.

Jason said, "I'll allow it. Now come over here and suck my dick."

Amanda brightened up as she came over, but Jason stopped her just before she got on her knees.

"Take that dress off. I'm going to need you naked."

She complied.

"Climb on top of me and turn around. I want to 69 with you."

Amanda happily climbed on top of Jason, moving backward until her sumptuous butt and photogenic pussy were above him.

He felt a warm and eager mouth envelop his cock as she began to pleasure him.

Jason leaned forward, relishing the womanly scent of her pussy as he pushed his tongue into her creamy depths.

Oh my God, of course, she tastes this good, he thought.

Her juices were exotic and delightful on his tongue. He began focusing on her clit, grabbing her ass with both hands as he worked his magic.

He felt her release his dick as she cried, "Ohhhhh Fuck....Ohhhh fuck... I'm cumming!!!"

Jason delighted in her juices as she came hard.

When her orgasm subsided, Jason commanded her to turn around and lay beside him.

He said, "If this might be the last time, then I want to know something...."

"Yes?"

Jason asked, "What do YOU want?"

"What do you mean?"

"Like, what do you want while we're having sex?"

"I want to please you...making you happy...it...turns me on." Amanda blushed.

His mother's statement suddenly made sense. She did dote on him a lot -- definitely beyond what was normal.

He responded, "You know what pleases me the most?"

"What!?" She was fixated on him, her big eyes like saucers.

"When I cum in your tight pussy. Will you make that happen?"

She smiled, her face so gentle and sweet. "Nothing could make me happier!"

Jason relaxed as she kissed his chest and his nipples, then his neck.

Soon she was sucking on his lips and, her sexy tongue probing him deep.

Amanda straddled him. He felt her maneuver so his dick aligned with her entrance.

She whispered sweetly, "I'm going to make you cum in my pussy. Is that what you want, baby?"

"Yes."

She gently inserted his hard cock into her moistness, coaxing it into her depths.

Jason moaned, "Ohh fuck... you feel so good."

"I want my baby to feel good."

She sat upright, moving her hips and ass, smoothly stroking Jason's big cock.

Jason felt her tits as they hung suspended above him as he watched Amanda's face.

She looked so beautiful, her eyes filled with love.

"Do you like when mommy takes care of you?" It was like she was in his head.

"Uhhhh huh," Jason croaked, feeling the sweet sensation of her vaginal walls massage him.

Amanda continued to stroke his cock gripping it with her soft pussy.

"Just relax and let Mommy take care of you." Her voice was gentle and soothing.

Jason felt his balls tensing as he gave in to his mother's gentle coaxing.

"Ohhh fuck...you're going to make me cum already!" Her pussy was so hot, pulling him into her.

Amanda's face was close, her gentle eyes penetrating.

She cooed, "It's ok baby...I want you to cum deep inside me." She moved more quickly now, using her pussy to full effect, bringing him closer to climaxing.

"I'm going to cum!!" Jason croaked, feeling himself begin to orgasm.

"That's it, baby...cum inside mommy."

Jason grunted, "Ohhhh...Mommy!!" as he felt his balls contract.

He erupted, shooting hot blasts of his sticky cum deep inside his mother's channel.

Amanda purred, "Ohhh yessss...I feel it. That's so good, baby."

She continued softly, "That's good...that's so good...I love feeling your cum in me."

Jason's eyes rolled into the back of his head as he dumped every drop of his sperm into Amanda's loving pussy.

He heard her whisper in his ear, "I want you to know I'll take care of and love you forever, baby," as waves of pleasure continued to pulse through his body.

However deep his love for her was before, it kept increasing.

After he softened, Amanda reluctantly released his spent cock, enjoying the feeling of his seed dripping out of her.

Jason looked at her in wonder. "Oh my God...that was so good. Thank you."

Amanda smiled. "I'm glad you liked it, honey." She snuggled him.

Jason waited a minute and then said, "Sooooooooo...about your promise?"

Amanda looked worried again. "I'm scared to tell you...but...I promised I would."

Jason said, "Tell me everything"

Amanda looked away, unable to make eye contact. "Please promise not to be angry. I am terrified to tell you all this, but I will tell you everything. Every last thing you don't know about me and what I did."

"That's a start."

"That night...I made up the story about my date. I didn't have a date."

"Ok."

"I...tricked you. I made you think I was drugged...but I wasn't."

"Ok."

"I...seduced you Jason...I wanted you to want me like I do you...but I didn't think you could ever like me like that...so I thought, maybe if you thought I was passed out...you would...."

"Would what?"

"Uhhhh...would...take me." Tears welled up in Amanda's eyes.

Jason said, "You wanted me to rape you...and I did." Now tears welled up in Jason's eyes.

Amanda's face was wet as she cried. "I'm so sorry honey, I wanted your baby inside me, and I knew it was wrong...I'm messed up, I know!"

Jason could barely keep his voice from cracking as tears streamed down his cheeks. "What I did was wrong. I'm so sorry Mom, I raped you!"

She looked at him. "No, honey. I made you do it. I tricked you. I wasn't sure it would work...but I'm glad it did."

"I felt...so bad about what I did. I can't believe I did it. Your being unbelievably hot is not an excuse for what I did. I just hope you can forgive me."

"Of course, I forgive you, baby. I'm the one that needs forgiveness. I lied to you...and I used you...I'm so sorry!" Amanda's eyes dripped with tears as she cried.

Jason held her against his chest. "It's ok...it's ok. I forgive you."

"You...do?"

"And I'll let you in on a secret...I sort of...read your journals." Jason winced as he spoke those last few words aloud.

"You what!?"

"Please don't hate me...I had to know what was going on...and the guilt of what I did to you was too much to bear."

"Honey...you should not have done that."

She thought about it for a moment and said, "So you've known...everything?"

"Yes."

"...and you still wanted me?"

"Of course. Only I needed you to be honest with me."

"...and you trust me?"

"Completely."

Amanda nuzzled into Jason's chest. He wrapped his strong arms around her and held her tightly as she cried softly into his chest.

She had been holding her emotions in for so long. She finally relaxed, knowing that the love of her life was with her fully...and that she was going to have his baby.

To Be Continued...