

Knocking Up Mom

SamJason



Part 1

"Blake is no doubt the most gifted art student I've ever had the privilege to instruct," Mrs. Mackly said.

Mrs. Mackly was a small, dried up woman in her late 60's. She wore thick round glasses circled by tortoise shell rims. She hunched forward and pointed a stubby finger that punctuated almost every word she thought important.

She had been my son Blake's art teacher for three years, this being the fourth as he started his senior year in High School. Blake had complained about her many times: how she acted, how she sounded, how she droned on. He had complained plenty about her.

This was the first time she complained about him. I had been called down to the school for a private meeting with Mrs. Mackly after school had let out. Even Blake didn't know about it.

"Mrs. Mackly," I said, "Can we make this quick. I have to get back to the church and prepare for Sunday's service. As you know, being a Pastor's wife in a small community can be awful time consuming. There's only my husband, Pastor Ed, me, and Blake, God bless him, to take care of all the details that need getting done. Can't we talk about Blake's art some other time when we can schedule ahead?"

"I wish we could, Mrs. Best," she said.

"Please, call me Kim," I said. I didn't like the added layer of formality the titles associated with the clergy added.

Mrs. Mackly took a deep breath and looked like she didn't want to be in this room any more than I did at this point. "Kim, like I said, your son has amazing talent. Painting, sculpture ... anything he set his mind to concerning art opens up and flowers in his hand. But, most remarkable are his pen and ink or pencil sketches. They're breathtaking. Each so lifelike."

"Yes, I've seen them, of course. He always seems to be drawing at home," I said. "But, I don't understand? Why are you telling me this, something you must realize I already know?"

She nodded, then held up a thick sketch pad. She shook it slightly before dropping it flat on the desk separating us. "This was left behind today when all the students went home. This is Blake's. He sits in the back row, and it must have fallen out of his backpack."

I reached for it and said, " I'll be sure to give it to him when I get home, but I hardly think it was worth a trip all the way down here to—"

"It's what's in it, Mrs. Best. What's in it."

Suddenly, it felt like calling me "Kim" wasn't the right tone for this meeting.

"I always appreciate looking at my students' art. Maybe I was overstepping Blake's privacy a bit, but I wanted to see what he was up to artistically. I wish now I had never opened it."

"I don't understand? Blake is such a good boy. He's a Pastor's son and has always been a model student," I said.

"If it had been anyone else," she looked down before she continued, "I would have brought this right to the Principal. But since I'm a member of your congregation, and I wouldn't want this to get any unwanted attention, I thought I would take this directly to you."

"Let me see what you're talking about," I said and reached for the sketchbook.

Mrs. Mackly pulled it back and warned: "You'd better prepare yourself. Although, artistically, it's all beautiful, some of it is very disturbing." Then, she handed me the pad.

I opened it and saw some sketches i recognized, the settings and the partial figures. Then, I got to what I could only call pornography. They were sketches of Blake, naked. He was engaging in various sex acts with a woman. Her face was either hidden by hair or facing away, or not filled in with details.

They were copulating in all positions: missionary mostly, but also with the woman on top, and also with her on her hands and knees, breasts hanging and Blake behind her.

My face must have shown my shock, because Mrs. Mackly said quietly, "Now you see why I called you down here and want this to remain private."

I nodded, unable to speak.

She continued: "Art expresses itself in so many wonderful and beautiful forms. That includes, of course, the human body. But, because of the words here, the captions along with the drawings ... well ... I just thought you and Pastor Ed would be the best ones to deal with this."

She was right. I'm glad no one else had seen these. They could be misinterpreted and Blake could be judged harshly. The captions all had one urgent, almost violent message: impregnation. None of the sex acts carried tenderness, or caring, or pleasure. There was only one drive for the sex displayed: to make the woman pregnant.

All of the captions were in ugly, dark, jagged capital letters; they were penned as if he drew over each letter dozens of times until the pen almost tore through the paper. Most said "KNOCK YOU UP!" Some were "MY BABY!" or "FEEL MY CUM!" or "PREGNANT!" and even "OUR BABY!"

"You can see from his writing why I thought this had to be addressed as soon as possible. Your son seems fixated on not just the sex part, but even more so on the aspect of getting this girl pregnant. It would be such a mistake to let this slide by without trying to avert an act that could change not only his life, but his partner's for the rest of their lives. Don't you agree, Mrs. Best? ... Mrs. Best?"

I numbly nodded. My mind was totally blown, like I was in a trance. All I could think to say was, "Thank you, Mrs. Mackly. You did the right thing to call this to my attention. You can be sure I will talk to Blake about this and do my best to stop him from doing anything that will cause him or anyone else any harm." I put the pad in my bag and got up to leave.

Mrs. Mackly added, "You know we have a psychologist on call for all the students, and I'd be happy to—"

"I'm sure we can handle this with an understanding talk, and a little prayer," I said. I wish I was as confident as I tried to make that sound.

Once I got into the car, I looked around and made sure there was no one else in the parking lot. Then I pulled the pad out and went through all the sketches. They got more explicit and detailed as they progressed.

There were always just two subjects in each drawing: Blake and the woman. The woman was taller than Blake by a few inches and had large breasts that hung low without the hint of sagging. They were capped with aureoles about the size of a poker chip and tipped with hard dark nipples. She had a dark triangle of thick pubic hair between her long athletic legs. She also had a beauty mark: a tiny discoloration on her left butt cheek. It inhabited the shape of a heart.

I recognized it. I recognized the faceless woman.

It was Blake's mother.

It was me.

I made a cup of tea when I got home and sat at the kitchen table. The tea went from hot to room temperature without me taking one sip. I know at least an hour went by, but I didn't

notice. My mind raced, but I can't remember one thought from that agonizing wait in the kitchen.

It was shocking enough to find out my son was drawing pornography. It was quite another thing to realize it was INCEST. INCEST WITH HIS OWN MOTHER!

We were lucky Mrs. Mackly had no idea who Blake's sex partner was. That would have added a whole 'nother level of perversity to the subject.

It shook my entire belief system. Here I was a pastor's wife. I thought I had brought Blake up to be a good person in all ways. But, now, I wondered how I could have failed so miserably. Of course I realized that a young boy (Blake had turned 18 just the previous week) would have a certain preoccupation with sex. But, to have such an obsession with impregnation was not normal in any way. AND—even so—shouldn't it be with a girl his own age, someone he knows, and not his own mother?

What would his father say? Oh my God! His father! Ed, "Pastor Ed" as all his congregation knew him must never learn of this. He was super strict with Blake as it was. This would send him into one of his fanatical religious rages. Blake would suffer, and I would not escape his righteous wrath either, even though I was blameless.

Ed must never find out about this. I would have to handle it quietly, discreetly, and swiftly, even though I wanted to run away from the problem and hide.

I would talk to Blake as soon as he got home, show my stern disapproval, get him to promise never to do anything like that again, and say a prayer asking for forgiveness. That should take care of it.

I was starting to feel pretty good about my plan when Blake came in through the kitchen door, acting as normal as ever and that this sketchbook of filth didn't exist.

"Hi, Mom," he said, and headed for his room, as usual.

I used my serious mother voice and said, "Blake, we have to talk. Sit down."

"What did I do now? Or is this some more of Dad's rules I have to follow?"

"I wish that's what it was, Blake. I got a call from Mrs. Mackly."

"Is this about the art scholarship?" He looked hopeful. "Did I fill it out all right?"

I couldn't find the right words. Who was I kidding: I couldn't find any words, so I took his sketchbook from my bag and slid it onto the table.

In a small voice he said, "I wondered where that went. I thought I left it in my locker."

"You left it where Mrs. Mackly found it, on the floor near your desk. Do you know how much trouble you're in, young man?"

"That's private. No one should look at that but ME!" Blake slammed his fist on the table to emphasize his last word.

"I WON'T tolerate that kind of behavior. What's got into you?"

"What's got into YOU? Or, better still what hasn't got into you?" He grabbed the sketchbook. I thought he was going to get up and take it into his room, but instead he opened it. "LOOK!" he yelled.

He presented one sketch to me, then turned the page, "LOOK!" he yelled again.

I turned my head away and squeezed my eyes shut.

"Blake, why are you doing this? Are you going crazy?"

"I'm going crazy all right, Mom. Crazy from all the years of you and Dad fighting about not being able to have another baby. All the years of Aunt Bev coming over and all you talk about is not being able to have another baby and how it's Dad's fault, but he blames you. All the years of him having to get drunk to even get it up—"

"Blake Griffin Best! You have some respect for your father! You have no right to talk about him ... about us and our private life ... our sex life together."

"What sex life? Tell me that. You complain so much about it. You tell Aunt Bev constantly about how you're sex-starved and haven't been satisfied in years. Admit it."

"Blake ..." I couldn't think of what to say. Everything my son had just said was true. I hadn't realized he had been so attuned. I had tried to keep it private, but in retrospect, I guess I hadn't done a very good job.

Blake went on: "And now Dad's made a big deal about it! Everybody in church knows that you haven't been able to get pregnant and—"

"Blake, I'm 41 years old so—"

"Mom, we know it's not you who's to blame. It's Dad. He can't handle the job. Hasn't been able to for years. Remember, my bedroom is right next to yours and I hear everything. And besides, you tell Aunt Bev the same identical thing. You're frustrated and I get it. You've wanted another baby all these years. And you're not getting what you need in the physical department. You told Aunt Bev you can't remember the last time you had an orgasm."

"BLAKE! I won't have you disrespecting me OR your father!"

"How is it disrespect if I'm telling the truth?"

I didn't have an answer for that.

"So now Dad made a big make-it-or-break it promise in church. You know he's been losing members and he wanted to make a big deal about how miracles can happen. And so what miracle does he pick? You! You having a baby!"

It was true. Ed, as part of his sermon about faith, had detailed how we had tried to conceive for the past five years. Saturday afternoon was a special "miracle" prayer service. It also coincided with my scheduled ovulation. I think Ed actually believed that the congregation could create a miracle with its combined faith. I wasn't so sure, knowing the true extent of Ed's failing sex drive and performance. He could only get an erection after the consumption of alcohol, and his ejaculations had gotten weaker and weaker until now only a few drops could be coaxed out of him at best.

"I told your dad not to make any promises, but he wouldn't listen."

"Yeah! And now if it doesn't work, he promised to step down as pastor. Some big test of faith thing. It's crazy, yet he put us all in this situation. It's had me crazy worried for weeks now."

"Is this what these pictures are all about?" I asked.

"Yeah, I guess. I'd been thinking about it but didn't have to guts to talk with you."

"You could have told me you were afraid, Blake. You know that."

"It's not about being scared, Mom. In fact I'm glad you saw those drawings. Now I know that it's right I talk to you about my plan."

"Your plan?"

"Mom, we both know Dad is hoping for a miracle. A miracle is something happening that no one could ever count on or

expect. Something so out of the ordinary that only supernatural forces could put it all together. Something so outrageous that it could only happen because it was supposed to happen no matter what people thought."

Blake was getting that same fervent passion that Ed channeled when he preached. "What are you getting at, Blake?"

"Mom, there's only one way you can get pregnant on Saturday."

"And that is ...?"

"We have sex, Mom, you and me. And I knock you up!"

I sat with my second cup of untouched tea. I made it after I sent Blake to his room. After his outrageous statement, I

couldn't even speak—I just pointed in the general direction of his bedroom. He took the hint.

This was going from bad to worse. I thought it was sinful for Blake to have drawn those filthy pictures, but I never imagined he would actually think they could become a reality. That was crazy.

Maybe he DID need psychological counseling.

My hand reached for the sketchpad. I opened it, and with a gaping mouth I looked at each and every drawing.

Blake got his love of art and I guess, talent, from me. I loved to draw. Always had. And I may be a little vain in thinking I was pretty good myself. But Blake would soon surpass me in skill. These, aside from the subject matter, were very good.

He captured the detail and the posture and the emotion. He drew his own face with expressive force. You could definitely

identify him and the intensity, almost ferocity of his sexual act. If it hadn't been portrayed as me, his mother, on the receiving end of it, I would have almost considered each a work of art.

All that was missing was my face—that was blank, with the vaguest hint of amorphous features. But, Blake had captured my naked body to perfection.

"My naked body!" I said out loud. How would he have any idea what my body looked like. This wasn't just some imagined scribbling. This was a precision work.

I rushed to his room, gave a quick knock and entered. Blake was lying on his bed, bare-chested and wearing just a pair of running shorts. He had another sketchpad and pen in his hands.

"Blake, I have to ask you an important question? Well two questions, really."

"Okay, Mom. What are they? I just finished another drawing; want to see?"

"In a minute. I looked at your drawings again—why didn't you sketch my face in?"

"I wondered that myself as I was doing it. There was something that always kept me from finishing it, completing it. It was like it was a dream or a fantasy that would never have a chance of being completed. There was no way it was going to happen, so the drawing couldn't be completed either. It would always have to remain unfinished."

I thought there must have been some unconscious mechanism that let Blake know that the forbidden act of incest with his mother had zero chance of ever happening. That kept my face incomplete and always would represent that impenetrable barrier.

"Second question: how were you able to put so much detail into drawing my body? You know how modest I am and how I've never even walked around the house partially clothed."

"Oh that," Blake said. "You're probably not gonna like this part, but I'll be honest with you. Is that what you want ... honesty?"

"I've taught you honesty is one of the most important values, haven't I? I've always been honest with you, and I expect the same."

Blake got up and went to the wall of his room, the common wall separating our bedrooms. He waved a finger to me, beckoning me to him. When I stood beside him, he took a small framed photo of him, his father, and me off the wall. Behind it was a hole the size of a quarter.

"Look," he suggested.

Shocked, I looked and saw a perfect view of our bedroom.

"There's a small hole right beneath that painting you did of the waterfall. The shadow of the frame and the wallpaper pattern cover it so you could never notice it in a million years."

He said it so matter of fact that it left me in utter amazement.

"Mom, because you were so careful about not letting me see you, I got curious. So I drilled this hole and now I'm not curious. I've seen you completely naked a thousand times."

"You've invaded my privacy! You ... you ...—"

"I think the right word is 'voyeur,' but I really think that means when you look at strangers. I just look at you."

"I don't know what to say. How can my son be this person I don't know?" I questioned myself, knowing there were no

ready answers. No wonder he could so flawlessly draw my body. He had studied it from all angles at his leisure."

My legs trembled and felt unsteady. I sat at his desk chair. Then, another thought hit me.

"Did you only watch me?"

"I only wanted to watch you," he said. It sounded vague and incomplete.

"Did you ... did you ever watch me with your father?" I dreaded asking, but had to know.

"Dad's a JOKE!" he snarled. "He can't even get it up. He's with one of the most beautiful women on the planet, and he can't get it up. Not unless he's drunk, that is. And that's for about two seconds."

My worst fears had been realized. Blake had watched us having sex. Or trying to.

"He's your father, Blake. Be respectful."

"I'm lucky that eighteen plus years ago he was able to get it done. That was probably the last time because you've been trying ever since. And he thinks that some magic ritual that takes place on Saturday is going to cure what's wrong with his penis or whatever? It's crazy. He bet everything on a fantasy. We're going to lose the church, our house, everything if you don't get pregnant. How smart is that? Tell me you think you can get pregnant without my help. Tell me that!"

I could see his anger and his worry. I felt the same thing, but thought I had kept it hidden. I couldn't reason with Ed. I think he actually believed, or wanted to believe a miracle could occur. I just shook my head, not knowing what I could say.

"I've seen what Dad can produce when you jerk him off!"

"BLAKE!"

"Oh come on, Mom! No matter what you do, almost nothing comes out. How is that going to get you pregnant? And it's getting worse all the time."

I couldn't believe I was having a conversation, one-sided as it was, about my husband's ejaculation volume.

"He's just being egotistical about it at this point, thinking he can get you pregnant. That's something, with him always talking about the sin of pride. At least I'm not like that."

"You are too! You just don't see it," I snapped. Part of me wanted to hurt Blake back for all the emotional stress he put me through.

"What do you mean?" he asked. I could see that my jab had hit home.

"Oh, your drawings. You took such care to get every detail right. All except ONE! The one your pride couldn't let you accurately draw."

"My drawings are perfect. I make sure every single detail is perfect. Every one."

"Every detail except the one that every man measures his ego with—his penis!" I couldn't believe I had said that.

"What are you talking about?"

"Blake, every single one of your drawings exaggerates the size of your penis."

"They do not. You don't know what you're talking about, Mom."

"Now who's delusional?" I asked, glad that I could fire back and gain even one small victory on this day.

But, this was a day of surprises, and I had yet another in store.

Blake stretched the waistband of his running shorts and tugged them down. They hit the floor and he stepped out of them. He was now totally naked in front of his mother.

"Blake!" I said and averted my eyes. "How can you do such a shameless thing?"

"How? Because seeing is believing. Isn't that one of your favorite sayings?" He stepped closer to me as he spoke.

I glanced up only to see he had his hand wrapped around his penis and stroked it with long, slow motions.

"I'm leaving," I said. I tried to get up, but his strong hand (the non-stroking one) on my shoulder kept me in place.

I kept my eyes closed and my face turned away, but within what seemed like a few seconds, Blake said, "Look, Mom."

"No!"

"You called me a liar, prideful. You said my drawing was wrong. But, Mom, YOU were wrong. LOOK!"

"NO!"

"Then ... FEEL!"

Before I could react, my son took my hand and curled it around something impossibly hard and hot and long and thick. My fingers couldn't get all the way around whatever I had hold of.

My eyes snapped open and saw my hand on my son's fully-erect penis.

"NOOO!" I said in one breathless gasp.

"Now what do you think, Mom? Was I exaggerating?"

My mind went blank. I couldn't say anything. I couldn't believe what was happening or that my hand was in direct contact with my son. With my son's penis. With my son's hard, erect penis.

He hadn't exaggerated a single bit. My son simply had the biggest cock I had ever seen. Not only long, but thick.

My hand involuntarily squeezed gently. "Mmmm," Blake murmured.

I jerked my hand away, but my eyes wouldn't leave the sight before me: my son's cock had a huge purple-ringed head,

even wider than the shaft. The shaft had pale-blue veins bulging out from its surface. I took in every detail, hypnotized by the presence of a real, virile penis. Something missing from my life for probably a decade.

"What do you think, Mom?"

All I could whisper was: "Blake ..."

"Do you think this could reach far enough to make you pregnant?"

My son's words seemed like they were coming from some faraway place. My eyes widened and my breath was coming in small gasps. This had taken me by such a surprise that I wasn't ready for the unbidden reaction of my mind and body.

My subconscious mind must have picked up on Blake's question and fed me the answer: my son's cock would reach all the way to my womb.

Without thinking, I barely whispered, "It would never fit." I don't think it was loud enough for Blake to hear.

Somehow my mind was disconnected and I didn't feel Blake again place my hand around his hot cock. Before I knew what was happening, he was gently thrusting his hips, back and forth, back and forth.

A second later, he tightened his own hand around mine and groaned: "Aaaah! Ahhhh! Aaahh! Aaaaahh! Ahhhhhh!" The last let all the air out of his lungs.

But, with every one of five groans, a thick, white stream had shot from the opening at the end of the penis directed toward me. Rope after rope of my own son's sperm and semen hit his mother full force.

That woke me up out of my trance. I screamed, "BLAKE! How could you? I'm your mother!"

"My mother who I want to knock up. What would happen if all that got INSIDE you? Think about THAT, Mom!"

Those words followed me out of his room. I had scrambled out of the chair and ran for the door. I didn't stop until I got to the bathroom and locked the door behind me.

"Noo! Nooo! Nooo!" I chanted over and over. What had happened? What had I done? It came crashing in on my mind: "I jerked Blake off! I masturbated my son!" I whispered to myself.

I rushed to the sink to wash my hands, probably trying to wash the stain of my action from my mind and soul. What greeted me in the mirror shocked me even more.

Across my light-gray pullover lay five long trails of white, pearly colored goo. Most parts were about a quarter of an inch wide; the widest was maybe twice that. But there were some

wide pools where globs had accumulated. Each sticky river was over a foot long.

The material of my top had wicked the moisture away, making the surrounding areas dark.

I was drenched in my son's cum. I had never imagined one human being could create so much.

My focus had been so intent on my clothes that it took a second for me to notice something else. Something I thought I would never see. One of Blake's thrusts had aimed even higher.

Diagonally, across my face, like a white scar, ran a ribbon of cum. Some was in my hair and then followed downward across my left cheek, under my nose, across my lips, and ended under my chin with a huge drip that was about to fall.

I did two things without thinking, by some instinct. The first was to rub my fingers under my chin to catch the drip.

The second was to clear my lips from the invading substance. Unfortunately, I did that with my tongue. I puckered in my lips and gave a big, wide lick across them. I pulled my tongue into my mouth and gave a reflexive swallow.

Then the pungent taste and smell signaled what I had just done: I tasted and swallowed my own son's cum!

"Oh my God!" I said into the mirror.

I stood there for a few seconds, stunned. Then my mind drifted back to Blake's words: "What would happen if all that got inside you?"

I looked at all the individual streams and imagined if they had been gathered together and deposited in my vagina,

swimming into my womb. The answer to Blake's question was simple:

"I would get pregnant," I said to myself.

I pulled off my top, wiped my face and hair with it, filled the basin, and scrubbed the clothing with soap way longer than needed.

Then I climbed in the shower and sought to cleanse myself for a long, long time.

I finished drying myself and put on my robe when a knock came to the door.

"Mom? You okay? You've been in there a long time," Blake said. His voice was the same as ever, but sounded different to me, filtered through our recent shared experience.

"GO AWAY! And leave me alone!" My own voice was filled with anger, fright, shame, and maybe many other emotions I couldn't identify.

"Don't be like that, Mom! We should talk."

"Blake, go away and leave me alone. I have nothing to say to you. It's disgraceful."

"You just made me excited, Mom. That's all. It was natural and I'm glad it happened."

That made one of us. I should have known better and not been such willing, if unconscious, participant. I was the adult and should have been in control. I never should have let that happen: a sex act between a mother and her child—no matter what the circumstances.

"Well," Blake said through the door, "I made you something special. I'll slip it under the door. Hope you like it." I heard the rustle of a paper and saw the sheet slide in, face down.

"I'll rip that right up," I thought. But, after I brushed my long brown wet hair, I went over and picked up Blake's offering. I half thought it might be a letter of apology. It wasn't.

It was a beautiful portrait of my face, detailed and nuanced with expression and emotion. But, it wasn't only my face.

The perspective was as if a camera took a picture from the ceiling. My naked body was straddling Blake, my head bent back, face towards the heavens. His face was also drawn exquisitely, and portrayed the same moment we were sharing. We were joined together and both had reached that one moment of ecstasy that finally arrives.

My face was contorted with the agony of intense pleasure. A word balloon extending from my mouth said:

"I'm cumming!"

Ed came home, late as usual. He had so many responsibilities with the church. And there were always those souls who spontaneously needed counseling.

Today, I was one of those souls too. But, I could hardly go to my husband and say, "I jerked our son off today and he covered me with his potent cum!" That definitely wasn't on my agenda.

Blake and I hadn't said a word to each other.

At dinner, Ed finally noticed. "You two are awfully quiet tonight."

"I guess I'm a little tired," I said, hoping that would be enough.

"What about you, Blake? Do anything interesting today?"

He looked at me and I held my breath as our eyes met for the first time since the "incident."

"Well, Mom and I spent some quality time together, and then I drew a nice picture for her. Did you like it, Mom?"

Ed said, "Our son's become quite the artist, just like his mom. And me, I can't draw a straight line with a ruler. You've got a bigger talent than me, Blake."

"Am I bigger, Mom?" Blake grinned.

I nearly choked on my food. "We each have many talents," I said.

"You're getting better all the time, Blake. It takes lots of practice. I'm glad to see you're keeping it up," Ed said.

"With Mom's help, that's easy, Dad." Blake was playing a dangerous game. He didn't know how close I was to cracking with guilt.

He went on. "Dad, I was having a heck of a time drawing a face, but today it all got a lot easier after Mom helped me out."

He was referring to his previous faceless drawings of me. He had said I was portrayed that way because he thought it was impossible we would ever complete the act in real life. His last drawing added my face, in fact it was the centerpiece of his work. That signaled to me he thought our having sex was indeed something that could possibly happen.

Of course it was still impossible, but obviously, cumming all over his mother gave him other indications.

"Did you like it?" Ed asked.

"Like what?" I said back.

"Like Blake's drawing?"

I was stuck having to give an answer. "Blake shows a lot of skill, but he needs to word on his subject matter."

"I'm planning to put a lot into that subject matter on Saturday," Blake said.

I know what that meant. Thank goodness Ed had no clue.

"Hey! Remember Saturday is the big day; we have the special service in the afternoon, so don't get too busy," Ed said.

"I don't think we'll get busy until the evening, right Mom."

"Eat your supper," I said.

"That's no problem with me," Ed commented. "This is delicious. Kim, isn't this the best thing you've tasted all day?"

I nodded a noncommittal "Uh huh" while thinking that I had also tasted the pungent salty sourness of my son's sperm.

Ed left right after dinner, eager to get all the last minute details done before Saturday. He didn't fail to mention that he expected to finally succeed in impregnating me on Saturday, the magical day of my ovulation.

I had none of his enthusiasm or conviction, but did my best not to show it.

I needed to calm down, relax, and think things over. Like Blake, art was a pleasure and a refuge to me. I retreated to the

study, plopped down into the comfy corduroy covered chair and started drawing. I drew trees and a lake and cars on a highway, all sorts of things which had effortlessly occupied my mind for hours in the past.

But, tonight my mind was restless with the events of the day. I kept thinking back to the scene in Blake's room, the details. I tried to figure out just how things had gotten so out of hand.

My thoughts kept going back to the visual details. Maybe that was my artist's view that kept intruding.

My hand took on a mind of its own. I drew feverishly for about an hour, almost unconsciously. Finally, I whispered, "Oh my God!"

I had drawn three sketches on separate pages. The last, the topmost had two "objects" on it. One was Ed's erect penis (at least as erect as it ever got) and beside it, Blake's penis.

Both were as detailed as I could remember and drawn to scale. Blake's dwarfed his father's. It was at least two and a half inches longer and fifty percent thicker. As to hardness, there was no comparison at all. Blake was steel while his dad was a hot dog.

I stared at the drawing for a while and realized I was rocking back and forth and squeezing my thighs together. I was getting horny over my own drawing. After so much neglect, it didn't surprise me. My other two drawings had already proved to me that something had been awakened that afternoon.

We kept a landline phone still because of all the older congregation. It rang in the kitchen.

Blake called out, "Mom, it's Mrs. Saunders about the refreshments for Saturday."

By the time I got to the kitchen, Blake had again retreated elsewhere, leaving the receiver on the counter. Maybe he was

trying to avoid me. Maybe some common sense had taken hold.

I talked for about five minutes and got everything squared away. I wish all the problems were that easy to handle.

I walked down the hall to the study and cried, "BLAKE!" when I turned the corner. He was in the center of the room with my sketchbook in his hand. He flipped the pages, the top three pages that is, devouring what I had drawn.

"That's private," I said while reaching for the pad. He easily fended me off.

"Just like mine were private," he said.

I thought of how much easier this weekend would have been if he had never dropped his pad, if all his fantasies had remained private indeed.

"Have you thought about what I said today?" he asked while holding the pad behind him, away from my grasp. To my surprise, he wasn't starting the conversation with my sketches.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Mom, we HAVE to talk about it. It's important. Important to me, to Dad, and I know it's important to you. Having a baby is important because of the spot Dad's put us in. You know what'll happen if this all goes wrong."

"Your father made a wrong decision by putting so much importance on this. I admit that, but there's nothing that can be done about it."

"But, Mom, it's important for another reason. The most important reason is that you want and deserve another child. You've wanted one for all these years. This is your chance, your one chance to make that happen."

"I won't let you play on my wanting a child, Blake. That's not fair."

"We can either look on this as a big problem Dad has gotten us in, or a big opportunity to get everything both of you wants. Dad gets his miracle and saves the church and our house and everything. You get to be part of that miracle and have another child you can love for the rest of your life. Another life that's brought into the world to have the best mom that can be."

Blake was playing on all the maternal instincts that had been gnawing at me for years. Not having another child weighed on me every day since I personally realized Ed would never be able to impregnate me.

"Blake, you're so young. You don't realize how wrong it would be if we did what you're suggesting."

"I'm not suggesting, Mom. Saturday, I want to make love to you and get you pregnant. You saw how much I can cum. You know I would get you pregnant if we did it. Admit it."

"Blake, it's not just about the amount of—"

"Mom, admit if we did it you would get pregnant!"

"Blake, you have to stop it!"

"You know it's true. So tell the truth! You say you always tell the truth so say it. If I came inside you, what would happen?"

"ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! I would get pregnant. I would surely, positively, absolutely get pregnant! Are you happy now?" My outburst came out of anger and frustration, but deep down, I knew I had spoken the truth. Something told me so with conviction.

"I'll be happy when we've done it. Today, when I came, it was like no feeling I ever had before. It was because I was sharing it with you, the most important person in my life."

"But, Blake, it was so wrong. Can't you see incest is wrong?"

"We're not doing it just for sex, Mom. We're doing it for so much more than that."

My head ached. Blake was almost sounding logical and starting to make sense out of a nonsensical situation. "Blake, enough. The answer is no. The answer will always be no."

"I've always wanted a brother or a sister. Don't I have a right to have a say in that?"

"Blake, that brother or sister would also be a son or a daughter. Are you ready to be a parent? Think about it."

"I wouldn't be ready with anyone but you, Mom. You're the only one I would trust right now with my child. You're the only one I know who would be able to give the love and care and comfort they would need for the rest of their lives. Just like you've given me."

My heart melted and I extended my arms. Blake nestled in and rested his head. Then he faced me and kissed me full on the lips.

"Blake!"

"Now we get to another reason." He held up the sketchbook. "I have one of the most beautiful and sexy mothers on the planet. Mom, you've got that great body and that gorgeous face. All of a sudden, I saw you not just as my mom, but as a woman. A woman who needs love and attention you haven't been getting."

"Young man, it's not your place to talk to your mother about—
"

Blake cut me short by waving the sketchbook. "Tell me you don't feel the same. Tell me you don't look at me differently now than you did."

"You're talking crazy and I won't listen to any more of it."

He opened to the sketch of the two cocks.

"It's not too hard to guess what this is, Mom. You got a real good look at my penis today. I saw the look on your face. You couldn't take your eyes off it. It affected you somehow. You responded to it. I got excited for you today. Admit it, you got horny for me too."

"Enough!" I said.

"The other one is Dad, isn't it?"

"What if it is?"

"You drew this to compare, didn't you. You drew it and you probably listed all the differences. You probably even fantasized about how I would feel deep inside you. What it would feel like if we actually did it."

"Blake, I'm begging you to stop this!" He was so right. It was like he had read my mind.

He held up the picture again. "Which one of these can get you pregnant, Mom?"

"No. No. Don't." My mind was reeling. I couldn't take the strain much longer. But Blake pressed on.

"Which one, Mom. Which one can definitely give you a child?"

A faraway voice whispered, "Yours." The voice was mine.

"And which one could make you cum, Mom?"

"Blake, have you no shame?"

"Look at these other pictures you drew. Look at this first one."
He held it up.

It was a profile of me from the neck up. Opposite me was a slim naked body framed from the ribcage to mid thigh. Extending from the body was a large, thick erect penis. Half of it was hidden by my open mouth. I was obviously giving a blowjob. My eyes were closed with a look of satisfaction on my face. My hollowed cheeks gave the artistic impression I was sucking hard.

"Oh my GOD!" I said and turned my head away in shame.

"Mom, it's okay. I understand. You're a woman. A normal woman with normal feelings. I hear what you tell Aunt Bev all

the time. How you're not getting any. No wonder you reacted like you did."

"Blake, please no more. Not the other drawing. Please."

"Admit then when you saw my cock today you wanted to suck it. Say it."

When I met his demand with silence, he repeated:

"Say it, Mom. This proves it. Now say you wanted to suck it."

"I didn't think it at the time." My voice was small and fragile. "But when I drew, something in me wanted to feel it. Possess it. Yes, Blake. When I drew that I wanted to have you in my mouth." I should have been even more depressed, but somehow saying it lifted a burden from me.

"Today, Mom, you had cum on your face. My cum. I saw it was on your lips and under your nose. Did you smell it, did you taste it? It was all over you. Well, did you?"

My head was shaking "no" but I said, "Yes." The memory of that male musky odor and the taste came flooding back to my mind.

"So when you drew this, did it make you want me to cum in your mouth? Did you want me to shoot that whole load down your throat? Is that what this is about?" He held up the drawing.

"I was weak. You don't know what this is doing to me. I'm vulnerable right now. Seeing you like that, excited for me, aroused feelings that are forbidden and—"

"Did you think about swallowing my cum?" Blake interrupted.

"Yes," I admitted and closed my eyes in embarrassment.

"And the other sketch?" Blake asked.

From the kitchen came the slamming of the door. "I'm home, everybody!" Ed's voice came singing through the house.

"In here, Dad!" Blake held up the pad, then handed it to me before going to greet his father. I knew he was giving me time to secret it away.

I looked closely at the sketch of the blowjob and noticed Blake had drawn in a thought balloon. It was empty. I knew he was teasing me into documenting my feelings. Some unbidden compulsion drove me to take my pen and print "Please cum in my mouth."

The other sketch was even more damning than the first. It was as if the camera this time was at the foot of a bed. I was naked, on my back with my legs parted. My large breasts sported hard dark nipples. I had drawn my face with even greater care and recognizable detail than Blake had. I was slightly smiling, but desire was also evident.

Kneeling between my legs was an athletic male figure. His right hand was in the act of guiding the huge head of his penis into the entrance of my hairy vagina. His head was turned so you could see his face.

It was Blake's face. Undeniably, I had drawn Blake about to fuck his own mother.

Blake had put in two word balloons here. Mine was blank, but he had himself saying: "What do you want me to do, Mom?"

I filled mine in, and then shook my head in disbelief.

I spent the most restless night I could remember.

Before getting in bed, I hunted for Blake's peephole, found it, and rearranged my portable full-length mirror so it ended my son's voyeuristic adventures.

Ed was excited about Saturday. He talked endlessly about the miracle service he would preside over and how he knew I would soon be pregnant because of his faith and that of his followers.

I tried to share his enthusiasm and I think I had him fooled. But, I didn't fool myself. I knew it wouldn't work—again. Ed had only been able to get an erection after alcohol had blunted any of his deep-seeded guilt about lust. The trouble was that the balance between enough and too much was so delicate. He usually went from impotent to unconscious. And the few times he did maintain an erection long enough to penetrate me, it didn't last long enough for him to climax.

The rare times he allowed me to masturbate him (he didn't allow for any oral sex because it was perverted and sinful)

proved how little sperm he was able to produce. There was barely enough to wet a few small dots on a tissue.

How was THAT going to get me pregnant?

But, the worries of all that paled in comparison with the demons that haunted me as I tried to go to sleep. I was embarrassed and shamed by what I had done with Blake. I was appalled at my subsequent behavior: the drawings and my admissions to my son.

But, it seemed no amount of guilt could drive away from my mind the image of Blake's magnificent rigid cock. He had asked, when holding up my drawing of his dad's penis aside of his: "Which one would make you cum?"

I hadn't answered, but my mind was screaming "YOURS! YOUR COCK!" I could hardly imagine how something so much bigger than his father would stretch me, and what that would feel like. Would it be pain, or would it be pleasure?

Ed was sound asleep as usual as soon as head head touched the pillow. I, on the other hand, relived every moment, every sight, and every sensory experience of the day. Over and over again. I rocked my hips back and forth, on fire with desire, but not having the courage or ability to satisfy myself after so many years of Ed's religious rules.

I felt between my legs; my panties were soaked.

The last time I looked at the clock, it read 3:42. Mercifully, I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew Ed was shaking me at 7:00 a.m.

I dragged myself awake and down to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Ed and for Blake before he left for school.

Blake usually came into the kitchen in the morning and greeted me with a kiss on the cheek and a cheery "Mornin' Mom!" The greeting was the same except the kiss was full on

my mouth. I hid my shock pretty well, I think, because Ed didn't even look up from his tablet. He was already deep into taking care of the details of his day, as usual.

He did look up long enough to ask Blake, "Do all your homework?"

"All done, Dad! I gave Mom a little homework too. A little writing about some art. Did you get it done, Mom?"

This took me by surprise. He wanted to know if I had seen the addition he had made to my sketches.

My silence brought Ed's eyes up. I knew I had to respond, so I said, "All done. No problem."

"I'll check it out tonight when I get home, Mom. Thanks, it'll be a lot of help. And speaking of help, I did one more assignment for an oral exam that's coming up. I'd like you to make a comment on it."

Blake, sitting right next to his father, slid a white sheet of sketch paper out of a folder, face down. He skimmed it across the table to me and I picked it up and looked at it. My eyes flew wide and my mouth gaped open. I don't know how long I stayed like that, because time didn't register until Ed said, "Let me have a look too."

Panic filled me. "Ed, Ed ..." I stammered like an idiot.

But Blake said, "Dad, you got the final schedule for what the miracle service is going to be tomorrow? I'd love to see it."

"Finished it last night and polished it up this morning. Look!" Ed proudly tapped his tablet a few times and said, "You can read it in the car while I drive you to school. Let's go."

They both got up and left. Blake had diverted his father's attention. He turned and smiled at me as he walked out the

door. I didn't have a smile in my whole body to spare. I still must have looked like I was in shock.

When I heard the car finally leave the driveway, I turned over Blake's paper and stared at it for a good ten minutes before moving.

Artistically, it was his best effort yet. Each line was strong and sure, each portrayal of character and emotion, flawless.

It was the subject matter that stunned:

It was a sketch of me, naked again. The angle was from my right side. I sat partially up, propped by my arms resting on the mattress of a bed. My large breasts sat there on my chest, relaxed by gravity and extending down to almost my rib cage. My knees were bent, and I rested my feet flat on the mattress.

The profile of my face was the best depiction Blake had done yet. There was no doubt it was me. My eyes were half closed and my mouth wide open.

The tangle of my thick, black pubic hair was partially obscured. It was obscured by part of Blake's face. All you could see of it was from nose up. The rest of his face was evidently consuming my vagina.

Blake was performing cunnilingus on his mother.

In the sketch, Blake's eyes were riveted on my face, as if waiting for some response.

A response to what wasn't hard to guess. A yellow post-it note stuck to a corner asked in his handwriting "How would this feel, Mom?"

He had drawn in a word balloon that trailed from my mouth. It was empty, ready for my reaction.

Now his comment about an "oral exam" made sense. Plus, this was probably his answer to my own drawing of oral sex. It paralleled it.

I went to the study and turned on the paper shredder. I put the sketch on the desk, face down and paced. I came back, picked it up and made a motion towards the shredder, but stopped. I put it back down and paced some more.

Three times I repeated my actions. Each time I looked at the sketch for minutes while shaking my head.

I decided to dress and give myself a chance to gain some distance and perspective before I destroyed the sketch.

It haunted me the whole time. The image! The question! The look on my face! The thought of my son's mouth on ..."

After dressing, I was determined to go through with the shredding. I turned on the shredder again, placed the sketch, face down near the feeder, and then, at the last second, turned it over for one last look.

I turned off the shredder, grabbed my pen, and wrote three words on the sheet. I went to Blake's room and put it in his empty in-basket on his desk.

I got in the car and drove to my sister's house. She was going to help at the church today and I was picking her up.

Halfway there I said out loud "What was I thinking?"

In my son's word balloon, I had written "BLAKE!! I'm Cumming!!" with four exclamation points ... twice.

"Bev," I said, "can I ask you something?"

"Sure, you know I'm the smarter sister! Ask away."

I loved my sister, especially the way she was able to put things into perspective and tell the truth without preaching or being too heavy about things.

"What do you think about Ed's plan for tomorrow?" I had never asked her directly about it. Bev and her husband, Bill, and their kids were all part of the congregation, but I always suspected it was because I was her sister and not because she really wanted to be there.

"If I had to pick one word, that word would be 'crazy.'"

"Thanks," I said.

"Oh, I thought you wanted the truth," she said.

"I do, but ..."

"Kim, you've told me all about Ed and his bedroom habits. Now, just because of some ceremony, I'm going to start believing that on cue, something's going to change? That all the planets are going to line up and in one night you're going to reverse the results that have been happening for over ten years. Ten years equaling, by my math about 120 months. That's 120 tries that didn't work. And, by some miracle, tomorrow it's going to be different."

"That's the whole idea. That tomorrow, because of everyone's faith, a miracle CAN happen," I said.

"Oh yeah," she said. "That's right. I forgot about that. Let me take it back then and start knitting little booties today, because the stork is getting new flight instructions right to your chimney, where it'll drop a little bundle of joy."

"You're making fun of me. For believing."

"Kim, I just don't think it's going to work. Faith is a great thing, but doing the same identical thing that hasn't worked in the past doesn't seem to me to be the best plan."

I stayed silent. Bev put her arms around me and hugged me close.

"Sis, you know I want the best for you. I know how much you want this baby. You're a great mother. Look at what a wonderful son you've raised. Blake has so much talent. So handsome and loving. In many ways he already, in my opinion, has more potential than his father."

Bev didn't know how her words were affecting me, given the recent events.

"He's a wonderful boy," I said, trying to sound calm.

"Listen, I don't know a lot about miracles, but I think they might be happening more than we know. It's just that when we look for them in a certain direction and only want to accept things we think are right or limit the possibilities, we might miss them altogether and never know they passed us by."

"What are you saying?"

"I think Ed put a lot of pressure on himself, you, Blake, and the congregation by almost demanding a miracle happen in a certain way. Maybe it wasn't supposed to happen like that at all. Maybe there's another way the miracle is going to happen. Or maybe it wasn't ever supposed to happen. Open yourself up to all the possibilities is what I think I'm saying."

"And how do I even know what the possibilities are?"

"You could be overlooking something that's right there in front of you. Open up your senses and be aware of things that are going on around you. Don't ignore or discard a chance

presenting itself. The old hippie thing we used to hear about: open yourself to the universe. I really still believe that."

"You really ARE the smarter sister," I said. A possibility was presenting itself to me, and not only was I ignoring it, I was actively chasing it away. Too bad there was no way around that.

"Told ya!" she laughed.

"Can I ask about something else, something the total opposite of miraculous?"

"Yeah what?"

"Oral sex," I started.

She held up her hand to stop me. "Before you say another word, don't you ever think oral sex ISN'T miraculous!!" She laughed. We both laughed. "That's the last subject I ever

thought you'd bring up. Doesn't Ed forbid it, like it's Satan's worst tool and requires an immediate elevator down to hell?"

"Not that bad. He's never allowed it though. I wanted your opinion, though. Just curious."

"I don't know where this is coming from, but giving oral sex to a guy gets old, but receiving oral sex from a guy never gets old!"

"So you think it's like normal to ..." I couldn't finish.

"Kim, it's the most normal and wonderful experience to share with each other. With someone you love." She hugged me.

"And when does it get old?" I smiled.

"At about the one thousandth blowjob!"

We laughed.

Bev and I worked all day and got all the critical items on my list of things to do done. That was a big relief.

We also talked a lot about both important and frivolous things. I needed that. By the time I got home, I was feeling better, both because of our talk and because of the fatigue that kind of soothed me. The lack of sleep and physical activity lulled me into a relaxed state.

I even made a decision to talk with Blake and put all that had happened behind us and resume the normal mother/son relationship which had been in effect for 18 years minus one day.

He was home from school and in the kitchen when I got in.

"Hi, Mom," he smiled. "Got your note!"

"About that. We have to talk."

That's when his cell phone rang. He answered and said to me, "It's Gary."

Gary was one of his friends. "Okay, I'm going to take a shower, then we have to talk, young man."

"I'll be in my room," he said.

My shower was long and hot and relaxing. I needed it after so much that had happened and so much that was going to happen. There was no rush since Ed was working feverishly to make sure everything was perfect for tomorrow. He wouldn't be home until late tonight.

I dried off and tucked myself into my warm, comfy terrycloth robe. I tied the belt tight with a bow, and padded barefoot to Blake's room.

He said his usual "Enter!" when I knocked.

He was on his bed, looking at his phone and punching at the keyboard. Texting, I suppose. He finished and put it down. I sat at his desk. I noticed his in-basket was again empty. So, he had seen what I had written in my previous deranged state that morning. On his desk was his pad, opened to a blank page. A drawing pencil lay beside it.

"You want to talk about my drawing, right?"

"That, and other things," I said. My voice was quiet and calm and assured. I was positive this was going to unfold exactly as I had rehearsed in my mind:

I was going to tell Blake things had gotten out of hand and gone too far and everything was going back to normal from—

"I liked that you used my name, Mom."

"What?"

"On the drawing, you used my name. And in all caps like you were yelling it. If you had just said 'I'm cumming!' it could have been just a like generic reaction, and not personal at all."

"What are you talking about. I'm not following."

"Mom, when you said 'Blake! I'm cumming!' that told me you WANTED me to know I made you cum. You wanted me to know I was able to make you cum and that you realized it was possible."

"I think you're reading way too much into what I wrote. It was meant as a joke and—" I tried to lie my way out of it.

"No way, Mom! You never would have written that unless you really felt it. Admit it. You said you'd never lie to me. And I said I wouldn't lie to you. Ever. Let's not start now.

"Okay."

"So admit it. When you wrote that you knew I could make you cum. You were horny enough to realize I could make you cum."

"I wasn't thinking clearly. There has been so much going on. Now is different. Now I realize we have to get back to what we had before, the love we had before."

"Mom, we have that love and a greater love even. I love you as my mom but also as a woman now. I see how beautiful and sexy you are and you've seen how you can excite me. And I see how I excite you. When you looked at me naked. I saw how you felt."

"It's wrong. It WAS wrong, because it has to stop. Especially now. Especially with all that's at stake tomorrow."

"But, don't you see, Mom? It's the PERFECT time. It's like it's SUPPOSED to happen! Don't you see that?"

"What are you talking about?"

"First of all, my sketchbook. It was zipped up in my backpack. I know it was, and I even checked under my desk when I left Mrs. Mackly's room. I know I did because Becky dropped her lip gloss and I had to pick it up for her—right under my desk."

"Maybe that's when it fell out," I said, using my Sherlockian skills.

"No way. I had put the backpack down two desks in front of mine to go back to help Becky. Then Mrs. Mackly finds it? She hasn't been to the back of the room since YOU were in High

School. It just doesn't add up unless it was supposed to happen this way. Like this is the perfect time for this to happen."

"I think you're exaggerating cause and effect, seeing connections that really aren't there."

"You know what's not there? The possibility that Dad is going to get you pregnant tomorrow. Come on, Mom! If we don't do it, if you and me don't do it, if I don't get you pregnant tomorrow, it's not going to happen. And if it DOESN'T happen, we're going to lose all that Dad's spent his life building."

I picked up his pad and pencil and started to idly draw to distract my mind from the arguments we was presenting. "Blake, it can't happen the way you want. You have to realize it's not possible." There was that word, "possible." Bev had been talking about ignoring possibilities. Could THIS be a possibility I was ignoring? Could Blake be right about the strangeness of events?

"But, it is possible. For some reason, all of a sudden, we both realize that we are attracted to each other in a whole different way that clears the way for us to make a baby tomorrow—together."

"It's insane, Blake."

"Was it insane that I drew those pictures, out of the blue, knowing I wanted to make you pregnant. That was even before Dad got this crazy idea about miracles. Now to me THAT'S insane. And then how about the drawings YOU made. Where did those come from?"

Where indeed? I had no answer. This had gone wrong. Blake was leading the discussion forcefully away from my original purpose.

"Tell me you didn't feel something yesterday. When you saw me. When you saw me cum?"

"Blake, sometimes the body responds on its own."

"Maybe it's right to respond, Mom. Maybe you need to respond." Blake got up and slipped his shirt over his head. "You're drawing, Mom. I'll pose for you."

He walked towards me and stopped a few feet way. "Blake," I said.

"Draw, Mom. You drew me from memory. Now I'm right in front of you."

My hand guided the pencil and caught the form and swerve of his chest. While I was looking down, I heard a slight swish of cloth. When I looked up, Blake was naked. He had dropped his shorts to the floor.

"Blake, this is ridiculous!"

"Draw. Draw what you see."

As if hypnotized, my practiced hand flew over the page. Some part of me was eager and glad to have a live model to use. Part of me knew this was wrong and could lead to no good.

"Stay still," I said.

Blake obeyed. Almost all of Blake obeyed. The only part of him that didn't obey was his penis. It slowly climbed to form a right angle with his body.

"Blake, you have no shame! This is unacceptable."

"Draw it, Mom. You drew it from memory. Now it's right in front of you. Draw it."

I unconsciously turned to a clear page and for the next few minutes captured every detail of my son's gorgeous teen cock. When I had finished, I dropped the pad onto my lap. The pencil magically disappeared from my hand, and I realized Blake had pulled it free and placed it on the desk. He took my

hand and put it on his cock. I should have pulled back and got up and ran from the room.

I didn't.

My hand felt the heat and the hardness. All the fatigue weakened me and let all the thoughts from the previous twenty-four hours flood back.

"That drawing of you, Mom. The one with your mouth on me"

I didn't have the strength to say anything.

"I liked that drawing. It made me wonder what it would feel like."

He moved closer and my hand remained curved around his cock. I unconsciously gave a little squeeze and noticed a thick, clear liquid leak from the tip. My eyes remained on it.

"What it would feel like to have you do that, Mom."

Now I knew which drawing he meant. My eyes flew to meet his. "Nooo. Blake, this is wrong. I've never done that, not even for your father."

"But, you want to do it. He just doesn't let you. I'm not like that. I'm going to let you. You want to do it. You wouldn't have drawn it if you didn't imagine what it would be like. Now you're going to find out."

He moved even closer. While I was seated, my son's penis was a little higher than my mouth. My hand was still wrapped around it, giving little tugging motions and vague massages.

"You know you want to, Mom. Tell me you want me in your mouth."

"No ... please stop this."

Blake pressed closer and the tip of his penis brushed against my cheek as I turned my head. I could feel the soft tip paint his sticky goo against my skin.

"Open your mouth. Taste me. You have to admit to yourself you want to lick it and suck on it."

"Don't make me do this, Blake. I'm your mother." I had turned my face back to him and implored with my eyes.

Instead of backing off, he glided forward tenderly and with a gentle sway stroked all the way across my closed lips with the oozing tip of his penis.

"Open your mouth, Mom," he whispered breathily, but with a directness that had an inevitable power in it.

I did. And for the first time in my life, a man's penis entered my mouth.

Blake didn't move. He allowed me to control the invasion. The taper of the head of his penis allowed me to gradually open my mouth wider and wider. Soon I had the complete purple-ringed head inside my watering mouth.

I sealed my lips tight around it and sucked. I was rewarded with a strong-tasting flow of juices. I let out a "mmmmmm" as I felt my throat constrict as I swallowed. Part of my son's body, his fluids were being ingested and becoming part of my own body.

I felt Blake's hand go to the back of my head. He held it there, tangled in my still-wet hair. It was more of a caress than a force or a guide.

"Ooh, Mom!" he said. "That feels so good."

I took my mouth away, and immediately stuck my tongue out and licked all around the sensitive head again and again.

"Blake, I can't believe you got me to do this," I whispered. I opened my mouth wider and this time took in about half his length. I sucked hard.

The thought came to my mind: you're giving your son a blowjob.

"Mom! That's amazing!"

I started to pump with my hand. Without consciously realizing it, I was now trying to get my son to cum in my mouth. I wondered what it would feel like, taste like, if I could swallow it all fast enough?

But, I was in for yet another surprise. Blake stopped me and pulled out.

"You have to stop, Mom. I can't let myself cum today."

I looked up and gave an amazed "Whaaa?"

"Mom, I have to save myself for tomorrow. I want to have as much cum stored so I can get you pregnant for sure tomorrow."

I couldn't believe it. My son just stopped me from letting him cum in my mouth. I didn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed.

"Blake, honey, you know I can't let that happen. No matter what."

"Mom, it's got to happen or else everything is wasted. All Dad's work, all the faith of all the people who believe. You know I can get you pregnant, don't you?"

"Blake we both know you can and probably would have a good chance, but that's one line we can never cross."

"Mom, things are happening for reasons we never would have guessed just a few days ago. Look at how many lines we've crossed already."

"But ... doing ... that, having sex is a whole different thing. That's the most intimate a man and a woman can be. It should only take place when two adults are in love and have good reasons for bringing a child into the world."

"What better reasons do we have, you and me. It will save the family, save the church, make so many people believe and maybe change their lives forever. And you get another child to be a great mother to and love for the rest of your life. If we don't at least try tomorrow, we'll both regret it. We've been given a shot, a great possibility that shouldn't have happened, but did. Think about it."

That word again: possibility. That word Bev had mentioned. Could this really be something extraordinary that was presenting itself to me? It made me wonder.

"The answer has to be no, Blake."

"Mom, I just gave up cumming in your mouth. Do you think I'd do that if I didn't really believe in what I'm saying. I want to do my part. That's why I'm saving myself. I want all my cum to go where it has the chance to do the most good. And that's deep inside you. Promise you'll keep an open mind."

I thought that would be a good way to end this so I said, "Okay. Open mind. Now put on your clothes. I'll go and get supper for the two of us."

When I stood up, Blake got close and hugged me. I hugged him back.

"Mom, now it's my turn."

"What do you mean?"

"Now it's my turn to draw you. You can pose for me."

The pad and pencil were on the desk. I turned to pick them up and hand them to Blake. That's when I felt him unbutton the belt of my robe.

"Blake! What are you doing?"

"I'm going to draw you naked, Mom."

"I can't let you do that. You know better."

He finished undoing my belt. My hands tried to stop him, but I was too slow. I clasped my robe shut with both hands.

"You're going to pose for me, Mom. I posed for you. You drew me. You drew my cock, didn't you? You liked drawing it, didn't you? Well, I'm going to like drawing you. Your beautiful body. I'm going to capture it all. This time not from memory, but in person."

He took hold of my hands and pulled them gently. He leaned in and kissed me on the lips.

"Mom, let go."

"No. I'm your mother. It isn't right."

He ran his hands over the front of my robe. I felt my nipples go hard when his palms touched them.

He kissed me again. "Mom, let go." Then another kiss. "Let go. Please, Mom, let me draw you." Then another light kiss.

My hands loosened, but didn't leave the fabric. He kissed me again, this time letting his tongue trail over the lips that had so recently been surrounding his delicious cock.

Blake peeled back my robe. I closed my eyes and dropped my hands to my sides. He slid the robe over my shoulders, and the weight of it took it all the way to the floor.

I knew Blake's eyes were scanning every inch of his now-naked mother who stood before him.

"Oh, Mom! You're so beautiful. What a body you have!"

Some prideful part of me took pleasure in his evaluation. I ran and exercised and stretched and sweat almost every day to stay supple and strong and lean. My heavy 38D breasts may have relaxed over the years, but they were still a long way from sagging, and they looked proportional on my 5'10" frame carrying my 140 pounds. My legs were long and muscular still—dance classes and Pilates, I guess.

"Mom, You're amazing!"

It had been so long since I received a compliment about my body, I almost forgot it was my own son who was assessing his naked mother. His gaze was burning over me from my toes to my hair. MY HAIR! My eyes flew open.

"You don't mind that I don't shave, you know ... down there?"
I had an extra hirsute triangle of pubic hair. I kept it trimmed in area so no curlies protruded past my panties, but other than that, I let Nature run wild.

"I love it, Mom. You look like a real woman, not a little girl."

Blake took the pad and pencil and began to furiously sketch.
"That's it, Mom. Just stand there, natural-like."

I did. The more he sketched, the more relaxed I became. He would give a direction once in a while and I would comply. Then he said, "Turn around."

I whirled around and he gasped, "Mom! You've got a killer butt!"

That made me smile. Many backwards glances in the mirror had assured me there wasn't an ounce of fat on it.

Finally, Blake said, "Want to see?" and offered me the pad.

"Oh my God!" I said. He had done four sketches: two from the front, one from the side, and one from the rear. If I didn't know it was me, I would have thought it was a professional artist drawing a professional model. It was Blake's finest work yet. Miles ahead of anything he had ever done. Miles ahead of my own work. Somehow, he had broken a barrier and gone to another level.

"Blake! I don't know what to say. These are breathtaking. Your choices, your lines. I'm so proud of you! I hugged him. He hugged back.

Then I felt something between us. His cock. His rigid cock. Looking at the sketches had made me forget we were still both naked. I was hugging my naked son, pressing my naked flesh against him. My breasts rubbed against his muscular chest. My pubic hair nested his now-hard cock.

I tried to pull away, but his strong arms held me. He kissed me and said, "Mom, this is so nice." His hips gave a little nudge forward, pressing his hard penis against me. My hips involuntarily responded and met his thrust.

Something had happened. Being close together with no clothes on had dissolved the mother/son barrier, revealing a man/woman relationship our bodies recognized.

"This is wrong," I whispered, but didn't let go.

He kissed me again and his hips trembled forward again, eliciting my now natural response. He kissed my neck and my head went back in response, further exposing that area. "You have to stop," I said.

He kissed my neck again, and before I knew what was happening, he lowered his head and sucked in my right nipple.

"Aaaahhhh!" I gasped. A jolt of emotional electricity shot through my whole body. "Nooo!" I groaned, but my hips ground my crotch against my son in response.

He worked on that nipple, sucking and nipping gently while I made strange, small sounds. Then he switched to the other. It carried the same voltage as the first.

I finally tried to get my bearings and stop this. "Blake, Blake, honey, stop and let's talk about your sketches." I pushed him back a little and looked into his eyes.

"Mom, I love these new drawings, but I love this one more." He reached into the top drawer of his desk and presented a sheet of paper to me.

It was the same one he had given me that morning, the one with him performing oral sex.

"Mom, we did this one together. You could have ignored it, you could have destroyed it, or you could have written something else. But, what you wrote meant something. Something to both of us. Read it, Mom."

I was too worn out and weak not to comply: "Blake! I'm cumming!"

"That told me two things. One was that you recognized that you need to cum. And two, that you know I can make you cum. And, I guess the third thing is that when you put that in my in box, you wanted me to know the first two things."

I was shaking my head "no" but my mind knew it was absolutely true.

"Mom, take a look at this drawing again." My eyes followed his command. "Mom, I'm going to do this right now. I'm going to eat your pussy until you cum!"

"Blake, nooo! I'm your mother. You can't do that!"

He hugged me close and kissed me. "I'm going to eat your pussy. I'm going to make you cum." He kissed me again.

"So wrong. So wrong," I whispered.

"I'm going to eat your pussy, eat it until you cum so hard. You need it, you deserve it," he whispered into my ear. "Admit you need to cum, Mom." He ground his hard prick against my throbbing pussy. It responded with an upturning jerk.

"No, Blake ... enough."

"Tell me to make you cum, Mom. Ask me to make you cum. I want my mouth on your pussy, Mom. I want to taste you now."

"Oohhh!" I groaned.

"I want to suck on you until you cum. Ask me ... ask me now."
He slid his tongue into my mouth and swirled it around and around my own.

When our kiss broke, I put my mouth next to his ear and said, "Blake ... please ... don't make me beg ... please ... make me cum."

He led me to his bed and I sat on the edge. His cock bobbed with each of his heartbeats as he stood before me. I took hold of it and leaned forward. My tongue covered all of it from base to tip, drinking in his juices once again.

"Oh, Mom!" he breathed. After a few moments he said, "Lie down."

I did. He followed me and perched himself down by my feet. Blake guided my legs up until they were fully bent and then parted them. I planted the soles of my feet firmly on the bed.

He crawled between and began gently kissing the insides of my thighs, from the knees on down.

"Blake, are you sure you want to do this, do this to your own mother?"

His answer came in the form of actions, not words. He moved up to my navel and kissed it. then lower, and lower. When his lips first met the top of my pubic patch, I let out a gruff "uhhh!"

Lower still until he met my vaginal split. His stiff tongue parted the intertwined black pubic hairs guarding my labia. He hardened his tongue and split them all in one shot, then stopping at the entrance of my vagina.

"Aaaaahhh!" I gasped. "Blake, you're the first to ..." I whispered. Ed had never even offered to do this for me, so having a mouth on my most sensitive area was a profoundly new experience. That it was my son providing that experience added a complex and puzzling emotional layer to it.

"Mom, you're delicious," Blake said. He was licking and lapping and swallowing. I can only imagine the amount of vaginal secretions his ministrations were bringing forth. He was doing what he had promised. He was eating my pussy.

And, I was feeding it to him. Feeding my 41-year-old pussy into my son's teenage face. My hips made rhythmic motions, rising to meet his hungry mouth and reloading back to the bed, only to elevate again to join with his lips. The same hole from which he emerged 18 years before. The same hole he wanted to deposit his sperm into. I served it up to him needily.

My breath was coming faster, and exploded from my lungs when he licked upward and brushed his rough tongue over my engorged clitoris.

"Oooohhh! There! Right there!"

Blake began to lick and suck and tease at that hard nub of pleasure. I had never felt anything like it. I never could have imagined there was a feeling like this in the whole world.

My body vibrated and my hips took on a life of their own, lifting and thrusting with increasing violence. My hands went to the back of Blake's head and caressed and guided, fully giving myself over to the pleasure of these moments. The motion of my body made my breasts flow up toward my face and then stretch down toward Blake in a dance.

The sounds coming from me varied in tone and pitch and rhythm. And loudness. They grew increasingly loud until I emitted several long shrieks.

I felt myself going, getting nearer, getting nearer, and then I screamed:

"BLAKE! OH MY GOD! YEESSS! I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING!"

My hips had locked in the up position, and the only parts of my body touching the bed were my shoulders and my feet. I remained frozen in the position for the whole of my orgasm, which I'd probably inaccurately estimate at about 45 seconds.

Then I collapsed, both bodily and mentally. When I finally opened my eyes again, Blake was at my side. He was holding me in his arms, and had my head nestled on his shoulder.

"Blake," I said.

He kissed my lips and said "Shhh."

We stayed quiet for a long time. My body shuddered involuntarily every so often, maybe trying to recover from the ordeal of ecstasy it had fought through.

"I never thought it could be like that," I said to the ceiling.

"I'm glad, Mom. I'm glad I made you cum. You needed it, and you deserved it."

"Thank you, thank you! Oh, thank you!" I kissed Blake hard on his mouth and then lingered, lessening the pressure until it was a tender ending.

Blake didn't rush me; he allowed my body to readjust itself to the real world again. And he allowed me the nurturing environment of his embrace as my brain processed what had happened:

I had jerked my son off and got covered by his cum, then sucked his cock, then let him eat my pussy, then exploded in his mouth with an earth-shattering orgasm. And, I was lying next to him, completely naked. That took a lot of processing.

Finally, I said, "We have to let your dad try."

"What?"

"Tomorrow. After the church service, we have to let your dad try to get me pregnant. If there's really any chance a true miracle can happen, we have to let it end at that."

"But, Mom—"

"You know it's only right, and he's worked hard and believes in this."

"Okay. I don't like it, but okay."

I looked at him, and reached down to stroke his big, thick, hard, hot cock. "But, if he can't, for any reason ..." I paused.

"Yeah?"

I squeezed gently. "I want you to take this beautiful cock and knock me up!"

Ed didn't get home until after eight.

This gave me time to come in for a landing from my sky-high emotional and physical flight that afternoon. I took another long shower that left me relaxed, tired, and a little sore from my spastic gymnastics while convulsing out an orgasm.

I felt slightly selfish. I had received the most satisfying sexual release of my life while Blake's self-imposed celibacy denied him the same. I had to give him credit for his self control. I can imagine how difficult it must have been.

He was very attentive and affectionate afterwards, and I had to caution him not to act that way in front of his dad. Nothing must give away what we had done.

I didn't have as much guilt as I had feared. Performing sexual acts with your son has been, shall we say, frowned on for centuries.

Maybe when the afterglow of cumming that hard had worn off, I would feel worse. Right now, though, I was dealing with it fine. I hoped Blake was also. I hoped none of this would affect him in the long term. That would be the part I would never forgive myself for.

Just before Ed got home, I was at the kitchen sink. Blake came up behind me and said, "Hi, Mom." He pressed his hard cock against the crack of my ass and reached around and cupped my right breast.

"Blake! Remember what I said!" My voice was stern but my heart leaped and a twinge went shooting through my vagina. My body must have been imprinted with his touch and voice that afternoon and was responding to the stimulus. I had been neglected for so long it felt amazing, even though I couldn't let on how good it really felt.

"I know, Mom. Just thinking about tomorrow."

I didn't want to ruin his anticipation and remind him that he may never get to release all that goo he was hoarding if I believed in any way his father might have impregnated me.

I looked at him, and he smiled a sly smile. Sly with desire and the intrigue of conspiracy. He and his mother had hatched a plot to get her pregnant—with his sperm—right under his father's nose. Quite a plan. Quite a crazy, improbable plan.

What was I thinking? How could I have come this far afield from the normal, sane, respectable, straight-laced wife of a pastor I had been just the day before?

"I know, Mom. I can act cool. I can act like I didn't make you cum real hard today."

"Blake!"

"With my mouth!" he laughed.

I put my face in my hands. It felt hot with a blush of embarrassment. "Oh MY God!" I said, but laughed too. He was playing with me. But it reminded me of the truth: my son had given me the first oral sex of my life and I had reacted with an explosion of sexual energy and satisfaction. "Live with it, Kim" I thought to myself. Can't change it now, not that I would want to.

Blake still had that smile. The anticipation of sinking that huge thing into his mother. I didn't want him to be too disappointed if it didn't work out the way he hoped.

"Blake, you have to realize that your dad might be able to do it all by himself and not need you to step in as a backup."

"I know, Mom. Part of me, of course doesn't want that to happen, but part of me does too. I love dad and I know how

much this means to him, the whole believing and everything. So ..." He shrugged away the loss for words.

That was my Blake. A caring, loving son all his life. I hugged him and he hugged back. Then he lowered his hands and squeezed both my ass cheeks.

"Blake, don't be naughty! We'll get caught and then there will be even more trouble!"

"Can I ask you something, Mom?"

"Sure."

"if you and dad, you know do it and you think it worked, and you know we don't get to do it together ..."

"Yeah ..."

"Can I cum in your mouth instead?"

I stood with a stunned look on my face for a long time.

"Well?" Blake asked.

I couldn't believe it when I said: "Yes."

"And you'll swallow it?"

Another pause before: "Yes."

I couldn't believe Blake had just ensured that all that sperm and semen he was saving up would either gush up my vagina or down my throat the next day.

Ed walked in at that moment and asked, "What's the topic of conversation?"

I could have said "a blowjob I just promised our son" but chose not to.

"Dad, how do you feel about tomorrow?" Blake asked.

I gave a little jump, not sure of Blake's motives or intentions. I hoped he was truly interested and wishing the best for his dad.

"I've got a really good feeling. There's something happening. God works in mysterious ways you know. When one door closes, another opens."

"I've got a good feeling too, Dad. I think tomorrow is going to be the best day of my life because of what you want to happen."

"Blake, that means a lot to me. I'm proud of you. And don't think I haven't noticed how you've filled in for me here at home while I've been busy with this special service."

"I've been happy to fill in for you, Dad" Blake said as he smiled at me. "Whenever you can't do something, you can be sure I'll get it done!"

"By the way, how did your oral exam go today?"

"Tell him, Mom." Blake's grin got huge.

I hated to play Blake's little double entendre inside joke game in front of his father. Knowing Blake, I was sure he thought he was sharing a laugh, and not being disrespectful. So, after giving Blake a wide-eyed "cut it out" look, I said:

"He got an A-plus."

It was the big day.

Ed had got up early and already left for the church. Blake and I would follow at about noon. That would give us a few hours before the service to get the last minute things done.

It had been a strange feeling to sleep with Ed the night before. It was the same, but different. I should have felt like I had cheated on him, but I didn't.

His indifferent touch was magnified. I had been oblivious to it until I had Blake's hungry hands and voracious mouth to compare. Ed's casual, automatic, and almost polite caress here and there were puny in comparison.

When we had gone into the bedroom for the night, I noticed the mirror I had blocking Blake's peephole. I looked at it there for a whole minute, then moved it back to its original spot, giving full visual access again to our bedroom.

Something in me craved to have Blake's appreciating eyes on me. I had never in my life felt one exhibitionist tendency before. Now, the thought of being watched by my son gave me a thrill.

I usually changed into my pajamas in the bathroom. Instead, I chose a direct line in front of that spot on the wall to undress. First, on an impulse, I went to the wall and gave two soft knocks. I didn't know if Blake would hear, or even wonder what they were.

Then I slowly undressed. I unbuttoned my jeans and dropped them to the floor, drew off my top and threw it on the bed. Now I was standing there in only my white bra and light blue panties.

I heard two soft knocks on the wall and knew I had an audience. I reached behind me and unclasped my bra, then shrugged it off, freeing my breasts. Two more knocks.

My thumbs went into the waistband of my panties and glided them over my hips to the floor. I was now fully naked and I could almost feel the force of Blake's eyes on me.

I ran the flat of my palms over my stomach and up to my breasts, cupping them then teasing my nipples to attention.

I turned, giving Blake a full view of my ass. Then I walked to the bed, bent over in an exaggerated reach and turned down the covers. I wondered if he was imagining coming up behind me like he did at the sink and taking me from the rear. I parted my legs as I reached and smoothed the folded down sheet and blanket and spread. I knew this would probably show the entrance of my vagina and the thick tuft of pubic hair puffing out from my crotch.

Two more knocks. I smiled naughtily to myself. Why was I deriving so much giddy pleasure from this? Had I become a perverted sex-crazed woman in just one day?

Ed came out and said, "Bathroom's yours. I didn't take THAT long. You could have waited. Aren't you embarrassed to walk around like that. Just think if Blake walked in! Think how you'd feel then. My God, Kim. Put your pajamas on."

That ended that.

When Blake came into the kitchen for breakfast, I said, "Good morning, sleepyhead! Sleep well?"

"You know I didn't."

"How would I know that?"

"Because of what I saw right before bed, Mom. That's why."

I busied myself at the stove, facing away from him. He couldn't see my smile. This was MY turn to have a joke on HIM!

"And what did you see?" I giggled.

"You! Naked! You know I can't jerk off. That wasn't fair! I couldn't stop thinking about you all night. I barely got any sleep."

I thought back to my own sleepless night and wanted to say "How do YOU like it!" but let my closed-lipped smile do all my talking.

I served breakfast for us both and sat down. Blake then presented me with a sheet of paper. I said, "Uh-oh!" I knew it would be another one of his creations.

I was partially correct. It was a combination of both of our works. The previous day, one of my sketches had been a side view of Blake's turgid penis, in all its glory.

Blake had used colored pencils to add anatomical details. He showed a cross sectional diagram of the female reproduction system, almost like looking at a medical drawing in a book.

He had his penis tightly embedded in a vagina, nudged up against the cervix. He showed the tip spouting great quantities of sperm directly into the uterus, almost filling it. Obviously representative of what he intended to happen to me that day.

A small square insert showed a sphere with a rough surface being assailed by dozens of things with oval-shaped heads and long swirling tails. Sperm! One had successfully buried its head into the sphere, the egg, the ovum! Success—impregnation! It was brilliant and really conveyed his thoughts for the day.

"Blake, this is so imaginative, like an x-ray of what can happen."

"Not what CAN happen, Mom. What WILL happen."

"I drew something for you, too. Let me get it."

I returned a moment later and presented Blake with my own art: I had drawn Blake's face. He had his tongue extended and in loving contact with the hard nipple of a big breast—my breast.

"Mom! This is beautiful I love it." He got up and hugged me. When he tried to kiss me, I offered my cheek.

"We have to get going," I said, and brought the dishes to the sink.

Blake "helped" and brought the rest of the dishes. He reached around me and put them in the sink. He also pressed himself

against my bottom. I could feel his harness through my satin pajamas.

"Blake! Be a good boy. We don't have any time—"

My pajama top was untucked. He slid both hands under it and glided them up to my naked breasts. "Mom," he breathed into my ear as he cupped them and ran his thumbs over my nipples.

Instead of chiding him with a "no" I stood there in silence. He explored the weight and texture of each breast. I don't think my nipples could have gotten any harder.

"Blake, stop. We have to get ready."

"I thought about you all night, Mom." He took his hands away and transferred them to the elastic waistband of my pajama bottoms. Before I could react, he stretched them over my hips and slid them to the floor.

"BLAKE!"

"I thought about you when you bent over near the bed. Bend over like that now so I can see your ass up close." He backed off and pulled at my hips to give me a little distance from the edge of the sink, which I leaned on with both hands.

My feet shuffled back about a yard until my back was almost parallel with the floor.

"Blake, we have to stop this. You know what today is."

He didn't say anything, but answered only by gently massaging my ass and ending by gently pulling my butt cheeks apart.

My exhibitionist tendencies got a shock when I realized my son must be looking at his own mother's tight, puckered, pink

asshole. My face flushed with embarrassment ... and unbidden excitement.

Blake stepped forward and sawed his hard, naked cock between my pussy lips. He must have dropped his own pajama bottoms in the process.

"NOOOO!" I cried as the tip of his cock cruised from my vaginal entrance all the way to my clit, untangling and parting all my pubic hair on its journey. He rested there a second and then pulled back, only to repeat the motion along my vaginal slit.

"Uhhggg!" I blurted when he hit my clit again.

"We can't ... Blake ... we can't. Remember our promise. Remember what today means."

"Mom, you're so wet."

He was right, I could feel it. And I could feel how slick his cock was as it slid along my pussy. I must have been putting out gushers of fluids down there.

He pulled back once more, and this time poised himself so that the head of his penis caught on the edge of the entrance of my vagina. I could picture that enormous bulbous end of his penis, shiny and slick with lubrication, surrounded by my pussy hair ... poised there ... motionless.

All it would take was a simple thrust of his hips, or my backing into him—and mother and son would be joined together in the most forbidden of unions.

That's when we heard a car pull into the driveway. I looked through the window over the sink.

"It's your Aunt Bev! Quick, take those drawings to your room. And get dressed!"

We both pulled up our drawers at the same time. He hurried out of the kitchen. I braced myself against the sink until my trembling knees felt stable again.

Bev walked in. I didn't know whether to thank her or cuss her out for interrupting. She was here to help with any last minute preparations.

"Got any coffee, Sis?" she asked with way too much cheer than I was ready for. "What's that smell?"

"Fried eggs," I lied. I could hardly tell her it was overheated pussy juice.

I had rid myself of any noticeable signs of sexual frenzy by the time the service started.

Ed was beaming, in a full frenzy of his own. His was of the religious zeal type.

After he had concluded the usual service, he announced: "Now we come to why we're here on this special day and at this special time. We all have varying amounts of faith and at times that faith is strong, at other times, weak. Today I pledge my faith to you and I expect a miracle in return. Come up here, Kim."

I hadn't expected this part, to be put on display. Ed knew I was best behind the scenes.

I got up beside Ed, and he said, "I love my wife, and I've tried to fulfill all my duties to her each and every day. We have a fine son, Blake. Get up, Blake."

Blake stood up shyly and raised his hand in a hesitant wave. The congregation gave a polite applause. I saw Mrs. Mackly in the fourth row. She had her arms folded. And she was glaring right at me. I thought about how much more severe that glare

would have been if she saw any of the goings-on from the past two days.

Blake sat down and Ed continued. "But, who do you see standing beside Blake? Surely not a brother or a sister. That's where I've failed my family. Kim here and I have tried in the past to have another child. But, God has said no. I often asked why, but always give thanks for His wisdom as to the timing. It finally came to me that my faith wasn't strong enough, that I hadn't crawled out on that limb of trust far enough. As you all know, what this is about today is me edging farther out on that proverbial limb than I had ever gone before. If God doesn't answer our prayer to increase our family, I'm stepping down as your pastor.

If Ed expected a chorus of protests, he was disappointed. There were some low murmurs, but that was about it.

"I'm asking for all your help today. I'm asking that you add the strength of your faith to that of my family. Kim, do you have anything to add?"

This took me by surprise. I rarely got up and spoke in front of a group. Ed was the one with the gift of gab.

"I want to thank you all for coming today. You're here because of your belief and a sureness that mountains can be moved when you apply that belief to possibilities instead of problems."

I got a modest round of applause and affirmations.

Ed was about to call for the last prayer of faith that would unite the congregation in our cause. That's when he saw a raised hand in the first row. That hand, to my shock, was attached to Blake. Even Ed, who was looking for miracles to happen, was taken by surprise. "Blake?" he asked.

Blake bounded up to the stage to stand between us. "Can I say something, Dad?"

Ed must have said okay, but I didn't hear it. My heart was thumping so hard I started to get lightheaded. What could Blake be up to?

"First of all, like my mom, thanks for being here supporting us and my dad in particular." He looked at Ed and said, "Dad, I'm proud of you. Proud you're standing up and showing everyone what courage is, even when things look impossible. That's when miracles happen, I think. When there seems to be no way. And then, there is a way."

"Dad, one of my favorite sayings of yours is 'as you sow, so shall you reap.' I believe there's the quote about sowing the good seed too. Dad, you've inspired me to sow the good seed. Thanks."

Blake then shook his father's hand. This got the biggest response of the afternoon. People clapped, and not just a few got on their feet. It energized the whole church.

Then Blake hugged me and whispered in my ear, "We have some good seed to sow." I fought to keep the smile on my face. I won.

The rest of the service was filled with good will then. Blake had turned the mood. It probably changed because they saw us as a family, not just a pastor taking a stand.

Afterwards, during refreshments, I couldn't count how many came up to Ed and me and gushed about Blake. Ed was happier than I was because his double meaning lurked in the back of my mind.

Here, in the actual outside world, it made my thoughts and activities with my own son in the past few days seem faraway and unreal.

Blake was standing with me when his art teacher, Mrs. Mackly came up to us. "Blake, I'm so proud of you."

"Thanks Mrs. Mackly. Because of you, Mom and I had a real good talk and it made me see what I can do in the future to do the right thing. I learned a lot since you two talked. Thanks again." He offered his hand, and she shook it.

"Your boy has a lot to offer," she said.

Blake smiled at me. I knew what he was offering.

As we were cleaning up, Ed whispered to me, "I have a really good feeling about tonight. I truly believe it's going to happen tonight." I smiled supportively, but didn't have his confidence.

And after being immersed in the church atmosphere, I decided it dawned on me how wrong it would be to involve Blake. I couldn't believe how close I had been to making a big mistake.

We ate out at the local Italian restaurant. A celebration. A celebration for Ed and Blake, that is.

Ed was glowing with his successful service and his optimism about getting me pregnant that night, and Blake was anticipating bedding his mom.

I, on the other hand, knew neither Ed nor his son would accomplish his goal. I was somber during the meal.

Ed drank glass after glass of wine, something he rarely did. In fact, he only drank alcohol to suppress the prudish demons that had infested our love life. That was the only way he could get an erection for the past six years.

I drove us home, where Ed poured himself a scotch and soda. He motioned if I wanted one, but I declined.

When he poured a second one, Blake whispered to me, "Dad's hitting it a little hard, don't you think."

I didn't answer his question, but told him what had been weighing on my mind all afternoon: "Blake, I thought over what you had planned, and no matter what, I can't go through with it. I saw this afternoon how wrong it would be."

"But, MOM!" he said before Ed interrupted:

"Kim, c'mon." His voice was slurred. "G'night, Blake. I gotta talk with your mother." He took hold of my hand and pulled me along with him to the bedroom.

I looked back to see Blake's sad face frozen there in the kitchen.

The first thing I did when we got to the bedroom was put the mirror back in front of Blake's peephole. I didn't want or need Blake to see what was going to happen.

"This is it, Kim. This is it. I know it," Ed said. He was pretty drunk by this point. I had been through this plenty of times.

I had to time it just right. He either couldn't get an erection if not drunk enough, or he passed out for the night if he reached the tipping point. And, there wasn't much distance between the two.

He staggered a little trying to get out of his clothes. I helped him get naked and quickly undressed myself. Funny, I felt none of the sexiness I had the last time I had been naked. Not funny, I guess. Sad.

"Get me hard so I can do it. Quick." Ed's voice was getting weak. He lay there on his back with his eyes closed.

I had to be fast. I moved to his side and reached for his penis. His small, flaccid, pale penis. I reached, but my hand never got there. In mid-reach, I slowed ... then stopped.

"Kim?" Ed's word was small and far away.

"Right here, Ed," I said just as quietly. "Right here."

"You have to ..."

"Right here," I soothed. "You rest for now."

He didn't say anything else, and his breath became regular and deep. I knew he was out. I had been through it enough to know nothing would, or could, wake him until morning when the drinks had burned through their sedation.

It had been a decision I didn't know I was going to make. I decided NOT to make love to my husband that night. Was it a conscious decision? Barely, at first. Then definitely.

The afternoon seemed so far away now. a false dream of unrealized promise.

I felt as empty as I ever have. I was alone with only shattered hopes to keep me company. I had let Ed down, I had let the congregation down, I had let myself down, and I had let Blake down.

I put on my green satin robe and looked at Ed for a few minutes with no particular thoughts going through my mind. Then I opened my night table drawer and took out my sketchbook. I thumbed through the recent work and stopped on one with captions. I read them over several times.

I was halfway to a decision, but needed more.

I walked to the mirror by the wall and moved it. Then I knocked on the wall. I sat on the bed and motioned a "come

here" sign. Soon there was a quiet knock on my bedroom door. It opened a crack before Blake stuck his head in.

"Come in," I said.

Blake slowly eased his way into the room, never taking his eyes off his father's naked body. I don't know if he was frightened or horrified.

Blake whispered, "Is Dad okay? Does he need help."

"He's fine. He's not dead, just dead drunk." I spoke in a normal voice.

"Won't you wake him up?"

"ED!" I yelled. "ED!" No response, none at all. "See."

"So ... it's done? You did it?"

"Yes, it's done. But, no ... we didn't do 'it.' Your father passed out as soon as we got in the room." I didn't tell him I allowed that to happen.

"So it was all for nothing?" Blake still looked at his father.

"A lot of people were happy today. A lot of people found something they might not have had before," I said.

"Yeah, but that'll come to an end when, yanno."

"I don't get pregnant." Blake nodded and sat down next to me on the bed.

"I really thought it might work today. That this had all been meant to be. Dad had me believing in ..."

"Miracles?" Blake shrugged, then I continued, "We might look too hard for extraordinary things to call miracles when they are truly all around us all the time. I was looking for answers after your father passed out, and then I picked up my sketchbook. I looked at what I wrote two days ago. On this drawing you wrote 'What do you want me to do, Mom?' Remember?"

Blake looked at the sketch. It was the one of him starting to mount me.

"See my response? I wrote this because I knew it was what I wanted. Back then I answered the question I had tonight when I felt so empty. When I read it again, I knew it was the right answer."

Aside of Blake's caption of "What do you want me to do, Mom?" I had written as my caption: "Please fill me with your cum and knock me up!"

Blake looked at me with wide eyes. "Mom? You mean?"

"Blake, make love to your mother. Get me pregnant tonight."

"And Dad?"

"I'll tell him he did fine and he just can't remember it. He'll believe it's his baby."

I hid the sketchbook, threw the covers over Ed, took Blake by the hand, and said, "Let's go to your bedroom."

He hugged me close when we got there. I kissed him. "My sweet boy. Are you still sure you want to do this, do this with your mother? Just the sex part is a big thing, let alone the possibility of becoming a parent."

"Mom, I want this so much. You're beautiful and sexy, sure. But, making a baby with you is going to be the best part. And another thing, something that's either weird or miraculous or something."

I pulled off his shirt and asked, "What's that?"

"The pictures we've been drawing. Have you noticed they're all coming true, like they're prophecies or predictions or something?"

I thought of all the sketches: the oral sex, the nakedness, and now the copulation."

Blake continued: "And the colored pencil drawing, the one with the egg getting fertilized? I believe THAT one is the most important of all! And I believe it's going to come true tonight. I'm going to fill you up with all my cum and one special sperm is going to find that special egg and make a special son or daughter for us! Tell me you believe that!"

I kissed him on his ripe mouth, swirled my tongue around his, then said, "I DO believe it, Blake." I pulled his shorts down and dragged them all the way to the floor. I knelt before my son

and took his penis into my mouth. It was so much bigger and more powerful than his dad's.

It felt good in my mouth as it grew to its full length. My tongue raced around the head and then I took a few inches in and suck with a pulsing beat. Blake's hand went to my head and rested there. I looked up into his eyes and could only imagine the sight of his mother on her knees in front of him sucking his cock.

After about thirty seconds he pulled me to my feet, kissed me again and then untied my robe. He skimmed it off me in one motion and we were naked together. Mother and son, naked in a passionate embrace with his father a scant fifteen feet away on the other side of that wall.

Blake massaged and kissed my breasts, sucking each nipple. My head went back in delight. Sensations were shooting all through my body.

His hands raced all over me, squeezing and pinching and delving into recesses.

"Come to bed, Mom."

"It's time," I said.

"It's time."

I climbed in first and he followed, careful not to put weight on me ... yet. He lay aside of me and we embraced and kissed. Then his mouth trailed down, down, down, kissing and nipping all the way until he was between my parted legs like he had been the day before. He licked and teased and sucked ever so gently, as if he were preparing me, but never getting me too close to that edge.

"Now! Now! Blake! Now!" I breathed in a growl when I couldn't take any more.

He crawled up and drew my legs wide. He positioned himself between them and I felt his cock resting on my pubic hair. He took it with his hand and drew through my vaginal slit back and forth a few times, coating it with the slippery goodness that flowed freely down there.

Blake fit that bulbous cockhead against his birthing hole and said, "Ready, Mom?"

I took a breath, knowing that mother and son were soon to be man and woman engaged in their most sacred function: mating.

"Yes! Oh yes!" I hissed softly.

Blake eased forward.

"Ohhh!" escaped my lips as my son's cock invaded me.

He pushed steadily until about two inches were inside me. Then he pulled out to repeat the motion, again and again.

"Oh, Mom! You feel so good! So tight!"

It was true. Blake was so thick I could feel my pussy contracting against him with tremendous force.

Finally, Blake hit bottom. He was fully inserted in me and our pubic hair ground together and tangled.

Blake paused there, entirely within me, to kiss me tenderly and look into my eyes. "Mom, we're doing it. We're making love."

"Make love to me. Make love to your mother. Give it all to me. Fill me with your hot cum!" The more I talked the more I wanted to say, and the hornier I got. "Do it, Blake! Make your mom pregnant!"

"Mom, gonna knock you up!"

Blake began to pull out to the very tip of his cock and then glide back into me. If this was making love I don't know what I had been doing all the rest of my life, because THAT shouldn't be called the same this as THIS! This was fantastic ... stratospheric!

My hips learned Blake's rhythm quickly. I rose to meet his powerful thrusts, trying to get as much of him into me as I could.

Blake's chant was "Mom!" repeated in an irregular way. I made a variety of sounds, from low guttural grunts to high pitched squeals.

I raised my long legs and wrapped them around my boy's muscular butt. I locked my ankles tight and ground myself up and writhed against his thick cock, impaling myself in a self-torture of pleasure.

Blake went faster and faster. We were both covered now in sweat. Just another bodily fluid mother and son were sharing.

We had passed the limits of making love and ventured deep into the area of pure animal instinct. Blake had talked about sowing his seed. He was seeking to plant it. That's what men do. But not all men have the chance to plant that seed inside their mother. I was trying to harvest that seed with my womb. Not all mother's are privileged to do that with their virile sons.

We were blessed this night.

Minutes went by and a pressure began to build within me as Blake ground against my clit each time he thrust tremendously deep within me.

I let out a continuous stream of long "Aaaaaahh"s. These were replaced by "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!"

Finally, the room disappeared and my mind went to some divine place. I screamed a long howl and then yelled in a hoarse voice, "BLAKE! I'M CUMMING! I'M ... I'M CUMMING! AAAAHHHGHH!"

My body writhed and twisted under my son. I pulled with my feet to drive him deeper inside of me and my hands grasped and clawed at his back as I spasmed again and again.

He kept hammering inside me until finally his whole body stiffened. He thrust deep and arched his back, lifting his face to the ceiling. I felt the head of his penis expand and he turned as still as a statue and cried out "MOM! OH MOM!" and then groaned out a series of six "AAAAHHH"s. I knew he was ejaculating. My son was filling his mother with his potent seed. His sperm and semen. Six jets of hot sticky baby-making cum. All deposited deeper within me than ever before in my life. Into the very womb which had conceived him years before, trying to replicate that very accomplishment with his mother.

Through my haze I knew we had just achieved something terribly forbidden and terribly wonderful. I felt a certain pride that my 41-year-old body could so sexually excite a teen boy that he could expel his vital essence into her as nature had intended for the creation and perpetuation of life.

Man and woman clinging to each other in that eternal dance of procreation. The roles of mother and son were secondary at that point. I felt a man on top of me, a man inside of me, a man possessing me. He had a woman arousing him and bringing him to completion by the primal allure of her body.

Blake collapsed on top of me. My feet lost their strength to hang together and my legs went weak. I lay gasping for breath, spent physically as well as emotionally by our sexual union.

Blake made a move to roll off me, but I stopped him. "Baby, stay inside me for a little while so we don't lose any of what you worked so hard to deliver."

"It wasn't work, Mom. It was pleasure. Pure pleasure." He kissed me. Then kissed me again. These were tender kisses, without any of the hunger that fires sexual passion. These felt like kisses of pure love. I returned them in kind.

After about five minutes (my sense of timing was completely thrown into outer space, so I could be wrong), I gave Blake's arms a little push and said, "Okay, honey." Blake gently withdrew his still semi-rigid cock. It slid out easily, lubricated by the vast amount of our combined fluids.

"Get mom a pillow for under my butt. I want to raise it up for a while to keep everything flowing in the right direction."

I braced my feet on the bed and with shaking legs lifted my butt while Blake slid a pillow beneath me. "You probably have to throw this pillow away after what might happen to it," I laughed.

"No way, Mom. That'll be my favorite pillow if you christen it."

Hearing him say "mom" had confusing meanings for me now. Our relationship had to readjust to our evolved circumstances. Was he my little boy? my son? my lover? the father of my baby? We would have to work it all out and redefine as we went along.

We talked and hugged and kissed. I remained as still as I could with my hips raised. Our talk got quieter and less often, until I closed my eyes.

When I opened them again, six hours had passed. Six hours of blissful, unconscious sleep. Blake had really knocked me out. I really knocked him out too, because his chest was rising and falling in a familiar sleeping pattern.

I got up as quietly as I could, covered him like I had done a million times in the past, threw on my robe, and turned out the light before leaving.

I opened my bedroom door as gently as possible and peeked in. Ed hadn't moved an inch. Zonked still. Poor dear. I loved him, but he had put us into a position that—

I caught myself trying to justify what I had done. What I had done with my son. What I had done that would change the rest of our lives. I just hoped that change would forever be for the better.

I felt a little chill running down my leg. I took my robe off and sat on the toilet. Some tissues soaked up the clear drip that sought to escape my throbbing pussy. I hadn't checked the pillow that had propped me up, but I didn't think I lost much of Blake's night deposit. My pubic hair had a brittle crust in places, but that probably happened during Blake's assault on my womb.

I peed, gave a gentle wipe, and considered washing, but decided to leave the "evidence" in case Ed wondered if he had "performed." My plan was to act amazed he couldn't remember his great lovemaking.

I washed my hands and looked into the mirror. This was the same mirror that had reflected Blake's cum all over my sweater and face.

"Now his cum doesn't show. It doesn't show because he shot it deep inside you, where it is right now." I don't know what I thought of the woman I talked to who was looking back at me from the mirror.

It was close to 4:30 a.m. I got into bed and never touched Ed. I couldn't bear to tonight. I closed my eyes and sleep overwhelmed me.

"Ed! Time to get up, Ed! ED!"

The alarm had awoken me at 7, but it didn't make Ed budge one bit. This was Sunday morning and he had his regular service at 11 a.m.

Finally, he groaned and coughed and opened his eyes.

"Is it?"

That seemed like a strange question to ask. That was right before his eyes flew open wide and he ran for the bathroom. He slammed the door behind him and I heard the unmistakable sound of vomit being brought forth.

This happened from time to time when he drank to excess. Last night qualified as excess. I usually rushed in to comfort and help. Today, I headed for the kitchen to make breakfast.

I noticed I was humming.

I busied myself with setting the table, checking my email, and making oatmeal. I figured that would be bland enough to settle Ed down.

He emerged a half hour later, looking shaved, showered, and otherwise normally groomed. What you couldn't groom was the look of his eyes, the look IN his eyes, and unsteady speed with which he maneuvered.

"I don't remember much," he said.

"How much DO you remember?" I hoped nothing sifted into his unconscious mind, like my screams or calling out Blake's name or announcing the arrival of my intense orgasm. That was a thin wall and sound traveled easily through it.

"I finished off my drink and you were about to get into bed ... and ..."

I gave Ed two big thumbs up accompanied by a big smile.

I figured I'd make this easy and finish the story for him. I hated to lie, but some situations call for it. I thought not having sex with your husband so your own son could plant gobs of cum deep into your womb to get you pregnant qualified as one of those situations.

"You were very tender and loving last night. I felt like a beautiful, desirable woman all night. Before I knew it, I was breathless with my own desire and then it happened: I was full of what I hope produces a wonderful, healthy child for us. I have a really good feeling about this, Ed."

The strain, the emotion, the hangover—they all got to my husband at once and tears formed in his eyes. He rested his face in his hands and said, "Thank God!"

I thought "He should thank Blake too." I went over and comforted him with a kiss and a caress. He grabbed hold of my hand and kissed it.

I scooped out a small portion of oatmeal for him. He protested that he didn't feel like eating. I convinced him he would feel better once he got something into his stomach. It worked. He felt 100% better when he had finished.

"What would I do without you, Kim?"

I didn't have an answer, so I gave a shrug and a giggle.

"Where's Blake?"

"Still sleeping."

"I wanted to tell him again how proud I was of him yesterday. Tell him I appreciate how he helped his Dad out, and that he can fill in for me anytime!"

"Filling your shoes is a tall task, Ed!" I tried to sound encouraging. Apparently filling his mom's pussy with a potent

reservoir of cum wasn't AS difficult, evidenced by her parading in front of her husband chock full of teen sperm.

"See you there in a few hours," he said as he gave me his usual respectful peck on the cheek.

He wasn't out the door a minute before Blake stood in the kitchen doorway. This was the first time we saw each other since ... I wondered how we'd react.

"Mornin', Mom."

"You just missed your father."

"Yeah, I kinda did that on purpose."

I had been expecting something between Blake and myself, but I neglected to think about if there would be any ramifications with his dad.

"How come?"

"Well, I thought it was going to be cool when I saw him. You know how it seems I can never measure up to his standards and he doesn't give me all that much credit all the time because he wants me to aim for excellence and stuff?"

I nodded. Ed did set high standards for his son.

"Well, sometimes it seems like he thinks I'll never be as good as him. At least that's how it feels. So I thought it was going to make me feel like a big man knowing I did something he couldn't do. That I could make you cum and he couldn't."

Wow! I didn't see this coming. Blake had some competition going. I should have known when he commented about the penis size drawing I had made.

"But, when I heard you two talking this morning. I didn't feel that at all. All I felt was jealous. I was jealous that you're his wife and he gets to sleep with you and stuff. I know it's wrong, but I wanted you to know that, and to know I'm going to work on it. I love you both and I know this is my problem."

"C'mere," I said. I held my arms out. Blake was really maturing. Instead of getting and staying in a jealous mood, he had identified it and was working on it. That's a sign of maturity.

He melted into my arms, and I melted into his. Our bodies apparently had learned a subconscious ease and comfort for each other they hadn't possessed before.

"Sleep good?" I asked.

"The best. I had a dream, a dream about you."

"Tell," I said.

"We were on one side of a bridge and you didn't want to cross it but you did. And I watched you go all the way across this long bridge and I was sad. And there was somebody on the other side of the bridge waiting for you, and when you got to him, it was me saying 'hi' to you when you got there. Weird, huh?"

"Yeah," I said. "Dreams have lots of symbols. We don't always know what they mean."

Blake ate some oatmeal and said, "Oh! I forgot, I I was inspired to draw something for you." He jumped up and was back a moment later, handing me a single sheet.

I looked at it and my face got red. "Oh my goodness."

"What do you think?"

I took another minute of looking at it before I said anything. Reactions were happening in my body I never would have guessed a few days before. My breath came a little faster and my pussy gave a little quiver.

Blake had captured the exact moment of his ejaculation the night before. It showed us in the act of lovemaking, him arched with his face pointing up. My feet were locked together on his butt, and my arms surrounded him. My muscles were taut with the effort and you could tell he was straining to drive deep within me while I was striving to position myself for greatest penetration.

His eyes were closed, and my face had that contorted look that told you I had hit the height of my passion and was in the midst of an orgasm. The word balloon coming from Blake's mouth said in huge letters "MOM!"

But, that identifier wasn't needed. Blake had done such an exquisite job that anyone knowing either one of us could have easily recognized us. They would have known that mother

and son were in the midst of, and at the most critical point of—mating.

I should have been shocked or embarrassed or something other than aroused. But, that's what this did. It brought back those memories and feelings.

"Blake, this is amazing. Your best, but ..."

"I know. We have to be careful and never let anybody even get a hint of these."

He looked at me with anticipation.

"What?"

"Were you inspired to draw something for me?"

"I drew something, but it's private."

"Am I in it?"

"Not saying," I countered.

"Awww, Mom!"

"I'd be uncomfortable showing you."

"Mom, after what we've done, why would you feel uncomfortable?"

"Just believe me."

"Mom, I won't judge. Show it to me. Please."

"Promise you won't think less of me. Promise you won't ... well ... it's in my room. Come on."

I pulled my sketchbook out of my night table, turned to the last page I had used and held it to my chest before showing it to Blake. "Promise you'll keep an open mind until I tell you why I drew it." He nodded and I handed it to him.

"Wow! Mom! This is something!" I could see the appreciation in his eyes.

Now I launched into my explanation: "Remember yesterday, at the sink? I've been thinking about that. A lot. And what could have happened.

In the sketch I was on all fours, my breasts hanging down below. Blake kneeled behind, his hard penis obviously deep within me. We were making love doggie style. The positioning at the sink had prompted this idea.

"I've never experienced this position and I guess yesterday triggered this expression of it. This is a kind of vicarious fulfillment, I guess." I sighed and reached for the pad.

Instead, Blake grabbed a pencil drew a word balloon and wrote "Back into me, Mom!"

"Oh my God!" I gasped.

"Mom, why does it have to be vicarious?"

"What?"

"Why can't we do this right here, right now?"

"Blake. Stop. Last night was a one time thing. It was for one purpose. That's done. Completed we can never do anything like that again. Think of your dad. I'm still his wife you know with my responsibilities to him."

"Mom, think of this as insurance. If we do it one more time, you might increase your chances of getting pregnant."

I couldn't argue with that. I couldn't say it would lessen the chances. And actually, it could help.

"Blake. We have to hope last night worked and—"

"Don't you want to feel me enter you from behind?"

"Blake, don't start."

"Don't you want to be naked in front of me, while you're on your hands and knees?"

The thought of the thrill that shot through me when I knew Blake was looking at my ass the day before was clouding my judgment.

Blake held up the sketch. "And you said think of Dad. YOU think of him. If you and I don't do this, do you ever think in your whole life it would happen?"

"No," came out of my mouth before I could stop it.

Blake pulled his pajama top over his head. "Blake, I said no." The pajama bottoms went to the floor. His penis was already at half-mast. "Blake, please."

"Mom, I want to fuck you in the doggie position."

I never, EVER used the word "fuck." Hearing it said aloud: the word "fuck" and having it spelled out as me in the doggie position evaporated my will.

But, I still protested as Blake unbuttoned my satin pajama top. "No, Blake. Please don't," I said without much force. I

completely capitulated when he expertly sucked my nipples. He dropped my pajama bottoms to the floor while sucking.

The he hugged me and kissed me. I broke the kiss and said, "Let's go to your bedroom."

"No, Mom. Here. I want to do it on Dad's bed." He took hold of the spread, top sheet and blanket and with one great motion, tore them to the foot of the bed.

"Blake ... no. We can't do that. I've never been in this bed with anyone but your father.

Instead of listening, he climbed his naked body onto his father's bed. He took possession of it, just like he wanted to take possession of his father's woman. I was beginning to sense how psychologically complex this was.

"You've never been fucked doggie style either. But, you will if you just get in bed. Come on, Mom."

The sight of Blake, naked there instead of his dad in so familiar a scene upset my senses. I stood there, also naked, and unable to break the barrier that would put me in my own bed with my son. Being in Blake's bed had seemed easy. This was something else.

Blake reached and grasped my left wrist. He pulled, not hard, but more of a guiding pressure. I resisted. Then less ... then less. And I moved toward the bed. My thighs hit the edge. More pulling, a gentle tug and I raised my right leg and placed my knee on the bed.

At that point, Blake pulled and caught me when my balance tipped me forward. I fell into his arms, and suddenly was naked in my own bed (and his father's bed) with my naked son.

"This doesn't feel right," I said.

"How does this feel, Mom?" He kissed my neck. "Or this?" He kissed my shoulder. He continued kissing various places until my silences turned to gasps, then to murmurs, then to moans.

I rolled him onto his back and kissed my son on the lips. I left a trail of kisses all the way down his chest and abdomen, then took his penis in my hand. I guided it to my mouth and licked around the head. I squeezed and was rewarded by his juices. I gobbled them up before sucking in half his length and then bobbing my head up and down for a few moments.

"Mmmmm! Mom. You're so amazing."

It was the first oral sex this bed had ever seen. "A shame and a waste" I thought.

Blake pulled me up to him. "I love you, Mom!"

"I love you too, Blake. But, this has to be the last time. We—"

"Do you want me to fuck you in the doggie position?"

I nodded.

"Then ask me."

"Yes, I want that."

"Want what?" he asked with a smile. He was trying to get me to swear. I couldn't.

"The doggie thing."

"Say it for me and I'll do it."

"Blake, stop teasing me."

"Lie on your stomach, Mom."

I did and was rewarded by kisses starting at my nape and slowly making their way down to my buttocks. Blake lingered there with licks and bites, and kisses. "Mom, you've got such a great ass!" He squeezed my ass cheeks with his right hand, then trailed his finger between them, starting at the entrance of my vagina.

That first contact made me suck in a great intake of breath. He ran that finger up, over my asshole (which caused another jump from me). "Blake!" I exclaimed at that intimate touch.

He kissed my ass again and again. "Do you want me to fuck you, Mom?"

I nodded. "Then ask me," he said.

Instead, I raised myself slowly off the bed until I was firmly in position on my hands and knees. This stopped all conversation from Blake. He got behind me and I felt his cock

wagging against my pubic hair as he made a few exploratory thrusts while still outside of me.

I reached back between my thighs and grasped the engorged cock my son presented me. I coated it with my fluids and painted through my vaginal slit a few times.

Finally, I fitted that soft mushroom-shaped head of his penis at the entrance of my vagina.

"Ready, Mom?"

"Go easy, Blake. You're so big," I breathed.

Then, just like the word balloon, he said, "Back into me, Mom." He was going to allow me to control it.

I rocked back and rewarded my vagina with being stretched open as the head of my son's hard, hot cock entered it. "Oh my GOD!" came out of me.

I rocked forward and then back again, taking half Blake's length. "Mmmmmm!" was my mindless reaction.

On the third repetition, I engulfed all of him. All of my son's cock was again in his mother's vagina. I stayed motionless.

"Blake," I shuddered. I hoped he would take the lead from here. He did and gripped my hips tightly. Out to the tip he withdrew then slowly plunged forward. The pleasure of this position was almost unbearable. "OOOOHHH!"

"Say it, Mom!" Blake held himself out after the third slow plunge into my depths. "Say it!"

"Blake ... Blake ..." I stammered. Then my mind broke and I yelled: "FUCK ME! PLEASE FUCK ME!"

And fuck he did. Hearing his mother swear and beg like that drove him into a frenzy. He hammered his hips into my ass,

driving his hard cock deeper and deeper. I found my own rhythm and rocked back at just the right moment to ensure he got maximum penetration.

Blake grunted out incoherent sounds from his throat. Much more vocal than the night before. I buried my face in the pillow and fed it long growls.

My big, heavy breasts swayed wildly under me. After a few minutes, Blake must have noticed, because he released my hips, leaned forward onto my back, reached under me, and cupped my tits. He massaged them and pinched my nipples.

This sent me over the edge. I raised my face from the pillow and screeched: AGAIN! AGAIN! I'M CUMMING! YEESS! YESSS! FUCK ME! DON'T STOP!"

And Blake DIDN'T stop, not for another minute. Then let go of my breasts, leaned back and pulled my hips brutally to his own for a series of four deep thrusts. He ejaculated each time, sending his sperm once again into his fertile mother.

All strength left my body. I fell flat on the bed and Blake followed me in a heap.

My orgasm had been even more intense than the night before. I wouldn't have believed that was possible.

Unlike the night before, I didn't have the luxury of time. I decided to give myself ten minutes to recover and allow Blake's sperm to find its way. Then I had to get ready for church. Although, I felt like I already just had the greatest religious experience of my life.

"Mom, You were great! I came so hard inside you. We fucked doggie style."

I guess the barrier had been broken. I told Blake, "You fucked me so good. My boy fucked his mommy doggie style!"

I pulled into the High School parking lot and got out of the car. It was an unusually warm October day, and I wore only shorts and a loose sleeveless top. I waved at Blake as he came out of school.

I thought about the last time I had been here three weeks before. That was the day of my fateful meeting with Mrs. Mackly.

"Mom, where's Dad?"

It was Ed's habit to drive Blake to and from school. "Your father came down with the flu and dragged himself home early. He still wanted to pick you up, but was in no shape to do it. So you're stuck with the second team today."

We got in the car. Blake said, "This is great! Dad's usually late."

"Blake, I'm late too."

"No, Mom, I just got out."

"I mean 'late' late," I said and raised my eyebrows.

Blake still gave me a puzzled look, so I took a small blue and white plastic stick out of my purse. It had a plus sign showing in a little clear window. I presented it to Blake.

He looked at it a long time, his mouth open, then he looked up at me. "Mom ...?"

I nodded "yes."

"This is so ... so GREAT!" He reached across to the driver's seat and clamped a tremendous hug on me. "I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" He let me go and said, "I believe it, but can't believe it all at the same time. You're sure, right?"

"I used two tests, this one and the digital one and they both gave the same result: I'm pregnant! You're going to be a daddy!"

"That sounds so weird. So happy weird!" He leaned over and kissed me—right on the lips!

"Blake! We're in public. Smack in the middle of your school parking lot. Don't forget yourself."

"Sorry, Mom. I'm just so happy."

"Me too. I know what you mean about not believing it. I had to recheck the results a dozen times to make sure I wasn't dreaming."

"Does Dad know?" Some of the joy had drained from his voice.

"Nope. I wanted the father of our baby to be the first to know!"

"Our baby! Our baby! Wow! Everything is going to change now! Everything. And for the better!"

"Everything! For the better," I echoed.

I started the car. "We have to stop by the church to pick up some things for Dad. He's going to try and work at home until he gets better."

We filled the short drive with not much else other than amazement and laughter.

Once I unlocked the back door of the church, we made our way to the little office in the rear. It barely had space for the desk, file cabinets, and a beat up leather couch.

I busied myself gathering the list of items Ed had given me. Blake hovered attentively a few feet away.

I was retrieving one last thing from the middle drawer of the file cabinet. This required I bend over.

"BLAKE!" I squealed! He had come up behind me and jammed his hips against my butt. What poked me clearly conveyed he had a raging hardon. "What did we agree on?" It had been almost three weeks since we had had sexual relations (the "doggie" incident to be precise) of any kind. Since then it had been strictly Mother and son. I felt we needed to maintain a strong, normal family, and that those few days were a gift we were given to share each other for the chance to increase that family. I felt to do otherwise would have eventually lead to stunting Blake's socialization and isolation from friends, both male and female, his own age. Especially during his senior year when there is so much hope and celebration.

"I know, Mom, but it's been three weeks."

"You haven't ...?"

"I don't want to. It's not the same as ... you know."

"That's not my problem. We have a deal." I didn't want to let on how hard the deal had me on me too. Those lonely nights next to Ed—thinking back to Blake's cock, how it drove me crazy, how it filled me! How Blake's hands and mouth covered me and teased me—

"Yeah, but this is a real special day. Don't you think we should celebrate in a special way?"

"We'll get an ice cream on the way home." I thought it was best to stop cold turkey. To vary from that would be a slippery slope.

Blake came up to me and hugged me close. "C'mon, Mom. This is the one day we'll always remember. Just this one day. Dad's at home and we can't have any privacy there. This is perfect. We're all alone."

"HERE? In the church? Are you insane? Absolutely NO. Not anywhere, and especially not here! I struggled to get loose from his grip. He let me.

"Haven't you thought about what we did and how great it was?"

"Of course I have. What we had together, what we shared was a gift from heaven, and it's given us another gift, our child. That part of our relationship was special and meant to serve a purpose. That purpose has been met."

"Just this one time, Mom. The day we found out. Our one special day we found out." Blake slipped his shirt off.

"Blake, don't start this. Don't!"

He kicked his shoes off and dropped his pants and shorts in one quick motion. And—there it was. That magnificent, all-powerful cock.

"I'm leaving. You're father's home alone. Sick."

"And, we're here, not alone. And not sick," he said.

I should have been moving for the door. I should have been breaking free from the spell that Blake wove weeks ago and I had been trying to forget every night. I should have let him know he should be ashamed of himself and told him to put his clothes on."

Instead, I said, "I'll let you cum in my mouth, if you're quick about it. Sit on the couch." Part of me said this was the smart thing to do. Give him something and save yourself from any further sexual involvement. Quick and easy and out. Another part of me said this was stupid. Really, really stupid.

Blake willingly obeyed. "Mom, you've never done this."

"Don't remind me," I said. I tried to make my voice businesslike, but there was a nervous tremor edged with excitement. I never HAD done this. I had tasted and sampled, but never had one of Blake's full loads for lunch.

Blake sat on the dark tan couch, knees parted. I knelt down between them. His cock needed no coaxing, it was already fully erect. "This one time," I said and looked into Blake's smiling face. He nodded.

I wrapped my fist around his teen cock, full and strong, and according to my pregnancy test, verifiably potent. Maybe I hadn't forgotten what it felt like, but I had forgotten the excitement it drew out of my depths.

Blake raked his hand gently through my hair. "I love you, Mom." I could tell it was sincere and not spoken because of the moment.

I inhaled his fragrance, that manly musk, that animal scent that called up my womanness to meet it and complement it. I

bent my head down and for the first time in three weeks tasted my son. Saliva gushed to mix with his juices. "Mmmmm," escaped from my lips, but none of the liquids did.

After licking around the head, I took in two inches, stretching my lips wide to accommodate Blake's girth. My hand pumped up and down, slowly at first, then more rapidly.

"Ohh, Mom!" Blake said. I remembered that first time he ejaculated on me it didn't take very long. I expected explosive results very soon.

Blake's hands caressed my back as I leaned over him, then pulled at my top until his hands were against my bare skin. Before I knew it he had unclasped my bra.

I increased the speed of my fist, and tightened it.

But, Blake's pushed up my bra and found my hardened nipples before he gave a sharp grunt and cried, "NOW! YEAH!"

Into my mouth gushed a thick soup of liquid and viscous pudding—hot and salty and sour. I had considered holding it in my mouth until he was done, but I had to swallow continuously to avoid choking. Again and again he let loose hot sticky streams into his mother's waiting mouth. It coated my teeth and tongue. A couple drops even dripped from my nose.

I swallowed and swallowed—and then it was over. I took my mouth away and stayed motionless, clearing my goo-covered throat. My hand still encircled Blake's still-hard penis. I looked at it, amazed. Amazed that it was hard, and amazed it had given up its treasure to my mouth ... and in the past, my pussy.

Three weeks worth of my son's sperm resided in my stomach.

I now noticed Blake's hands hadn't stopped massaging my breasts.

"Mom, you swallowed it all! That was so awesome. Just like your drawing."

I remembered that sketch I made of Blake in my mouth. It too had become a reality.

"I guess that's the last one that can come true, Blake." My voice was fuzzy with cum. I tried to get up, but Blake stopped me.

"There was one more, Mom. One I drew."

I must have looked puzzled. Blake continued, "It's the one of you straddling me, you on top of me."

I remembered now.

He put my hand back on his cock and said, "Get on it, Mom; it's still hard. Get on top of me."

"Don't spoil this. You got what you wanted." Before I could stand, he leaned over and kissed me, kissed me deep. He surely must have been tasting his own juices, but he swirled his tongue against mine.

"Get on it, Mom. Ease your way down onto it. Let me fill you up again."

"Oh God, Blake. Stop. This is the church. This is your father's office."

"And you just gave me a blowjob here. And now we're going to make love here."

He pulled at my top and my weak arms couldn't or wouldn't stop it from catapulting over my head and off me. He then

pulled my loosed bra off. I must have been drunk on cum to be allowing this happen.

"No, Blake. I can't. We can't."

"Don't you want to know what it's like for me to be inside you while you ride on top of me?"

"Oh my God!" I whispered. "I'm weak. I'm just weak."

I stood up and stepped out of my sandals. Blake's hands went to the waistband of my shorts and panties and stripped them both over my hips to the floor in one smooth movement. I kicked them aside and was completely naked in a place I had spent hundreds of days, the church office. I never imaged I would be naked in it—with my naked son.

"We shouldn't," I said.

"One knee here," Blake patted to the left of him, "and one knee here," he patted to the right of him.

That would locate my pussy directly over that hard rod of flesh that was calling to me, beckoning me even more strongly than it had on the past twenty empty nights I had spent.

I didn't know how much I wanted, no ... needed this until I had put my mouth on Blake.

I braced my hands on the top of the couch on either side of Blake's head, then, keeping my torso straight, walked a knee to his left then to his right. I was still a good distance above the impalement zone.

Blake leaned his head in and sucked in my nipple, which my position placed as easily accessible fruit.

"OOHH!" I grunted. He worked on it, and it remembered him. He worked on the other.

Blake said, "Sit on it, Mom."

I looked into his eyes and lowered myself. Lower and lower until I felt the tip of his cock brushing at the bullseye of my vagina. I must have been slick with my own juices, because in one slow, agonizingly pleasurable descent, my pussy devoured Blake's cock all the way to its base. When I got to the bottom floor, I rested my whole weight on his lap.

I had let out a continuous "NNNNAAAA" the whole way down. Being in this position, naked with my son on this old couch would have been at the very bottom of my predictions for that day.

Yet, here I was, fully impaled and looking into his beautiful face. "Blake ... this is so ... beautiful."

"Oh Mom!" He jerked his hips upward and sent his cock even deeper.

"Uhhh!" I moaned. I raised myself and lowered, slowly at first, then I found the perfect speed, depth, and angle. I was in control in this position. A new sensation.

"I love this," I said maybe to Blake, maybe to myself. Faster and faster I went. My head lolled back and forth. I was lost in this new and exciting dance of pleasure.

We were fucking again. Mother and son. But this time it was pregnant mother and son. There was no noble purpose to this sexual union. No objective to procreate. This time it was purely for pleasure.

If THAT was the objective. We were totally successful.

Blake's hands were all over my body. He cupped my ass cheeks and kneaded them and spread them. the middle finger

of his right hand brushed roughly over my asshole a dozen times, lingering once to seek entrance until I tightened it with all my might.

He sucked the tits that were conveniently right in front of him. I can assure you that church had never heard sounds like we broadcast there. My efforts made the back of the couch pound against the wall.

Finally, Blake opened his mouth and thrust upward. I felt the head of his cock expand. He cried out, "KIM! YEESS! KIM!

Hearing my name bellowing from my son either shocked or scared an orgasm from me. My pussy convulsed, my hips ground down, and I shot my head back. I screamed: OH MY GOD! GOD! I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING!

That's the last thing I remembered until I opened my eyes. I had no idea what time it was.

My head was comfortably resting on Blake's shoulder. We were still on the couch, still face-to-face—our bodies in total, sweaty contact with each other—and we were still connected. Blake's semi-softened penis resided inside of me.

Blake rubbed my back with one hand and cupped my ass with the other.

"You feel good, Mom." He kissed my cheek.

"So do YOU!" I nestled down on his muscular frame. I didn't want to move. This was a remarkably comfortable position.

"I'm so happy you're pregnant. I keep thinking about it and kinda proud I did it. I mean, WE did it."

"We did do it, didn't we?" I laughed at the sound of that. I felt good. Really good. Really, really good.

"That was amazing, Mom."

I decided to make an admission to my son: "Blake, I needed that. It's been a long three weeks, and I missed what we just shared almost every single day."

"I feel the same way. It was like you were there, right there, but not all of you. Some part was far away." He kissed me, and I kissed back. He ran his finger down the crack of my ass and over my asshole. I completely tightened it. His finger continued until it soaked itself in our fluids at the entrance of my vagina and trailed back up, over my asshole (which I completely tightened). He repeated the procedure again and again, his finger getting slipperier all the time.

"I'm going to be a dad. This is so cool."

"Remember, we can never let your father know in any way. There can be no slip-ups."

"I know. I wouldn't want to hurt Dad. I can't wait to see his face when you tell him."

I completely tightened my asshole as his finger made contact.

"I'll tell you both together, like it's a family thing."

"Good idea," Blake said. We kissed for a while.

I completely tightened my asshole.

Something else was tightening. Blake's superhuman cock was hardening. My pussy contracted around it. We were definitely headed for a round two of me being on top.

Blake whispered in my ear, "I love you, Kimberly."

I completely relaxed my asshole.

"Blake, get up here," Ed said. Blake shuffled up to the front of the church where Ed and I were standing already. We faced the congregation, I in the middle.

It was the fourth Sunday after the miracle service and Ed said he had an announcement to make. My two drug store tests and a subsequent trip to the doctor was what this was all about.

"I want to thank you all for your faith in me and your faith in your beliefs. Today, I want you to know miracles are possible. My wife, Kim, has something to say."

I smiled and held Ed's hand in my left and Blake's hand in my right before I spoke. "I'm extremely happy and proud to say I stand before you all with the father of the baby we're expecting!"

Part 2

Knock ... knock ... knock.

The sound barely registered. Then it came again, and I became more awake.

Knock ... knock ... knock.

It came from my bedroom wall.

I had been napping in the late afternoon, recovering from a hectic day taking care of the church alone while Ed was away at a convention in Richmond for a few days.

I got up from my bed and looked through the hidden hole in the wall my son, Blake, had made to spy on me. I didn't expect to see anything since he usually had a photo hanging over it in his bedroom.

My gaze was met with blackness at first, but then I could see Blake as he backed away from the wall. He had been watching for me to respond to his knocks. Why, I had no idea.

I didn't have to wait long to find out. I heard the bathroom door open down the hall and then witnessed Carrie, Blake's new girlfriend, enter his bedroom. Carrie was also a senior at his high school and a few weeks older than Blake.

Blake smiled in my direction before turning his attention to Carrie.

After our last explosive sexual encounter on the couch at the church, I had told Blake we had to get back to a normal mother/son relationship. I had explained how precious what we had shared together was to me, but now that I was pregnant with his child, he needed to find someone his own age to share his romantic feelings with.

That was two months before. Now I was three months pregnant and my body was changing. Although I was fortunate not to have morning sickness, I could feel my my moods swing and had a little baby bump. My breasts, which had already been large, had swelled, sporting a new web of light-blue veins to show the increased blood flow. My nipples changed, growing little bumps and becoming much more sensitive.

Another change my body experienced was a need for sex. Only my iron will had kept me from begging for it. Not from my husband, Ed, who was for all intents and purposes, impotent—but from my own son. The same son who had been able to give his mother explosive orgasms on the way to impregnating her.

In those two intervening months, Blake had tried to have sex with me again, but I had been firm in denying him.

I had a rule that Carrie was welcome in our home, but Blake's bedroom was to be off limits with the door closed. Carrie closed the door when she entered the room.

Why would Blake alert me to this violation? Didn't he know I would immediately stop him?

I should have marched straight over there and halted this. I stood watching instead.

Carrie was a slim girl, almost as tall as Blake. She had long legs, which were shown to her advantage in a short black skirt. Her tight sleeveless top didn't hide the fact she had tiny boobs.

Blake greeted her, and I heard only murmurs, their words muffled by the barrier between us. She giggled at what he said, then he took her in his arms. She had her back to me, and Blake made direct eye contact with me before he started to kiss her neck.

I should have stopped watching. I didn't. It dawned on me my own son was putting on a voyeuristic show for his mother. Why he would knowingly, willingly, blatantly violate my rules—and then alert me to it—I didn't know.

They kissed, easily at first, and then with greater passion. Blake's hands began to roam over Carrie's frame, massaging and squeezing her ass, then running over her back. Finally, he snaked a hand under her top and rubbed against her naked skin. That was followed by both hands reaching behind her and fiddling beneath the fabric.

Blake was undoing her bra. He gave another look my way. I was transfixed by the sight and couldn't move.

Carrie's hands blocked his efforts to pull her top up. I couldn't make out her words, but her head shaking reflected her resistance. But, the naughty smile never left her face.

After several more kisses, Blake eased the top up along with the freed bra and revealed two tiny tits with hard buttons for

nipples. His kisses were transferred from her cheek and lips to those very nipples.

I stood there and silently watched my son suck another females breasts. A good parent would have been outraged at such behavior under her roof; I remained stationary, frozen physically. But, emotionally, I was in turmoil. A surge of feelings overwhelmed me: I felt a flush of anger, and a hot jolt of jealousy. But, most shocking was the unleashing of a flood of desire.

"Ooohh ..." escaped my lips in a soggy gasp.

Blake's tongue made wet trails around each attentive nipple. Then he led her to his bed, which was in a direct line with my sight. He kept looking toward me, and I wondered if Carrie would notice.

She didn't have a clue. And why should she? What in the world would make her suspect her boyfriend's mom was watching her get fondled?

They sat and continued kissing. Blake began stroking her bare thigh, going higher and higher until his right hand disappeared under her skirt. Carrie's own hand tried to slow his ascent, but finally gave up and allowed the undercover exploration.

Blake must have hit something vital, because Carrie's hips began to shake against his hidden hand. Blake's hand reappeared, dragging something bright yellow in color: Carrie's panties.

He pulled them down to just below her bended knees and left them suspended there. His hand reengaged his quest under her skirt. Her hips jumped at the contact with her newly-exposed privates.

Carrie's eyes were now closed and she rocked with each motion of Blake's hand. Those motions turned to little thrusts, and you could easily surmise he had penetrated her most intimate of areas.

My son was fingering her, knowing full well his mother was watching.

Blake's other hand took Carrie's and placed it on his own crotch. Her eye's flew open and tried weakly to pull away. She resisted only for a second, and then started a rhythmic rubbing across the surface of his pants. She was alternately smiling, laughing, or gasping (when Blake hit something especially essential between her thighs).

Her hand sped up its motion. Blake worked open his belt, top button, and then the zipper of his pants. He took Carrie's hand and slipped it inside his underwear. Her eyes went wide and I could read her lips saying "Oh my God!"

"Oh my God!" I echoed out loud. She was touching my son's hard penis. The same penis that I had inside of me. The same penis that had gotten me pregnant.

Blake scooted his hips up, and in one swift motion skinned his pants and shorts down to his own knees.

His cock sprang free and pointed towards the ceiling.

Carrie had taken her hand away, and stared ... speechless. Maybe this was the first cock she had ever seen up close. Maybe it was just because my son's was so much bigger.

The sight of it made me whimper. It had been months since

My hand trailed down my slightly bumped abdomen and didn't stop until it rested between my own thighs. It began a light dance against my crotch, unconscious, and with a mind of its own. I gave a slight "Ehhhh" of a whimper when my body recognized my son's instrument of pleasure.

THAT had been inside me; THAT had made me cum; THAT had successfully spewed great quantities of baby-making juice deep into my womb!

Now it was in the hands of a teen girl. Blake had put her hand back in place and was instructing it to pump up and down.

My own hand needed no instruction. I was rubbing against my crotch lightly. If it had only not been so long since I had been satisfied! This scene before me wouldn't have taken me so by surprise and "forced" me to touch myself. I slipped my hand under the waistband of my slacks and panties, down until I gently split my labia. My middle finger didn't stop until it felt the mess my body was emitting from my vagina. I was soaked!

Blake's own finger was evidently embedded in Carrie. Her eyes were half-closed and her neck seemed to have lost some of its strength as her head lolled from one side to another.

Blake looked my way, directly into my eyes even though he couldn't see me. My own finger curved into my vagina, and I moved it with the same rhythm and speed as Blake's.

Blake's other hand schooled Carrie's and urged her to pump his thick cock harder and faster. She did, even when he took his own hand away.

Her hand went faster; so did mine.

Now Blake rested his free hand on the back of Carrie's neck. A gentle push, and her eyes opened fully. Her surprised face mouthed "No" along with a negative shake of her head.

Blake kissed her lips and then continued his pressure. Her head went lower and lower until her mouth was maybe an inch away from the oozing head of his cock.

"He wants her to blow him!" I whispered. I felt a pang, remembering the first time my son's cock had entered my

mouth, remembering the feel of it, how it stretched my lips.
Remembering his taste!

She was just eighteen, like my son. She was in my home about
to have oral sex with my son. I should stop this.

I didn't. Instead, I shifted my lubricated finger to my clitoris.

Carrie's tongue flicked out and sampled Blake's offering. She
brought that tongue home inside her mouth and made a
strange face. Maybe her first taste of a male.

More pressure from Blake and Carrie's open mouth engulfed
the bulging head of his cock.

Maybe he sensed reluctance and wanted to finish quickly,
maybe he was just ready—but within a few seconds, his hips
jerked and he mouthed one silent word towards me: "Mom!"

Carrie tried to pull off, but was too slow to miss the fountain of cum flooding her mouth. Blake's confining hand kept her in place for the few seconds needed.

As I realized my son was having an orgasm, my finger pressed hard on my clit and sent shockwaves coursing through my body. My hips bucked and cruelly forced my clitoris against my hand.

For the first time in my life, I had masturbated myself to a climax. I would have to deal with the guilt of that forbidden act later.

Carrie had her own situation to deal with. Blake had finally let go of her and allowed her cum-filled mouth to pull free of his penis. She retched and coughed and choked, in some random order.

"The bitch didn't swallow it," I said aloud. I felt some weird pride that I had been able to take all of Blake's load and not lose one drop as it slid down my throat and into my stomach.

A strange accomplishment for a mother, but an accomplishment that made me feel superior to the young girl before me.

The loud sounds Carrie was making spurred me to let my jealousy act out. I pulled my drenched hand from my clothes, wiped it off, and rushed out to Blake's door.

I knocked insistently and said in a loud voice: "Blake, is everything all right?"

I heard scrambling, and could picture Carrie's horror at being "caught" giving a blowjob in her Pastor's home.

That didn't stop her coughing, not immediately, anyway.

"What's going on in there?" I almost giggled at my meanness.

"It's okay, Mom!" A few seconds went by, and Blake cracked open the door. I knew he was giving Carrie a little time to clean up and get her bearings.

"Blake, I thought you were choking," I said with mock concern.

"Not me, Mom. It's Carrie."

"Blake! What did I tell you about having your door closed?"

"We knew you were resting, and Carrie said close it so our voices didn't bother you while we were studying." Blake had a big grin on while he lied. "Right, Carrie?" he asked as he swung open the door.

There was Carrie standing in the middle of the room, a big fat guilty look on her face and some wet stains on her blouse. The room swam undeniably with the mixed fragrances of vagina and sperm, which I chose to ignore.

"Carrie," I said as I got closer to her, "that was so considerate of you. Are you okay? What made you cough like that?"

"Something went down the wrong pipe, I think," Blake said.

Carrie looked at him, not a smile in her whole body at this point, and said, "Yeah, that was it, Mrs. Best."

"Be more careful when you swallow in the future," I said.

She nodded, but was looking at Blake with evil intent. She would think twice about any "future" swallowing.

"I was going to make myself a cup of tea. Can I fix you two a snack?"

"I'm good, Mom. Carrie, do you want something, or are you still full?" Blake asked. He was enjoying this.

She crossed her arms and gave him that "you're gonna get it" look. "I'm good too, Mrs. Best. Blake, I'd better get home."

"Sorry you can't stay, Carrie. You could have told me how your studies are going."

Blake had borrowed the car while I worked at home today. It had become my habit to take a nap in the afternoon as of late. He knew from my closed bedroom door that was exactly what I was doing when he got home with Carrie.

"I'll be right back after I drive Carrie home. Oh, Mom, before I forget, there's something in the top drawer of my desk you might want to take a look at."

As soon as they walked out of the kitchen door, I could hear Carrie's high-pitched voice giving Blake a piece of her mind. She probably didn't appreciate the unexpected flood of sperm into her mouth or being surprised in the midst of it by

her boyfriend's mother. She most likely thought I was completely out of the loop concerning what goes on behind closed doors when boyfriend and girlfriend get together.

That loop closes when there's an available peephole into said room.

I opened Blake's desk drawer. There was something familiar there: a single sheet of drawing paper, face down.

I turned it over and said, "Whoa!"

It was another of Blake's sketches. I had put a ban on any more of the sexual variety he and I had traded leading up to his seduction which led to our future baby together.

It was all part of my plan to get back to normalcy. This was definitely not part of that plan. A violation of the ban, and a deviation from normalcy by anyone's rules.

Blake's art skills were improving almost daily. This was one of his best.

The drawing showed me (naked, of course) on my back with Blake between my thighs. Our faces were drawn in great detail, so there was no doubt it was mother and son having intercourse.

The one variation from others he had done was the position he had chosen.

On each of Blake's shoulders sat one of my feet. He had me bent double, my legs pinned back onto my chest, squashing my breasts down, as he thrust deep within me.

There were two word balloon's: mine was empty while his said "Want me to make you cum, Mom?"

"She was pretty mad," Blake said.

He had just gotten back from bringing his girlfriend home. I told him we needed to talk, so here we were at the kitchen table. He had a glass of milk and a package of store-bought cookies; I had a cold glass of orange juice.

Also on the table was Blake's sketch, face down.

"I thought I told you no more drawings," I said.

"I've been good for two months, Mom. But this kept coming up in my mind so I couldn't stop thinking about it until I finally had to draw it."

"Why did you bring Carrie here? Why did you want me to see you?"

"Carrie's okay, don't get me wrong. You told me I should have a girlfriend my own age and everything, and I'm trying. Believe me. But, she seems like such a kid."

"She's only 18, like you are. You've both got a lot of growing up to do," I said.

"I think I've grown up a lot since school began, Mom. With Dad and his miracle thing and you and me, and most important, me becoming a dad myself. I'm different now. Different from Carrie and the kids I used to hang around with."

"But, why would you want me to watch you? Didn't you know it would affect me in many conflicting ways?"

"Mom, I've missed you in ways you don't know. We're here in front of Dad and I have to act like I always have, as your son. We're mother and son, sure. But, my body knows you more than that now. I miss the mother of my baby. I miss that woman in a way you might not even guess."

"Blake, I—"

"Mom, I love you as my Mom and always will. But, Kim, I love you as the mother of my baby. I feel you there as a woman who I want in more ways than I can explain."

He took my hand into his. "I wanted you to see it was you I was thinking of when I was with Carrie. That she meant nothing to me while you mean everything."

I had thought masturbating would have taken the edge off any desires I had, but I was wrong. When I had penned in my caption on the sketch, I had mostly one set of motivations. Now, after hearing the father of my baby speak, I had even stronger reasons.

"Turn that over," I said while pointing at the sketch.

My son picked it up and read what I had written: "Fuck me deep, Blake!"

Still holding the sketch, he got up, took his Mom by the hand and led her out of the kitchen. On the table lay milk, cookies, and a half glass of cold orange juice.

He went past his bedroom. I knew then he wanted to use his dad's bed for what was going to take place.

In the bedroom, Blake put the sketch on my night stand. Then he slowly undressed me, taking his time and attending to each body part with his gentle touch and his mouth. Finally, his mother was completely naked in front of him.

I pulled his shirt off, unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants, and dropped to my knees before pulling pants and shorts down in one move. He stepped out of them, revealing that wonderful cock that had gotten me pregnant.

It had been months since I had been this close to its revealed beauty and power. My mouth opened and took him in, licking and sucking—taking possession of what was mine now. What had been Carrie's just an hour ago.

I thought "Not too many boys have their girlfriend AND their mom suck on their cock in one day."

Blake said, "Carrie couldn't do it. You would swallow it all, wouldn't you, Mom?"

I released Blake's penis from my mouth to say, "I would eat every drop, swallow every bit of you!" Then I went hungrily back to what Carrie had been so reluctant to do.

Blake pulled me to my feet. Caressed me, kissed me, then brought his hands to my breasts, my swollen breasts.

"Mom, they're even bigger now," he said before dropping his head down, opening his mouth and sucking.

"Gentle," I whispered, but didn't need to fear. Blake instinctively knew my breasts were sore with the business of milk production. It still was early, and I hadn't noticed any lactation yet. His mouth felt wonderful and sent surges of maternal as well as carnal feelings racing along every nerve in my body. Fitting, I guess for my son AND my lover.

"Will you let me suck your tits when they're full?" he asked.

Blake wanted me to nurse him in the future, to feed from his mother's breast again.

"Yes, my baby, yes!" My head shot back when he renewed his sucking.

I led Blake to the bed and carelessly threw back the covers. This was his father's bed, but today it was to be the place my son took possession of his woman. It was the place his woman welcomed her man inside her.

I crawled slowly to the bed's center, pausing to give my boy a good look at his mom's ass. I turned my head back to him and smiled.

Maybe Carrie's presence had brought out a seductive, competitive side of me. Maybe it was two months of sexual frustration. Ed hadn't even thought of touching me since I had become pregnant.

Blake eagerly followed me onto the bed and got between my thighs. His head went from my abdomen to my jungle of pubic hair—there his stiff tongue parted jungle and labia, not stopping until it reached the head of the Amazon: the entrance of my vagina. And the river was flowing, full force.

He lapped up my juices while I squirmed and squealed. Then he bent my legs back, giving him even greater access. What he did next shocked me to my core:

Blake tongued my asshole! It sent a jolt through me so strong my whole body jumped.

"BLAKE! NOOO!" I grunted.

But, that didn't stop him. Around and around that tight, puckered hole his tongue went, its tip repeatedly probing and thrusting, trying to gain the least little entrance.

I had thought all my inhibitions had been torn down, but, having my own son licking at his mother's anus appeared to be one forbidden area I wasn't ready for.

"I really love your ass, Mom. Really love it," he said before rising up. He kissed my legs, alternating between the two. Inner thighs, then knees, then my muscular calves. I thought he might kiss my feet, but he didn't.

He put them onto his shoulders, and had his mom suspended in front of him, giving full access to her sodden pussy.

Blake bent forward and my legs bent back. Back, lower, back until my position exactly matched the sketch. He reached between us and I felt the tip of his thick penis say hello to my vagina.

"Ready, Mom?"

"I'm ready, oh so ready, Blake," I whispered. I had been prepared never to do this again. All my intentions had been for this never to happen again.

All my previous plans to reinstate strictly a mother/son relationship melted when Blake glided into my well-lubricated vagina all the way to the hilt in one glorious slow thrust!

I gusted "Aaaaaaaahhhh!" the whole way in.

Blake said one word when he reached bottom: "Kim!"

The angle this position afforded was amazing. It hit areas within me I never would have dreamed.

But, as I looked at Blake's face, framed by my bare feet, I knew there was something else, a secret I had never told anyone that was exerting another force on me. A secret I would never tell Blake.

Mother and son reunited. Man and woman joined. The father of my baby was driving mercilessly into his mother, the mother of his baby, and his lover.

A lover who didn't ask for or want mercy.

All my body wanted at this point was to be filled, and then filled again. And fill me Blake did, with that monstrously long and thick cock.

I had forgotten what it felt like. My memory of it was a faint shadow compared to the expansive force of his shaft on my constricting vagina.

My female competitive, possessive nature made me smile. "This would destroy that little bitch, Carrie" I thought. "She isn't woman enough to take it!"

I looked at Blake's face, contorted in effort and lust. It was ME, his mother who could bring him to such pleasure. At that moment, my pride knew few limits.

Seconds grew into minutes, during which Blake hit new angles and new depths inside of me.

My feet caressed the side of his face. I watched them as they rocked with the motion and intensity of his thrusts.

He finally turned his head gave a tense little nip to my right foot.

"BLAKE! I'M CUMMING! PLEASE! PLEASE! YEES! I'M CUMMING!"

My orgasm had come so quickly, and with no warning. If my masturbation had been a firecracker, then this was a bomb! I strained upward with all my might.

Blake plunged and held there, as far into me as he could manage.

"NOW! KIM! NOW!"

And though I couldn't feel it, I knew that even though he had cum in Carrie's mouth just an hour before, my son was sending blistering jets of sperm into his mother's already-pregnant body. Although his cum had no additional power to impregnate, it still served the purpose to invade, dominate, and mark the territory of his woman.

Blake totally took possession of me on his father's bed, taking his dad's place as the one man who could satisfy me.

My son fell on top of me, shrugging my feet from him so they flopped to the bed at the end of legs which had lost all of their strength and control.

We slowly caught our breath in each other's arms.

"I can't believe it, Mom. That was the best yet. You surprised me. Out of nowhere, you—"

"I know, Blake. It surprised me too. Out of nowhere"

But, it wasn't out of nowhere. It was from my past. A past I had all but forgotten about.

"I just don't remember it that way, Kim," my sister said.

"Bev, he used to tickle until I cried. He wouldn't stop. I used to think it was so cruel."

Beverly had dropped by to visit while Ed was away. My sister was always there when I needed her. She had been extra attentive since I'd become pregnant again.

I wondered how supportive she would be if she knew I was carrying my own son's child. And, what would her face look like if she had witnessed her sister bent double shouting out an orgasm as teenage sperm flooded her just an hour before?

Yeah, here I was sitting next to my sister with her nephew's live sperm swimming inside me futilely searching for an egg that would never come.

"I remembering Dad tickling me, but nothing that made me do anything but laugh. It was playful," she said.

"You were lucky, then. He used to tickle me, my ribs, and that didn't bother me too much. But, then he'd pull my socks off and go after my feet. That sent me crazy. I couldn't take it. I would struggle and struggle until I couldn't breathe."

"None the worse for wear, I guess," she said and nonchalantly took a sip of coffee.

I wish I shared her nonchalance. Of course I knew my feet were still sensitive, but until that afternoon, when Blake had playfully bitten my foot—which triggered my clitoral explosion—I had never suspected it could be more than that. Now I knew why Blake's sketch had excited me so. Seeing my feet near his face opened the door to a strange desire. I was desperately trying, with Bev's help, to rationalize it and piece together why it affected me so.

"Why is this all of a sudden so important after all these years?" she asked. So much for the help part.

I could hardly tell her that just before she arrived I had my feet firmly planted on her nephew's shoulders as he drove his rock-hard cock into her sister's throbbing pussy.

I said instead, "More coffee?"

"I don't know if I deserve all the attention I'm getting," Ed said.

He had called after dinner. Blake and I sat at the kitchen table with Ed on the speakerphone.

"What attention?" I asked.

"Seems everyone has heard about the miracle service we had at our little church and the explosion of fervor and enthusiasm from our congregation! Good news travels fast!"

Blake looked at me. I looked at Blake.

Ed went on: "They've built me up to be quite the champion of faith here. I give a sort of keynote address tonight, they scheduled it in special. Can you believe that? The biggest religious convention in the tri-state area, and they've asked ME to speak!"

"I'm proud of you, Dad! Don't leave out any of the details. People will want to know exactly how our miracle happened!" Blake yelled towards the cell phone on the table. He made a funny face and raised his eyebrows towards me.

Of course his father had no clue how the miracle of my impregnation happened. He would be shocked to learn that as he lay in a drunken stupor, his son, in the next bedroom had delivered copious quantities of potent sperm directly into his wife's fertile womb, thereby becoming a father AND brother all in one shot. AND as a not-so-subtle byproduct, had sexually satisfied her by delivering an earth-shattering orgasm that had her screaming her brains out.

THERE was the miracle behind the miracle. That's the one I'm sure the tri-state gathering of clergy would receive with slack-jawed amazement, condemnation, and disgust.

"Are you taking care of your mother while I'm gone?"

Blake looked at me again with that grin. "I'm making sure Mom has everything she needs, Dad!" he said enthusiastically—maybe TOO enthusiastically.

"Good! You know you have to fill in for me while I'm not there."

"I'm doing my best filling things! Believe me!"

Ed would have been shocked if he knew my belly was filled with my son's (and not HIS) baby, and that my vagina was now filled with Blake's living sperm, even as we spoke.

"Blake, do me a favor," Ed called out from the phone.

"Sure, Dad."

"I left some handwritten notes on my night stand. I didn't think I'd need them, but now that I have to speak, I'd like to review them again. Go take a photo of them and text it to me."

"Okay, Dad. You'll get it in a minute," Blake said. He got up to leave for my bedroom, but surprised me with a sloppy French kiss before exiting the kitchen.

It flustered his pregnant mom.

"You still there?" Ed asked after my silence.

"Yes, Dear," I said. For some strange reason, I felt more guilty from that kiss in front of the immobile phone on the table than I did about being pregnant with his son's child.

"Take me off speaker," Ed said.

I did and held the phone up to my ear. This seemed out of character for Ed, like he had something to say he didn't want Blake to hear. My stomach tightened.

"Kim?"

"I'm here, Ed."

"I just wanted to say how proud I am of Blake. I don't want him to get a big head about everything, but the way he has acted since you've become pregnant is exemplary. He couldn't have been more attentive to you. Don't think I haven't noticed how affectionate he is. He's really taking care of his mother."

"He certainly is," I had to agree.

"You know I don't like to spoil the boy, but, while I'm away, you give him anything he wants."

"Ed, I—" There was a "bing" sound on the phone.

"Oh," Ed said, "there's Blake's text. I'm going to look at my notes right now. Wish me luck tonight."

"Good luck, Ed! You deserve all the credit!" I lied. Actually, Blake deserved the credit for seducing his own mother and planting that baby seed deep (and I mean DEEP) inside her where it took hold and produced the baby growing in me now. Blake also deserved credit for awakening in me sexual desires I never thought I had or could be satisfied. And, oh yeah, Blake deserved credit for being able to satisfy those desires like I never imagined possible in my 41 years on this planet.

"See you at the airport tomorrow night, Kim! I wish you could have been as excited as I was today when I found I was going to speak tonight!"

I didn't tell him how excited I had been myself while I watched our son shoot cum in his girlfriend's mouth or how excited I had been when Blake poured his second load of the day into me while he had my legs high on his shoulders. Instead, I said: "Me too. See you tomorrow."

I hung up and looked at the phone.

Blake walked into the kitchen. He had one hand behind his back.

"I can see you've been drawing again," he said.

My eyes widened and my mouth opened. Blake pulled my sketchpad from behind him and held it up.

"Blake! You weren't meant to see that!"

"Then, either you shouldn't have left it on your night stand, or you shouldn't have let me go to your bedroom."

I had forgotten. Why did I leave that out in the open? Was I unconsciously sabotaging myself?

"I wondered today what set you off," he said. "Now I have a good idea."

"Blake ... I'm so embarrassed," I whispered.

He came over to the table where I was still seated, bent down, and kissed my cheek. I had turned my head away, unable to look him in the face.

"Don't be, Mom. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"It's what your father calls a perversion in his sermons. It's not natural."

"You know how strict Dad is in all his beliefs. Look at everything he thinks about sex in general. He's the one with the weird ideas, thinking everyone should be guilty all the time about having natural feelings. That's what I think, anyway."

It felt stranger talking about sex with my son than HAVING sex with my son.

"Give me that, Blake. I should have ripped it up. No—I never should have even drawn it, even thought about it."

"Mom, I love your drawings. They're all so honest. And they show me how you really feel even when you can't express it in any other way. Don't ever shut yourself off from letting your art complete your thoughts and feelings."

He held up the sketch. There were three separate scenes, each featuring Blake's face: one had him kissing a foot; another

showed him with the flat of his tongue licking up the sole of a foot; the last showed him sucking toes.

I had accurately drawn the features of his face. And, although no one could tell, I had accurately drawn my own feet.

"Blake, I don't know why I drew those."

"I do," Blake said. "You have a foot fetish. Something made you feel your feet are sexy. It doesn't matter why or how. That's just what is. I read about it once on the internet. There's nothing wrong with it, Mom."

"Please, give me that," I said as I made a grab for the pad.

Blake easily avoided my reach and said, "Mom, if YOU think this is exciting, then I think it is too." He took the pen sitting on the table and wrote for a minute while I sat there, stunned. Then, he pushed the pad across to me and left it alone to do with what I wanted.

My eyes couldn't tear themselves away. "Oh my God, oh my God," I chanted in a hypnotic fog. Unconsciously, I rocked my bottom back and forth on the hard chair.

He had written three captions:

"I want to kiss your pretty feet, Mom!"

"I love the taste of your feet."

"Cum for me, Mom, while I suck your toes."

I looked up at him finally and shook my head "no." My head seemed to be the only part of me in the negative. My mind was busy picturing Blake carrying out his written acts while my body was inflamed with a perverse desire.

"Come on, Mom," he said quietly. He took me by the hand and pulled.

I resisted. "I can't let this happen. I can't allow something as dirty as this to happen."

"Don't you want me to get down there and smell your feet, tickle them?" He pulled me up until I was standing on shaky legs.

"Nooo, oh no!" I breathed. The thought drove me wild. My breath came fast. Then Blake's words brought memories flooding back to me—my father's words as he tickled me, talking (I'm sure kiddingly) about my "stinky feet."

Blake led me down the hall. I resisted feebly and protested almost inaudibly.

He sat me on my bed and knelt in front of me. Then he raised my left leg until my calf length leather boot was in his hand.

He pulled at the heel and my foot loosed from its tight, hot confines. The air felt cool on my sweaty foot.

"You have pretty feet, Mom." Just that one statement sent a thrill through me.

Was I really going to allow this to happen?

Blake brought my foot up to his mouth and kissed it. "God!" I gasped.

My son repeated the procedure with the other boot. I was now barefoot in front of my son and the thrill was even greater than when he had first stripped all my clothes from me and I first stood naked in front of him. The repressed perversity of this act surpassed my previous disrobing.

He surprised me by dropping my feet to the floor and reaching under my skirt.

"Blake?" is all I said when he pulled at my panties. I raised my hips at his silent command, and he skimmed them over my hips and down to those feet he had just been lavishing attention to. Off they went to the side.

Blake kissed my left knee, then my calf, and then my foot. Kissed it as it had never been kissed before—every inch of it! My butt ground into the bed. I moaned and made soft protestations before graduating into urgings and begging for more. The sight of my son's face on my foot was driving me wild.

A fact I never would have guessed before today. it seemed the nerves of my feet had a direct route to my clitoris. I rocked and squeezed my thighs.

He switched to the other foot and after the kissing, licked the sole from heel to toes.

"Noooooooo!" I exhaled. It wasn't a negative to stop, but a sign of disbelief that this could be happening—that something so gloriously, insanely, excitingly bizarre was happening!

As he held my foot captive and licked its entire surface, my son's hand snaked up my thigh, under my skirt, and, like a heat-seeking missile, sought out the heat of my throbbing pussy.

I felt his fingers in the damp, dense jungle of my black, curls nestled between my long legs. The end of one long leg, my foot, was now covered in my son's saliva.

Even wetter was the entrance of my vagina. His middle finger found it and easily penetrated me.

"Oh my God!" I exclaimed at that first intrusion. He withdrew and plunged the digit back in, slowly at first, and then more and more rapidly.

My son was fingering his mother—just like he had done earlier with Carrie.

He switched feet again, repeated his licking, and then forced his rough tongue between my toes. Each toe, every single toe, every tingling toe.

"Yes, yes, yes," I chanted. I was loving this beyond all measure of sense or sanity.

Blake pressed his thumb onto my clitoris and then sucked my toes, one-by-one into his hot, wet mouth. Never rushing and giving each one time and attention with his tongue. The suction he applied, the pressure of his mouth—accompanied by the pressure on my clit sent me over the edge.

"DADDY!" I screamed, "I'M CUMMING!"

My hands covered Blake's own hand on my crotch and I added my strength to his in mashing my clit. My hips bucked

until I was totally spent and lay back, completely exhausted and spent.

My hands fell to my side, leaving Blake's to continue with a lazy sawing in and out of his mom's thoroughly-flooded pussy. My fluids drained down my ass, soaking into the bed below.

Through my after-orgasm haze, I felt Blake's finger slip from my vagina and go lower, rubbing over my saturated asshole. It rubbed over and over it, and then made a little encroachment. I tightened up.

Then again. Finally, I lacked the strength to continue my defense, and I let my son sink knuckle deep into my butt.

"Blake ... honey ... don't," I said. But, I'm sure my voice was too weak to be understood. I withstood the well-lubricated assault for another thirty seconds, almost forgetting about it as I recovered.

Then Blake withdrew his finger. I lay with my eyes closed, but could hear the rustle of clothes.

When I opened my eyes, Blake was naked. My mind said "My boy is going to fuck his mother, fuck her for the second time today!"

But Blake surprised me. Instead of either stripping me naked on his father's bed, or just hiking my skirt up and mounting me, he reached down and grabbed my ankles.

He firmly brought them up to his hard cock and proceeded to place the soles of my feet on either side of his hot penis.

"Blake? I ...? Yes, Baby, YES!"

A new thrill went through me! I had never thought of this. I instinctively pointed my toes and applied pressure, making it

easier for Blake to glide his cock between them. Faster and faster he went. I added my little foot caresses to his speed.

"Fuck Mommy's feet, Baby!" I encouraged, as if he needed any encouragement. My whole world centered on one thing at that point: make my son cum with my feet.

And cum he did. "KIM! OH YEAH! OH YEAH!"

A thick coating of sperm and semen covered the soles of my feet and oozed from between my toes. For the third time today, my son let loose with his orgasm. This load seemed no smaller than his first.

Into his girlfriend's mouth, into his mom's pussy, and finally onto his mother's soft feet. Quite a day for any boy.

But, even an 18-year-old had a limit. When Blake reached that limit, he fell onto the bed beside me.

As he caught his breath, he said, "Mom, that was so wild! I'm so glad we did this."

"I never would have believed. I never would have even suspected I wanted ... no needed this. You made it possible for an unconscious wish of mine come true!" I spoke softly into his ear.

He propped himself up on his elbow and looked at me for a long time, smiling. I smiled back.

"Mom, you can make my wish come true too."

"And what's that, young man. Your Dad doesn't get home until tomorrow night!" I thought I sounded optimistic and adventuresome.

"Mom, I want to fuck that tight ass of yours!"

I was in bed-naked.

Behind me, I heard the soft, rhythmic breathing that signaled a sleeping person. That sleeping person's naked body pressed against mine in the "spooning" position.

That naked body pressing warmly against mine had spent the entire night in my bed.

That naked body was my son.

His crotch nestled against my buttocks. The same buttocks he had expressed the desire to split and enter.

When he first asked if he could spend the night with me, I had immediately declined. I told him it would be inappropriate for a mother and grown son to sleep together.

Some shred of a traditional mother/son relationship kept intruding itself into each new situation that arose. He pointed out that we had already seen each other naked; we had already engaged in sex; we had already used his father's bed in an anything-but normal way; and, most importantly, we had already created a baby together.

The mother in me felt justified to order him from this bed. The woman in me longed for the father of her child to cherish her, stay close to her, surround her, protect her, and ... sleep with her.

I let him stay.

We had cuddled and laughed and talked until sleep overcame us both. There had been no more sex. Just contented man/woman companionship.

I had been stunned at Blake's proposal to have anal sex. It shocked me. And, I was no longer the mostly-naive girl of a few months ago. I was a fully sexually aware woman who was now carrying her own son's child. I was a woman who had done more varied sexual acts in the last three months than I had done in the previous 41 years.

And yet, it had astounded me. Even though I had sensed Blake's preoccupation with my buttocks. Even though he had rubbed it, licked it, and inserted his finger into it—it still jarred me when the words "Mom, I want to fuck that tight ass of yours!" came streaming from his mouth.

I got up and made breakfast as usual. I let Blake sleep since it was Saturday and he didn't have to rush off for school.

I was finishing buttering some toast when I heard behind me, "I slept great, Mom. How 'bout you?"

"Yeah, great." That was partly true. The sleep part. The part where I lay awake contemplating Blake's words was the untrue part. That had NOT been great.

I gave Blake the already-made toast and slid another two slices in to the toaster for myself.

We ate mostly in silence. Talked a little about the trip to the airport later that evening to pick up his father.

When breakfast was over, Blake sidled up to me at the kitchen sink and slid his hands around me from the rear and cupped my breasts. I was still naked with only my thin satin robe covering my body.

My nipples went hard, maybe from the friction, or maybe because my body recognized the father of my baby, the man who made that body obey its sexual commands and rewarded it with the most intense orgasms it had ever known.

"Blake," I said, "you know this has to stop again when your father gets home."

"That gives us all day then, doesn't it, Mom?"

He kissed my neck, and I moaned despite myself. I shook my mind clear after a moment and said in a businesslike manner, "Your Aunt Bev will be here any second. She's helping at the church while I prepare for your Dad's return. He still has a Sunday service remember."

"I remember," he said. "Do YOU remember what I said yesterday?"

I pretended ignorance. I knew what he meant. "You said a lot of things. I have to get dressed." But as I attempted a quick retreat from the kitchen, Blake caught hold of my arm and turned me toward him. He pulled me close in an embrace.

"Mom, you know what I mean." He dropped his hands and caressed my butt, covered only by the thin fabric of my robe. His hands glided over my muscular cheeks. "Your butt drives me crazy. I love watching you when you walk around, and when you bend over. You know what I want, Mom."

"No," is all I said.

"You didn't even think about it."

Blake would have been surprised at how MUCH I had thought about it.

"Blake, I did think about it and decided it's not for me. There are a thousand reasons why. And you should be able to guess them all!"

"There are a thousand reasons why I shouldn't be the father of the baby inside you right now. Or a thousand reasons why we draw the pictures we do for each other."

"Blake, let's not do this now."

"Mom, there are a thousand reasons why I shouldn't cum so hard in your mouth. There are a thousand reasons why I shouldn't make YOU cum when I eat your pussy. How many reasons are there that you shouldn't swallow my cum?"

"This is ... different. This is unnatural."

"More unnatural than me licking your feet or sucking your toes or cumming all over them?"

My mind was starting to reel. My son was making argument after argument about how far from natural we had already come.

"Just because we've done SOME things doesn't mean we have to do EVERY thing," I said.

"I want to fuck your butt, Mom. It would mean a lot to me."
He kissed me.

"Blake, I just don't understand why. There are so many other ways we—"

"Besides being real exciting and it would feel real good, there's something that you letting me do it would say you're mine, really mine to me. It's something I know Dad would never have from you and would be yours and mine alone."

"Blake, you know it would hurt me, hurt terribly."

"Maybe knowing that and the fact you would still do it for me is why I want it. Can you understand that?"

"No, Blake, it makes no sense at all to me," I said.

"Butt sex?" my sister said with a scrunched up face.

"Yeah. What's the allure? Why would a man even think about it?"

"Where is this coming from, anyway?" she asked.

"You know ... people in the congregation have all sorts of problems, and—"

"You want me to believe someone in your congregation picked YOU out—the purest straightarrow in the world to discuss butt sex?"

I think my title of "Pure" was now a bit tarnished because of whose baby I was carrying, and it gained more patina with each orgasm my son coaxed out of my body.

"Forget it," I said. I probably shouldn't have even brought up the subject. It took me three tries before I got up the courage.

"No, no," she said, taking on that look she got whenever she would lecture me. "For starters, butt sex is the ultimate goal of every guy. Even if he's never thought about it—that's his goal."

That made no sense to me at all, but I didn't interrupt.

"Men know women have no interest in giving THAT up willingly. Why WOULD we? That should be a one-way highway, right! That's how nature intended it."

She looked at me, so I nodded.

"But, men want whatever they can't have. Ever notice that? Anything that's out of reach—that's the thing that looks good to them. A woman's butt should be out of reach. Especially if she's giving him plenty of vagina sex and a good helping of oral sex, right?"

"BEVERLY!" I gasped. My sister and I had never EVER had this conversation before.

"You asked for it, Kim!" Bev smiled. She was actually enjoying my discomfort.

"You sound like you've thought this out before," I said.

"Oh, I have. You'd think that if a guy was getting a lot of other sex, he wouldn't want butt sex. But NOOO! He just thinks he's even closer to the goal line. The goal line being your sphincter!"

"Oh Gawd!" I said and put my face in my hands. "But why—"

"Possession. Domination. The forbidden. The taboo. A man wants that last thing a woman possesses. AND—to take it by force—that's nothing. That's less than nothing. But, when a woman offers him that of her own will. That's domination

that works both ways now. A man is forever under her control. At least that's my opinion."

"And you know this how?"

It was her turn to look uncomfortable. "Hypothetical. All hypothetical." She gave a big grin, and raised her eyebrows a few times.

"Let's change the subject," I said.

"Before we do, just let me give you two words of advice. All hypothetical, remember. First, clear the runway, if you know what I mean. And second, lube up, not only that runway, but also the whole rocket, if you know what I mean."

Unfortunately, I knew exactly what she meant.

"Hello, Mrs. Best."

"Hi, Carrie," I said. She was coming out of Sugarland Pharmacy; I was about to go in and pick up Ed's allergy prescription before he got home.

"How's Blake today? He hasn't even called me."

"I guess he's been busy. With his dad away and everything," I said. I didn't want to let on HOW busy he had been since she last saw him. I took a little nasty pinch of pride that my son was neglecting his girl, and that I was probably the reason.

She turned to go. "Tell him 'hi' for me and have him give me a call."

"Phone works both ways, Carrie. Call him," I said.

"I don't call boys," she said. "Boys call ME!" She had turned toward me and put her hands on her slim hips.

Something in her bearing and attitude rankled me. Here she was being, shall I say, "bitchy" with her boyfriend's mother. What was she like with Blake? Did she make him crawl and beg? Did she use her wiles and charms to control him?

"Communication should be mutually cooperative, Carrie," I said, deciding to be the adult in the room and give her some good advice.

"If he doesn't appreciate me, Mrs. Best, that's all on him. I expect him to call and let me know that—OFTEN!" She was angry and couldn't help show it. "This is the first time he hasn't called me almost every hour. Or at least text me."

"Maybe he's been preoccupied. Ever think of that? Maybe he was busy with something he considered important."

"I can't think of anything that should be more important than ME! You can tell him that for me!" She turned and stomped off without saying goodbye.

My face was hot with anger. I grinned at the thought of her coughing and splitting up Blake's cum. My grin grew bigger when I thought that I myself had swallowed his whole load while she couldn't.

I got Ed's prescription, and then an evil, prideful, vindictive thought seized me when my eye caught sight of an aisle I had always avoided. A wicked impulse sent me down that aisle and a moment later I was looking guiltily around as I made my purchase. Luckily there was no one else in the store, and the sleepy-looking cashier paid no attention, not even looking up at me.

Blake was napping in front of the TV in the living room.

I had gotten home, put away some groceries, visited the bathroom, and was inspired to do a quick sketch. Inspired by Carrie! The little bitch! I'd show her preoccupied.

As I finished the sketch, Blake stuck his head into the study.
"When do we have to leave to pick up Dad?"

"We don't have to leave for a few hours yet. I saw Carrie at the drug store. She says you haven't called."

"Yeah. Usually I have a lot to say, but, since yesterday ... I dunno. A lot happened yesterday. Carrie just hasn't been on my mind that much."

"Distracted?" I asked, and smiled.

"Well, duh! Yeah, I'm distracted. I'm thinking about YOU, Mom. I'm thinking about Dad coming home. I'm thinking about how special yesterday was."

"Sounds like you've been doing a lot of thinking," I laughed.

"Have you done any thinking, Mom?"

"About yesterday? You're right. That was very special. And yes, I've thought about with your father coming home, we have to get back to normal again, like he had been acting the past few months."

"I guess," he said. He looked down and the disappointment on his face was not subtle. "I'd better call Carrie, I guess."

"We're going to get back to normal, young man."

"I know, Mom. You've said it all before."

"But, like I said, we don't have to leave for the airport for two hours." I handed him the sketch I had just drawn.

He took it, looked at it for a good 30 seconds as his eyes got wider and wider. He looked up at me, then down at the sketch again. Then up at me: "Mom! Do you mean ...?"

I nodded, and smiled. Half the sketch was of my face with the word balloon saying "Blake, please be gentle." The other half showed Blake's hard cock pointing at me. It wasn't pointing at my face; it wasn't pointing at the entrance of my vagina; it was pointing toward—the tip barely making contact with—my puckered, tight, virginal anus!

I had decided to let my son have anal sex with me.

He pulled me to my feet and hugged me close and kissed me. Kissed me gently, and then deep. I responded.

I had gone from shocked to frightened to curious to willing. Carrie had tipped the scales. I wanted to be the first for Blake. And I wanted Blake to conquer that last part of me. I desired

no physical sexual satisfaction from this. All I wanted was a psychological two-way possession. Blake and I forever bound in that one last act. Carrie would never have that. No other girl ever could again.

Maybe I was twisted or selfish. But, I was carrying my own son's child, and some part of me, a big and powerful part, felt justified for what I was about to do.

"C'mon, Mom." Blake led me to my bedroom. To his dad's bedroom. He was going to take me on his dad's bed. I had changed the sheets that morning, but knew now his dad would not be the first one to lie on them. Ed would have to wallow in the wake of his son's and his wife's anal adventure.

Our clothes melted off each other. We stood again, naked together. It felt more natural and more comfortable each time. I smiled as I thought back to that first scene, when I hesitantly shed my robe in Blake's room so that he could sketch his naked mother.

Blake's mouth roamed over me, kissing and nibbling, and sucking. His hands skimmed my skin, pausing on my slightly protruding belly. He whispered in my ear, "Mom, I'm so happy we're having a baby together."

My mind still reeled at times to come to grips with the fact that this beautiful boy was my son, but he was also the man who had impregnated me. His gorgeous cock had invaded my depths and successfully planted his seed within me. The whole world believed Ed was the father. Only Blake and I knew that this child was not only a brother or sister to Blake, but also a son or daughter. And, as shocking as it may seem, my baby was also a grandson or granddaughter to me! I was going to be a grandmother.

Blake drew the bedcovers down and we simultaneously crawled onto the soft mattress. I was about to tell Blake about a surprise, but he guided me to my back and gently attacked my feet, much like he had done the day before.

This was HIS surprise.

"Oh my God!" I groaned as that irrational jolt of thrill and desire flooded me again as he licked and sucked at every crevice my feet afforded.

When he had me throbbing and writhing at a fever pitch, he started to make his way down my legs. "I'm going to eat that beautiful pussy of yours, Mom," he murmured between kisses.

I didn't protest or hesitate. I said, "Eat me, Blake. Suck my clit!" My voice was cloudy with passion. My mind raced back to the first and only time I had ever had cunnilingus performed on me: that day back in Blake's room. Now it was going to happen again!

He took his time, burying his mouth on my birthing hole. The hole he emerged from and the hole his child would emerge from. It met him with a steady stream of fluids, which he lapped and swallowed.

He brushed his face across my coarse pubic hair again and again in a sweeping motion of his mouth, washing his chin and cheeks with its roughness. Then he hardened his tongue and ran it through my vaginal slit all the way to my clit.

I jumped and incoherently cried, "NGGGHHH!"

His tongue retraced its way down, down until it strained to reach even lower than before. Blake pushed my knees to my chest and levered my hips up.

This gave him access to what he had lusted over—my asshole. His tongue licked and probed it. "I'm going to fuck you, Mom. Fuck your ass."

All I could say was "Yes!"

My acknowledgement seemed enough to let him return to eating his mom out. He retraced his route to my clitoris and circled it with his rough tongue.

"Unnnnggghh!" I breathed. When he began to softly suck on it, my breath came quick and short until it all exploded out of me:

"BLAKE! BLAKE! YEESSS! I'M CUMMING!"

My hips bucked and the vision of my son's handsome face consuming me while my pubic hair consumed him sent my hips vibrating in tune with some inner divine orgasmic chorus. I was privileged to remain in that celestial realm for a good 40 seconds—maybe the longest orgasm I had experienced yet.

Perhaps my body was learning how to endure pleasure in a way I had never thought possible.

I came down into a stupor, barely able to move. Blake crawled up and sucked my breasts and cradled me for a minute. My

hand unconsciously sought his hard cock. I encircled it, my fingers unable to fully go around its thickness.

"Mom, that feels so good."

"Blake ..." is all I could hoarsely say.

He made a motion to roll me onto my stomach. I guess his patience was at an end and his apparent excitement and anticipation of the "main event" was taking over.

"Wait," I said, and gently guided him lie flat on his back. I kissed his chest and made my way down to his hard, hot cock. My tongue lashed out and gobbled up the fluids leaking from the tip. Then my lips surrounded my son and I bobbed my head up and down while applying a slight suction.

A boy who's just made his mom cum deserves a little blowjob
I thought to myself.

I pulled my mouth off and said, "I have a surprise for you." Then I turned and opened my night stand drawer. I took a small black bottle out and showed it to Blake.

He read the label out loud: "Pjur Back Door Silicone lubricant. MOM! When did you get this?"

"This afternoon, while I was picking up your father's prescription. That's when I made my decision to go ahead with this." I didn't mention what role the encounter with Carrie had in formulating that decision.

I unscrewed the cap and squeezed a generous glob onto my fingers. I thought back to my conversation with my sister and her suggestions. Runway cleared—check! Now all that had to be done was lubricate the "rocket" and the "runway!"

I coated Blake's hardness with the viscous, clear fluid from the bottle. It was amazing and reduced the friction of my hand to practically zero. Blake sighed a soft: "Oooooohhh!" as I rubbed.

Then I got to my knees and told him, "Hold out your right hand." When he did I poured a generous dollop onto the ends of his index and middle fingers. "That's for me," I instructed.

I put the bottle on the night stand and "assumed the position." Blake needed no coaching at this point. Seeing his mom on all fours with her ass wagging in the air gave him all the permission he would ever want.

His fingers found my asshole and rubbed the lube all around my tight anus. "Inside too," I prompted. "Easy, though."

He went slowly, and his finger inserted with almost alarming ease, aided by the miracle lube. Even I was convinced that now I was totally "greased."

"Okay," I said, and steadied the foundation of my stance.

"Why?" Blake asked. His voice was small.

At that moment, I felt a swell of pride for my son. Here he was, about to undertake one of the most bizarre, taboo, sought-after, intoxicating sexual acts a man can achieve—and he took the time to ask. No blind lust here. This proved to me we were sharing.

"I want this, Blake. I want this, maybe not the same way you do, not for the mere pleasure of it. I want to give you this. I want this to be a special gift to my son, my lover, the father of my child. Maybe selfishly, I want to be the first for you. And for me, I want you to be the only man who will ever enter me this way. I want it to be you."

"Are you ready, Mom?"

"Probably not," I said. But we both laughed. "Just go slow."

Blake was standing on his knees and scooted up close to my upturned butt.

"Mom, your ass is so beautiful, and your asshole—"

I reached back, found his slick penis and fit it against my tight little virgin asshole.

Blake pushed microscopically forward and my sphincter expanded slightly. "Ow!" I said.

Blake backed off and then forward again. I held my breath. The pain was unlike anything I had imagined. Not dull, not an ache, but a sharp whip of agony, all concentrated in one tiny area.

"Meh! Meh! Meh!" repeated out of my mouth, a new language of anguish I had just taught myself.

Blake must have been keenly aware, because he asked, "Mom! You want me to stop?"

"Go!" I grunted. I wasn't about to turn back now. "Keep going!"

Every pore of my body spit up a bead of perspiration; I could feel its cold sweat effect.

Blake slowly sawed in, and then out, pushing a little deeper each time. I didn't know if I wished more that it would be over or that I finally knew he was all the way in.

The tremendous girth of his penis hurt more by far than his length.

Finally, I felt Blake close against me, the warmth of his body and the tickle of his sparse pubic hair against my asshole. He had sunk himself to his whole depth. I had taken it all.

"Fuck me, Blake. Fuck Mommy's ass!" Where those words came from I don't know.

And fuck Blake did. He began a series of long slow thrusts deep into my depths.

"Mom! You're so tight!"

It felt tight—excruciatingly tight. But, to my relief, the worst was over. The pain no longer increased. It was actually subsiding. Maybe I was getting used to it. Maybe shock was setting in. Either way, I began to respond more and more to the thrusts. Not a lot, but enough to be a participant and not a statue.

I turned my head and noticed the reflection in my full length mirror. Here I was on all fours, a muscular, handsome 18-year-old boy slamming into me doggie style—my huge breasts swinging wildly beneath me with each brutal impact against my ass. Me, a 41-year old woman—the image imprinted in my brain and sent the realization to my lips "I'm having anal sex with my son!"

That's when Blake yelled: "MOM! MOM!" The head of his penis swelled, stretching that bit of intestine even further, and then Blake's hands pulled my wide-opened butt back against his pelvis as he spewed the gooey contents of his balls deep into my bowels.

My son had fucked my ass and my son had deposited a huge load of cum inside me.

I don't know what I had originally intended to accomplish by this, but as we collapsed together on his father's bed, I knew it had been successful.

"Where's Blake?" Ed asked. Then he gave his wife a barely-there peck on the cheek. A wife whose other cheeks were holding back a steady stream of ooze. A wife who was full of his son's cum still.

It was three hours later, and I was picking Ed up at the airport.

"He didn't want to come," I said. "He told me he'd rather draw something."

"Is he giving you trouble? I can talk to him."

I smiled and said, "Sometimes Blake can be a pain in the ass!"

THE END