

MIKE'S FAMILY - PANDORA'S BOX CH. 03

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Mother Janice Shares A Big Secret While Alone With Mike.

Incest/Taboo

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Mike's Family - Pandora's Box Ch. 3

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Mike finished hauling in the luggage, leaving one large suitcase in his Mother's room and one similarly sized suitcase in Erica's room. When he turned around, Erica closed the door.

Her face lit up. "Did you miss me!?"

Mike was reminded again how alluringly beautiful his older sister was with her delicate and beautiful facial features, dark hair, brown eyes, and perfect olive skin. He had missed her while she was away all week.

"What do you think!?" Mike said.

Erica took his face in her hands and kissed him passionately. Her familiar taste and sensual tongue elicited an instant hard-on. Erica noticed.

She reached down with her elegant hand and squeezed it through his shorts. "Mmmmmm...I missed this." Ohhh fuck, Mike thought; he was shocked at how quickly he could switch gears, feeling a desperate need to be intimate with Erica out of nowhere.

It had been a week, and even though he had an absurd amount of sex with his little sister Danielle all week, he felt a deep longing to reconnect with Erica again.

Erica reached into his shorts and grabbed his hard dick. She cupped his big balls and whispered in his ear. "I hope these are full...I missed your daily dose."

"Ahhh yes..." Mike said. "I wish we could..."

Erica interrupted, "Baby, don't worry -- I have a plan. I'm going to make an excuse to stay in the city tonight to get prepared for my job since I start on Monday. You can just make an excuse and meet up with me...I'll text you the details."

"I love it."

"I love you..." she said, leaning her forehead against his.

"Love you too...." Mike moved onto her soft lips, enjoying the warmth and taste of her mouth.

Part of her statement suddenly registered with Mike. "Ohhh, wait...so you already took the job...and picked the closest one to home?"

"Uhhh, duh. I need to be close to my boyfriend, don't I?" Erica's soft brown eyes twinkled as she smiled at Mike.

"That's awesome! I was afraid you'd be farther away!" Mike beamed as he moved his hand through Erica's soft, dark hair, pulling her in for another kiss.

Mike cupped her firm butt in his hands, squeezing, enjoying the feel of her slender body pressed against him. Her delicately fragrant scent triggered his senses. His balls began to ache with need; he wanted her just as much as she wanted him.

Mike watched her leave the room and kept looking at her well-proportioned butt swaying in the tight jeans she wore.

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After everyone settled in, Mike heard chatter in the kitchen as food was being prepared. It would be the first meal they had together in seven years.

The size and scope of the kitchen caused voices to echo, reflecting toward Mike as he descended the main staircase.

He turned to walk towards the kitchen area and saw Dany hard at work on the kitchen island, cutting vegetables on the white marbled countertop. His Mother, Janice, saw him and turned from the stove where he had a large pot and some pans heating up.

"Oh, hi, honey! Are you going to help us cook?"

"Uh...sure?"

"Why don't you help Dany...there's plenty to cut up."

Dany gave Mike a mischievous look and winked, "Yes, Mike...why don't you...help me?"

Taking a knife, Mike started to cut vegetables next to Dany. As they chopped, Dany seemed to move closer to Mike until she was clearly rubbing up against him. Her fresh scent was delightful and turned him on just like it had been doing that entire week.

He whispered, "Hey...careful how you behave in public...."

"You worry too much...besides, you'll be away for an entire week...I might need you" -- she turned and held her hand next to Mike's ear to whisper -- "to breed me again before you go."

Mike poked her side, and she giggled.

"What are you two doing over there?" Their Mother chided while facing the other direction, working the stove. "If you're having too much fun, that means you aren't working!"

"Yes...Mom..." Dany said in a sarcastic tone as she rolled her eyes.

Mike walked over to the sink, positioned on the side wall midway between the stove and the center island, to wash some carrots. He watched both Dany and his Mother as they worked.

Although his Mother only seemed to wear loose-fitting or baggy clothes, he could see similarities between her physique and Dany's.

Now that Dany had started wearing revealing clothes, it was obvious that she had admirable assets, like her big, toned butt and sizable perky breasts. He realized that, although Dany and his mother looked nothing alike -- His mother had a more womanly, conventionally beautiful face with dark olive skin, whereas Dany had an adorable, cute, heart-shaped face and lighter skin -- they shared a very similar physique. It made Mike wonder if his Mom wasn't purposefully hiding her God-given gifts as Dany had been.

Erica was another story altogether. He could see the resemblance with their mother facially, but Erica's tight body was taller and slender, though she did share a lighter version of the olive-colored skin she had inherited from their mother.

After much preparation and chatter, Mike's family sat at the formal dining table in an adjoining room to the kitchen. The sizable room had soft lighting and large paintings that covered the walls like a gallery -- a testament to their Mother's art obsession.

They shared an exquisitely prepared Italian meal that consisted of multiple kinds of pasta, a salad, and plenty of sides. Janice poured them all wine and held up her glass.

"Cheers -- to finally having all my children together at last!"

Everyone's eyes lit up as they shared happy memories and welcomed Erica back.

Janice said, "So, Erica...how was your week with Mike? Did he take care of you?"

Erica seemed to blush. "Oh, it was fine! He helped me get a new wardrobe -- as you know, I didn't bring much back with me...and I got to spend a lot of time in the pool -- I missed that!"

"That's great! I'm glad you two could reconnect. I bet you were surprised to see how Mike turned out." Janice looked at Mike with pride.

"Oh, you could say that. I didn't even know it was him when I came to the door!"

Janice and Dany laughed.

Janice continued, "...and then while we were gone looking at schools, what did you two get up to?" She spoke to both Mike and Dany but without indicating one in particular.

Dany jumped in, "Oh, we kept ourselves entertained." Dany smiled radiantly and looked into Mike's eyes, her intense love causing Mike's heart to swell as he remembered their time together that week.

"Yeah," Mike said while taking a bite of his pasta, "we had a few people over to make sure Dany's eighteenth birthday wasn't a total bust."

Erica finished a swig of her drink and said, "That's great -- I wish I could have been there, Dany...I'll be at your next one for sure."

"So you're definitely saying? I wasn't sure if this coming back to the U.S. was for sure...." Dany said while passing a salad dish.

"Yep. I'm here to stay. In fact, I chose to work at a local law firm here in the city, so you all won't have to miss me anymore!" Erica showed off her perfect teeth with a dazzling smile, looking beautiful and alluring as always.

Everyone cheered and congratulated Erica, making a quick toast.

"To my amazing sister," Dany said. "And daughter," Janice added. "Welcome back...finally for good!" Mike said as they all clinked glasses.

"Thank you!" Erica was beaming.

Erica passed a side to Dany as she continued. "The only downside is that I have to work starting this Monday...."

"Well...you did have a lot of time off..." Janice interjected.

"That's true...but the real rub is that I know you two -- she looked at Mike and Janice -- are going to be leaving in the morning...so I won't get to see you this week."

"We'll be back in no time," Janice said.

"That reminds me," Erica said, "I have to head into the city this afternoon to get the keys to my apartment...I will probably just stay there tonight and meet you all back here tomorrow morning for breakfast."

"That's great," said Janice, "but you know you have a room here, free of charge, anytime."

"I know...and I appreciate that, Mom, but I don't want that kind of commute, so hence the apartment. I'll take you up on your offer to stay on the weekends if I'm in the area or visiting here."

Mike suddenly felt a foot rub his leg and slowly move up to his crotch. He was pretty sure it was Dany, but both she and Erica sat across from him, next to each other. Not knowing what to do, Mike tried to focus on his food, devouring the delicious pasta his Mother and Dany had so expertly made.

When they all finished eating, everyone helped clean up and put the dishes away, and Erica took her leave to settle in her apartment. Mike, Dany, and Janice hung out for a while, catching up, but eventually, everyone went their separate ways.

Mike was in his room packing for the upcoming trip when he heard a knock on the door. Before he could answer, Dany let herself in. She ran to him, pushed him onto the bed, and sat astride on his lap, pinning his arms above his head.

"Miss me?" She said, her piercing blue eyes and infectious smile bending Mike's will as she stared down at him through a cascade of lustrous blonde hair.

"Of course!"

Her soft, full lips pressed to his as Dany kissed Mike sensually. He could feel his dick responding immediately. He was addicted to Dany after their week together. The only issue was that he had promised to meet up with Erica, whom he hadn't seen for an entire week.

After making out briefly, Mike extricated himself from Dany and said, "Hey -- I love what we're doing, but I'm going to have to take a rain check...I have to deal with something at the gym. I'll be back a while later."

"Awww...waaahhh!" Dany lamented, giving him a cute, pouty face.

"Don't worry -- I'll be back, and we can figure something out before I leave."

"You better!" She warned him, though she gave a winsome look of delight, directly countering her threat.

Mike sat upright, picking Dany up with him. He held her abundant butt in his hands while he kissed her before getting up.

"Catch you later," Mike said as he left the room.

* * * * * Motel Rendezvous

Mike arrived at a motel, having followed Erica's text instructions. He knocked on the door, and she opened it, letting him in and quickly closing it.

A flash of platinum blonde hair could be seen if one were watching from a specific vantage point on the hill above the old motel.

"I thought we'd be meeting at your apartment?"

"Yeah...This is much closer, and I didn't want to wait that long before seeing you!" Erica's face lit up with excitement.

Taking her pretty face in his big hands, Mike began to kiss her. Their tongues entwined and played as they passionately kissed, enjoying the sensual warmth of their exchange.

A trail of clothes fell between the door and the bed as they frantically removed their own and each other's clothes in a flurry.

Standing naked before the bed, Erica said, "I missed you so much, Mike!" Her tight body -- from her toned legs to her flat and muscular stomach to her incredibly tantalizing and pert breasts. They may have been only a good handful, but they were gorgeous, as were her hard, reddish-hued nipples. Mike's balls ache with need.

Mike picked her up and laid her on the bed. Her sexy body was exposed to him.

He planted kisses up her long legs until he reached her sex. Erica's delicate flower-like pussy called to him. Mike had missed the fragrant scent of her womanhood as he licked and teased her lips, finally kissing her engorged clitoris while he inserted his finger into her warmth.

Her scent was divine -- like a fragrant mix of delicate femininity and hot sex. Mike couldn't wait to enter her tight pussy.

"Ohhhhh...Mikey....Ohhhhh...I missed this so much!"

Mike fingered her harder while he continued to lick and taste her delightful pussy.

"Oh shit...right there...uh huh...uh huh..." Erica cried as Mike hit the right combination of fingerwork and tongue-play on her sensitive clit.

"Uhhhhhhh...huhhhh...Unnnnnnggggghhhh," Erica moaned as her pussy spasmed, and the tingling warmth of her orgasm overtook her, overwhelming her senses.

When her orgasm finally subsided, Mike climbed on top of Erica's graceful body. He lifted her long legs up to his shoulders and inserted his big dick into her entrance, gaining unrestricted access to her pussy.

He pushed into her warm wetness, feeling her soft walls enfold him in her comfort.

"Ohhh fuck...Mike...Ohhh...fuck..." Erica cried as Mike pumped his hard dick in and out of her soft, sensitive chamber.

She felt her pussy tingle and pleasure build as he filled her deeply, stretching and plowing into her depths with hunger.

"Mike...I think I'm going to...going to..cum again...," Erica gushed, her voice rising.

Mike continued to pump hard, feeling her vaginal walls grip his cock, bringing him exquisite pleasure and stimulating his balls to prepare to release his load.

"I'm cumming...I'm cumming..." Erica yelled excitedly, digging her nails into Mike's back.

"I'm going to fill your pussy...with my cum!" Mike grunted as his balls strained with tension.

"Fill me...Mikey...fill my pussy!!" She demanded urgently, holding Mike's face to hers, making eye contact.

Mike ejaculated fiercely, grunting, "Fuuuuuck...Ahhhhhhnnnn...Uhhhhnnnnnnnn," sending ropes of piping-hot semen deep into Erica's tight vagina as he pushed against her cervix.

"Ohhh Mikey...Yes...Ohhh," Erica gushed as she felt his manly warmth fill her tummy.

They kissed and stayed connected while Mike's sperm continued to leak out into her pussy.

He pulled out and rolled onto his back. Erica turned and snuggled up to him, enjoying the feel of his hands as they stroked her soft hair.

"I can't stay terribly long," he said.

"I know...I'm just glad we got to do this before you leave. I'm seriously sad I won't get to see you this whole week."

"I know..."

"When you return, we'll hole up in my apartment...I have been practicing some things that you might like!"

"Oh?"

Erica grinned and planted kisses on Mike's neck and kissed him tenderly.

"I love you so much," she said with sincerity.

Mike kissed her and responded, "I love you too."

Mike had to leave Erica begrudgingly after getting up and putting his clothes on.

"I'll see you tomorrow. Sweet dreams, princess."

She blew him a kiss as he exited the motel room door.

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Mike made his way back home and, seeing to it, nobody saw him enter. He made his way to his room and jumped in the shower.

He finished, walked out of his bathroom wearing only a towel, and was surprised to see Dany sitting in his chair, one leg crossed over the other, wearing a short skirt she must have put on after dinner.

"Did you just fuck her and then sneak back here to take a shower?"

Mike's jaw dropped and remained open. His brain froze.

"You really are a male slut."

Dany uncrossed her legs and spread them, giving Mike a good view of her shaven blonde pussy. His cock responded, hardening instantly.

"I see I'm making you hard...good." Dany looked calm, even serene.

"Does it turn you on knowing you can fuck two girls back to back?"

"Dany..." Mike said.

She stood up, stepped toward him, and looked into his eyes with a piercing and confident expression. "It does...I can see that." She sounded almost sweet.

Mike closed his eyes, unable to take her powerful gaze as the shame and truth of what she said sunk in.

She stood up and walked the two paces that separated them, pulling the towel off and venerating Mike's sturdy erection.

Dany gripped his hard-on and cupped his big, sensitive balls in her soft hands. "I shouldn't be surprised though...even if you are a slut...you're my sexy slut." Her eyes softened with a warm and comforting look that let Mike know she would love him and was only having fun.

"I know you like blondes, like my friend from the party, and of course, yours truly...but I guess you like dark-haired brunettes as well?"

Did she know about Erica? Mike thought, suddenly frantic.

"I only got a look at her from a distance, but I assume she's pretty...is she?"

"Uhhh...Dany...I--"

"Answer my question!" She squeezed his hard-on. Mike nearly swooned as he felt pleasure course through his cock.

"Yes...she's very pretty."

"I can't fault you completely...I knew you were with someone before we hooked up...but I still am a little surprised...am I not enough for you?"

"Dany, you are enough...you are absolutely amazing and more than I deserve...it's just...complicated."

I get it...you're a man and couldn't resist being with that bitch...but I think I need to remind you who your soulmate is."

Dany quickly dropped to her knees and put her luscious mouth over Mike's throbbing cock, pleasuring him with her silky tongue and extraordinary fellatio abilities.

"Ohhh geezus...Dany....slow down..." Mike's eyes rolled into the back of his head as he felt her warm mouth stroke him. He was almost ready to blow his load.

She stood and, grabbing his member, turned him about and back a step, where he fell onto the bed.

Dany climbed on top of Mike and worked her slippery pussy onto his iron-hard pole. Her big, sexy boobs hung tantalizingly in front of Mike. She leaned down and inserted a big swollen pink nipple in his mouth while she rocked her hips smoothly, stroking his cock with her velvety soft pussy.

"Even if you do have sex with another girl...your cock still belongs to me...right?"

She pumped harder for emphasis. Her pussy was so tight and hot that she had him on the precipice of an orgasm already.

"Yes...." He croaked.

"You're going to give me the rest of that hot cum. I know you gave some to that girl, but you better give me every last drop you have left."

"Uh Huh..." Mike murmured.

Mike closed his eyes, enraptured by the exquisite pleasure that Dany was able to elicit with her sweet little pussy as she stroked his big dick.

"Now, tell me you love me."

"Oh fuck...I love you, Dany..."

She looked deep into his eyes and into his soul. Mike felt their connection deep inside his heart and down to his manhood.

"That's better...you belong to me just as much as I belong to you...don't you?"

"Yes..."

"Say it!" She pushed hard, slapping her juicy butt against his lap.

"Ohh fuck...I belong to you, Dany." As he said it, he lost any restraint and felt his balls begin to release their load.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhggggggnn," he groaned as he came, all the while staring into Dany's sapphire eyes, feeling her breath on his lips and her cute face a mere inch away from his.

"That's good...yes...let me take care of you...." She crooned, coaxing him with her sweet and gentle voice while he blasted gobs of his potent seed deep inside her.

Mike felt like his cum was being pulled out of his balls and directly into Dany's unprotected teen pussy as he came.

When his cock finally subsided, Mike lay panting with his eyes closed, feeling like he just had an out-of-body experience. When he finally opened his eyes, Dany lay on his chest, her arms crossed and a bright twinkle in her eyes.

Mike had been well and truly fucked beyond anything he could have anticipated. He wasn't sure how to respond. He felt...vulnerable...and emotional.

"Now, just remember how you feel right now when you're studding yourself out. I'll allow you to do what you want to for now, but I'm not sure I want it to go on forever without knowing more about this other girl...and your motivations."

Dany rolled off Mike and onto his side, grabbing his arm and wrapping it around her. "Now snuggle me...I want to enjoy feeling you hold me before you have to leave tomorrow morning.

Mike wrapped his arms around her warm and comforting body, nuzzling into her neck and fragrant hair. He murmured, "I love you so much, Dany...."

She smiled, feeling the warmth and power of their connection. "I know you do...night my love."

They slept until the early morning when Dany snuck out and returned to her room to shower and prepare for the day.

* * * * * Road Trip

When Mike woke up that morning, he pondered the situation with his sisters. He wasn't sure how it was possible -- surely his lack of control over his lust was partly to blame -- but however he got here, he was in love with both of them.

Each was unique and unlocked parts of himself, fitting together like puzzle pieces. Erica connected to his mind with her intelligence, and her undeniable refinement and femininity stimulated him in ways no other woman had. Dany held his heart; she burned like a bright light into his psyche and soul, bringing him endless joy. She seemed to have a power that attracted him to her like a magnet he couldn't resist.

They were different and both amazing. It put him in an impossible situation, and he felt like the dumbest and luckiest man ever to walk the Earth. Dumb because he allowed himself to get into this predicament and lucky to have experienced the ultimate forbidden fruit -- by two of the most lovely people he knew.

It was only a matter of time before there was a reckoning; Mike was sure of that. So he blessed his lucky stars that he was about to leave that morning, buying him time to process everything and prepare himself for what he would do when he returned.

When Mike came downstairs, he heard laughter and boisterous chatting. All three women were already at the breakfast table eating. Mike sat down and jumped right into the conversation. Time slowed down as they intermingled, laughing and playing. It was a truly delightful meal.

When the inevitable time for Mike and Janice to leave came, Erica and Dany hugged him. They were careful not to go overboard, but Mike could tell they would miss him as much as he would miss them.

They closed the door behind them, leaving Erica and Danielle standing next to each other.

Erica turned to Dany and said, "Well...on the plus side, we'll get to spend some time together. You'll have to tell me all about school and any boys that are surely beating down your door!"

Dany smiled. "Definitely...let's compare notes. I can't wait to hear more about your big job in the city!"

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Janice and Mike traveled down the highway in her top-of-the-line Escalade SUV. It was big, spacious, and luxurious, making their long trip more enjoyable.

Mike kept the music low so he and his mom could chat. They had not spent time together like this for many years. She was never the same since her husband -- Mike's father -- passed away seven years before. The beautiful, vivacious, and outgoing woman from his childhood had been replaced by a more reserved and stern woman. She was still beautiful but no longer outgoing; instead, she stayed at home and rarely went out into the world to live life. It was as if some part of her had broken and never quite returned.

Janice had been a very young mother -- a situation that would not bode well in the modern era -- and that meant that the only life she knew and the only man she had ever been with was Mike's father. Without him by her side, she no longer felt complete.

It was sad for Mike and his siblings to see how affected their passionate and loving mother had become over the loss of their father. For years, they hoped she would put herself out there and find love. God knew any men who went near her would have jumped at the chance to be with her.

She was an incredibly attractive brunette with dark hair and bright golden eyes. Her darker olive skin spoke of a descendency that she never talked about. Mike knew it was because her father had absconded with her, deserting her family overseas at a young age.

He was a much older, wealthy man who likely saw her as a prize he had to have. Her beauty and elegance had rubbed off on her two daughters, leaving Mike the odd one out with his white complexion and Nordic features. Mike had thought that perhaps he got those features somewhere deep in his father's line, but now that was in question. He planned on confronting his mother to hear her confession when the timing was right.

Mike remembered when Dany blossomed as an early teen and got in trouble for dressing provocatively at school. Their mom came down hard -- too hard -- on her, grounding her and keeping a watchful eye. She would not have approved of the party he allowed Danielle to throw, much less the series of events that followed between them the previous week.

Interrupting Mike's thoughts, Janice said, "For the first time in forever, the house will be empty tomorrow."

"You know...you're right...It didn't even occur to me that Dany is starting the school year, and Erica has her first day of work."

"I remember when you were all little...we went on some amazing vacations, didn't we?"

"We did...those were some of my best memories. I only wish we could have gone on more...but, well, we know what happened...."

Janice glanced at Mike, a knowing look in her eye, before turning back to focus on the road.

"Mike...It's been hard for me, as you know...and I am beginning to realize that I have to move on before life passes me by. It's like I was frozen in ice when your father passed. He was a lot older than me, so he at least had a good life, but I only ever experienced life with him since I was so young."

"I'm glad to hear you talk about how you feel. Does that mean you're going to start dating finally?"

Breathing a long sigh, Janice continued. "Mike...I don't think I'm ready for that. But I do have some other thoughts on what I'd like to do...it's not something I'm ready to talk about, though."

"It's ok...I get it. I'm here if you want to talk." Mike knew she would share with him when the time was right.

"I appreciate that...but speaking of relationships, when are you going to find someone you can have a long-term commitment with?"

Mike knew his Mom had a keen and watchful eye, noting the many women he had flings with in recent years - none of them amounting to more than a few weeks in length. He definitely liked the sex but had trouble letting them in and feeling anything remotely like love. It was only until very recently that Mike found himself in the improbable position of discovering that he could fall in love.

"Actually, Mom...I may have recently grown in that department...."

"Why do I sense there's a 'but' coming?"

"Promise not to judge me?"

"Of course, baby...I'm here to listen."

"The problem isn't that I couldn't find someone to have a deeper relationship with. The problem is that I found there are two people...and both of them are amazing and unexpected."

"This sounds an awful lot like you haven't changed your ways -- you've dated multiple women at the same time...didn't you have three you were bringing home last fall?"

"First, how do you even know that!?"

"You think you're sneaking, but you're not as slick as you think." Janice grinned at him knowingly.

"Ok, well, second, this is different."

"How so?"

"I love these women."

Janice almost laughed out loud since she thought Mike was surely just fooling himself. "That's sweet, Mike, but no matter how you feel, you already know that doesn't add up in the long run."

"What are you saying?"

"Mike...I'm no expert -- I've only ever been in one relationship -- but I can't imagine that can lead to a good outcome. Either you choose one of them, and/or they find out you've been with the other and feel hurt."

"Yeah...I know..." Mike looked out the window, becoming despondent.

Janice put her hand on his knee and turned to him. "But you know what? You've always found a way through everything this family has gone through. This might be tough, but you'll find a way through this."

"Thanks, Mom."

Mike appreciated the way she helped put him at ease, and he used the pause in conversation to change the topic. "Well, I must say, I'm really glad you're going on these trips with us. It means a lot to all of us."

"Thanks, baby. I'm hoping to go on more trips from now on. As nice as our place is, I can't always be holed up there."

Mike sighed his own breath of relief. "That's great, Mom! I've worried about you and how you're really doing...and I'm glad we get to spend this time together, going out on adventures, just like old times."

Mike's smile was genuine and relieving to Janice. She knew Mike worried about her, which was evident in recent years. He was always doting on her and ensuring she was cared for.

"Mike...I really appreciate everything you do for me. You've been my rock since your father passed. I'm hoping you let me take care of you on this trip. You can relax as I've arranged each day so we can enjoy the sights in each place we visit."

"That's good...I've been preoccupied lately and haven't had a chance to even think about this trip...something's been bothering me...."

"Oh...Honey, is there something else on your mind? You can tell me." Janice put one of her elegant hands on Mike's arm and squeezed reassuringly."

Mike turned his head to face Janice as she drove down the empty highway, occasionally glancing at Mike.

"I had hoped to bring this up to you when we were alone...and you don't get more along than this...so here goes." Mike took a deep breath. "Is there something you want to tell me about my birth?"

Janice did not react. She merely replied, "Like what?"

"Erica already told me...you don't have to pretend...I know I'm adopted."

Janice wasn't processing what he said. Of course, he wasn't adopted. She could remember the day she held him in her arms, having just given birth to him.

She was a patient and insightful person, though. She could tell this was a serious topic and decided she needed to ask questions to understand where something so absurd could come from. Maybe

she could get context before getting to the bottom of it.

"Ok, so when did she tell you?"

"A couple of weeks ago, the first day she was here...when she came back."

"Ok...and why do you think she told you?"

Mike thought, pausing for a few long moments. "Well, she and I were complimenting how we looked...you know, like in our swimsuits..." -- Mike stumbled, feeling awkward and trying to find the best way to tell her without revealing too much -- "...and I felt guilty for looking at her the way I was...and that's when she told me."

"And how were you looking at her?"

Mike looked out the passenger window for a moment, then back at the ever-incoming highway in front of them. "I was looking at her in a way that I shouldn't have been."

Janice thought it through. Erica most likely made that story up so Mike wouldn't feel so guilty looking at her body. Janice could understand Mike's dilemma; Erica was a very beautiful woman -- especially after she came back from living overseas. It would be hard for any man not to look at Erica that way.

"Mom, I know it wasn't right to look at her that way...but I couldn't help feeling...attracted to her...."

Janice realized Mike was a horny young man, and she wanted to protect him from feeling too badly about how he looked and thought about Erica. Janice assumed that all Mike did was look and feel guilty afterward.

Janice herself had some awareness of how difficult it could be to turn off a natural attraction, regardless of one's relationship with the other person. She had been so lonely for so many years, unable to bring herself to date another man. When Mike quickly grew into not just a man but an unbelievably attractive one, she felt herself drawn to him. He was not only attractive but also reminded her of the part of herself that was missing when his father passed.

When Mike worked out in the backyard exercise area lifting weights, she had watched his manly body flex as he worked his muscles. Sometimes those images of Mike fueled her mind as she masturbated. She felt terrible when she did that. What a hypocrite she was after working so hard to rein in Danielle's precocious ways while she entertained thoughts about her son. They were only thoughts...and occasional fantasies, and even though they would never be acted upon, she knew it was wrong and still felt such shame.

Perhaps it was her own guilt over her own secret attraction that caused her not to directly contradict Mike's misbelief about being adopted.

Either way, she decided to hold off on contradicting Erica before talking to her first. There had to be a good reason to tell Mike what she had since Erica was normally as honest and straightforward as they came.

"Baby -- you know I love you no matter what, right?"

"Yeah...I do."

"Regardless of how you came into this family, I think the real issue is about how you feel about your sister....right?"

"Yes...and I really was dreading sharing that with you."

"I know I have been harsh in my judgments, especially in past years...and I know it took a lot of courage being vulnerable with me just now...so what I have to say might surprise you."

She had Mike's attention. He turned his head, looking at her. He said, "Ok...?"

"This might not be the prevailing stance, but I think it's okay to have feelings like you have...it's a normal part of human sexuality."

"You mean, you don't think I'm weird for having these thoughts and feelings about my sister?"

"Mike, we aren't always able to control everything we think and feel. There doesn't have to be shame in how you feel, so long as you don't act those thoughts and feelings out in real life."

Mike was happily surprised by his mother's response to his admission but also knew there was no way she could conceive of the truth that he not only had feelings of attraction for his sister but had acted them out -- on both his sisters.

"Thanks, Mom. I appreciate you not making me feel terrible."

"Of course, baby." She turned to look at him and smiled reassuringly, shining her gleaming teeth and radiant golden eyes as she squeezed his arm.

He appreciated her reassurance. His mom could make his heart melt with her lovely smiles when she wanted to.

* * * * * The Hotel

When they arrived many hours later at the exceptionally posh hotel Janice had picked out, Mike shook his head, incredulous.

"Mom, you didn't have to book a four-star hotel!"

"You're the one telling me I need to get out and spend some of the fortune I'm sitting on! Besides, I want to make sure I take care of my baby!" She reached out and playfully pinched Mike's cheek.

Mike chuckled. His mom was the doting type and made him feel special even in the intervening years of loneliness when she was not in the best place herself.

The hotel valet waited, opening the door facing the grand entrance. Mike got out and walked around to the back of the SUV. "I'm taking the bags up to our room -- I need the exercise."

Janice watched as Mike carried all their luggage, his muscles bulging in his tight-fitting t-shirt. She followed behind, watching his butt flex in his tight jeans. She was so proud of how he turned out. He was so handsome; how he cared for his body was extraordinary -- and hard not to notice.

When they arrived at the desk, Mike waited while Janice chatted with the hotel agent. After some discussion, she took the keycards from the desk clerk and led the way to the elevator.

When Mike followed his Mother into their room, he was immediately surprised.

"Mom -- why is there only one bed in here?"

"They messed up and booked our rooms for someone else...this was all they had. It's a nice room but only has one king-size bed. I did ask them to contact me if a second room opens up. Are you ok if we share the room?"

"I suppose...yeah, that works," Mike said. He dropped the luggage near the bed, trying to decide which side to claim.

The room was opulent and large, with marble accents, including a living room, stand-alone hot tub, and massive open shower, separate from the main bathroom area.

Turning to his Mother, Mike said, "This place is crazy big...and so nice!" He was clearly impressed.

"If we have to share a room, at least it's up to your standards," Janice said sarcastically with a wry smile on her expressive lips.

Mike grinned. "Says the imperial queen of all things luxury!"

Janice gave a half-suppressed laugh. Mike had her there. She definitely had always enjoyed the finer things in life -- partly why she had left her home at a young age to marry a much older and wealthy man in the first place.

After they explored the room, they unpacked their belongings and scheduled to have dinner at the well-known restaurant that was built into the hotel. It had been a long trip on the road, and the day had already slipped into the evening.

Since they had traveled a lot, they both opted to keep a low profile and stay in comfy clothes, even though it likely broke the restaurant's dress code.

* * * * * Dinner

The hotel restaurant was large and lavish. Seating was either out in the open-spaced tables or in more private booths. Janice had always opted for privacy, so that drove where they chose to be seated.

The waiter arrived. He took a moment to assess them, clearly not impressed with their dress code violation. "Here are your menus," he said as he turned and walked away without even asking what they'd like to drink.

"Well, that was rude," Janice said.

"You gotta forgive him...would you take us seriously dressed like this? I don't know if you looked around, but people are decked out here -- this place must be a big deal."

"I suppose you're right. I'll let it go, but if we eat here again, it will be different...I can promise you that!" Janice wore a sly expression on her animated face.

Mike picked up his menu and flipped it around. "I know the university is near here, but we're not scheduled there until Tuesday. What do you have planned for us tomorrow?"

"I thought we could stay in the city here and check out the sights. I hope that's ok?"

"Of course it is! We haven't done something like this in forever!"

Janice smiled brightly. "Ok, good!" She felt elated -- she liked making Mike happy.

They eventually got their orders in, and their server finally started to take notice when Janice ordered the most expensive bottle of wine on the menu.

She said, "There...you see? Now he's all good manners. People really are predictable when it comes to money."

"Oh, Mom...you just like flashing your bling...I get it!" Mike enjoyed teasing her.

"Please...you don't seem to disdain the benefits of my support," she said with a mocking expression.

She had him there. Mike changed the topic.

"On the ride out here, you mentioned you were thinking about some things...I don't want to push since it sounded like it was a sensitive topic...?"

Janice took a swig from her wine glass and looked directly into Mike's eyes, searching for reassurance before speaking. "Mike, if I tell you...you have to swear to secrecy."

"I swear."

"You know I have not been with any men since your father--"

"Mom, are you finally going to date!?" Mike looked excited.

"Mike...I can see why you might come to that conclusion...but that's not it." She sighed and looked down, a pensive expression on her face.

"I was so sure...I know you haven't been happy...aren't you ever lonely?"

"Of course...and the big decision I've come to is...related to all that."

"It is?"

"Yes."

"...sorry for interrupting...please go on."

"So...I thought long and hard about what made me happy. Yes, a partner is big and certainly something good to have. After much soul searching, I realized what it is that I really want."

"What?" Mike hung in suspense.

"When I tell you, you have to promise not to judge me."

"I promise...cross my heart." Mike leaned forward, intent on hearing his mother reveal her most private secret.

"I...I want...another baby."

Mike stared in surprise and confusion. "Ummm...isn't that part of having a partner?"

"Of course it is...but I realized I just couldn't get myself to move on and find a new partner. Maybe I'm too broken...maybe my therapist was right -- maybe I do have trust issues. Either way, I would

have to have a baby within the next few years or so...after that, it gets higher risk due to my age."

"So...if you don't have a partner...then...?"

"Then, I have to get a donor."

"Ohhhhhh!" Mike exclaimed with sudden awareness.

"I've checked out lots of options, and it is just as easy as you would guess. You can even just get it sent to your home and administer...the, uh, sample...yourself."

Mike wanted to be supportive of his mother. "Well, I know firsthand that you are a great mother. And I see how you light up when you take care of other people's babies. I think this is going to be amazing!"

"Thanks, Mike. I knew you'd be supportive!"

"So, have you found a donor yet?"

"I've certainly found some options, but you know I don't like leaving things to chance, and there are a lot of issues reported out there...like people thinking they are getting one thing and they get something entirely different."

"Yeah, I've read about that...including where the doctors themselves swap in their own unasked-for donation."

"Exactly! That's why I'm trying to be really selective and careful before committing."

Mike appeared to be lost in thought as he contemplated a wild idea that popped into his head.

"Honey, what are you thinking?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I was just thinking...."

"It's not nothing...tell me what you were thinking."

"Well, normally this might sound crazy, but, in light of recent revelations...what if...what if I were the donor?"

Mike appeared sincere but also a little uncomfortable bringing the idea up.

Janice quickly realized that it wouldn't be such a crazy idea if Mike really, truly had been adopted. She also recalled that she had committed to not revealing that fact until she had a chance to confront her daughter about the situation. In an effort to maintain neutrality, she thought carefully about her response.

"I do appreciate where you're coming from, Mike. You have a big heart...I'll think about it."

"I just want this to happen for you in any way it can. By all means, if other options can work, do them. I just wanted to make sure every angle is covered for you." Mike's eyes shined with love. Janice knew he was just being sweet, and she loved him for it.

"Thanks, baby...your support is what I need most right now. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to use the lady's room."

"Ok...do you want me to order you anything?"

"Get me another drink, will you?"

"Will do."

Janice walked to the restroom, thoughts flying through her mind at high speed. Just being able to speak about her private plans had been cathartic. Then, having Mike support her to the fullest possible extent that he could, made her want to cry.

Walking through the doorway, she headed to a stall and sat. When she finished peeing, she didn't get up right away. She was glad the room was empty and quiet. She had so many emotions to sort through.

Mike had offered to be her sperm donor. Honestly, if she had access to a specimen like him, she would normally jump at the chance. He was quite literally a stud. His intelligence, looks, and overall genetic gifts were undeniable.

Crazy thoughts wafted into Janice's head. As much as she tried to push them away, she couldn't deny her feelings. A deep thrill welled up in her stomach when she thought about Mike being the sperm donor.

It was unthinkable on one level, but on another, she knew it was not only possible but that he would willingly contribute to her heart's desire. Of course, he was her actual son, and a voice in her head told her that would be a terrible idea.

Janice was a highly intuitive woman. When she allowed herself to sink into her true feelings, she had to acknowledge that all her fears about potential donors disappeared when she imagined Mike in their place.

Maybe it was the fact that Mike was such a strong link to her once and only true love who had passed, or maybe it was her own secret infatuation for her son, but she felt her resistance to the idea slipping away.

Instead, she felt the thrill grow inside her much like the baby she hoped to have.

Janice got up, left the bathroom, and returned to her seat across from Mike.

Maybe it was seeing Mike's handsome mug across from her, showing her so much unconditional love, or the copious amounts of wine she had drank, but Janice blurted out, "What if I told you I reconsidered your offer?"

Mike lit up. "Then I would say, I'll do anything you need...and of course, nobody needs to know who the donor was...This is so exciting!"

"Yes, it is...and you're right, this is normally done anonymously, so we would have to swear to secrecy."

"Done...So how does this work? Do I go to a clinic where they take -- I'm not sure how to say this -- samples? Then would you go in and have a doctor, uh, administer it to you?"

"Mike, we're adults here. You can say things like sperm and insemination." Janice smiled at the way Mike was blushing. "And you might be surprised at how simple the procedure is...no need to go to

a clinic."

"Uh, OK...." Mike said uncomfortably.

"I hope you can have this awkward conversation; if we're going to do this, you'll need to know the process."

Recovering some of his dignity, Mike joked, "Is when you finally give me the birds and the bees talk, Mom?"

"That's more like it, you smartass!" Janice smirked, her bright and luminous eyes twinkling.

She continued, "You can look all this up, but I'll save you the time and just tell you how it works. First, you get a sample...I think you can figure out how that is done." Mike had a smirk on his face now as he rolled his eyes.

"If it's fresh, there's no need to freeze it. Then you pull the semen into a needleless syringe -- like the kind you can buy from any pharmacy -- and you just inject it into the cervix. That's it."

"Ok, when you walk through it like that, it does sound simple. Are there any other steps or other things I'll find out when I look this up?"

"Well, since you are going to look it up, I may as well tell you that most women who do this process work to have an orgasm after they inject the sample. That's because an orgasm causes contractions that pull the sperm through the cervix and into the uterus, and the more chances they have to make it through the fallopian tube where the egg is."

"Interesting...yeah, that makes sense."

"See, that wasn't so hard to talk about sex with your mother!" Janice smiled reassuringly.

Mike relaxed, his lips curling into a smile. "True...it wasn't so bad." Mike seemed to think about something for a moment. "Mom, how certain are you that you'll go through with this?"

"One hundred percent."

"In that case...why not start now while we're away and can work through the process uninterrupted? I mean, this sounds pretty simple...and I'm sure we can do this in a way that doesn't make either of us uncomfortable."

Janice felt another jolt of excitement but held her composure. "Okay, but like you said, we have to be clinical about this. I am your mother, after all, and this is uncharted territory."

"Absolutely."

"This is probably TMI, but the timing is perfect this week...it just so happens I'm ovulating."

Mike felt a thrill. He had never heard his mother talk about such things, and hearing her discuss it was like being let in on a special secret.

After they finished their meal and paid the bill, they left. Mike went back to the room, and Janice took a detour to a pharmacy down the street to get supplies.

* * * * * Insemination

Mike sat on the couch in their hotel living room reading the news on his phone when he heard the door click and his mother enter. She carried a small paper bag from the pharmacy.

"So...I guess that's it, huh? Everything you need is in that little bag...."

"Well, I am going to need something from you...." Janice grinned.

"I mean, yeah, of course.... So, how should we do this?"

"Well, obviously, we're each going to need a little privacy." Janice gestured towards the bathroom. "You should have plenty of privacy in there, and then afterward, I'm going to need the bedroom for my part."

"Ok. That makes sense. How about after my part, I head back into the bathroom and take a long shower? That should give you plenty of time and privacy."

"Good idea. Ok...I guess you can start whenever?" She bit her lip, awaiting Mike's response.

"Yeah...umm...what do you want me to...uh...use to collect the sample?" Mike also looked around nervously.

"Oh! Yes, I thought we'd just use the clear plastic cups we have in the room here. They have a plastic wrapper, so they should be clean and useful for our purpose."

Mike grabbed one of the plastic cups and walked towards the bathroom. "I'll be back soon!"

After the door closed, Janice sat on the bed, waiting. She heard Mike turn on the fan in the bathroom, and she was glad since she wasn't sure if what he was doing would be audible in any way. She tried not to, but her imagination kept filling her in on what was surely going on in that bathroom. Mike was likely standing there, holding a cup as he rubbed his manhood to completion. That familiar erotic thrill ran through her, and she tried to push it down along with the images of Mike's erection filling the cup.

Mike stood before the sink, setting the cup on the counter. He pulled his pants down, looking at his semi-erect penis in the mirror. He thought he might have to bring up some porn on his phone but watched as his cock swelled to full attention, just thinking about what he was about to do.

His sperm was going to be inside his lovely mother. She was as desirable a woman as he thought existed, and she willingly was going to inject his semen into her vagina, and that sperm was going to impregnate her with his baby.

Mike's cock was rock hard, and his balls ached for release. He began stroking his big dick, watching himself in the mirror. He imagined his sperm fertilizing his mother's egg, and a few strokes later, he felt his balls tightening.

Moving the plastic cup up to the tip of his penis, he angled towards it. He felt his cock begin to spurt, sending a huge load of his thick white cum into the cup.

He was careful to hold it at just the proper distance so the spray of his warm cum didn't ricochet back out until his cock ceased to pulse. He squeezed the last drops out of the head into the cup.

The small plastic cup was not far from being half full. Even Mike realized he had produced an obscene amount of semen. Seeing it all there in a cup made him a little proud.

Mike pulled up his pants and underwear and headed for the door.

He opened the door, set the cup on the nightstand, turned around, and walked toward the bathroom without looking at his mother. This was one of his all-time awkward moments.

"I'm going to take that long shower...you have plenty of time to do what you need to do."

When the door closed, Janice walked to the nightstand and picked up the cup.

Her jaw dropped when she both felt the weight of the cup and saw how full it was. She knew her son was a physical specimen, but he must have some big balls to produce this much cum.

The cup felt warm to her touch, no doubt the heat emanating from her son's batch of baby batter.

Janice knew the sooner she did this, the better, so she turned off the main light, leaving only the more moody lamps on -- she needed to see, but somehow doing this in bright light didn't feel right. She quickly got undressed, putting only her silky sea-green nighty on.

Taking the needleless syringe out, she dipped it into Mike's thick and creamy cum, and pulled the plunger, easily filling the sizable syringe, and still, there was plenty left over in the cup.

This was it; she could stop now and say she had cold feet. As much as she didn't trust the sperm donation system, she could still get this done through other means. After all, this was Mike's actual sperm she held in the warm tube. Her mother's intuition slowly drowned out all those thoughts; that inner knowing told her it was going to work out and that she would have a perfect baby -- Mike's baby. She felt that same thrill in her tummy as she decided to move forward.

Well, I guess we're not going to have to worry about having enough, Janice mused.

First, she put a towel over one of the extra pillows and set it on the bed. Then, she lay on the bed, positioning herself so the pillow was under her butt, and spread her legs wide.

She felt herself getting wet as she moved the syringe toward her exposed vagina. She could only marvel at how her body seemed to respond automatically; it knew that a desirable male's sperm was about to enter her and take hold.

She pushed the tube into her tight vagina. She mostly only massaged her clitoris when she needed to masturbate, so her tunnel wasn't practiced at much of anything going into it for many years.

When she felt the tip touch her cervix, she pushed the plunger hard, ejecting the warm semen into the depths. She felt the spray of Mike's potent semen filling the back of her chasm.

Janice's mouth opened as she quietly breathed, "Ohhhhh," feeling Mike's seed fill her womanly sanctuary.

She had planned only to do the first part of the procedure -- only the initial injection -- since it felt odd to masturbate in an unfamiliar place, not to mention that her son was in the bathroom near her. However, she felt an irresistible urge to touch herself.

Mike quickly rinsed himself off, got out, and toweled off, leaving the shower running. Since the large bathroom was broken into two parts, Mike was able to close the door leading to the shower room and step into the main bathroom area, where he shut the lights off.

It was not originally his plan to do so, but he felt a compulsion that he knew was the exact opposite of what he should be doing. His curiosity drove him relentlessly; he wanted to peek through the bathroom door and see what his mother was doing with his sample.

The door silently opened a small crack, not giving away Mike's voyeuristic whim since there was no change to ambient light or sound; the shower remained running, masking any subtle sounds.

From Mike's vantage point, he saw Janice on the bed from the side. Her bare legs were spread out from the pillow she was propped up on. Glancing around, he noticed he had a perfect angle from the wall mirror directly to his mother's femininity.

Mike stared in shock, his dick hardening at what he saw. Janice's pussy was on display, clear as day. He knew he should look away and not violate her privacy, but something held him in place as he stared in rapt attention at her sex.

Janice reached down, running her finger across and caressing her vulva and dipping her finger into herself. Slick lubricant coated her finger, and she rubbed it on her swollen clitoris.

"Ohhhhhhh...", she quietly breathed as she pleased herself, biting her lip.

Mike watched as she played with herself. He admired her womanhood. It was refined and beautiful. The ridges of her small vulva were dark, delicate, and pretty, providing an enticing contrast to the flashes of pink flesh that were enticingly exposed from inside her channel as she played with pussy.

Mike slowly stroked his massive erection as he watched.

Janice suddenly realized she wanted more cum in her; she dunked the syringe back into the cup, filling it completely full. Once again, she inserted it and inseminated herself. This time she felt Mike's cum overflow and begin to ooze out of her exposed pussy.

She moved her fingers down to collect the escaping liquid and rubbed it on her pussy, focusing back on her clit.

Janice couldn't remember the last time she felt this horny. She abandoned all senses as she picked up the plastic cup from the end table.

She dipped her finger in the bottom of the cup, gathering some of the creamy liquid. What are you doing!? A voice cried out in her head, but her pussy ached with such need, urging her on.

White cum glistened on her finger as she inserted it in her mouth, sucking the creamy goo and tasting it. The slick texture was unfamiliar but somehow pleasing, and the taste was sweet.

Mike's cum tasted good to her.

Mike could not believe what he had just witnessed. His mother had tasted his seed and went back to rubbing her pussy with it while more oozed from inside her. He was close to climaxing.

Janice became audible as she rubbed her clit faster, moaning quietly, "Ohhhhhh...ohhhhhh," in a breathy feminine voice that Mike had never heard from her. It was tantalizing, and his balls tensed as he watched her orgasm.

"Uhhhhhhhh...uhhhhhgggnnnnn," Janice cried as a powerful orgasm wracked her body. Her brow furrowed as she passed over the edge. She looked...so cute.

She curled her toes and grabbed the bedspread with her free hand as ripples of pleasure cascaded through her core.

Mike came hard, just as his mother did, grunting as he shot his load on the wall, leaving viscous ropes of his jism draped across the floor while Janice's vagina spasmed, sucking in copious amounts of Mike's potent sperm into her uterus.

Mike closed the door silently and worked to clean up his mess and put himself back together. He took his time before shutting off the shower. He used the sink to brush his teeth, making sure to give his Mom time to recombobulate.

When Mike opened the bathroom door, his mother was under the covers, reading a book. All the lights were off except the lamp by her bedside.

"How was your shower," she said, glancing at him.

"Oh -- It was good!"

Mike climbed into bed.

"I'm tired," Mike said. It was true; he had just blown two intense loads in close succession.

"Me too...Good night, honey." Janice leaned over and kissed Mike tenderly on the cheek.

Mike and Janice fell asleep, each unable to stop thinking about the fact that Mike's seed was planted deep inside Janice's womb.

* * * * * The Next Day

When Mike woke up, he felt a warm body snuggled up to him. When he moved his arm, Janice pulled it back down and around her midsection. Mike realized he had rolled over and wrapped his arms around her while he slept. It had become an automatic reflex between him and Dany. It was like she had trained him.

He slept in boxers and a t-shirt to establish some modicum of civility while in the same bed as his mom. Now he felt his mother's body pressed against him in her silky nighty. He could not ignore the sensation of her substantial breasts resting against his arm.

His cock responded, pressing outward through his boxers as though it wanted to escape. He felt it pressing up against her butt, feeling the heft of her cheek as he barely restrained himself from more forcefully pushing his erection against her warmth. He leaned forward, feeling her soft hair tickle his face. Mike inhaled, taking in his mother's delicate, feminine scent. There was a hot, exotic undertone that intrigued him and made his balls ache with familiar need.

What the fuck am I doing? Mike thought to himself. This was his mother, and he already had so much to deal with back at home.

"Mmmmmmm...good morning...," Janice mumbled as she woke up.

Mike carefully extracted himself from her and rolled over to his side.

"Hey...that felt nice," she said as she turned towards him. "Good morning, sleepy head." She smiled warmly as she stretched her arms.

Mike responded to her infectious smile. "Good morning!"

His mother's gorgeous golden brown eyes stayed on him, radiating love. Mike didn't want her to look away.

After a few moments longer than necessary, Janice finally got up. "I'm going to use the shower; feel free to use the bathroom while I'm in there."

Mike stayed in bed, pretending he was slow to get up, merely so she wouldn't see his erection. He watched his mother's butt sway in the revealing silk fabric of her nighty as she walked into the bathroom.

He needed to clear his head. The erotic experience of watching his demure mother masturbate was something he couldn't get out of his head.

When the shower turned on, Mike went into the bathroom and began to brush his teeth. The door to the shower room was closed, and he heard the sounds of activity in the shower as it ran. Janice's sea-green nighty was hanging up on a hook.

As he rinsed his mouth out, he looked down and saw his mother's panties on the floor. Wisely, Mike turned to leave the bathroom, but suddenly he thought, those were the very panties she wore while his cum was inside her.

He decided he just wanted to look; he was curious.

Picking up the silky panties, he flipped them over and saw gobs of his cum dried to the crotch where it had leaked out overnight. Then he remembered how she fervently played with her pussy just before putting them on and going to bed. Mike knew he should just put them back, but he had to satisfy his curiosity one more time.

Lifting the panties to his face, Mike inhaled. He was unprepared for the exotic fragrance. Her pussy smelled divine, and his dick was throbbing uncontrollably.

It felt like he had no option as he pulled his cock out and rubbed it. He turned on the fan in case it would help cover up any noises and reached for the lotion that sat on the counter, slathering it on his penis. Mike knew he would be quick, and he also knew it was crazy to jerk off right outside the door where his mother showered.

Janice stepped out of the shower onto a dry towel she had left on the floor. She had just started her shower when she realized her loofa was still in her bag on the bathroom counter.

In case Mike was in the bathroom, she cracked the shower room door slightly and peeked in. What she saw was shocking. She froze, unable to move.

Mike stood naked, his shirt off and his boxers around his ankles, stroking his magnificent penis. His beautiful muscles flexed as he pumped his shaft with his manly hand, facing the mirror.

Mike brought the panties back to his face, smelling the stench of arousal that his mother's pussy had marked. His memory of her smell and warmth while he was snuggled up with her just minutes before fueled his mind while he faced the mirror, stroking his big cock.

Janice felt her pussy moisten with arousal as she fixated on the scene before her, watching her son inhale her scent from her panties. Without thinking, she began rubbing her pussy. The voice in her

head told her to stop, but it was like something had changed in her since she took in Mike's seed. She felt happier and definitely hornier than she had in many years. And seeing him so aroused, just from her scent, made her feel so desired -- it turned her on.

Mike continued to pump his thick rod; she could tell he was getting close. His face tightened with conviction and pleasure. He looked so hot.

It was not lost on Janice how sexy her son had become. When he worked out lifting weights by the backyard pool, she would look through the drapes and watch him work his body, wearing only a skimpy pair of shorts that did nothing to hide his bulge. She had been proud of him as he was quite the specimen, but now that she saw his massive dick, she knew he was the total package.

Mike stroked his meat faster until his body tensed, his bulging muscles flexing. He groaned as his big cock sprayed strands of goeey cum onto the mirror and counter in front of him.

Janice was astonished that he was able to shoot such a big load after depositing so much the night before. He looked adorable as he came, his face contorted in ecstasy while he ejaculated.

She carefully shut the door and closed her eyes, thinking about Mike's sexy body and the virility of his manhood. She pictured pulses of his hot cum going -- not onto the mirror -- but instead into her womanly depths, filling her with his seed. The very seed that was already in her, potentially impregnating her. She felt waves of orgasmic delight as she brought herself to climax.

Afterward, she admonished herself, feeling guilty. She wondered what had gotten into her; she felt so horny. She knew biochemical responses occurred when a man's semen entered a woman, but if that were the case, it was more powerful than she had imagined.

After Janice finished her shower, dried off, and changed, she walked through the bathroom, noticing how perfectly Mike had cleaned up and put everything back.

She left her panties on the floor before exiting the bathroom. Now, why had she done that?

"It's your turn!" She said, smiling brightly.

"Ok...I'll be quick."

Mike headed into the bathroom. He noticed the panties were still on the floor. Maybe she had just forgotten to get them? It took all Mike's strength not to pick them up again. He made it to the shower, washed up, and finished dressing. He was ready for the day.

When Mike walked into the room, he stopped dead in his tracks. Instead of her usual loose-fitting clothes that covered up her body, Janice wore a sexy yet tasteful outfit.

Her short black skirt showed off her toned legs and a tight white chiffon top that produced a slightly see-through look that highlighted her breasts and the black bra that contained them.

"How do I look," she said, spinning around for him to see.

Her boobs and ass were amazing. Mike never saw her like this except when he was younger, before their Dad passed away, when she wore bikinis. Back then, he didn't have quite the appreciation for his mother's generous assets.

"Mom...I had no idea...you looked like..."--Mike gestured, pointing his hands and looking her up and down--"...this!"

"Oh honey...you probably don't know this, but when your rich father swept me off my feet, I was finding work as a model."

"I'm...not surprised...at all," Mike stammered.

"Let's go!" Janice chimed, hooking her arm around Mike's and dragging him out the door.

They walked down a corridor lined with fancy sconces and lighting, heading towards the entrance.

Janice said, "As you know, the first university visit is scheduled for tomorrow morning, so we have the whole city to explore today. Where to first?"

Mike rather liked this version of his mother. She was vibrant, sexy, and, as always, beautiful. He wondered if she would be fun as well.

"How about we get something quick to eat, and then we each get to pick an activity or place to visit?"

"That sounds perfect," she said as they crossed the street to get a ride. Janice didn't feel like driving around in an unfamiliar city when they could have someone else handle that.

"So...who picks first?"

Janice's eyes were big and bright as she said, "Rock, paper, scissors?"

"You're on!"

They stood near the curb, facing each other.

Mike said, "Ok...go!" They moved their hands against their opposing palm in succession.
"One...two...three!"

"Rock beats scissors," Mike said, smiling.

"One...two...three!"

"Yes...rock does beat scissors," Janice said, smirking sardonically.

"Whatever," Mike said, rolling his eyes, attempting to hold back his smile.

"One...two...three!"

Mike exclaimed, "You cheated! Your paper morphed into scissors fast!"

Janice reached in and tickled Mike's ribs. Laughing and trying to block her attempts, Mike launched a counter-offensive, squeezing and tickling Janice's waist just above her hips.

Janice squealed like a little girl, her face bright with laughter. She doubled her efforts, using Mike's vulnerable tickle spot just above his ribs. He broke off his attack and wrapped his arms around himself, attempting to close off any openings while Janice got in closer, digging with her fingers while Mike laughed uncontrollably, her delighted face close to Mike's.

"Ok...ok! You win!" Mike yelled in defeat.

Janice put her hands on her hips, looking up at Mike, proudly standing in triumph. Her face was only inches away as she had gotten close enough to hug during their exchange. Her light caramel skin was flawless, and her bright golden-brown eyes could melt anyone's heart. She had never looked so beautiful.

Mike raised his hands in surrender. "Ok, fine...you get to pick first...just this once, I'll let you slide." Mike had a smirk on his face.

Janice beamed, chuckling in response to Mike's infectious smile.

"In that case, we're going to the art gallery!"

Still content to play, Janice huffed, turning to walk towards their cab. Mike followed.

* * * * *

The Museum

Their ride pulled up to the massive art gallery building. It looked like a fantastical piece of art all in and of itself.

"Wow, cool building," Mike said.

"Yeah, it's one I've never been to." She squeezed her fists as she grinned. "So exciting!"

Mike knew Janice was an art buff -- it went along with her interest and appreciation for the finer things in life. Some of the paintings she had in their house were worth tens of thousands and even hundreds of thousands of dollars -- maybe even into seven figures.

They walked down the hall, moving past ancient pictures, large and small, many with ornate and intricate frames.

Mike followed his mom down the aisles, glancing at the paintings that caught his eye, but his main focus was on his mother's big sexy butt swaying in her tight skirt and the way her toned calves flexed while she walked with poise and grace. She really was a refined and elegant woman.

Mike asked, "So...which ones do you like?"

Janice stopped in front of a canvas.

"See that painting by Renoir?" It was a picture of a nude red-headed woman reclining on the grass. There was something very raw and sensual about it.

"Yeah." Mike paused, standing behind her.

"Look at the form...the way he captured the beauty of his model."

"Yeah, she looks mysterious and sexy." Mike meant both the painting and his mother.

Mike knew he was playing with fire. He should not even insinuate things like that about his mother, but she was so riveting and sexy since she'd loosened up and dressed in revealing clothes. She had always been pretty, but Mike could see there was something about her that was alluring beyond even her beauty. Men turned their heads to look at her wherever they went. It was becoming disconcerting to Mike.

"That's true...he is known for celebrating the soft and sensual aspects of femininity," She said.

"I can get behind celebrating that..." Mike said offhandedly,

"Oh, stop it!" Janice turned and squeezed his arm. "We know just how you are in that department...I don't know how I raised such a pig!" Janice was only kidding, and her expression reflected that.

"I may not have a fancy art degree like you, but I can't help it if I have an eye for these things."

"Ok...so tell me your opinion. Who captured the female form the best based on the paintings we've seen in the gallery if you have such an eye? I'll even help you out...we've seen paintings by Modigliani, Botticelli, Gainsborough, and Renoir that most would think could qualify for contention.

"Uhhhh...The first one."

Mike's grin elicited a smile from Janice.

"Yeah...nice try. Do you even remember one piece of art other than the one we're looking at right now?"

"Well, some of these paintings are pretty amazing...I know I joke, but it's hard not to mess with you since you're literally an expert in all this." Mike extended his hands out and turned to indicate the entire gallery. "But I have seen some amazing art today...and when it comes to capturing the soft and sensual aspects of femininity, one model stands out as the most beautiful...."

"Which one?" Janice was clearly intrigued.

Mike paused. "It's one that I looked at a number of times..."

"But we didn't double back at all, so how could you have...?" Janice was confused.

"Mom...it's you!" Mike said with a sweet and sincere smile.

"Oh, stop. You're just saying that because you weren't paying attention to the art!" Janice was blushing.

"Yes, I haven't paid attention to ALL the art, but I think you know I'm telling the truth. Who knew you were this...amazing?"

Still blushing and also grinning, Janice said, "Thank you, baby," as she stepped forward and planted a kiss on Mike's cheek.

Now, he was blushing.

Janice hooked arms with Mike as she led him further into the gallery, explaining fascinating details and answering questions for Mike. Janice felt good on his arm, and she was fun to watch because she was animated and excited, squeezing and pulling him to her at each piece that drew her attention.

They spent the better part of the day exploring everything the gallery had to offer, only taking a break for a quick lunch at the in-built cafe.

The two of them exited the glamorous-looking building and headed to the ride pick-up point for their next destination.

Still holding onto Mike's arm, Janice rested her head on his shoulder. "Thank you, baby...you made me feel special today, showing an interest in one of my passions."

She kissed him on the cheek again, then hugged him. He didn't remember her ever being so affectionate, and it was hard not to feel special getting so much of her attention. As he embraced the warmth and comfort of Janice's body, her scent flooded Mike's senses again. It was enough to drive his thoughts to where he knew they should not go.

Finally releasing Mike from her hug, Janice asked, "It's your turn to pick...where to now?"

Their car pulled up next to the curb they stood on.

"Ohh...I got a place...it's a ways, but I think it will be a good compliment to your choice."

"Ohhhh, I'm intrigued!" Janice put her hand out, playfully bending her wrist in a mock gesture.

Mike took her hand and pulled her into the car while Janice giggled.

* * * * * The Club

After a relatively short drive, the car pulled over. Mike quickly exited so he could open the door for Janice. He took her hand and pulled her out.

"Why, thank you!"

"You look so great dressed like that; I figured it would play well here...."

She looked up and down the busy street packed with multi-story storefronts. "And where is 'here'?"

Mike took her arm and led her into a nondescript entrance. A man scanned a code on Mike's phone, and they walked through a double doorway into a large space filled with people and loud music.

The club was huge, cavernous, and moody. In the distance, purple and blue lights shone down like rays of light from an alternate universe moving across throngs of people moving to the music.

"I wanted to find something totally different and adventurous...and I found this place online...and it's a walkable distance from here back to the hotel!"

"Well, I must say, you definitely surprised me. I didn't think you went to places like this?"

"I don't normally, but I thought, what the heck, we're on an adventure!"

Mike led the way to a massive bar. The dance hall loomed off in the distance, where hundreds of people were either dancing or hanging out. A DJ booth was positioned above the spectacle like an altar adorned with strobe lights and dance globes.

"What do you want to drink?" asked Mike.

"I'll have a sidecar."

"Uh, OK."

Mike ordered a Captain and Coke as well as Janice's drink.

"I didn't know that was even a drink...I didn't think you drank anything other than wine."

"There's a lot of things you don't know about me." Janice gave a sly look and winked, causing Mike to smile.

They picked up their drinks.

"To our adventure," Janice said, clinking glasses and taking a sip.

They finished their drinks, and after another round, Janice said, "Well, shall we?" Indicating what she meant with a nod, looking in the direction of the dance floor.

Mike shrugged. "I hate to say this...but I really don't dance."

"Mike, you have got to be kidding me. You literally chose to go to a dance club."

"Well, I was feeling bold at the time...."

"Come with me," Janice said, rolling her eyes. She pulled Mike by the arm toward the dance floor.

As they moved deeper into the arena, the atmosphere changed, morphing into an otherworldly environment filled with colorful characters of all types, many of whom danced in any way they pleased.

"I might need to be on drugs to do this," Mike said apprehensively.

"Oh, please...come on..." Janice led them deep into the dance floor, finding a space. The music was thumping, and the colorful lights bathed the dancers in transcendent glory.

Janice stood before Mike confidently. She said, "Just feel the music...watch."

Just like that, she started to dance. And not just the bopping or hopping around that most people were doing. She looked amazing...sexy...and free as she moved her body with grace and skill like a dance goddess.

Mike stood, his mouth agape. He thought Dany must have gotten her physical abilities from their mother. And he wasn't the only one who noticed. Guys were watching her beautiful body move to the rhythm. Her tight-fitting clothes showed off her thick, sexy butt and large perky breasts. Her long, lustrous hair and alluringly pretty features added to the picture. Once again, Mike found himself feeling deeply attracted to his mother, but he knew that he needed to push those thoughts away.

Janice smiled as she danced with passion in her own world. She shimmied over to Mike and took his hands in hers, pulling him onto the floor while she smiled and laughed enticingly.

"Just move your body," she said.

Her energy was infectious. Mike began moving to the music.

"That's good. You look good," Janice said.

Mike was really feeling it, and soon, he was right next to Janice as she touched and played off him while she moved. She turned around with her back to him, moving to the rhythm as she pressed against his body.

"This is fun!" Mike declared as he took her hand, to which Janice responded by twirling for him.

"I know... I love it," she yelled over the music. "Thanks for taking me...it's been a long time, but I used to do this all the time."

"I can't tell!" Mike said facetiously.

Janice just smiled and danced. She knew he was kidding, and she had a lot of confidence in this particular arena.

The music slowly changed and morphed, slowing down as soft lighting descended on the dance floor.

Janice said, "Come here," moving her finger in a curling motion, signaling Mike to come to her. Mike went, and she took his hands in hers. She placed them on her waist and moved hers onto his shoulders.

They moved to this slower music, connected and in sync. The crowd around them did the same.

Mike felt Janice's hips as they swayed and moved. He glanced down at her cleavage, which seemed to be accentuated by her bra, highlighted through the sheer fabric of her shirt by black lights. She looked upwards into his eyes, a dreamy expression on her face, only inches apart.

They moved together, slowly moving closer, not saying a word but letting their bodies communicate. Mike pulled her ever so slightly. Janice moved her chin below his shoulder, turning her head to lay against his chest.

Their bodies were touching...and it felt good.

Mike turned his head, feeling Janice's hair press against his face. Her luscious hair smelled divine. Mike moved his hands downward as they swayed, just resting on the top of her bountiful butt. She didn't say anything, but he didn't dare move them further.

They moved together, sinking into each other's bodies for what seemed like a long time, but it was really only a handful of minutes. The experience felt dreamy.

Slowly, the music morphed again, speeding up and returning back into upbeat dance music.

Reluctantly, they broke apart.

Janice said, "Let's take a break and get some drinks."

"Ok...I'm going to hit the bathroom. I'll meet you at the bar."

Janice leaned against the bar, waiting for the nearest bartender to finish making a drink for another customer.

A man stepped up next to her, intercepting the bartender. He spoke with a slight British accent. "Whatever she's having, it's on my tab." He looked to be in his early thirties and was quite handsome.

"Oh, no thanks...I'm here with someone," Janice said politely.

"Then consider it a gift -- no strings attached."

"Ok then...thanks!" She nodded curtly and turned to order the drinks.

He leaned against the counter, waiting until she finished. "Name's Jerry, what's yours?"

"Janice...and I appreciate the drink, but like I said...I'm here with someone already."

Jerry smoothly responded, "Whoever he is...a woman of your caliber deserves better."

"Oh yeah...and that's you?" Janice looked at him, assessing. "I think I'll pass."

"Tell you what, why don't you give me your number, and we'll see what you think of your boyfriend after I take you out and show you what you've been missing."

Janice noticed the man glancing back at a standing table where two other men were watching. The other men gave Janice creepy vibes. There was something 'off' about them.

"Did your friends over there put you up to this?"

"Never you mind that...just give me your number, and I'll get out of your hair."

Janice looked at the man, realizing something was off about him as well. "Excuse me!? I said, no."

Just then, Mike walked up, assessing the situation. "What's going on here?"

The man named Jerry said with a voice slathered in arrogance, "Your girl here was just about to give me her number."

The man put his hand on Janice's as it rested on the bar. Janice looked down at her hand in shock.

Mike reacted quickly, grabbing the man's wrist and tightly squeezing as he pulled the intruder's arm away from Janice.

The interloper stared in shock at Mike's strength as he tried to resist until Mike twisted his wrist, making him croak, "Ohhhhh shit...stop...I'm sorry!"

Mike let go of his arm and looked at him menacingly. He said, "Now get the fuck out of here."

Two other men appeared behind the interloper. One was big, heavyset, and dumb looking, and the other was tall and wiry with a face that resembled a young Charles Manson.

The big one said, "What seems to be the problem here!?"

"No problem," Mike said, resting his hands on his hips, "Your friend was just leaving."

Suddenly puffing his chest, now that he had backup, the interloper said, "What did you say to me, pissant?"

"I said, you can fuck off." Mike stood between the three men and Janice.

Janice stood up and grabbed Mike's arm, trying to pull him in a different direction. She said, "Mike...don't!"

The tall greasy Manson look alike said, "Looks like your woman doesn't want you to get your ass kicked. If I were you, I'd listen to what that hot cunt has to say."

"What the fuck did you say!?" Mike was suddenly furious, stepping up to the creepy man.

Just then, a bouncer jumped in between them; another bouncer stood behind, waiting to take action.

"What's going on here," the bouncer said, appraising the situation.

"This asshole put his hands on...ahh...my girl."

"Is that true?"

"Why no...this wanker tried insulting me and my friends."

The bouncer turned to Mike, "Is that true?"

Janice jumped in, "That one right there tried putting his hands on me after I turned him down."

The bouncer signaled his co-worker, and they both stepped up to the three men. "We're going to have to ask you to leave."

The one called Jerry became enraged as the bouncers began to push and lead them out of the establishment. "I'm going to fucking kill you, mate...you and your bitch!"

"Yeah...sleep it off," the bouncer said as he pushed them through the door and closed it.

With a shocked look on her face, Janice said, "That was...craaaazy!"

"I'm sorry that happened. Are you ok?"

"Yeah -- I just liked seeing you in action." Janice smiled and squeezed Mike's sizable bicep.

"Whatever." Mike rolled his eyes, embarrassed.

"Ooooh...and what was that about him putting his hands on...your girl." She teased, smiling brightly.

"It just didn't make sense to correct anyone at the time...." Mike's face flushed.

"I'm just teasing, silly. Thank you for looking out for me."

"For all we know, you could be pregnant, and we have to keep you safe." Mike was protective...and Janice wondered if it might be partly because of the baby that was potentially growing in her or would be soon. She felt a deep feeling of comfort and safety as Mike took control of the situation and protected her.

Janice leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. Mike turned red as a beat.

She said, "I don't know about you, but I think we've overstayed our welcome here."

"Say no more." Mike led them out the exit and onto the sidewalk. He took out his phone and checked the map to find the best way back to the Hotel.

"It's this way," he said. They walked side-by-side down the street. It had gotten late enough that the bustling streets now had the smallest trickle of people inhabiting them.

"It's a few miles, but there's a really nice walk by the water," said Mike.

"That sounds nice."

They turned a couple of corners and walked for fifteen minutes when Janice saw a 24-hour convenience store. It was a little rundown, but it would suffice.

She said, "Do you mind if we stop here and get something to drink? We may as well finish this day right!"

"I'm in!"

Janice said, "Do you mind going in without me? I have to make a couple of phone calls to check in with your sisters if they're still up."

Janice liked to walk while she talked, and even though she was just leaving long voicemails, she still managed to walk around the side of the brick building that housed the convenience store.

After her second voicemail, she hung up the phone and looked up.

Standing before her were the three creepy guys from the club.

Their leader said, "Remember me, pumpkin? Name's Jerry...and I think you owe me a date."

Janice backed away as the realization of how serious the situation was sunk in.

"You think you're so hot...She thinks she's so hot, isn't that right, Ricky?"

She continued to back away as the men tried successfully to intimidate her.

The big one said, "Yeah. An exotic little thing like you out at night dressed like that...I think I know what you want."

Desperate and unable to think of anything to slow them down, she said, "My boyfriend is going to be here any moment!"

The leader said, "Ohhhh...that's good. I have a little surprise in store for that cunt. Maybe he'd like watching you suck us off in this here alleyway."

Janice was terrified. She looked around, but the three men had backed her far into the dark alleyway, and it was a dead end with nothing but dumpsters and loose garbage.

The rattle of a belt being loosened got Janice's attention as she watched the tall, dirty one that looked like Manson begin to unbuckle his pants. He said, "A cunt like yours needs to be taken by a real man."

A horrifying realization occurred to Janice. They had backed her so far into the empty ally that nobody would be able to hear her. She realized her only hope was Mike. But what was he going to do against three men?

Mike walked out of the store, bottle in hand, expecting Janice to be on her phone. Other than the jingle of the door closing, it was utterly quiet out.

Looking in all directions, Mike was suddenly concerned. Maybe she had walked around the side of the building while she talked. His mom was like that; she liked to move around while she was on the phone.

Walking around the corner, he saw three figures, shadowlike, far down in the depths of the alley. There was no reason to believe they were anything other than homeless people, but Mike sensed something was wrong in that direction.

Careful not to give away the element of surprise, Mike crept silently, using the building's shadow cast by the light of the moon to sneak along the wall.

The three men had fanned out, moving towards a lone figure pressed against the wall at the end of the alley. When Mike was close enough to make out voices, he realized who the men were and what they intended to do.

He knew he had to plan and execute very carefully and precisely, or all would be lost.

Of the three men, his first concern was the big man. He was a hulking figure. Even if he really were dumb, he would be formidable. If he could make his odds better, this was his first choice.

Janice watched in horror as the tall, creepy man unzipped his pants, moving toward her.

The leader said, "Put that away, Marvin. I'm first...you two get to work out who gets sloppy seconds AFTER I'm done."

A dull crack and the sound of broken glass tinkling across the concrete caught Janice's attention. Mike stood over the heaping body of the big man they called Ricky.

The tall one they called Marvin turned around to look at the commotion; he stood only two paces from where Janice pressed up against the concrete wall at the ally's end.

Mike tackled his lanky frame, slamming him into the nearest dumpster; the man's tall body flailed like a rag doll before Mike grabbed his head and slammed it against the dumpster. The disgusting reptile of a man they called Marvin slumped to the ground, unconscious at best.

Tears burned Janice's eyes as she watched Mike bravely square up with the leader.

Jerry said, "I've been waiting for this, mate." He pulled a large knife from inside his jacket. "Let's see how you do when you can't surprise me like before."

"I'm going to give you this one chance. You can back down right now, and I'll let you drag your friends out of here -- they might get medical attention -- or you can try what you're planning and end up in a bad place...the choice is yours."

"I 'avent gotten a taste of your woman yet...I think you'll find I'm pretty good with this 'ere blade."

The thug immediately moved, as did Mike, lunging with his knife. Mike sidestepped it and placed a well-placed sidekick directly onto the man's supporting leg, cracking his knee grotesquely to the side.

A memory surfaced for Janice. She recalled how Mike had taken martial arts from the time he was a small child until the time their father passed when he was an early teen. It was something he and his father did together. She had little involvement, thinking it was just pageantry and boys getting trophies. Grateful did not begin to describe how she felt about Mike's childhood passion.

Mike grabbed the hand that held the blade and twisted it back while the thug bellowed in pain. "Ohhh fuck...you broke my knee!"

Easily extracting the knife, Mike dragged the man toward the nearest dumpster and tossed the knife into it.

The man begged, "I'm sorry...I'm so sorry...."

"Too late, fuckstick. You threatened what's important to me, and now you have to accept the consequences. Hopefully, you'll remember this in the future."

Mike slammed his face against the dumpster. Jerry's unconscious body slumped to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

Janice stared in awe as Mike picked the man up and tossed him in the dumpster. Closing the lid, Mike said under his breath, "Good riddance to bad trash," wiping his hands off.

Mike took Janice's hand. He gently said with kindness and concern in his voice, "Are you...ok?"

"They...they...didn't touch me." She wiped away tears.

"Good...let's get out of here before any of these shitbags wake up."

Janice held onto Mike's arm, gripping it tightly as they walked out of the alley and turned onto the nearest street.

As they walked, Janice began to relax. She slid her hands down Mike's arm and moved one of them into Mike's, lacing her fingers with his. Janice's hand felt soft and comfortable to Mike.

They turned another corner, and soon they were approaching the waterfront. It suddenly seemed so peaceful on that warm night, with the stars overhead.

Janice asked, "Is it okay if I continue to hold your hand?"

"Of course...you still pretty shaken up?"

"Yes...I am. Mike, that was crazy...that was like something out of a movie. You were...amazing." She squeezed his hand tightly to accentuate her point.

Janice turned and kissed Mike on the cheek, touching the edge of his lips. He felt both embarrassed and proud all at once but said nothing.

The scenery changed as they moved into a much nicer area; they could see their hotel off in the distance, abutted up against the waterfront.

Janice relished the warm and safe feeling of holding Mike's hand as they walked the remaining distance to their hotel.

* * * * * Back at the Room

They entered the much-needed sanctuary that was their hotel room, took off their shoes, and decompressed.

Mike turned on the desk lamp and the entry light. It didn't feel right to blind themselves with artificial light after their long walk under the stars.

Janice said, "I'm going to change...then you can go in the bathroom to do your part...I understand if you don't want to do this after everything that happened tonight...."

"It's ok...I'm still up for it."

She went into the bathroom. Mike took the opportunity to get out of his clothes, changing into what he had been using as sleepwear -- a t-shirt and his boxers.

When Janice came out, she was wearing her sea-green silk nightie.

Mike tried not to ogle, but the sexiness of her body, exposed through the sheer material, was a lot to take in. He could see the imprint of her nipples and the swell of her sizable breasts. When she turned to set her watch on the nightstand, he couldn't look away from her thick muscular legs flowing upwards to her well-rounded rump and a flash of green silk from the panties she wore.

Mike began walking towards the bathroom to create another sample, fully intending to use those images of his mother's body as fuel.

Janice turned and said, "Mike...before you go in there...I just wanted to say...thank you for being willing to do this with me and especially for protecting me today."

He stopped and turned to face her. Janice's eyes glistened; she was on the brink of tears.

Mike looked into his mother's big golden brown eyes. "Mom...are you ok?"

"I'm not sure. Mike...can you just hold me?"

Mike moved the remaining distance to her, opening his arms. Janice wrapped around him tightly; she buried her face in his neck, holding him tightly, almost like she was still frightened.

Mike felt his heart expanding. "Of course, Mom, I'll always protect you...and I'm honored that you chose me...for your secret."

They stood directly in the line of sight of the large standing mirror on the wall. Mike could see Janice holding him from behind in the mirror.

She whispered in his ear. "Thank you...for everything. Mike, I really mean it."

"Of course."

"You're such a good man...."

Janice inhaled. Mike's scent was manly and earthy. A trickle of excitement welled up within her core; arousal spread through her body. She knew she should end the hug, but she found she couldn't let him go.

She whispered, "You've taken such good care of me...I love you so much."

"I love you too..." He breathed into her ear quietly and gently.

She whispered, "I'm going to be so proud...when your baby is growing inside me...."

Her exotic floral scent filled his senses. It had to be the perfect womanly scent. Mike's cock hardened, and no amount of mind control could stop it. But this was his mother he was embracing,

and his erection would be noticeable. He had to pull away, but she felt so good in his arms.

"Uhhh huh..." Mike murmured.

He became aware of the feeling of her large breasts pressing against him.

"Mike...I've been having...thoughts...and I don't know what to do...I can't stop them." She whispered, still holding onto him tightly.

He knew he should pull away or not respond, but he asked, "What thoughts?"

"I don't want to say." She pulled against him, nuzzling. Janice felt Mike's throbbing erection pressing against her leg. She knew she should stop but found she couldn't. She felt butterflies in her stomach urging her on.

"It's ok...you can tell me." Mike was so turned on; she had to feel his hardness pressing against her bare thigh, but he suddenly didn't care. She hadn't reacted negatively in any way.

"I...I...want something...but I can't possibly have it."

Mike pulled her closer, moving his thigh between her legs, boldly pressing his erection against her leg.

"What is it...you want...?" Mike whispered in her ear -- any sensibility draining from him.

"I can't...it's not...right,," Janice murmured.

Mike could feel the energy between them building; It was palpable -- their attraction undeniable. Still, he knew he needed to stop before he crossed a line with his mother. Flirting or fantasizing was one thing, but actually doing something for real had big consequences.

"Mom...what are you saying?"

"Remember what you told me about how you were looking at Erica...and having thoughts you shouldn't have?"

"Uh huh...."

"I...I've been looking at you...the same way." She pressed her face against his chest. "...I feel so ashamed."

He hugged her tighter, wanting to console her. She had been through a lot that day. "Mom...I understand...and I'd be lying if I didn't admit to having similar thoughts about you....I know It's wrong...but we're only human."

Janice suddenly recalled watching Mike breathing in the scent from her panties as he masturbated with that big manly cock that now pressed against her leg. A part of Janice recognized that it was Mike's sperm that had been in her, regardless of how it had gotten there. She had chosen him as the ideal mate -- the male that she wanted to procreate with. A primal urge to couple welled up inside her.

"Mike...I have a question...I hope I don't make you too uncomfortable...and you can say no...."

"It's ok, Mom...you can ask."

"Mike...have you thought about impregnating me... naturally?"

His Mom was so alluring. Now that he had gotten to know her true self, as a woman, as someone he might have just met if he hadn't been adopted into this family, he found her to be the sexiest woman he could imagine. Yes, she was older, but he wouldn't have thought she was much older than he was. If he had gotten to know her and felt their natural attraction, he could see himself being with her and wanting a life with her, one that even included children.

"Yes...I have." Mike said, stunned at her question and his response.

Janice's hands wandered down onto Mike's sexy butt; she rested them there, but it was clearly no accident. He felt so solid and muscular. She knew she had crossed a line. It was one thing to give in to a feeling of attraction and entirely another to act on it.

Janice felt overwhelmed with arousal. She said, "You have such a nice butt, Mike...", as she grabbed and felt his well-muscled glutes.

Her hands felt so sexy, squeezing his butt. Mike was overwhelmed with lust -- any remaining sensibility departed; His dick throbbed with need.

She quietly whispered in his ear, "What if tonight...you were to inseminate me...in person...would you do that for me?"

Oh my God, Mike thought. His cock was beyond hard.

"Yes...." Mike whispered back.

"Oh...good...." She breathed.

Mike's hands glided onto his mother's big butt, pulling her tightly against him as he watched his big hands squeeze her in the mirror.

Janice reached up and pulled the shoulder straps off her nightie. The silky cloth fell gently downward, and Mike released her, stepping back so it could continue its journey until it touched the ground around her ankles. Mike pulled off his shirt and tossed it.

They both stood before one another in their underwear. Mike saw, for the first time, the rounded swell of his mother's stunning breasts. They were perky for such large breasts, and her luscious reddish-brown nipples stood hard and inviting.

Mike's jaw dropped as he slowly scanned downward over the smooth dark olive skin of her flat stomach and the sexy mound that promised paradise beneath her thin and revealing green silk panties.

"Oh my God...You're so...incredibly...beautiful."

Janice smiled shyly; her big, alluring eyes appeared timid as she looked away from Mike's gaze, feeling him examine her body.

Mike peered into the mirror behind her. He finally saw her big sexy butt in its entirety, and it was more luscious and perfect than even he could imagine. It was round, perfectly proportioned, and her darkened skin was beautiful and lustrous. His cock was rock hard.

Janice looked down at his big rigid cock, barely contained by his stretching boxers. Slowly, she scanned upward, across his chiseled abs, arms, and chest. She bit her lip and looked at him with soft and needful eyes. Mike looked away, this time from her lustful gaze.

Carefully, she reached up and began touching Mike's chest and arms, admiring the feel of his manly body.

"You're so sexy, Mike," she murmured as she ran her fingers down his washboard stomach and into the waistband of his boxers.

He was mesmerized, looking into his mother's loving eyes as he felt her soft, delicate hands touch and then squeeze his throbbing dick.

"Do you want to touch me?" She asked in a soothing and gentle voice.

Mike reached out and gently cupped her breasts. They felt soft and supple in his hands. Her nipples swelled in response.

"That's nice..." Janice breathed.

Mike moved his hand down her stomach and felt the elastic band of her silk panties. He moved his hand into then and over her pubic mound, feeling the tickle of her trimmed pubic hair before descending into the heat and wetness that poured out of her sex.

Janice's expression changed as Mike felt her delicate pussy; slick lubricant coated his finger.

Quietly, she breathed, "Ohhhhhhhh...." Her mouth opened as a look of pleasure washed across her lovely face and sparkling eyes.

Still maintaining eye contact, Janice moved her other hand onto Mike's boxers, pulling them down and over his hard-on; they dropped to the floor.

She held his dick and used the other hand to explore and feel his heavy balls.

"They're...so...big..." she murmured as she tenderly squeezed his testicles, her gaze still transfixed on Mike's body as she gently stroked his shaft. Her soft, womanly hands felt incomprehensibly erotic. She looked down, examining his manhood. "And your penis...is...so beautiful."

Mike reached for the elastic band of her panties and pulled them over her hips. They dropped to the floor, and she stepped out of them.

They stood completely naked before one another. Her muscular hips flowed downward to a patch of well-trimmed black pubic hair. The dark lips and subtle folds of her exposed vulva called to Mike.

"Are you sure we should be doing this?" Mike asked.

"I've never wanted anything more in my life," Janice said, her expression showing no regret.

She stepped forward, pulling carefully on his dick and moving her other hand up to gently caress his face. She looked up at him, only inches away.

Every line they crossed was a new awkward moment to discover. This was his mother, after all, who he had never imagined he would be doing any of this with.

"Mike...is it ok...if I kiss you?"

"Uh huh...."

Suddenly, his mother's soft and luscious lips were pressing against his, her hand in his hair, pulling him to her. Janice sucked on his lips, and when Mike relaxed, he felt her tongue gently slide into his mouth. She explored and caressed his tongue as they began to entwine and play together in a sensual dance.

Soon they were passionately sucking on each other's lips and pressing into one another's mouths with intensity.

They pulled each other closer as they continued making love with their mouths.

Mike felt the trimmed hair from her pubic mound brush lightly against the end of his penis as they made out.

He grabbed and squeezed her fleshy ass, kissing her fiercely as he felt her hands and nails digging into his butt and back.

Easily picking her up, Mike turned and set Janice gently onto the bed.

Realizing what came next, Janice crawled into position on the bed and lay on her back, resting on her elbows, looking at Mike expectantly.

Slowly, Janice spread her thighs wide, exposing her sumptuous pussy. Her gorgeous breasts, flat tummy, and womanly hips were on display for him while she watched, an eager expression on her face.

"I want you..." she said.

Mike climbed onto the bed, the contours of his naked body reminiscent of a Greek statue -- only his member appeared much larger than those ancient works of art.

Janice felt her pussy flood with heat and wetness. She had never been so turned on in her life.

Mike positioned his cock against Janice's sexy vagina. The dark folds opened to reveal her pink entrance.

Her arousal was so intense Mike could smell the exotic musk coming from her delectable pussy.

Janice's soft hand gripped his hard dick, pulling and guiding him into her.

She slid his cock against her soft entrance, feeling the tip gain purchase.

He pushed carefully and slowly into her, hearing her intake of breath as he penetrated her sacred entrance. She was tighter than he would have thought; He worked slowly inside her, feeling her lubricant coat his penis until he was comfortably inside.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," she moaned in a breathy voice.

He moved inside her, feeling the silky heat of her pussy as the muscular walls caressed his throbbing member.

"Oh...fuck...Mom...you feel so...good..." Mike breathed.

They maintained eye contact until Mike kissed her sensual lips, feeling them part as she wrapped her tongue against his.

Mike began thrusting deep and hard into her hot and steamy gash, hearing her make sexy sounds between kisses, "Ohhhhh....Ohhhh baby...so good...."

Mike slowed down, taking in the sight of his mother's naked body beneath him. Her big, well-formed breasts moved with every thrust he took. Her tummy was almost completely flat with just a small curve to it, and her hips were womanly and sexy. Mike watched as his big, photogenic dick entered her delicate pussy. Her vagina's entrance stretched and pulled on his cock lovingly, flashing the contrasting bright pink of her inner chamber.

He whispered, "I can't believe we're doing this."

"This is supposed to be wrong...but it feels so right," said Janice, her eyes glowing with love.

"Mom...I feel so...connected to you...I want to stay inside you forever...."

"Baby...I feel it, too. I've never felt anything like this before...."

Janice's pussy felt the fullness of Mike's thick cock as it rubbed and stimulated her, sending tingles and warmth through her core.

Her pussy felt impossibly soft as he pumped deep into his mother's feminine treasure, delighting in the feel of her hands and nails running through his hair and along his back. Her soft, feminine sounds turned Mike on immensely.

Janice reached up, holding his face to hers, and said, "I love you so much, baby...and I can feel how much you love me in a way I never could before."

"Uh huh...."

She moaned softly as rivulets of pleasure coursed through her with each thrust. Sex had never felt this good before.

She felt intensity building in her core. "You're going to make me cum soon...when I do, I want you to give me your seed right then...That will ensure that your sperm is pulled up into my womb."

"Uh huh..." Mike pumped deep into her heavenly pussy, the sound of his thrusting slapping against her pubic mound.

"Show me, honey...show me how much you love me."

Mike suddenly felt he needed to give her his seed -- to show her how much he loved her. It was like his balls contained liquid love, and she would be able to feel how much he cared.

Mike needed to cum. If he did, he would have cum inside all the women at his house. He knew he would have a reckoning at some point for what he had allowed to happen, but his balls ached with a primal desire that urged him to conquer this impossibly beautiful woman.

"Ohhh fuck...Mom...I'm going to cum..." Mike warned urgently, watching his dick plunge into her tummy.

"Oh honey...yes..." Janice breathed as she grabbed Mike's butt tightly, pulling him into her.

Mike felt her thick legs wrap around behind his knees, locking him in place.

Janice looked at him, pleading with big soft eyes, "I'm cumming baby...cum in me and make me yours!" Her brows furrowed, and she bit her lip as a massive orgasm overtook her senses.

Just as his balls contracted to release his load, Mike felt his mother's gentle, caressing pussy grip and squeeze his dick, coaxing it to release its payload.

Mike growled in a husky voice, "Oh Fuck...Mom....I'm cumming...Fuuuuuck.... Ahhhhhhhhh...." while he pumped his sticky load deep into his mother's hungry pussy, feeling the overwhelming pleasure of knowingly and intimately giving her his seed.

Janice cried, "Ohhhhhhh....ohhhhh....yessss..." as she felt Mike's warmth fill her completely.

They lay interconnected and breathing as one, their hearts beating together. Janice kissed him sweetly as he emptied the last spurts of his potent seed inside her glorious snatch.

Janice looked into Mike's eyes. "Honey...I love you so much." She had never experienced such a deep and intimate coupling in her life.

Overcome with deep emotion, Janice felt like the world was spinning. She had never had a man handle her the way Mike did. She had never felt so fulfilled sexually. She knew she wouldn't bring up the subject of his adoption anytime soon, now that she had knowingly consummated their sexual bond -- how could she?

Eventually, Mike rolled over, and Janice snuggled up to him, caressing him lovingly. They kissed and touched each other in that intimate way until, finally, sleep overtook them both.

* * * * *

They woke up and snuggled together. Mike felt his mother's warm naked body pressed against and entangled with his while he lay on his back. Her silky dark hair spilled over his chest, her face resting on his chest. He stayed like that, enjoying the moment. She looked so peaceful and beautiful as she slept.

He brushed the strands of hair from her face, and she slowly awakened. Her bright eyes fixed on him, and she smiled sweetly.

"Hi..." she said, a tenuous hesitation in her voice.

"Good morning," Mike said, leaning down and kissing her forehead.

"I didn't know where I was for a second there...it's not every day that I wake up like this!" She turned and kissed Mike's lips.

"That was something else last night..."

"I know...that was...amazing.." She snuggled up, putting her face next to Mike's and nuzzling his neck.

Janice felt as though something changed inside her. Their lovemaking had connected her to Mike in a way she had never experienced before. It was as if she had completely bonded with him in some

sacred and primal way -- she felt it to her core.

After a while, they reluctantly got up. Each showered and got dressed, starting with Mike, as he was usually quick.

When Janice came out, she wore a patterned summer dress skirt with a form-fitting top that barely contained her breasts with spaghetti straps. The dress skirt was short, not quite crossing her knees; it flattered her lean, muscular legs. Once again, Mike was taken aback by his mother's beauty.

"You approve?" she asked, turning around so he could check her out.

"Uh...yeah!"

"Well, let's get going...we can stop and get something to eat on the way.

They left the room and exited the hotel lobby, where the valet had Janice's SUV ready to go.

* * * * * University Tour

After a quick drive, Mike and Janice arrived at the university. It was a beautiful place with well-cared-for landscaping and flower gardens. The old buildings were well maintained and spoke of the school's lasting legacy as an anchor within the city.

They left the car and found the admissions building. Following their instructions, they took an elevator up to the proper floor.

When they entered the office, they met their assigned counselor, a finely dressed middle-aged woman.

"Hi, you must be Mike. I'm Elizabeth ...I'm here to answer any questions and help you with your campus tour."

Mike shook hands. "Pleased to meet you."

"...and I see you brought your wife with...." Elizabeth turned to Janice, extending her hand; she said, "Elizabeth...and you are?"

"Janice...pleased to meet you."

Janice didn't correct the admissions counselor.

Mike wondered if it was the wedding ring that Janice still wore or that Janice looked much younger than her age that led to that mistake.

For the next hour, Elizabeth answered Mike's questions, walked through the university's history, went over his transcript, and gave him a detailed campus map.

"If you don't have any more questions," Elizabeth said, "I can show you around, or you can feel free to explore this building as well as the other ones listed on the campus map."

Mike took out the map. "I think we're good on our own."

"Great! You have my number, so call me if you need anything."

"Will do." Mike and Janice shook her hand and left.

They entered the empty hallway, and Mike turned to Janice.

"She thought we were married...I noticed you didn't correct her!" Mike was smiling and squeezed Janice's waist playfully.

"I can't help it if I look younger than my years!" Janice flipped her hair, playing it up.

Mike smiled, "Well...that is definitely true."

Janice made a pouty face, still being playful. "Were you so offended by being associated with me that way?"

Mike relented, looking apologetic. "Oh, come on...I'm flattered if anything... anyone would be so lucky."

Janice turned to him, a look of love and affection on her face. "You are so sweet..."

Mike felt his heart open as Janice leaned in and kissed him tenderly. Her soft lips became hungry quickly to Mike's response as he pulled her soft body against his and played gently with her sensual tongue.

Mike had to break it off before they made a scene as people entered and exited the hallway off and on.

Janice said, "Mmmm...that was nice...I'm looking forward to our"-- she made quote signs with her fingers -- "session...this evening," winking at him.

"Me too." Though Mike wasn't so sure he could make it that long. His cock was hungry again, and he longed to be inside this unbelievably desirable woman again. It almost felt like he needed to make sure the experience the night before wasn't a fluke.

Mike said, "I have the map...there are some things I want to check off my list, and by then, we should be ready to eat lunch."

"As you wish." Janice took his arm as they continued to walk.

After several stops, they arrived at the library. The large building had multiple floors and an old Gothic style that easily drew one into its mysteries.

"Last stop," Mike said.

They used the visitor's pass the admissions counselor had given them and entered the building.

"This takes me back," Janice said as they walked through the massive open structure with an untold number of book racks lining the space across multiple floors.

They walked past an occasional student; otherwise, it was sparse and mostly devoid of people since it was still morning.

Janice had been looking at the signs; She grabbed Mike's arm and led them down an aisle filled with books of all shapes and sizes.

"Oh...I see what drew you..." Mike said, suddenly aware they had walked into the art history section.

Janice looked around like a kid in a candy store.

"Look at this!" she said, pulling a large book off the shelf, opening it, and pointing excitedly to her favorite artists' works.

She was so cute, the way she was so animated, and wanted to share her love of art with him. Mike wrapped his arms around her from behind, taking in her comforting and alluring scent as well as the feel of her warm and inviting body.

She paused. "Mmmmmmm...that feels good," squeezing Mike's arm reassuringly with her hand.

Leaning over her shoulder, Mike planted soft, sensual kisses up her sensitive neck, causing goosebumps to arise.

Mike moved his hand upwards, cupping her voluptuous breasts and pressing his hard dick against Janice's firm butt.

"Ohhhhhh," Janice breathed, feeling an erotic pulse of energy pass into her sex, filling her with erotic energy.

She whispered, "I want you," as she felt Mike nibble on her ear and squeeze her nipples through the soft cloth of her bra.

Mike reached one hand up under her dress and into her panties, feeling the wetness and heat coming off her womanhood.

Taking his lubricated finger out from her panties, he said, "Let's go," abruptly pulling Janice along, leading them towards the nearest exit.

Mike noticed a stairwell leading upwards -- aside from the main exit -- and turned, leading them upward. A sign was clearly marked; it read 'Staff only.'

They reached the top floor and entered a darkened hallway.

"Mike, I don't think we're supposed to be on this floor. It looks like it's just offices for faculty."

"You're right, but it's dead up here. Let's check it out... remember, this is an adventure!"

"Ok, but let's not spend too much time here...you wouldn't want to get thrown out before you even got a chance to go here!"

They walked past a number of empty offices that opened to the hallway, each marked by a large window into the hallway.

Mike chose one towards the end that had closed blinds. He opened the door and pulled Janice into the office.

He closed the door and locked it. The room was large and well-packed with stacks of papers, books, and a large wooden, well-lived executive desk.

Janice looked at the desk. "This thing is ancient...look at the woodwork... It's gorgeous."

Mike grabbed her from behind. "The only thing that's gorgeous, as far as I'm concerned...is you. Now, where were we?" He kissed her neck and felt her breasts.

Mike pulled her top off, revealing a lacy white bra. He moved his hand onto her boobs, lightly tweaking her nipples through the soft fabric, which hardened on contact.

Janice took one of Mike's hands and moved it onto her exposed flat stomach.

She said, "What are you going to think of me when my tummy starts to grow?"

"You're going to be so hot when your stomach is full," he whispered in her ear, still planting kisses.

She put her hand on top of his, lacing her fingers reassuringly. "It's going to be your baby that you knowingly put in there. How do you feel about that?"

His dick was throbbing; he pushed it against her butt.

She continued. "I see you like that. Does that turn you on...making me pregnant?"

"God, Yes..."

"It turns me on too. I'm so glad it's your baby that's going to be growing inside me, Mike."

Mike unclipped her bra and continued fondling her tits, enjoying how her breathing increased when he touched her swollen nipples.

He said, "I still can't believe you want me like this...You're such a goddess...you know you could have any man."

She turned around, facing Mike as she reached behind and unzipped her dress skirt, allowing it to drop to the ground, standing only in her white lace panties.

"Mike...even if that's true, I only want your seed inside me. There's no other man that I could ever want the way I want you...."

Mike just stared, slack jawed. He couldn't believe how matter-of-factly she said what he wanted to hear.

She took her panties off, standing before him completely naked, her face only inches from his. Pure desire poured from her luminous eyes as she took Mike's hand and placed it on her mound.

"Can you feel how much I want you...."

Her hot slit dripped with arousal.

"Yes."

She attacked his lips, kissing frantically. Mike could feel her need as her tongue communicated more than her words alone could.

He easily lifted her, grabbing her butt and setting her on the edge of the massive desk without breaking their passionate kiss.

Mike felt behind her and pushed the stacks of papers off the desk, clearing any debris from the surface. Gently, he laid her on the desk. He wanted to make this memorable for her.

He sat in the desk chair and moved between her thighs, lifting her feet up onto his shoulders.

Slowly, he began kissing her vulva, inhaling her musk. The fresh and exotic scent of her pussy was like ambrosia overriding Mike's senses. He didn't know how long he would be able to stop himself from fucking her madly, but her delicate and powerful aroma triggered such lust in him that he knew it wouldn't be long.

He inserted his finger into her wet opening and moved his tongue onto her swollen nub.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh...Mike...that feels so good!" She moaned breathily.

"Mom, your pussy tastes so good," Mike said as he continued to please her pussy.

He worked his finger inside her while he tantalized her clit, eliciting soft gasps from his mother while she laid back.

She cried out, "Oh God...Ohhhh fuck....Mike...I'm going to cum..."

Mike continued to stimulate and tweak her clit, enjoying the feel of her body as it tensed in response to his ministrations.

"Uhhhhhhhhh...Uhhnnnnnnnn...." She croaked as a massive orgasm poured over her, sending jolts of pleasure throughout.

After a few moments, she sat up. "Oh my God, Mike...I'm embarrassed to say this, but...I've never had that done before. I'm without words...."

As soon as Mike stood, Janice hopped down and pulled down his shorts, stroking his long dick.

She kissed him, establishing intimate eye contact.

"You made me cum so hard, baby...there's one more thing I want..." She gently caressed his heavy balls, still stroking him.

"What's that?"

"I want you to impregnate me now."

She hopped up on the desk again, spreading her legs.

Her gorgeous pussy was on display as Mike moved his dick into position, thanking the Gods that the desk was the perfect height for him to comfortably stand while he entered her.

Slowly, he inserted his member into her tight pussy, feeling her warmth as he worked it deeper inside while maintaining eye contact.

Her sensual mouth opened as her breathing increased. Her eyes shone with pleasure. "Oh, baby...I had forgotten how good you feel inside me...I love you so much."

Her soft warmth enveloped his senses, drawing him in deep. He felt so close to her and loved by her,

"Mom, your pussy feels so fucking good!" Mike growled.

Janice touched Mike's face tenderly as he pumped slowly in and out of her. "Do you like...talking a little dirty, baby?"

"Yes...sometimes."

"Do you like...fucking me with your big cock?"

"Uh huh..." Mike moved a little faster, watching her breasts move along with his rhythm.

"Ohhhh....you like that...."

She lifted his face. Mike stared directly into her soft, loving eyes.

"Your big cock feels so good in mommy's pussy."

"Fuck yeah...." Mike grunted, now thrusting with aplomb.

"Do you want to fill mommy's pussy with your cum, baby?" She asked sweetly.

Mike began pumping furiously, penetrating her slick tunnel as her vaginal muscles gripped and stroked his cock. "Oh fuck, Mom...I'm going to cum in your pussy..."

Janice felt herself close to the edge. She urged Mike on. "Yes...baby...yesss...I want your cum in me!"

Janice felt the familiar buildup of orgasmic energy. "I'm cumming, baby... it's time!" She wrapped her legs around him and grabbed his ass, digging her nails in.

"Ohhhh fuck!" Mike bellowed, "I'm going to cum so fucking hard."

Janice pressed her forehead to Mike's, pleading, "Fill me with your rich seed, baby."

When he felt her body tense and her pussy begin to contract, he began to blow a huge load deep into her unprotected pussy.

"Ohhh...fuck...mom...Uhhhhhhhhgggnnnnn," Mike groaned as he filled her tight pussy, his cock spurting jets of hot cum deep into her chamber.

Mike kissed her tenderly. "I love you so much, Mom."

"I felt it, baby...." Janice kissed him back.

Mike's cock began to soften, and after the last of his sperm trickled out, he pulled out.

He had cum so hard and felt indescribably satisfied as he watched his cum ooze out of his mother's womanly slit.

They quickly dressed and left the office, clearly disheveled from their adventure.

Mike said, "If someone sees us, I'm pretty sure they could guess what happened..."

"Oh my...is it that obvious?"

Janice pulled Mike next to her and looked at them in the reflection of the large window. They both burst out laughing. It was pretty obvious what they'd been up to.

They quickly found their way down the stairwell and exited the building. They made their way to a cafe overlooking the water, where they stopped for lunch.

Janice sat across from Mike, a smile on her face.

"What are you smiling about?" Mike asked, smiling himself.

"Ohhh, just soaking in the afterglow...what a nice library tour." She gave a sly, knowing look as she reached across the small outdoor table, taking Mike's hand.

"I think that was my favorite part of the college experience so far."

Janice's expression quickly changed to one of concern. "Mike, can I use your napkins?"

"Sure...what for?" He handed her the few unused paper napkins from his side of the table.

Janice took them, looked around, and then pushed them under her skirt.

"What are you...."

"Don't draw attention...your...stuff...is leaking out of me. My panties are soaked!"

They both had a good laugh and, when they finished eating, finally departed to their hotel.

* * * * * Dinner, Part 2

When they got back, they went up to their room and opened the door. To Mike's surprise, a bevy of shopping bags awaited them, all with fancy brands and logos.

"Mom...what did you do?"

"Oh, I just needed a few things for tonight since we're going back to that fancy hotel restaurant."

"A few things? Did you buy the store...and when did you have time to get all this stuff?"

"I used a personal shopper, silly."

"You are...so...bougie." Mike stood, pretending to be affronted, hands on his hips.

Janice stroked his face seductively. "Don't pretend you don't like having a rich mama!"

Mike rolled his eyes, still pretending.

"Don't worry...I'll take good care of my baby."

Janice leaned forward, kissing Mike's neck, and then whispered in his ear, "I want to do something special for you tonight."

Mike's boner strained against his shorts. Janice gripped it with her well-manicured hand.

"More of that later," she said, reaching for a large clothing bag that hung from the coat rack. "I think you should try this on."

She handed the bag to Mike. He said, "How do you know it'll fit?"

"You don't know my personal shopper."

"That good, huh?"

"You'll see. Now, why don't you jump in the shower, and I'll go next."

Mike showered and left the bathroom wearing only a towel. Janice walked by carrying her bags. She reached out and dislodged Mike's towel, which fell to the ground.

She smacked his butt and giggled, quickly shuffling into the bathroom. "Oh, I'm sorry...your towel must have accidentally got caught on something..."

Mike rolled his eyes. "I'm going to get you for that."

Janice peered from a crack in the bathroom door. "You promise?"

The door closed; giggling echoed from within.

Mike got ready; he wore a striking black suit with a blue shirt. He had to admit, he looked good, and it fit perfectly.

When Janice came out of the bathroom, she said, "Wow...you cleaned up nicely!"

"Thanks, but..." -- Mike extended his hands indicating Janice's general vicinity -- "...what...is this!?"

Janice beamed, giving a toothy grin. She was dressed like a Hollywood star, wearing a glamorous silvery dress. Her designer dress had a smooth, seductive fabric that accentuated her curves, and her dark fishnet stockings augmented her black high-heeled pumps.

He had never seen his mother's hair and makeup so glamorous. She looked pretty with no makeup on, but now that she was wearing it, she looked unbelievably hot. Her hair looked sophisticated and sexy the way it was pinned up.

"You really were a model... weren't you?"

"You thought I lied!?" Janice appeared affronted.

"Well, no... I--"

"I'm just playing with you, darling...but don't doubt me again!" she gave a stern expression.

Mike grinned. "Well, you look lovely."

"Why, thank you...I'd kiss you, but I don't want to mess up my makeup." She pretended to flip her hair glamorously, which was purely symbolic since she wasn't wearing it down.

Janice said, "Shall we?"

They left the room and headed to the restaurant.

When they arrived, they had the opposite reception compared to their previous visit, just as Janice had promised.

The hostess greeted them with over-the-top enthusiasm, taking them to their best table overlooking the scenic waterfront.

The waiter arrived and was a far cry from the rude man they had previously. He was gracious and accommodating, anticipating their every need.

Mike looked over the wine menu, and the man could sense Janice wanted to have a look.

The waiter smoothly added, "Would your wife also like a wine menu?"

Mike looked up, then at Janice. He said, "Yes, thank you for asking...she is quite the wine aficionado."

"Here you are, madame," the man said, handing her a wine menu.

When they were alone again, Mike said, "Well, there we go again...we may as well accept it."

Janice chuckled. "It helps that you're a big lug who nobody would suspect is only twenty years old."

Mike shrugged, smirking. "I guess we can't help it...some things are the way they are."

"I suppose it doesn't help that I still wear this ring. I just never had the heart to take it off...and since I had no intention of being with another man...." She looked down at her glass, a vulnerable look in her eyes.

Mike reached across the table and took her hand. "Mom...are you ok? I know what we've been doing is...questionable at best. The last thing I want to do is hurt you."

"Mike...I was just realizing how much you've helped me grow on this trip. I never could have imagined I'd feel the way I do again in my life...so no, you have not hurt me in any way...and I appreciate how sweet you are, always thinking about me."

Janice changed gears as she looked at the menu. She casually asked, "So...I don't think we've talked about your personal life much on this trip. On the ride up, you talked about those two women you're seeing. I don't think I've seen any women over at the house for a while, so...?"

Mike felt awkward for multiple reasons. He replied, "Yeah, I've been trying to keep it a secret...."

"Oh?" Janice casually looked up, then went back to reading the menu.

"It's tricky is all...there are reasons I shouldn't be dating either one of them in the first place - and to make things worse, they both know each other."

Janice assumed they both went to the gym he worked at; perhaps they both worked there together. Either way, the gym girls he dated never lasted.

She looked up from her menu. "I don't mean to trivialize your situation, but you said these are pretty recent relationships...and I think you've learned that there are no guarantees that things will work out. Maybe things will take their natural course, like in your previous relationships?"

"I don't think so...this is different. I really care about both these women."

Janice didn't want to debate, and for all she knew, Mike really did have a deeper connection with these women. She couldn't help the feelings that welled up inside her as she thought about him settling down with even one of his girlfriends.

"Well, I don't want to pry, and it really is none of my business...I knew you were dating these women before we...got involved." Janice looked at her menu again, pretending to investigate the multitude of wines listed. Mike knew something was wrong.

"Mom...are you ok?"

"I know women like you, Mike...I'd have to be blind not to have noticed...and I knew that before I...."
Tears began to trickle down Janice's face. She dabbed them with her napkin.

Mike's heart just about broke, watching her experience pain. "I don't know if you can tell Mom, but I'm crazy about you."

She looked at him with those endearing eyes and asked, "Mike, what am I to you?"

"Mom, what we have is...special...and neither of us could have predicted it. It goes without saying that our relationship is going to continue regardless of what happens with my existing relationship drama."

"I really don't want to impose, Mike. You have your whole life ahead of you, and I don't want to stop you from having a normal family. I'd be a terrible Mother if I did. I know I pushed you into doing this when I was going to have a baby on my own anyway...."

"Mom...you can stop right there. I am not going to disappear from your life suddenly. You know I could never stand to see you hurt, and even though our relationship has to be a secret, it doesn't mean I will abandon you."

"But...how do you know...?"

"You know I'll always love you, Mom...but I don't know if you can tell..." -- Mike took a deep breath and looked into Janice's eyes -- "...but I'm in love with you."

She took his hands in hers, squeezing them. "I'm glad you feel that way...I didn't know how deep love could be until this week." She blushed as she said, "I'm in love with you too."

They both felt each other's sincerity and love from across the table.

Janice said, "Honey...I think we should go back up to the room."

"But we didn't even get our food yet?"

"We can order room service...I'd rather have dessert first." Janice had a gleam in her eye that quickened Mike's pulse.

"Ok!"

They got up and left without saying a word. When the waiter returned, he looked around, dumbfounded, as he looked for his missing guests, who had seemingly disappeared.

* * * * * A Certain Commitment

They made it to the room in record time and closed the door, kicking off their shoes. Immediately, Mike felt Janice's sumptuous mouth on his. She tasted delightful as her soft tongue played in his mouth.

Mike took a moment to say, "You're so fucking sexy...", as he grabbed her ass, feeling its heft through the delicate fabric of her dress.

He felt her hand squeezing his erection as she steered him toward the bed.

Slowly, she unstripped Mike between kisses until he stood only in his underwear. Then she stepped back a few steps.

Her expression was radiant while she unzipped the back of her dress and let it fall to the floor.

She wore black lingerie. A thin garter belt connected to her black stockings. Her black silk panties matched her nearly see-through corset that embellished the swell of her large and shapely breasts, which hung above her exposed and sexy tummy.

"Ohhhhhhhh..." Mike breathed as he gawked, taking in the beauty of her hair and makeup, now perfectly matched to her undergarments.

"Mike...does it turn you on...when people think I'm your wife?"

Mike's dick answered by hardening into stone. "Yes..." Mike said quietly.

Janice stepped in front of him again, touching his hard body. "Why do you think that is?"

"I don't know..."

"Is it because you want me to belong to you?"

Mike knew it was true as soon as she said it. "Yes."

She took his underwear off and held his big cock, feeling the thrum of his heartbeat through his shaft.

"What if I told you I wanted that too?" She kissed his neck and chest, moving gently down his stomach as she moved onto her knees.

Janice's supple mouth pressed against Mike's hard penis as she kissed it seductively, looking up at him alluringly.

"What if I told you I wanted to be more than your mother...and nobody would have to know?"

"What do you mean...?"

Janice held his big dick in her lovely hand, looking up at him, a serene expression on her beautiful face.

"What if, just between you and me, I committed to being your wife?"

She moved her mouth back onto his cock, sliding it deep into her throat with expert grace.

"Oh fuck..." He breathed, feeling her slick warmth override his senses.

She continued slurping and stroking his cock with her hot silky mouth while Mike watched her sensual lips glide along his shaft.

Mike's balls quickly peaked.

"Oh...fuck...mom, you're going to make me cum...."

Janice removed it from her mouth. "I'm sorry baby...we'll be able to do that later -- I do like the taste of your cum -- but for tonight, I have other plans."

She stood up, beautiful in her lingerie and makeup, and said, "As much as you want me to belong to you, I want you to belong to me...but I know that may not be truly possible with things like they are in an unorthodox relationship like this.

"I'd be lying if I didn't admit to being jealous of...these girls." Janice's face twisted into a little frown. "But I want you to have a happy and normal life...."

"So, before we do this, would you commit to being my husband...just between us?"

"What would that mean?"

"It means we can have an open relationship, but you'll never leave me for another woman. I would rather share you than lose you."

"I see..." Mike felt relief as he thought about his situation.

"If I were your wife, I'd do certain things for you..."

"Like what?" Mike was enjoying her sales pitch.

Janice wore a sincere and loving expression as she said, "Like having you make me pregnant...as many times as you want...."

"Ohh...," Mike quietly breathed as the implication of what she said sunk in.

"I'll take such good care of you...better than any of those girls." She said, her eyes shining.

Mike thought she had more than made her case; He owed her some level of commitment.

He said, "Ok...then do you take me as your husband, even though you know you may have to share me?"

"I do." She said, her lips curving up into a smile.

"Do you take me as your wife from now on," She asked with sincerity.

Mike said, "I do."

"You've made me so happy, my love. This will be our wedding night...so it will be perfect if you make me pregnant tonight."

"Would you lay on the bed for me, baby?" Janice's soft expression comforted him with its warmth.

Mike moved backward onto the bed and put a pillow behind his head while Janice removed her corset and panties, revealing her gorgeous breasts and womanly mound.

"Just relax and let me take care of you..." She said, her face glowing with love as she climbed on top of Mike and straddled him.

He felt her entrance brushing against the tip of his cock. He wanted inside her badly.

Janice's soft black hair dangled across her face as she looked down.

"I like that you call me Mom, but now that I'm your wife, you can call me Janice whenever you want, baby...it's up to you."

"Ok...Janice." Mike liked how she smiled and responded when he said it, though the name sounded strange after years of conditioning using the more formal designation.

"Now that I'm your wife...I definitely want another baby after this one...if you want to give me one, that is...."

Mike's dick seemed to harden even more, just thinking about knocking his mom up multiple times.

"We'll have as many babies as you want...Janice."

Pure desire shone on her face as she said, "I'm going to love making babies for you, honey..."

Janice moved his hard cock into her entrance, rubbing the lubrication from her wet slit all over it before sliding it in.

The heat from her slick pussy was overpowering as she pushed down, taking Mike deep inside her.

Janice lowered her incredibly soft tit to Mike's face, and he took her hard nipple in his mouth, suckling like a baby while she tenderly massaged his cock with her womanhood.

"Mike...your cock is so big...it feels so good inside me..."

Her boobs undulated as she rocked back and forth, continuing to stroke his hard dick with her heavenly vagina.

She moaned as she dropped her butt onto his lap, "Uhhhhhhh....uhhhhhh....Mike....uhhhhh." Her voice was sexy and womanly.

Janice pulled her nipple from Mike's mouth and kissed him frantically, her tongue deep in his mouth. Their connection was palpable on all fronts -- mouth, sex, heart, and mind -- as though they were merging into one being.

"I love you so much, Mike...I just want to belong to you..." she said with passion.

Mike bellowed, "Ohhh...fuck...Janice, I'm going to cum in you!"

"That's it...make me yours, honey! Impregnate me!" Janice coaxed.

With his hands on her hips, Mike pushed his dick deep into Janice's cunt as his balls reached their maximum tension.

"Oh fuck...yes...ohhhh fuck...." Janice crooned as she began to orgasm.

"You belong...to...me..." Mike growled, willing his cum to penetrate deeply into her as he came, sending his thick semen gushing into her depths.

"Uhhnnnnnnnn...uhhhhhnnnnnnnnn," she croaked as she felt Mike's strong hands hold her in place while his penis pulsed, sending rivers of hot ejaculate deep inside her needful pussy.

Mike felt like he was being milked as Janice's hot pussy squeezed his cock, coaxing the potent seed, draining his balls completely.

"I belong to you now, honey..." Janice whispered. She kissed him tenderly, feeling his love flow deep into her core.

Janice moved Mike's head to her bosom and stroked his hair gently. "Just let me take care of you now...go to sleep...."

Her soft chest felt like heaven. Mike drifted off to sleep, completely satisfied.

* * * * *

The next morning, they showered together, enjoying the intimacy of washing and exploring each other's bodies like lovers who had been together for much longer.

Over the following two days, they visited the other two schools and were never far from each other, holding hands, sharing glances, and waking each morning snuggled up in each other's arms.

They settled in for their final night in a different but equally nice hotel from the one they first made love in.

They would be leaving for home early in the morning and getting there early afternoon to reunite with Mike's entire family finally.

* * * * * A New Dynamic

Janice stood before Mike, her hand on her hip. He sat on the cozy couch in the living room area of their most recent luxury hotel room.

"So...now that we've seen all the universities...do you have an idea of what you might do?" Janice's expression was flat and unreadable.

"I have to say, I really like this last school. If I take all other factors away and choose purely based on what I'm looking for, this one is it."

Janice became deadly serious. "Mike, you can't."

"Can't, what?" Mike said, suddenly feeling a familiar push and pull similar to the many times in the past when his mother overly controlled him or his sisters.

"You can't move this far away. I'm not going to allow it!" She folded her arms, holding an expression that said the conversation was over.

Mike didn't like the controlling tone his mother used. He knew from experience how she could be, and it was only a matter of time before their honeymoon experience together rubbed up against their long-standing personalities.

Upset, Mike said, "Do you think you can make me do whatever you want!?"

Janice stood up, a heated expression on her face. "If you want financial support, you will...among other things!"

"Well, in that case, I don't want any support -- I am my own man and can do whatever I choose."

"Stop being such a stubborn brat...you always think you know what's best for you...but this time you're wrong." Janice retorted with a hint of anger in her voice.

Mike stood up. "Why are you being a bitch right now?"

"Don't you talk that way to me!"

"I'll talk however I want!" Mike knew he raised his voice too far, but he didn't care in the moment.

Janice slapped Mike hard. Mike looked unaffected -- as though the infraction calmed him down.

Cooly, Mike said, "I don't think you get how this works, Janice...the wife obeys the husband."

Janice reached to slap Mike again, completely frustrated.

Mike grabbed Janice's arm and turned her around, wrapping her, standing behind her.

"If you're going to be a bitch, I'm going to treat you like one."

She tried to move, but Mike was like an impenetrable wall, locking her in place.

She felt Mike's strong hands all over her, feeling her breasts, then into her shirt, stimulating her hard nipples. They were both silent as he moved his hand into her panties and touched her sex. Her pussy was white hot with arousal, anticipating and responding to his manly touch.

Janice was overcome with lust and desire as she felt Mike easily pick her up and walk her to the bed.

She felt him pull down her leggings. He pushed her onto the bed, forcing her to stop her fall with her hands. Her big butt was exposed, along with her enticing pussy.

Mike's hand was on her back, pushing her face down into the mattress.

"Is this what you want...to be treated like a bitch?"

Janice's pussy was so wet with arousal that she couldn't think straight. Part of her despised that Mike had crossed this line, making her feel powerless, but most of her, including her pussy, ached with need.

She couldn't believe the words she felt compelled to say and that it came out of her own mouth.

"Yes...I do," She said quietly.

She was so turned on.

"You do...what!?" Mike asked with authority.

Janice said much louder, "I...want to be...treated like...a bitch."

"Then show me what you want...show me like a good bitch."

Janice pressed forward, bending her head in supplication while raising her butt so Mike had complete access.

Her pussy glistened with wetness as she presented her voluptuous ass to him.

He said, "That's good..." as he rubbed his hard dick against her dripping wet entrance, enjoying the feel of her soft and slick vulva and the heat that emanated from within.

"Tell me what you want," Mike commanded.

"I want you to...fuck me!" Janice entreated.

Mike slid his manly cock into her slick cunt, enjoying the silken heat that enfolded his manhood. He mused that this could be the hottest and most excited pussy he had ever entered.

When Janice felt his big thick dick enter her from behind, filling her up, stimulating her with tingling warmth, she moaned like a porn star, "Ohhhhhhh...Ohhhhhhhh...", only her cries were authentic.

Mike felt powerful as he thrust deep inside her, enjoying how she acquiesced to him as her pussy stroked his cock.

She began to cry out, whimpering in a higher pitch voice than she knew she had.
"Uhh...Uhhh...Uhhhhhhhh."

He pushed into her, pulling against her big, sexy ass and holding her meaty hips.

"I'm your husband now...and I make the decisions. Isn't that right?"

"Uhhhhh...Uhhh...Yes...." She moaned as he slowly pumped into her, pleasuring her immensely and feeling every part of the erotic experience before him.

"You're going to obey me from now on..."

Janice felt herself giving in, and it turned her on so much she began to orgasm.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhnnnn...Yes....Uhhhhnnnn." Janice's whole world exploded in color and light as she came harder than she had believed possible.

Mike pumped slower, enjoying the feel of his mother's sexy ass in his hands and his hard dick sliding in and out of her hot cunt.

He whispered, "That's a good girl...", as he felt her pussy quake, squeezing his impossibly hard dick.

"Uhhhh...huh..." Janice breathed in response.

"Tell me...who do you ask permission from?" He began pumping harder.

"Uhhhh...Uhhh...." Her ass began to make slapping sounds as Mike thrust. "YOU...I ask YOU for permission, Mike." She could feel herself building up toward another orgasm.

Mike pumped harder, enjoying the slap of her ass as he gripped her womanly hips tightly.

"That's good..." he said, "are you going to be a good girl now?"

Janice couldn't help it. When Mike talked to her like that, she felt herself begin to orgasm.

"Uhhhhhh...Uhhhhh...I'm going to be a good girl...."

High on the power he felt, Mike commanded, "Tell me what you want."

"I want...to obey you...." she said truthfully.

"That's right...." Mike said as his hips slapped her ass, making it bounce enticingly.

"Now that you've been such a good girl...I'm going to give you your reward. Is that what you want?" Mike said.

"Yes...yes!" she pleaded in a whiney voice.

"Here it comes..." Mike picked up the pace, slamming his cock into his mother's hungry pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhh...fuck...." She groaned, seeing and feeling stars as her pussy exploded again, sending waves of pleasure through her vaginal walls and clit.

He thrust his big dick deep into her pussy, pumping relentlessly until his balls quaked.

Mike half grunted, half shouted, "Fuuuuck...yeah...Uhhhhhhnnnnnnn," as he sent his jism deep into his mother's unprotected snatch, reveling in the relieving pleasure of each pulse, as he sent streams of his sperm into Janice's beautiful cunt.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhh...Uhhhhhhhhh...." she mewled as she felt Mike's potent load fill her insides.

Mike held his cock deep inside her vagina until it ceased pulsing. He squeezed out the last of his cum and pulled out.

"Ohhhhh...honey...Uhhhhh," his Mom crooned while his sticky cum dripped out of her lovely pussy.

Mike got up, wiped himself off, and threw a towel toward her. "Now, clean yourself up."

She obeyed, bending over and wiping up his cum. The milky white liquid kept coming out of her in sticky strands.

Mike lay on the bed, his hands behind his head. "Come over here and lay next to me."

Janice complied, crawling into bed and snuggling up to Mike, her head on his shoulder.

"That's much better. This feels good, right?"

"Uh-huh," she said, completely subdued.

Mike brushed her soft hair from her face and, in a gentle voice, said, "So tell me what's really going on. Why you really don't want me to move away."

Janice was silent for a moment before Mike felt her shudder, clinging to him as she began to sob.

"I'm...I'm afraid...," hot tears continued to fall on his chest. "I'm afraid you'll leave me."

"You know I'll never leave you...you're my wife now."

"I know you'll always love me, but I'm in love with you now.... If you were far away...I don't know if I could handle that right now." Her breathing was ragged as she choked on her tears.

Mike stroked her hair and rubbed her back as she continued. "I know you'll be with these...other women...that's one thing, but at least if you're at home...I'll know you'll have some...time for me."

"Shhhhhh...It's ok...," Mike whispered as she held her. "I'm here...and I don't plan on leaving. I was always going to stay at home...I just wanted to make the decision without being forced."

Janice's tears subsided. "I'm so glad...," she said as she gave into Mike's comforting presence.

"Is there anything else that's bothering you?" Mike asked.

She hesitated, but then asked, "I know I said I'd raise any children myself, but I want to know...will you be in our children's lives?"

"Of course, baby."

She looked up at him, her eyes shining with love. "I won't disobey you again, Mike."

* * * * *

The next morning, they left the hotel.

Mike drove the SUV as they made their journey back home. When they stopped for lunch, Janice carefully asked Mike for permission to stop and what he wanted to eat.

Afterward, they got back on the road. Janice rubbed Mike's leg and felt a thrill as his shorts expanded, as she aroused his cock.

She leaned against him as he drove, feeling his tumescent shaft through the thin fabric. "It looks like you might need some...attention."

She leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Can I take care of that for you?" as she squeezed it.

Mike was horny -- he had driven for a couple of hours straight. "What do you have in mind?"

"If you pull off at the next stop...I can make it all better."

His cock responded, throbbing almost painfully in his shorts as he pulled off onto the rest stop exit, careful to park away from other cars.

Carefully, she pulled down his shorts, revealing his massive erection.

She kissed his penis, working her way up from the base as she fondled his heavy balls with her hand.

"Is this what you want, baby?" she said, looking up at him with her big golden brown eyes.

"Suck my dick," Mike commanded.

Janice wrapped her full lips around his dick and began stroking it smoothly.

"Ahhhhhh..." Mike breathed as he felt his mother's soft, warm mouth pleasure him.

"You're so fucking good at that...you're going to make me cum soon...and then you're going to swallow my load."

Janice paused for a moment, stroking his big shaft with her lovely hand. "Yes, baby...I'm going to take care of you."

She went back to sucking his cock. Mike grabbed her soft hair, feeling her bob up and down as his balls constricted.

Janice slurped as she pumped his shaft quickly, bringing him to climax.

"I'm going to fucking cum..." Mike bellowed as he felt his balls explode.

"Uhhhhhhhgghhhh," Mike groaned as he blew his wad deep in his mother's sexy mouth. She felt spurts of his warm semen fill her while she swallowed it eagerly, savoring the sweet taste of his cum.

When she got every last drop, she asked, "How was that?"

"That was awesome...thank you."

Janice brightened, feeling satisfaction at bringing her man such pleasure. "Anytime you want me to do that, just let me know."

Mike intended to take her up on that offer.

They pulled away from the rest stop and back onto the highway.

As they neared their hometown, Janice said, "It's going to be hard having to pretend nothing has changed between us."

"That's for sure!"

"So don't get mad if I have to parent you again..."

Mike arched his eyebrow with a dubious expression. "It's ok...if you go too far, I'll take it out on you in the bedroom when no one's around."

"You promise?" Janice beamed.

Mike laughed and gave her a quick kiss. Their banter continued until they finally turned onto their street, approaching their spacious abode.

* * * * *

When they turned into the driveway, both Erica and Danielle waited for them. They got out, and they greeted both Mike and Janice with hugs.

"We have the best meal planned for dinner!" Dany said, bright and cheerful as always.

Erica said nonchalantly, "So...was your trip all you hoped it would be? Are you going to leave us to live at some far-away school?" She tried to sound humorous, but her voice had an edge.

All three women paused what they were doing and focused on Mike.

"Uhhhh...after thinking about it..." He looked at each of them, taking in their hopeful expressions.

"I've decided I'm not going anywhere...I'm going to continue taking classes remotely...I'm just switching to one of the schools we visited and finishing my degree remotely."

All three women had looks of relief. After that was out of the way, everyone was all smiles and laughs as they commiserated playfully and with good cheer.

Now, Mike only had to figure out how to lead a double life with each of his favorite women in the world. He told himself I'll just take it one day at a time as he walked into the house. He had no idea how to navigate the situation he found himself in.

(...to be continued).