

Greetings, and Happy New Year! 🎉

This season is time of reflection. A time setting new goals and figuring out how to achieve them. Some of my personal goals pertain to YOU and this site. This year I'd like to become a better writer and put out some of the best work I ever have. I have a goal of following through with posts on this site in a timely manner, and in creating more content for subscribers to enjoy. I love how "Mom's Bedroom" is becoming a forum, if you will, for the fan of mother-son passion. That was my hope in using this platform. To create a place all comments and ideas can be shared on the subject, and met with respect, even though opinions may differ. Thank you for being a part of it!

With all resolutions, it's important to keep your eyes on the goal, like Ben in this month's short story, "A Day at Family Love." Ben finds himself in an extremely uncomfortable spot, but keeping his eyes on the goal will hopefully help him get through it. I hope you enjoy the story! Let me know if you'd like to see a part two. Be well!

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A Day at Family Love ❤️

By Klrxo

"I can't believe I agreed to this," Ben said, as he came inside Dr. Smith's office and sat down.

Bethany Smith was a pretty short-hair professional Ben's age. She had on a white lab coat and carried a computer tablet. She gave the frustrated father and husband a sympathetic smile. "You can sit right here, Mister Tompkins," she said, motioning to the couch across from a large seventy-inch monitor.

"Please, you can call me Ben," he said, sitting down.

She sat down next to him. "Look, Ben, I know this isn't easy, but you and your wife both agreed that this was the most logical way for her to have a child with your genetic code," she reminded him.

"I know, it made the most sense then, but now that the day of conception is here, I'm having mixed feelings."

Ben and his wife Angie had been trying to have another child for months, when they found out that Ben had a zero sperm count. They explored their options with a group called 'Family Love,' who brought up the unconventional idea of Ben and Angie's son Darren getting his mom pregnant. This would insure the family's genetics would be passed on to the new child.

After weeks of debate, Ben and his wife had finally agreed that 'Family Love' was the best option, and that it would be done in a clinical setting, under the most discreet supervision. The family all agreed that once the baby was conceived, they would proceed as if Ben were the biological father. Their time at Family Love would be put behind them, never to be shared with anyone.

"I always urge fathers in your situation to focus on the goal, not the process," Beth said.

“Even though the process is incredibly hard?” Ben said.

“Yes, but sort of like the pain of getting injected. Nobody likes getting poked, but the end result is worth far more than the momentary pain you feel.”

“Yeah, well, this is um, kind of a pain of a different type,” Ben said.

“I know. Watching another man have sexual intercourse with your wife can't be easy, especially when it's your son,” Beth said. “Are you sure you wouldn't rather sit out in the waiting room? We can come get you as soon as they're finished.”

“No, no, I promised myself that I was gonna be a part of this whole process,” Ben said. “If I'm not able to produce a child myself, then the least I can do is show my support.”

Beth smiled and nodded. “I admire your level of commitment to this process, Ben. I'm sure your support means the world to your wife.”

The doctor's tablet chimed. “Oh, speaking of your wife, it looks like she's ready.”

The giant monitor on the screen lit up. It was a live stream of the copulation room from an overhead view. The room was empty, except for a full-sized bed in the center. “We have several different cameras inside the copulation room, to monitor the process from every angle,” Beth explained.

Ben noticed, along with the four room cameras, there were two other cameras available for viewing. “Vagina-cam and penis-cam?” he inquired. “What's that all about?”

“Here at Family Love, we use the most advanced camera technology to monitor every part of the copulation process. Your wife and son have tiny camera's, literally the size of the tip of a pen, temporarily mounted to their genitals.”

“Wait, so they have camera's stuck to their private parts?” Ben asked.

“Yes, Darren's camera is located right on the tip of his penis, just above the meatus,” Beth said. “It's Angie's camera that is truly revolutionary. Stuck to the interior wall of her vagina, it'll give us a complete panoramic view of the entire vaginal chamber, see?”

Using her tablet, Beth changed cameras on the large monitor to ‘vagina-cam.’ It was an interior view of his wife's vagina, which in it's present state wasn't much to see, except for a cylindrical-shaped tube with fleshy pink walls that were collapsed in on themselves.

“Wow, full color, and so much detail,” Ben muttered, astounded at the fact that he was actually looking at the inside of his wife's vagina. “How is that even possible without lights?”

Beth smiled and shrugged her shoulders. “It beats me. To be honest, I'm not really up on a that tech stuff. All I know is it's been a wonderful tool in monitoring the baby-making process.”

Another Doctor in a lab coat peeked into the room. “Angie and Darren are ready,” she said, then closed the door.

“Here we go,” Beth said anxiously, switching cameras on the big monitor. The angle was down near the head of the bed.

Ben watched his beautiful wife step into the copulation room on bare feet, wearing only a short white robe. Angie was a striking, long-haired brunette, only slightly overweight, but it was distributed in all the right places. Ben could tell she was braless beneath the robe by the way her enormous breasts wobbled slightly as she moved into the room.

"Hello, Angie," Beth said, making the mother look at the camera. "Are you nervous?"

"A little yes," the mother confessed, with an anxious smile.

Ben and Angie's son Darren entered the room and the door closed behind him. He and his mother smiled at one another awkwardly.

"I'm here with Ben. We're both rooting for a successful conception today," Beth told them.

Angie waved at the camera cutely. "Hi, honey. I am too. Fingers crossed, right sweetie?" Angie asked, looking over at her son.

"Right, I'll do my best," Darren said, glancing at the camera.

"I'm proud of you both," Ben expressed, even though the fact that they were about to have sex was killing him.

"Sounds like we're ready to get started then," Beth said. "You can both remove your robes and hang them on the hooks on the back of the door."

Ben could tell they were feeling a bit uncomfortable doing so, but his wife and son were soon standing across from each other as naked as jay-birds. Beth continued giving instruction. "There is a bottle of heated oil there next to the bed. I'd like you both to use it to lubricate your genitals," she said.

Ben looked at the Doctor awkwardly. "I guess that's um, necessary, right?"

Beth placed the room on mute, so Angie and her son couldn't hear them. "Absolutely necessary. In order for insemination to be successful, they'll need to go through the normal four phases of the sexual response cycle, phase one being excitement," she explained.

"Which I assume means Darren getting an...um, erection, right?" Ben muttered.

"That's one of the many things that needs to happen in this phase. Right now, their heart rates are quickening and their breathing is accelerating," Beth answered, then switched to a different camera. "You can see from this vantage-point that your wife's nipples are becoming aroused, making them hard and erect."

Ben could definitely see a difference. Capping the huge slopes of Angie's tits, her fat nipples stuck out like stumps in a swamp. "I see what you mean," he said.

"Blood flow to their genitals is also increasing right now, resulting in the swelling of your wife's clitoris and labia minora," the doctor said, then switch to an angle of Darren's rising prick. "And look at this, your son's penis is almost fully erect, which is, of course, necessary for vaginal penetration."

Ben felt a bit embarrassed to be looking at his own son's naked cock. He also felt a little intimidated. Darren's boner was much longer and fatter than his own. It was covered with bulging veins, and the big purple-pinkish nob was a large as a plum.

Beth cut to a Darren's penis-camera, which pointed straight across at his beautiful wife. Her huge melonous boobs ballooned heavily from her chest. Her thick rubbery papilla protruding from the wide rings of her areola. Ben noticed that her crotch was shaved bare, which she usually did when they were trying diligently to make a child. Now it would be their son's turn to attempt pounding a baby into that tube of cuntal flesh. Ben tried not to let the fact that his wife's eyes were staring right at the camera, and thus their son's erection, bother him.

"At this point, Angie's vaginal lubrication should be starting," Beth said. "Let's have a look."

She switched to the cam inside the mother's vagina and it looked much different than it did before. "Goodness gracious!" the doctor exclaimed.

"What is it?" Ben asked.

"Well, not only is your wife secreted plenty of lubrication, she's fully tented from increased blood flow, and see how the vaginal walls have changed colored into a shade of purple?" Beth asked.

"Tented? What does that mean?"

"When a woman becomes aroused, the cervix and uterus pull up and back, creating a space in her vagina that wasn't previously there. This will allow her to receive the length of your son's erection for intercourse," Beth explained. "They're both definitely ready to move on to phase two."

Beth took the room off of mute. "Ok, guys, it looks like we're ready to make a baby. Angie, we talked about three positions that would be most affective for you to conceive in. Which one would you like to start in?" she asked.

Angie looked at the camera and smiled knowingly. "Missionary," she said.

"Sounds great. Go ahead and take position on your back."

Beth muted again and looked at Ben. "Stage two is called the plateau phase, which extends to the brink of Darren's orgasm. All of the changes from phase one will continue to intensify. Your wife's clitoris will be extremely sensitive during this phase and will retract beneath the clitoral hood to avoid direct stimulation from the penis," she explained.

"Alright," Ben muttered, his heart sinking in his chest as the overhead camera angle showed his wife sprawling onto her back on the bed. Her huge mommy-melons wobbled deliciously, rolling slightly off the sides of her chest.

His son Darren moved into the camera shot beside the bed, his stiff boner clearly leading the way. Ben watched the boy crawl down between his mother's legs, Angie's thick thighs widening to accommodate him.

"I'm switching to split-screen, so we can see the moment of penetration," Beth said.

On one side of the monitor was his wife and son, preparing to fuck in the missionary position. On the other side was Darren's penis-cam as it slowly descended towards Angie's crotch. Swollen with blood, her inner labial lips were more purple now than pink, and were splayed open, revealing the creamy pit of her vulva vestibule. Ben watched his son's nob split the creamy folds of her vaginal opening and sink inside.

"Here we go," Beth said, trying to remain upbeat even though she knew this must be difficult for the husband.

On one side of the screen, the boy had dropped down on top of his mother and she was clawing at his back, gasping as he penetrated her.

On the other side of the screen, Darren's dick was sliding through the snug purple walls of Angie's cuntal passage searching for bottom. It didn't take him long to reach it.

"Looks like he's in as far as he'll go," Beth said. "See the rounded bulge there? That's your wife's ectocervix. That small hole there in the center connects the vagina to the uterus, which means when Darren ejaculates, he needs to do it as close to that spot as possible."

"Makes sense," Ben muttered, horrified that he was even watching this.

His boy's ass started thrusting up and down and the penis-cam began to glide through the wet snug walls of Angie's vagina.

"Their breathing, heart rate and blood pressure will continue to increase here, especially as they find their coital rhythm," Beth pointed out.

"Coital rhythm?" Ben asked.

"Yes, the pace at which they decide to engage in," she answered, then changed one of the camera angles from overhead to beside the bed, looking over at Angie and her son as they bucked in a steady fuck.

Ben watched his son raise up on extended arms, as the boy continued to fuck his mom, while staring down at her wildly rolling tit-orbs. Angie's knees were spread back limberly, nearly level with her shoulders, the muscles and tendons in her lovely shaved legs flexing and straining under her son's assault. Her dainty bare feet with pink painted toenails bobbed up and back as they hovered in the air to either side of her boy's bobbing naked ass.

"Let's have a look at Angie's vagina-cam," Beth said, switching over the camera that was stuck along the wall of the mother's cunt tube. The panoramic angle allowed them to see her entire cuntal sleeve and the huge muscular cock as it plowed through it.

It was hard for Ben to watch. The sight seemed so surreal. This was the pussy of his beautiful loving wife, being plundered by his own son's prick. A prick that easily three inches longer than his own and way thicker. His heart was racing with envy.

"Angie's beginning to have involuntary muscle contractions in her vagina," Beth observed. "Do you see how her coital walls are becoming more compressed here, and look at all secreted fluid around Darren's erection."

Ben didn't wanna see it, but it was hard not to notice the way the flesh of his wife cuntal tube was grasping and juicing around Darren's hammering hardon. "What's that mean?" he asked, even though he had a pretty good idea.

"It means she's entering phase three, which is orgasm," the doctor said, then looked over at him sympathetically. "I'm sorry, Ben, I know this is the hardest part to watch. Just know that orgasm is a result of intense body friction. Your wife has no control over this."

"I get it," Ben mumbled softly, his heart sinking to the pit of his stomach as he listened to his wife's beautiful voice pants and gasped from her impending climax.

Seeing his wife's pleasure-grimaced face, as she tossed her pretty hair around from side to side was like twisting the knife.

His son Darren brought his body back down flat on top of her, reaching under and grasping his mom's shoulders as he pumped into her frantically. Ben watched his wife fold her legs around him, cradling the humping boy in warm mommy-flesh.

"Ohhh, wow!" the boy groaned out load.

It was easy to see why his son too was being so vocal. On the other screen, his rock-hard boner was being absolutely smothered in the juicy grip of Angie's cuntal flesh.

"Darren's testicles are being withdrawn up into the scrotum," Beth said. "Can you see the rhythmic contraction there at the base of his penis? He's preparing to ejaculate his semen!"

Beth turned of the mute off in the room, while Ben watched his wife and son fuck like young newlyweds.

"Darren, keep your thrusts angled straight up the middle of your mother's vagina," she said to the boy. "Perfect! Now deep thrusts! We need your ejaculation to be as strong as possible."

Ben could see his wife's sexy legs tightening around their boy, clutching him in a snug mating grip. Her buns bounced from the mattress, pumping her pussy on the plunging stiffness of Darren's cock.

"Ohh damn, I'm gonna shoot!" the boy announced with a trembling voice.

"Do it, sweetheart!" Ben's wife's gasped. "My egg is waiting!"

"Ahhh!" the boy whimpered.

Ben peeked over at the vagina-cam just as his son began spewing fat ropes of pearlescent cum inside his wife's vaginal cavity.

"Deep, Darren! Pump your penis all the way in!" Beth instructed, then switched to the penis-cam.

The boy's fat nob struck the pursed head of his mom's cervix over and over, painting it with thick hot spunk. "That's perfect!" Beth exclaimed, the muted. "Look at that, Ben. He couldn't be ejaculating his semen in a better spot. This will greatly increase the chances of your wife's pregnancy."

Ben acted far from impressed, but actually, he was impressed. He never imagined that much cum could shoot out of a cock in one ejaculation. "That's good, that's what we want, right? The sooner the better," he said.

Ben watched his wife and son's bodies slowly stop moving, but Darren remained collapsed on top of her. "So, looks like they're finished, so they can probably separate now, right?" he asked, feeling as jealous as he ever had.

"No, no, no, not yet, they've just entered phase four of the sexual response cycle, which is called resolution," Beth said.

"And what does that mean?"

"During resolution their bodies return to normal functioning. Their swelled and erect body parts return to their normal size and color," Beth explained. "Your wife is probably capable of returning to the orgasm phase, with further sexual stimulation she could probably achieve multiple orgasms, but for our purpose today, we're more focused on Darren's recovery time."

"Recovery time? You mean like how long it takes before he's ready to go again?" Ben asked.

"Yes, it's called the refractory period. The duration of the refractory period varies among men, but with someone your son's age it's usually VERY short."

If Ben had any hopes of this nightmare being over, they'd just been dashed. "So, what you're saying is...they're not through?" he asked.

Beth burst out laughed. "Oh, Ben, I'm sorry. I thought you understood. When I said that there were a few sexual positions that are the most affective in copulation, what I meant was they'll be engaging in all three today."

"Oh," the husband muttered.

"Your wife is ovulating, which means the next several hours are crucial," Beth said. "Darren needs to pump as much ejaculate into her as he possibly can, to better your chances of one of his sperm-cells piercing her egg."

"I see," Ben muttered, feeling defeated as hell.

"Oh, looks like they're moving around in there," Beth said, turning the room off mute as she stared at the monitor. "Hi, guys!"

Ben could see his wife and son crawling off the bed together. "Hey!" his wife answered smiling from ear to ear as she looked at the camera. Her fat hanging mommy-milkers were covered with a light sheen of perspiration.

"Can you feel a sperm-army marching through your uterus, Angie?" Beth joked.

Angie giggled and looked over at her son. "Strong brave soldiers, I'm sure," she teased.

"That's what we're hoping for. Darren, any idea when you'll be ready to send in the relief troops?" the Doctor asked.

"Relief troops?" the boy asked.

His mother giggled at how naïve he was. "What she means, sweetheart, is when do you think you'll be ready for another round of sexual intercourse with me?" Angie explained.

"Oh, um, anytime," the boy said with a smile.

"The amazing vitality of youth," Beth commented.

"Right?" Angie said, smiling from ear to ear, then looked at the camera. "Ben, how are YOU doing, honey?"

"I'm hanging in there," he said, even though he was mush inside. "I hope we get some good results today."

"Me too," his wife said, then looked at her son adoringly. "Darren and I are gonna give it our all, aren't we, sweetheart?"

"For sure, Mom," Ben heard his son say.

"Are we ready to get back to the baby making then?" the doctor asked.

"Absolutely!" Angie answered.

"Have you given some thought to which of the other two positions you'd like to engage in during this second round of intercourse?"

Ben looked as his wife on the monitor as she placed her hands on her hips, thrusting her big oversized boobies out with confidence. "I have," she answered. "This time I wanna take the top."

"Alright then," Beth said. "It looks like both of you are showing signs of 'phase one' arousal. Darren, ready to spend some time on your back?"

"Sure," the teen said with an excited smile.

Ben watched his son drop onto the mattress, his long thick erection wagging stiffly as it slapped against his tummy.

He saw his pretty wife quickly glance at the camera, with a naughty little smile on her face, like she was secretly having the time of her life.

Ben watched her crawl on to their son, planting her knees astride his hips. Darren looked like his eyes were about to pop out of his skull as he gazed at the huge dangling boobs looming over him.

"Are you ok, Ben? You look pale," Beth said, looking over at him with a half-smile.

"I'm fine," he answered, even though he wasn't. Watching his son pump into his wife was one thing, but now the love of his life was about to take charge of the second act of this baby making production. He knew from experience that the way his wife moved while on top was absolutely amazing, and that his boy might lose his mind when he sees how his mother's boobs swing around while she rides his cock.

"Keep your mind on the goal, Ben," Beth said. "It'll all be over in a few hours."

