

# Mom's Fertilization Seduction

SamJason

It was a penis.

No. It was a big penis.

No. Who was I kidding! It was a HUGE penis: wide rosy head ringed with dark purple. That spheroid attached to a thick, curved cylinder of meat. Hard meat from the looks of it.

It had been so long since I saw an erect penis, I almost didn't recognize it. Almost.

"Oh my God!" I whispered as I leaned closer to my laptop screen.

I use a throwaway email address only I know about for the usual signups for free things and sites that will put you on a never-ending spam list FOREVER! My username, which I thought was very clever and, in retrospect, shows some subconscious finagling, was "Sleepinbootezz." I always had a great fondness and respect for fairy tales.

That was why I was intrigued by an email that had somehow sidestepped my spam filter and landed right in the center of my inbox. From its sender's username, "Prikzzcharming," I thought it was some colossal coincidence, like fate was playing a billion-to-one joke.

"But ... this is no joke," I said out loud in the living room. I was home alone, my husband, Stan, at work, and my 18-year-old recently-graduated son, Tom, at his summer job.

It had a video attachment, and I let my curiosity get the better of me, something I rarely did. It was a 15-second movie showing a cock getting harder and harder. A young cock, 20-ish if I was to judge by the sparseness of pubic hair.

"Probably just a mistake" I thought to myself. I laughed at how embarrassed he would be if he realized he sent it to a 37-year-old mother instead of his girlfriend. I hovered my cursor over the delete button, changed my mind and pressed play again, then once again.

I jumped as my phone rang. It was my sister, Marie, and I felt my face flush because I had been "caught."

"Marie," I said.

"Tess," she said. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong! Why would anything be wrong?"

"You have that 'don't bother me voice' I hate," she said.

"So why are you bothering me?" I laughed, a little nervously.

She forced a laugh out too.

I exited my email, embarrassed even to have it open now "in front of" my sister. I shook my head at how prudish I was and couldn't believe I had looked at that video more than once.

"Is Tom excited about going to college?" she asked.

"That's all he can talk about," I said. My son certainly was growing up, and after 18 years with his ol' Mom, he was about to set out on his own for the first time. He was starting college in just one more week. True, the college was only a two-hour drive away, but it was still a million miles from being at home every night of his life. At home with his mother and dad.

He was still my little boy, and always would be. Sometimes I wondered where the time had gone. Seems like I just was bringing him for his first day of school—me, just a young mom in her early twenties, and him just a tiny thing. Now, he was going to be a hundred miles away. He had grown into a fine, handsome young man, now an inch taller than his 5'9" mom!

And, unlike his dad, who had a frail build, Tom had developed a terrifically athletic body. In fact, his football Coach was about to put the finishing touches on getting him a full scholarship. Coach Bracket was certainly going to make things

so much easier for Stan and I. Tom would have had to attend a small local community college without the Coach's help.

Yeah, Tom was the athletic one. Probably got that from me. I played all the sports in high school. That is, right before I got pregnant at the end of my senior year. I missed out on my chance to go to college. Stan was just about to graduate college at the time. Things had "happened" when he was home on a school vacation.

My parents were so disappointed. They had high hopes for their girl. My hopes all turned towards Tom. Stan graduated, got a job (he's the brainy one) and was professionally successful right from the start.

We've had a mostly happy marriage, despite all Stan's health problems that make things difficult at times. We love each other, even if it isn't a passionate kind of thing. But, that kind of relationship is what you read about, not what really happens. Right?

Physically, Tom was the opposite of his dad: muscular and energetic and full of vibrant life. Stan, unfortunately, was mostly cerebral, slow-moving ... and impotent. It had been years since he could get an erection, even with the blue pills. Not very flattering for a girl. Not a big confidence or self-esteem builder.

Hence my surprise fascination over the email video. It had been many a year since I saw anything like THAT! Let me correct myself: I had NEVER seen anything like that! Stan's cock was half that size and girth. And, I don't think it had ever been THAT hard.

"Tess! Tess! Are you even listening to me," my sister yelled into the phone.

"Of course I am," I said. My mind had completely gone back to that damned video and replayed it in my head. "Now, what were you saying?"

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"Aren't you going to give your ol' mom a hug," I said, as usual to my son when he got home. If I didn't highjack him on the way to his room, I'd barely get a word out of him before he plunked himself down in front of his computer.

"Oh, sure, Mom!" he said with more enthusiasm than usual. He opened his arms and I melted into them. Usually it was a couple pats on the back—quick ones—and he jettisoned me like shedding his backpack.

Today was different. He let me linger and snuggle against him. My tall and handsome son. Instead of patting my back, he ran his hands over it several times. Maybe it was my imagination, but I thought he stopped his hand and rubbed his finger over the clasp of my bra a few times.

Silly me—of course it was my imagination!

Tom leaned his head down and inhaled audibly at my neck, just under my ear. "You smell good, Mom," he whispered into my ear.

"Must be my new shampoo I tried out this morning when I showered," I said.

"It's real feminine without being perfumey or girly. Just perfect for you. Perfect for a beautiful and sexy woman."

I pulled back and laughed and looked into his eyes: "Look who's become a charmer! Just when he's about to leave for college. I just wish I could believe this flattery. A girl needs a boost once in a while—even if it isn't true!"

"It's not flattery if it's obviously a bunch of observations anyone with eyes can see," he said without breaking eye contact.

Maybe that video had dredged up lots of my frustrations and fears and doubts about my own attractiveness. But, without consciously weighing all the motivations, I began fishing for some much-needed compliments.

"Such as?" I coyly asked while wiggling playfully against him.

"Well, first of all, you're beautiful. No, make that gorgeous. Mom, every feature of your face is perfect and matches every other. Your blue eyes and short blonde hair, cute nose, kissable lips—"

"Wait—you think your ol' mom's lips are kissable?" I laughed the question out as a joke, you know, playing along.

Instead of feeling awkward or embarrassed as I intended, Tom completely surprised me by saying, "Well, let me see!" and planting a full kiss on my lips. Not just a peck, but a full, though-not-lingering, kiss.

Before I could react, he said, "Yep! Totally kissable!" They laughed. He had beat me at my own game of daring. But, he wasn't done.

"And the sexy part is even more obvious."

"Whoa, buster, let's stop right there," I said and put a hand on his chest and pushed back until I thought I had a good angle to give him my stern "mom" look. But, that didn't deter him:

"Mom! You work so hard to keep in shape. Look at you. Look at your body! It's perfect—all proportioned and not a bit fat without having that starving look that makes your face look like a skeleton. Sexy and toned. Am I lying?"

I couldn't help but smile. I DID work hard, and I WAS proud of my body. Even at 37, I felt I held my own with women younger than me. Call me vain, but I thought I deserved some appreciation, some attention. So forgive me for basking a bit.

"Well, I do try," I said and hugged him close again. I went fishing again. "What would you say is my best feature?" I asked, trying to sound unconcerned, like it didn't mean a thing to me.

Tom didn't hesitate. "Your smile, Mom! When you smile, the whole world takes notice. I don't think anybody can be in a bad mood when you turn THAT on."

I turned it on, turned it on full blast for my son, my beautiful, kind, thoughtful, loving son. It wasn't a fake smile by any means, just one brought on by being so close and noticed by someone I loved.

"And your butt!" he continued, looking me directly in the eyes.

"What?" I didn't think I heard him right.

"Your butt, Mom! You've got an ass that won't quit." To make his point, Tom let his hands drift from my back down to my tight blue shorts. He cupped a cheek in each hand and gave an evaluative, appreciative squeeze. And, he pulled my hips close to his until our groins touched—not hard, but enough to send a little jolt of surprised recognition through my loins as we made contact. My hips made a tiny unconscious tuck forward, curving upward in response, forcing more pressure against something ... something my mind refused to acknowledge my son was manifesting in his nether regions.

Before I could say anything, do anything, or overthink the situation, it was Tom who pulled away and said, "And don't think I forgot about the 36C's!"

"What?" That seemed to be my comeback of choice today.

My son's hands, palms towards the ceiling, rose until they were full of my breasts. He lifted and dropped them gently three times before I burst out with, "TOMMY!"

"Mom, you've got a tremendous rack too. It's hard not to notice, but I guess I'm just more of an ass man."

I stood there motionless—stunned. Motionless except for the hardening of my nipples, of which I was well aware.

Tom leaned forward and kissed me again. This time on the cheek. "I'll be watching TV in the living room," he said as if nothing had just happened.

"I'm expecting a call from your father," I said, as if nothing had just happened.

But something HAD just happened. I had been felt up by my son, however innocently. And my body had acted strangely. Strangely if responding to your own son's touch is strange. And, it made me question if his body—that is, his crotch—had also been responding. Or was that my own overstimulated imagination?

That damned video. I never should have watched it. All my emotions in that direction had been successfully tamped down and contained. Now they were leaking out. I needed to calm down and get a grip.

I went to the bathroom to splash cold water on my face and get my bearings. As I was drying my face with a fresh towel, I inhaled the newly-washed fragrance. That reminded me:

Tom thought I smelled nice. It was so refreshing to have even the smallest of compliments. It showed how starved I was for some emotional reinforcement. I looked at myself in the large mirror over the twin sinks.

"Not bad, if I do say so myself," I said out loud. "36C's—how did he know?" I questioned, then concluded he must have seen the size on my bras. I turned sideways, looking at my profile.

On a whim, I shucked my top off and dropped my shorts to the floor. Like I had spontaneously done a thousand times

before to give myself a quick self-evaluation. I stood there in my sheer blue bra and matching thong.

For a minute I looked, and twirled to look at my rear, and looked again at almost every angle. "Not bad," I said again.

"Mom," a voice echoed in the bathroom.

"TOMMY!" I screamed as I tried unsuccessfully to cover myself. "Get out!"

He merely held his hand out to me. "Your phone was ringing on the kitchen table. It's Dad." He walked over to me, never taking his eyes off me or my body.

"Get out," I said again.

Before he turned and left, he said, "Told you—killer butt!"

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I fully intended to delete that video from my email account.

But, when I logged in, there was another email in my inbox. This too was from "Prikkxxcharming."

I deleted it. I deleted them both. Then logged out.

I got up, went to the kitchen, got a glass of water, drank half of it, threw the rest down the sink, went back to my laptop, logged back in and retrieved those damned emails from the trash. I transferred them both back to my inbox.

I opened the new one. The subject line merely said "More." The only words in the body of the message were: "What do you think?"

There was another video. I played it.

It seemed like the same video as before. That same penis got hard—but, this time it didn't end there. A hand appeared in the close-up and wrapped itself around the cock. I should say "attempted" to wrap itself around that cock, because the hand, a feminine hand I might add, couldn't fully encircle that thing.

"Oh my God! It's too big," I said to myself. I laughed and put my hand to my mouth. "Maybe she has small hands" I thought and looked at my own hand. I couldn't help but imagine if I could manage the grasp.

There was no sound on the video. The hand squeezed and a bead of precum appeared at the tip of the prick. "Oh my goodness," I said. More squeezing and more precum until it oozed in a clear string and dripped in a thread out of frame and finally broke from the tip and fell out of sight. "That looks ready," I said.

The hand apparently thought so too. It started tugging up and down slowly, steadily speeding up.

"She's jerking him off," I stated the obvious out loud. That's when it ended at 45 seconds.

"That's awful," I said. Then replayed it several times. "THIS is what I think. That's disgusting!" If the sender thought I was going to answer his question in a reply, he had another thing coming. No way. That's when another email appeared in my inbox.

It had the subject "More?" This time it had a question mark. The message said "Want to see more?"

Of course I didn't want to see more. Why would a 37-year-old mother want to see some young guy being masturbated? No me. That's for sure. Not me. I would delete these and any future email without looking at them. Enough was enough.

Another email appeared with the subject "Pussy." "Now it's really disgusting," I said while shaking my head. Way over the line!"

I opened the email. It had a photo attached. I opened it and said "Awww!" It was one of the cutest kittens I had ever seen.

The message read "If you don't want to see me cum, reply 'No.' If you do want to see me cum, reply 'YES!'"

"I bet he cums a lot more than Stan does, or used to at least. When he could get an erection, that is," I said to no one in particular. I didn't want to see him cum. That would only depress me. We had tried to get pregnant for years and couldn't. All because of Stan. I wanted a baby so badly—especially now that Tom was leaving and I was to be without a loving child in the house for the first time in 18 years.

I needed another baby. I hungered for another baby. I would have done anything to get pregnant, but it never happened, no matter how hard or often we tried.

So, no way I wanted to see another man cum. No way I wanted to see all that baby-making sperm, sperm that I could never make good use of.

"That would only be torture," I said. "Why would I want to torture myself? Why?"

I shut the laptop. To the kitchen. Drink. Walked the hall back and forth, then came back to the laptop.

I hit reply, typed "Yes" in the subject line and also in the message body. No caps, no exclamation point—that'll show him he can't control me!

My finger hovered over the keyboard return button for a long time before I hit "send."

"Oh my God!" I said. "What did I just do!"

I looked at the time. I was going to be late. Stan's phone call was to remind me to pick up the completed scholarship form from Coach Braket. I dreaded doing this because of his wife.

Denise Locke. She was my nemesis, mortal enemy, and royal pain in my butt, my killer butt.

I had known her since the first day of school. For some reason, she never liked me and never missed an opportunity to make me feel small, wrong, or inadequate. Never—not in our twelve years of school together.

And, we always seemed to be competing against each other. I was NOT a competitive person, except where she was involved. She really got under my skin in a big way.

And the smug way she looked down at me when I became pregnant and she went off to college to become an elementary school teacher. Six years ago, she had been Tom's sixth grade teacher, and he caught lots of her reflected vitriol. That year was hell.

But, it wasn't meant to end there. She had married Coach Braket about ten years ago. He was Stan's cousin, and another real asshole. Perfect for being a coach. I don't know how Tom could stand playing football for him, but it paid off with this scholarship. I still couldn't figure out why he had a change of heart and did so much to secure it for Tom.

Miracles DO happen, I guess. It would be a miracle if I could get through picking up the paperwork. Stan had cautioned me not to blow it, so I promised myself to go into my best Zen peace mode.

They lived in a beautiful house about 15 minutes away. I was taking deep breaths when I rang the doorbell.

Denise opened the door. Instead of her usual sneer, she greeted me with a big hug and smile. "Tess, how good to see you! Please come on in. Wayne's not here, but left everything in one envelope. Can I get you something? Coffee or a cold drink?"

"No thanks, Denise. I've got to be going."

"Okay, but let's sit and talk for a moment. I need to tell you something," she said.

When she turned sideways to lead me to the living room, I noticed something else: she had a pronounced baby bump! The bitch was pregnant—for the first time—pregnant!

My Zen peace shattered into atoms. I was overwhelmed by jealousy or envy or any emotions that want something someone else has. I wanted a baby almost more than anything, and here was the one woman in the world that I liked least, and she was blessed with what I would die for, what I would give anything for.

Still, I had to hold it together for Tom's sake. His college career hinged on getting that scholarship.

"Denise," I said without much breath behind it, "you're ... you're—"

"Pregnant! Yes! Finally pregnant. Five months exactly."

"Five months exactly? How can you be so sure?" I couldn't believe another woman was getting my most fervent wish, and that woman had to be Denise.

"Let's just say I'm very sure of the day I got pregnant. Come, sit down with me." She took me by the hand (I commend myself for not pulling away at the contact on her fingers) and led me to the couch. We sat there in silence for a second. She looked like she was trying to find the right words to say.

I sat there also in silence, looking at her hands, both of which now clasped mine.

"I want to apologize for all the bad feelings we've had between us over the years. It's all been my fault," she said earnestly.

I hadn't expected this at all. "Denise," I began, but she held up her hand to stop me.

"Please let me say what I need to say. From the day I saw you, I was jealous. Tess, you're so beautiful and happy. I felt I had to compete against you to prove to myself I was worthwhile."

"But, Denise, look at you! You're gorgeous and smart and always been the best athlete. Why would you ever have to feel that way?"

"There was something in you that made me feel I had to take whatever you wanted. Just to prove I was better. Just to possess it. I know now that was idiotic, and I ask your forgiveness."

She had tightened her grip on my hand. I looked down and something was tickling at the edges of my consciousness.

"Denise, you've caused me a lot of pain through the years, and forgiving you has been at the very bottom of my list of things to do ... until today. Ofcourse, I forgive you"

We both leaned forward and hugged. I was surprised that her eyes glistened with tears when we parted. I wondered if being pregnant had softened her, or at the very least fooled with her hormones until she was overly sensitive.

"I'm so happy for you and Wayne," I said. Suddenly, I WAS happy for them. She was my age and had experienced the joy of being a mother. That's something I'd treasured for 18 years. "I can't wait to tell Stan the good news that his cousin is going to be a dad! What did the proud papa say when you told him?"

Again her hand tightened and she tilted her head a little. I could have sworn her smile looked a little forced and nervous as she said, "Well, that's something else I wanted to tell you—"

That's when the front door burst open, throwing Coach Braket into the room.

Every time I saw him I couldn't help but think how much Tom looked like his father's cousin. Must have been some dominant gene that skipped Stan, but was lurking there in the background.

He didn't even acknowledge my presence. "You give her the envelope?" he asked Denise.

"Here it is," she said and jumped up. It was right there on the coffee table. She handed it to me. "We're so happy to help Tom out," she said.

"Yeah, real happy," Coach said. "And I know why you're extra happy, Denise," he growled.

Denise looked at him with wide eyes, but coolly said, "My sixth grade student," as if that explained it all.

I took the envelope and made a straight line for the door. I turned and said, "Congratulations to you both. I hope I get to see the baby sometime."

"Yeah, right," Coach muttered as I shut the door.

I could hear them both yelling in the house as I got in my car.

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"TOM!!" I yelled as soon as I got in the door.

When he stepped into the kitchen, I held up the prize—the envelope that assured his scholarship.

He must have been working out, because he was wearing his running shorts and sleeveless T-shirt. The muscles of his arms and shoulders glistened and his lean sinewy legs showed what

propelled him into being the fastest receiver on the football team.

"I can't believe it, Mom! I kept hoping, but until now—I thought it might be too good to be true!

His joy overflowed into a great big bearhug for his mom. He lifted me from my feet and whirled me around and around. We both laughed with the great emotional release of the moment.

"You're all sweaty!" I chuckled.

"Afraid of a little DNA from your son?" he chuckled back.

"Not in the least little bit," I said, and kissed him on his sweaty cheek.

He put me back on my feet, but didn't let go. In fact, he made the hug even closer while also maneuvering our bodies to "fit"

more tightly, to map as much area as he could of his own torso and hips onto mine.

I didn't think to retreat.

"Mom, I want to thank you for going over there today. I know it wasn't easy for you. Yanno, with Miss Locke and everything."

"It's Mrs. Locke-Braket, with a hyphen no less, now that she married," I said.

"She'll always be Miss Locke to me, after a whole year in the sixth grade with her."

"You'll probably always see her in that position ... as your teacher."

"Yeah, that's ONE position I'll see her in."

Before I could finish a quizzical look at him, he leaned forward and surprised me with a tender kiss on the mouth. "I just want you to know how much I appreciate you, Mom. Not only today, but for always. I want you to know how much I love you and want to do anything that would make you happy. ANYTHING."

He hung his head over my shoulder and pulled me close with his strong arms. The heat of his recently-exerted body radiated into my chest and his aroma, the musky maleness of his sweat, filled my nostrils.

I inhaled the essence of my son deeply. I luxuriated in the moment and lingered there.

Then, I was aware of something else. That something ELSE was pushing against my crotch. If I didn't know better, I would have thought my son had a hardon!

My curiosity got the best of me and I shifted my hips in a little exploratory sway. My pubic mound definitely could define a rise and a fall on either side of something hard. I did it twice more to be sure.

"Oh ... my ... God!" I thought. My son has a raging hardon while he's hugging his mother! Some involuntary reaction I reasoned, and he's probably embarrassed to pull back and show the "obvious" through those thin running shorts.

A funny thought came to me: I wonder how big it is? Why would I even think that? Most likely because of that damned video!

I figured the best thing to do was give him a few moments to "calm down."

I asked, "Did you know Miss Locke was pregnant?"

His eyes widened. "Aahh ... yeah ... kinda. I've known for a long time."

"Tom! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Lots of reasons! I know how you and Miss Locke are. I know how she gets to you."

"That's no reason not to tell me. You know I would have wanted to know about something like that."

"Mom, something like that is exactly what you shouldn't know about. You start, yanno, obsessing about when anybody else gets pregnant. And I thought especially Miss Locke and how you react to her."

"I don't obsess," I explained. And I thought I explained in a calm, non-obsessive manner.

"You're saying that you don't want to get pregnant? You're saying THAT has changed?"

I didn't say anything.

"You want me to be honest with you, Mom?"

"I always want you to be able to say what's on your mind to me, Tom. You know that."

Before he told me what was on his mind, I could feel something that was probably on his subconscious mind: my son's hips were making little grinding motions against me. They were subtle, but definite and rhythmic. And, his penis, if anything, had gotten even harder and more pronounced. I could feel it pressuring against the thin fabric of my tight shorts, which served as little pressure buffer for my vagina.

I didn't pull back. Whether I was calling his bluff ... or something else ... I didn't have time to think about because Tom said:

"I know Dad can't get the job done. I've known that for a long time. You think I don't hear you talk with him? You think I don't think I hear you complain to Aunt Marie all the time?"

He pressed his hips even harder against me, but I was too moved by his words to react.

"Tom, you shouldn't have to worry about something like that, I—"

"But, Mom, I know how much you want to have a baby. And now, with me getting ready to go off to college, I know how you'll obsess about it and get all depressed. I don't want that to happen."

"So that's why you didn't tell me about Miss Locke. You were never going to tell me?"

To my horror, I suddenly realized that my own hips were meeting every little thrust of my son's crotch with a welcoming push forward of my own. Without even suspecting what I was doing, I had been absentmindedly humping my son's hard cock.

Enough calling his "bluff." I pulled away.

"I was going to tell you in my own way. I was going to tell you today, in fact. In my own way, a way that would have made it easy to understand my plan."

He backed away, envelope in hand. He didn't even attempt to hide the tentpole that was stretching the fabric of his shorts.

He waited several seconds, every one of which had my eyes were glued to his crotch. He waited until my eyes came up and met his.

"You need it, Mom."

He walked out of the room, leaving me to ponder the meaning of "it."

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You'd think after all I went through so far, I would have tried to get some rest and calm down.

Instead, I dove for my laptop and half hoped there wouldn't be another email from Prikxxcharming so I wouldn't have to deal with it. The other half of my hope was the half that won: there was a fresh arrival in my inbox with the subject "Cum & C!"

"I can't believe I'm going to watch this," I said to myself and then looked at my bedroom door to make sure it was closed—for the third time.

I played the video. It started the same. It got to the same place where the other video had ended.

This time, the hand speeded up even more and seemed to me to be too rough and careless, like it was trying to get to the end as if it was a chore to get done.

The hand slowed down and I could see the cockhead swelling. The woman's other hand came around the body (she must have been standing behind him). In it she had a small transparent plastic cup. You could see there was a label stuck on the opposite side.

She expertly positioned the opening of the cup at the end of the penis just as it exploded with a milky white splash of goo. It gushed into the cup. Then ... again ... and again. I counted

seven separate large floods that spurted from that magnificent cock.

The cup was three quarters full—full of a gelatinous thick mix of semen and sperm.

"I can't believe how much cum there is!" I said out loud.

The woman dropped the cock unceremoniously and the masturbating hand disappeared, only to reappear a moment later with a screw-on top for the container. She fitted it on, and a couple of turns later, the contents was safely sealed away.

That was the end of the video.

"So much cum!" That thought kept on intruding into my mind. So much. Especially when I compared it to Stan's meager production—if you could even call it that—if he could

even get it up. Just a couple of drops you could clean up with a Q-tip.

No wonder I couldn't get pregnant.

What was in that cup could get me pregnant five times.

"Or more ..." I said.

I watched the video a few more times. Okay ... maybe more than a few more times. Finally, I noticed something: When she was putting the top on, the cup turned so that the label was showing for a second.

The good thing about a video is the trusty pause button. I paused it several times before I could find a frame that wasn't completely blurred from motion.

The bright blue print on the white label read: AFC 03-IUI-DALB-3X213-04.

I didn't know what all the numbers meant, but I knew what AFC meant: Ablineaux Fertility Clinic. How did I know? My sister, Marie, worked there!

I watched the video a few more times, every time "oohhing" and "aaahhing" each time the penis erupted. And each time I promised myself I wouldn't let my curiosity get the best of me.

I broke my promise and picked up my phone and made a call:

"Marie, I need your computer skills!" I said, trying to hide my excitement.

"My computer skills are limited to waking up and putting a computer to sleep. You know that. What really do you need?"

"Write this down and tell me what it means," I said in my best "command" voice.

"Shoot."

"AFC 03-IUI-DALB-3X213-04," I dictated.

There was a hesitation. "Okay, I got the AFC ... then what?"

"Don't screw around, Marie. I'm not in the mood."

"Where did you get this?"

I thought it might be imprudent to say "Off a video of a woman jerking off some young guy" so I said "Don't ask" instead. I added, "Can you tell me what it means or any clues who it could belong to?"

"You didn't find this laying on the sidewalk or in some trash container did you?"

"Marie!"

"Okay. The AFC obviously stands for Ablineaux Fertility Clinic, where I work, by the way. That's the company which prides itself in discreet confidentiality and looks very sternly on any employee who might dishonor that discretion—like in losing one's job!"

"That part I got myself," was all I said.

"This is the identifier we use to label sperm donations. The 03 is the month. By my calculations, that means March. The "IUI" means Intrauterine Insemination. This means we're gonna use the ol' turkey baster to go into the woman's body. Not 'in vitro' where—"

"Yeah, I get it," I said impatiently. I wanted to know "who" more than "how."

The "DALB-3X213" is a coded patient identifier, and the 04 is the number of times the procedure has been done. So that means that was the fourth time. Not a good sign."

"So you don't know who this belongs to?"

"From my vast list of memorized random numbers? No, Tess, I DON'T know who this belongs to!"

"And there's no way you can ...?" I left that hanging out there.

"Not from home. You know this is the sort of thing that loses people jobs, a break in the trust patients give to us."

"So ... you won't do it?"

"Of course I'll do it. You're my sister!" She laughed. "I'll call you tomorrow after I check the records at work."

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"I want to have another baby, Stan," I said as I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. Stan was still reading, as usual.

"Can't we just be happy Tom got his scholarship and not talk about this tonight. You're overreacting because you found out Denise is pregnant."

"I'm NOT overreacting! I'm reacting perfectly normally for a woman who wants a damned baby and hasn't been able to get pregnant for 18 fuckin' years. Or non-fucking years, as has been the case. You don't even try any more. At least make an effort. Have a few drinks and loosen up so you don't get your 'performance anxiety.' I'm so sick of that."

"It's a real thing. Look it up!" Stan said calmly.

His calmness, his lack of concern infuriated me most of all. I kicked the covers off me—off both of us—and stamped towards the bedroom door.

"Where are you going?"

"To check my email," I said, too loudly.

I closed the door of the study behind me and turned on the small desk lamp before curling up on the couch there. I opened my laptop and was greeted with another email. This one had the subject: Do You Think?

There was no attachment to this one. The body of the message read "You already watched the video, didn't you. You haven't written back any of your thoughts yet. And I say yet because I expect you've got something to say about it. If you write me your honest thoughts, I'll send you the video with the audio intact. It will answer lots of questions. Then, answer this question: do you think you could make me cum harder than her? Why?"

Why would I even answer this? Why was I caring at all about this video? this guy? him cumming?

I was getting all confused. So much was happening—the scholarship, Denise, Tom and his flirtations, Stan and his ... his lack of attention to me. And THIS. This video that had a hold of me. I wanted to forget it, but couldn't stop wondering about it. And I couldn't stop watching it.

That cock. And the way she jerked him off. And the way he ejaculated!

My baby-making body was responding. It was yearning for that counterpart to my egg. Something deeply elemental was calling to me, and tearing me apart.

Denise was pregnant, and I wasn't. How unfair was that?

Why would I play along with this dangerous game of this email. I didn't know who sent it. Was it random? It had to be. No one knew this email address of mine. It was impossible.

But it had to be local if they were using the Ablineaux Fertility Clinic.

So confusing. So, so confusing. There were a million reasons to ignore the sender's request for my thoughts. A million. I should just forget it.

But ... he said my questions would be answered by the audio. And I had a million questions too.

So confusing.

There was an excitement to keeping this thing going. A naughty sexual tension that I was relishing. Something missing in my mundane life. And now on top of it, Tom, my

beloved son was soon leaving for college. That emptiness would be piled onto everything else.

I decided to answer the goddamned email. I wrote:

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Dear Prikxxcharming,

I don't know how or why you chose me, or why you would think I'd be interested in your "donation."

But, you have piqued my interest and I'd like to hear what the audio has to add.

Why you would be interested in my response is beyond me, but I'll give you my honest opinion and let you make of it what you will.

At first I was shocked by what I saw, then interested, and now I have to admit I'm kind of fascinated and wondering what the end of the story is all about.

It's all shrouded in mystery. You ejaculating in the Ablineaux Fertility Clinic cup (oh yes, I did figure that part out), the woman who I surmise is going to be the recipient, and you. Why would you want to be a sperm donor? And why would you want me to know about it?

You see. All shrouded in mystery. So. You've succeeded in making me curious enough to want the answers you promised. If the audio provides the answers, please send it. If it doesn't, then let this be the last contact between us and end this game here.

You're probably looking for some evaluation of your performance. You asked me to be honest so here it is: impressive. You've got a big, beautiful cock. One that would make any woman take notice. One that any woman would want to coax to full hardness with her hand (or her mouth).

Would I want to feel my hand around it? I have to admit the answer is yes. Would I want to feel its heat and hardness? Again the answer is yes.

Of course the sight of it brings a response to a woman's body, including mine. Seeing what is between your legs has brought a wet throbbing ache between my own.

And your ejaculation was spectacular. You asked me to be truthful, and I have to admit I've never seen anything like it. It would surely overflow my mouth, or my vagina. And, given the right time of the month, your sperm would certainly make any woman pregnant.

I'm sure it was a success at the clinic.

There, my egotistical mystery man (I surmise you're egotistical because who else would want to show off like this), I've given you my honest thoughts.

Now, as to your last question about if I could make you cum harder. I have a healthy ego of my own. I can't say how you would react to my touch; I don't know you. But, I can say I would do things a little differently. I would have been more patient, more gentle, and less abrupt.

Would you have cum harder? I can't answer that. But, you would have cum in a more tender and satisfying way with me. Of that I'm sure.

I hope this qualifies as being honest and thoughtful. If it does, I'll expect you to keep your part of the bargain and send the audio. If it doesn't, then goodbye.

Sleepinbooteezz

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I read it over twice, questioned why I would say half the stuff in there—to a stranger— and then took a deep breath and hit "send."

I was too agitated to go back to bed. Back to bed with Stan, who still pissed me off, so I read for a while in the study.

I must have dozed for half an hour and thought I'd check my email one last time—just in case.

I was surprised to see I had gotten something. It was from Prikxxcharming. It was a video. THE video.

I pressed play. And it played. This one had audio. It had a woman's voice saying:

"I don't know how you talked me into this."

That was all she said.

Then, there was a male voice. The voice said three words.  
Those three words were:

"OOOHH! MISS LOCKE!"

The first voice was Denise's.

The second voice was my son Tom's.

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I was furious.

I was beyond furious.

And—I was so ashamed.

These past few days I had been looking at a big cock and letting it work some kind of hypnotism on me, watching it get hard, watching it cum—and then to find out it belonged to my own son!

Furious!

It would be bad enough if I had done that and no one knew. But, someone obviously knew. Whoever sent it knew Tom was my son. Why else would they send it to me?

And—what if my words, my thoughts that I wrote got out. What if people knew what I had written about my own son? I'd be ruined. WE'D be ruined as a family.

I was pacing the hall, back and forth, back and forth, with an occasional trip to the bathroom sink to put more cold water on a facecloth I was holding to my forehead to soothe my aching mind.

The bedroom door opened and Stan peeked his head out.

"Tess, I'm sorry. I know I haven't paid much attention lately, but, when I get back from my weekend business trip, next week we can, you know ... try again."

The last thing I needed right now was for Stan to get in the way of my misery with another layer of lame misery to paint on the top as a decoration. His trying was liquor up enough to attempt to get an erection. That hadn't worked for over a decade before he stopped even trying seven years ago.

"That sounds good, Stan. Now go back to bed. You have an early morning."

"Coming to bed soon?"

"Just a few more minutes," I lied with a trembling voice. I knew I would be lucky if I got to sleep at all. "Get some sleep." I knew he wouldn't wait up.

More pacing. It didn't help with breaking my worry cycle, but it did dissipate some of my energy.

That was until I had another devastating revelation: my nemesis had jerked off my son. His ex-sixth grade teacher had jerked him off!

"Damned Denise!" I growled. "Of all people!"

That epiphany set loose a wave of confusing and conflicting emotions. On one hand, I thought it was wildly inappropriate that a woman my own age would take advantage of an 18-year-old like that. On the other hand, because of our competitive past, I felt a red hot twinge of jealousy that she—and not me—had done something that brought so much pleasure to Tom! Again she beat me.

Oh my God! It had to be her. Denise had to be the one who was sending the emails. I picked up my phone off the kitchen table and started to call her, to call her at 1:43 a.m. Then I stopped.

I didn't know what I would have said, but it would have been loud and incoherent. I would wait until morning when those traits were better suited.

And, maybe in the meantime I could come up with some options. Maybe I could put this all in perspective and figure a way out. Or at least plan some damage control.

At least it couldn't get worse.

That's when I realized it got worse.

"03." Marie had said "03" meant March. This was the end of August, about five months from March.

It all came together in a thunderclap that nearly flattened me: the AFC cup, the sperm, March, Denise, Tom, five months—

## DENISE WAS PREGNANT WITH MY SON'S BABY!

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I knocked softly and was met with a non-sleepy "Come in, Mom."

I slipped into my son's room and shut the door, pushing it tight against the outside as if that would keep all the problems on the other side.

Tom was sitting up in bed, wearing just his pajama bottoms.

"Tom," I said with a quaver I couldn't control, "we have trouble." Tears welled up in my eyes and my throat closed so I couldn't say another word until I took some breaths.

Tom got up and supported me just as my knees started to give way. He guided me to the edge of the bed. I sat, and he sat beside me to my right. He rubbed my back and said:

"Mom, you have to calm down. Like you always say, 'Everything will work itself out.' And it always does, right?"

"You don't understand, Tom. This is different. This is something terrible."

"What can be that bad, Mom? I got you and you got me. Isn't that what we always say?" He bent his head and kissed my cheek.

I rested my head on his shoulder for a while he continued to soothingly rub my back and periodically kiss my head. I started to get my nerves under control, but I didn't know where to start.

So I started with, "Is Miss Locke pregnant with your baby?"

"Mom, it's possible."

"Whaaa? You don't know for sure?"

"How would I know for sure? It's not like a paternity test has been done or anything. So, I guess it's possible. I don't know."

"We'll have to find out, Tom. Don't you see that's important? Don't you want to know if she's carrying your child ... and my grandchild?"

"I guess," he said. He didn't sound as worked up about it as I did. Naive kid!

"Did you know there's a video of you and Denise ... Miss Locke? A video of you ... let's just say 'filling' a sperm donor cup?"

"Yeah, I know about it."

"Tom, honestly!" I looked into his face and shook my head.  
"Why would you allow this to happen? Why would you let her do that to you?"

"Okay. Here's the story. You want the truth?"

"Of course," I said.

"This is going to take a minute or two, so promise you'll relax a little and let me tell the whole story. Promise?"

"I promise," I said.

Tom pulled my head back to his shoulder and hugged me close. His hand kept rubbing my back over my untucked pajama top.

"Miss Locke was visiting Coach at school one day back in March. Coach calls me over and says she needs help moving some stuff from the attic to the garage, and would I go help

her. So I say sure because it gets me out of some classes, and it's Miss Locke who I always liked even though I knew you two didn't get along."

When telling Tom stories, I had always scratched his back with a light, almost hypnotic touch. He always said it made him calm and dreamy. He returned the favor now. His hand went from rubbing my back over my pajama to gliding his short fingernails over my bare skin. He must have slipped his hand under the back of my top.

It felt good as he talked.

"So we get there and I'm doing all the work and Miss Locke is talking about how much I look like the coach and it must be the cousin thing and everything. Then she starts talking about how she and coach want kids but can't have any. I kept quiet, but I wanted to say I understood because you and Dad have the same type of problem."

"I'm glad you didn't say anything," I said.

"I figured you'd want to keep that our secret. So she says that they're going to try one last time with the clinic. I told her Aunt Marie works there and she said she knew that."

Tom continued to scratch my back lightly as he spoke. I closed my eyes and listened. I was feeling better just being with someone who loved me and who I loved.

"So Miss Locke starts talking about too bad I didn't have the scholarship and community college would suck but she definitely thought she could get Coach to get me the scholarship. She said she would do that, but I had to do her a favor too."

"That bitch!" I thought. She used Tom.

"She said that she had to deliver the Coach's sperm to the clinic that day, but she was sure it wouldn't work because it

hadn't worked three times before. She said the Coach had a real low sperm count and just not enough of it to work."

"And she asked you?"

"I'm getting to that, Mom. She started crying and saying this was her last chance because Coach was sick of her complaining about it and she wanted a baby real bad. She said she had an idea if I would go along with it. She said because I looked so much like Coach that if I substituted my sperm instead, he would never know the difference."

"And you agreed to it, just like that? I can't believe you made such a big decision ... just like that," I said.

"Mom, we talked about it a real long time. And remember, this was my teacher asking me this, and not someone I just met."

Denise had used her position of authority to influence Tom, her former student. Totally inappropriate use of her power.

"So we talked it all over for a long time, about don't worry about the kid because she's gonna take good care of it and love it because she always wanted a child. She really made me believe it would have a good home. Like I said, I always liked Miss Locke even if you didn't. And, I was going to get the scholarship. Remember that."

"Still it wasn't fair of her." I had to add that. I would have been more vocal, but Tom's hand was soothing me.

"So I agreed and she got the cup. She gets this scared look on her face and says nobody can ever know about this, especially the Coach. He has to think it was all him. I let her know I'd definitely not tell the Coach about it, knowing all about how mad he gets."

"She hands me the cup and tells me to go into the bathroom and 'do my thing.' I went in and for the first time in my life, couldn't do my thing. It must have been I got nervous or something."

Probably got some of his father's "performance anxiety" I thought. I actually smiled, glad Tom couldn't see it.

"So after a while, Miss Locke asks if everything is okay. I finally admit it wasn't going good, and after a lot of back and forth talking, I suggested that she 'help.' She said definitely no. But when it looked like her plan was falling apart, she agreed to jerk me off."

"And that worked?" I knew the answer, but somehow wanted to hear him admit it.

"Big time!" he said. "You may not recognize it, but Miss Locke is a MILF. I've always had a crush on her and even you have to admit how pretty she is."

"Prettier than me?" I blurted out. Dammit! Why don't I shut up? Always competing with damned Denise. I couldn't help it.

"Not even close, Mom." He tilted my head up and gave me a tender kiss on the lips. I needed that.

"Go on," I said.

"So Miss Locke gets behind me and gets me hard immediately and I cum in the cup for her. She sealed it up and drove me back to the school. She told me all the way that I should never say what happened because there would be trouble. Lots of trouble. And she would try her best to get the scholarship for me. That's it."

"Tom, I think Miss Locke, for some reason, is stirring up trouble now that she's pregnant. Why for the life of me, I'll never know."

"Why? Did she say something today?" Tom asked.

"She was about to say something, to tell me something when her husband came in and put a stop to it."

"Did HE say anything about me?" Tom, for the first time, looked concerned.

"No, nothing. But, what about the video?"

"Oh yeah. So when I'm in the bathroom, I wanted to get evidence of what I was doing. I don't know why, but I thought it was a good idea. I set up my phone on the sink and it recorded everything. Miss Locke didn't even see it. I sent her the video and she went ballistic. She called me and begged me to delete it. I thought I'd better keep it."

"So she has the video?"

"I sent it to her," he said.

This confirmed my suspicion. It was Denise who was sending me those emails. I debated whether to tell Tom about the emails, but we were this far into things so:

"Someone sent me an email with your video attached. I didn't know it was you and Miss Locke ... not at first at least. I got caught up in reacting to it and send some pretty shameful things—"

"I don't think they're shameful, Mom."

"What?"

"I think they were honest and beautiful. I loved every word you wrote."

"You? You're the one I've been talking with in the emails? Do you know how embarrassing this is? The things I said?"

"You don't have to be embarrassed with me, Mom. I understand. Yanno, with Dad. He doesn't give you what you want, what you need. That's his mistake, his loss."

"Why would you want to play such a humiliating game with your own mother? Why would you put me in a position to shame me like that? Just because you know I'm vulnerable? Are you laughing at me because I'm weak?" The lump came back to my throat as I spoke.

Tom put his arm around me again.

"No, Mom. I would never do anything to hurt you. I just wanted to show you that I can do it."

"Do what?"

"That you don't have to look at me like I'm a little boy, but a man now. That's part of my plan."

He had mentioned his "plan" earlier, but it didn't dawn on me it was something real. "What plan," I asked.

"Mom, I want to get you pregnant," he stated calmly.

I didn't know if I had heard him correctly. Even though I knew what every single one of the words he had said meant, my mind couldn't comprehend what they meant in that order or that context.

My shocked silence made him continue. "I know you'll never have another baby with Dad. Just not possible no matter what you hope for. That's a dead end."

"Tom, you—"

"Let me finish, Mom." He snaked his hand under my top and scratched, a signal that he was going to talk and I was to listen. I listened.

"The thing that happened with Miss Locke? That got me thinking. Why couldn't we do the same thing? Why couldn't you finally have a baby? I knew you would never want some other donor or have an affair or something like that. I know

you. And then Dad would know if the baby didn't look like him at all, right? So I thought this is the perfect answer: I get you pregnant."

"Perfect except you're my son, and that makes it wrong on all sorts of levels. You must have known I would never allow that. You must have know I would never even think of something like that? That it would be possible in any way?"

"That's why I sent the video like I did. I wanted you to see me, not as your son, but as a man who you could recognize as somebody who could get you pregnant. I wanted you to admit it. I wanted you to admit it not only to yourself, but want the other person to know it too."

"That was unfair of you. That was lying to me—not letting me know who I was watching. You don't know how embarrassed I am. You tricked me into admitting things about your body. Now I know it was my son's body. Shameful."

"Mom, don't be ashamed. I'm not ashamed to admit I think you're hot, that you have a great body. I told you that today."

"That's just that Oedipus thing, Tom. That's a normal phase for boys and their Moms."

"But, it's more than just a phase now, Mom. I think of you not only as my mother, but like a real woman. Something changed with me and Miss Locke and made me look at things different. When I think of making you pregnant, I think of you in a different way. I love you in a different way while still loving you as my Mom."

I had been listening so intently, I hadn't noticed his right hand had drifted from scratching my back to reaching around my loose-fitting top. I don't know how long it had been going on, but my son's hand was gently cupping and rubbing my right breast. My naked right breast. My nipple was hard against his palm.

"TOM!" I gasped as I brought my arm down and moved his hand away. "What do you think you're doing? I'm your mother. You can't touch me like that. It's not right!"

"Didn't it feel good?"

It had been so easy and slow that it felt natural. I hadn't even noticed his hand. It hadn't felt intrusive or invasive ... just natural.

"I told you I'm vulnerable, that I'm distracted. You should respect that. If you love me, you should think of what's best for me," I said.

"I AM thinking of what's best for you. How else are you going to get pregnant? Don't you still want to have a baby?"

I didn't have an answer for that except, "I can't have a baby with my own son. Don't you see how crazy that is?"

"It's more crazy to go through the rest of your life not being able to love another kid. I know how much we loved each other for my whole life. This will be another way we'll show each other love and how we can share one more thing: me getting you pregnant. You saw how much I cum. It'll be easy."

"Anything but easy, Tom. I'm your mother. Don't you get that? There are boundaries. Nature sets up boundaries. You're my son. Let's end that discussion right there. This is all crazy."

"Was it crazy what you wrote about me, about what looking at me made you feel. Were those feelings crazy too? What seeing me cum made your body want to do? That you could really get pregnant. Just because we're mother and son shouldn't get in the way of that."

"That we're mother and son definitely is what should get in the way."

Tom stood up, faced me, and without hesitation, dropped his pajama bottoms to the floor. Before me was the image on the

video come alive. I was looking at the semi-hard penis attached to my son.

"TOM! Have you no shame at all? Cover yourself up!" But, my eyes never left his crotch. That damned video. Before seeing that I would have had no trouble getting angry and storming out of the room. It would have been simply embarrassing because he was my son and I was his mother. Clear lines of demarcation. But, after seeing the anonymous penis on the video and reacting to it as a woman, not as a mom—that had successfully blurred the lines. The mom thing receded and the woman thing bubbled up to the surface. A woman's eyes were now looking at a real, live penis just a foot away.

"You said I had a big, beautiful cock, Mom."

"That was under false pretexts," I said, trying to sound convincing. But I never looked away from the cock, which was rising.

"You said you would want to feel your hand around it."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't deny what I had said, and looking at it in the flesh made me wonder, really wonder what it did feel like.

"Touch it, Mom. You know you wanted to. Just like Miss Locke did."

Damned Denise. She had touched my son. She had made him cum. It wasn't fair! With a great effort, I broke the hypnotic magnetism my son's cock was exerting and reached down and pulled up my son's pajamas. I stood and said, "Enough of this talk. I won't hear any more of it. Discussion closed."

Tom hugged me to him and said, "Mom, this is your only chance to have another baby. It should be with someone who loves you as much as I do. Let's do this."

"I said no, and I mean it."

"Just think it over and don't make a decision until tomorrow. Promise me that."

"Tom ... I ..."

"Promise you'll think about it. That's all I'm asking. This is too important." His hand drifted down and squeezed my butt.

I reluctantly nodded. I was too emotionally drained and physically exhausted to stand there and argue any more.

"Good!" he said and walked me to the door.

On the other side of the door, I realized that when Tom's hand had squeezed my butt, he had slid it under my elastic waistband.

My son's hand had been on my naked ass.

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A miserable night's sleep, if you can call turning and looking at the clock every five minutes sleep. And looking at Stan soundly sleeping there didn't help. As if he didn't care. As if he didn't know he could be a grandfather.

Which he didn't know. Which I didn't know ... for sure.

I had been full of dread before going to Tom's room. I thought I was going to be exposed as a pervert for writing what I did; I thought for sure Denise was pregnant with my son's baby.

That certainty of dread had been traded for a new problem: my son wanted to impregnate me.

It was completely crazy, and it made a lot of sense. Which was crazy!

AND—I had seen my son's penis. A half-erect penis and not the super-powered cock of the video, but still damned impressive in person. THAT image kept creeping into my mind all night as I tried to snooze a bit.

AND—Tom had fondled my tit and caressed my naked ass—his own mother for God's sake.

The alarm went off just after I passed out. "Nooooo!" I groaned. Stan got right up; he had to pack for his three-day trip.

He had the nerve to hum while getting ready. Hum! The nerve!

I was making breakfast and he came up behind me and gave me a feeble kiss on the cheek. I sighed. He was a good man and a good, kind father. Not much of a lover (hell—not ANY kind of lover!).

"I know you had a bad night, Tess. I'll make it up to you when I get back."

How in the name of God was he going to make it up to me? get me pregnant? satisfy me sexually? Ha! No—double that: ha! ha! Because I felt the whole world was laughing at me, making a big damned joke of my life.

Just a few days earlier, at least I had it all contained, all tamped down inside of me and contained, my deadened sexual desires. Now, a few days later:

My deadened sexual desires had risen from the grave. On top of that, I now had a vague fear I could be a grandmother (AND, link that to damned Denise being the mom). On top of that, I had seen another woman jerk my son off and make him cum. On top of that, my son had felt me up ... twice. On top of that, that same son wanted to get me pregnant!

My life—a big damned joke. Why wasn't I laughing? Ha!

"Everything is going to work out," Stan said. "It always does."  
He beamed a smile at me. I gave the poorest imitation of a smile back to him.

"Something on you mind?" Stan finally asked. Even he could read the atmosphere.

"I was asking Mom about the future late last night, Dad," Tom said as he entered the kitchen. "Probably that. Right, Mom?"

"I think the future is what it is," I said.

"Or what it could be ..." Tom added.

"Am I missing something?" Stan asked.

"Only everything" I thought. Tom and I looked at each other, and he raised his eyebrows. I had to laugh. Even with everything going on, I had to laugh.

After Stan left for his trip, Tom asked, "Did you think over what I said last night?"

I didn't say anything.

He picked up his backpack and went out of the kitchen for his summer job. He called out: "Think over the good things, not only the negatives, Mom. Last chance, best chance to get what you want most."

The door slammed, leaving me all alone in the house. All alone, like I would be once Tom went to college. The one thing I had been good at was being a mother. From the time I was his age, motherhood was all I ever needed. Pouring my love into him. Now, at the age of 37, I was about to face a turning point, one I wasn't ready for: having an empty nest.

I called my sister.

"Marie ... Tess."

"I know. Your picture comes up on my phone when you call. It's a new feature like from ... FOREVER!"

"I want to ask you something."

"Sheesh! I'm not even at work yet. I haven't found out—"

"Not that. You know the 'no questions asked' thing?"

"Yeah! Of course! WHO?"

"That's the no questions part," I said. "I'll meet you at lunch."

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Hot Buns was a small diner with outside tables in the warmer months. They served hot dogs on steamed rolls, hence the "hot buns" relevance.

I ordered one for me and two for Marie. She arrived a few minutes after I got us a table. All the ones in the shade were taken. I took the seat facing away from the sun. She sat down and said "Thanks!" and put on her sunglasses.

She looked excited. "Have I got news for you! You're never going to believe this—"

"Denise Locke," I said.

"No ... Denise Locke you spoilsport! You couldn't even let me tell you, and I was so sure you'd be shocked. What did you use? ESP?"

"Yeah, I know all!" I made a mystical gesture.

"Then you know it wasn't used." Marie took a big bite of her hot dog.

"WHAT?"

"Oohh! So the omniscient swami didn't read ALL the tea leaves."

"It wasn't used?"

"Nope. The day after it was dropped off, we got a DSD order on it. That's "dispose sperm donation." That's done the same day we get the request from the donor.

Tom's sperm wasn't used. A thrill went through me. Denise wasn't carrying my son's son. I wasn't a grandmother!

I chomped down on the best-tasting hot dog of my life. I had to contain myself and not let the truth all flood out to my sister.

"Care to tell me about Denise?" she asked.

"Just something I was curious about."

"Care to elaborate?"

"Nope," I said. Another bite. I couldn't even remember chewing the first bite.

"Mysterious. Okay," she said. She looked out at the horizon to my right and got her thoughtful face on. "You know ..."

"Here it comes" I thought. She always got that look when she was going to expound on some glimmer of insight she uncovered.

"It's a cold business I'm in. So clinical. People with worried faces and all kinds of stress. Instead of the passion that should be associated with it."

"What brought this on, Marie?"

"Andrew."

"Your husband has you thinking about passion? You always complain about him not knowing what he's doing."

"Exactly. He's like the human AFC cup. Cold and clinical."

I hoped this wasn't going to lead to Gerald, her old boyfriend from twenty years ago. Gerald somehow drove Marie crazy in bed—every time. And she could never figure it out. Never figure out why.

"Now Gerald ..."

Oh boy.

"Gerald had it. You know what 'it' is?" Marie asked.

"Marie, this is always where we both admit we don't know what 'it' is."

"But, I know now. I figured it out."

"Oh, this should be good. Do tell, oh great wise sister."

"Patience," she said. "Patience and rhythm. A harmony they probably don't even have to think about. A dance."

"Dance?" I laughed. I needed a laugh.

"Most guys pound away without knowing what they're doing. They're into themselves, for themselves. In-out, in-out."

"No patience, no rhythm," I parroted, knowing that's what Marie would want to hear.

"Exactly!" she smiled and pointed at me knowingly. "When a guy is as deep as he can get into a woman, there's a pause—or there should be, however slight. The same when he's pulled as far out as he's going to pull. Another pause."

"And what's the pause for?" I played along.

"The pause, my dear, for the guy who has 'it' is the patience part. He's waiting for his woman."

"Waiting? Waiting for what?"

"When he's all the way out, he waits for the woman's body to welcome him back into her. When he's all the way in, he waits

for the woman's body to launch him again to his peak. All very subtle. A woman's body recognizes it almost immediately and when done together ... the dance."

"You put a lot of thought into this," I said earnestly.

"The dance. And there's one more thing," she said with a finger to her chin like she was remembering something important.

"Of course there is."

"The man puts just enough weight on the woman and has a certain tip of his hips forward and up with each thrust. You know it when you see it."

"Very instructive, if I were screening future lovers," I said. Marie gave me a side look over her sunglasses.

"A guy like like will satisfy any woman. Any woman."

"Thanks, Marie. You got it?"

"You're not going to tell me?" she asked as she handed me a small paper bag with the top folded over twice.

"No questions asked," I said.

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I did a lot of thinking on the way home. About what Marie had said, and about the options that lay ahead.

The main thing I felt was relief over Tom not being the father of Denise's baby.

Tom was home when I got there, a surprise.

"What are you doing home so early?" I asked with a smile.

"Half day today. It's my last day, so they gave me the afternoon off. I thought I told you."

"Maybe you did," I said. I'd been so distracted, I wondered what else I was forgetting. I had hoped to have the afternoon to myself to overthink things like I usually did. But him being home seemed to make my decision for me. I was going to go ahead with my plan.

"Tom, sit down; I have something to say to you."

He pulled out the chair, making a soft sliding sound across the kitchen floor, sat down and leaned forward on the table, waiting.

Waiting for me, who wasn't so sure as I had been a minute before. I took a deep breath, and instead of saying anything, reached into my purse and plunked it down on the tabletop.

Tom looked at it and smiled, then looked at me.

"It" was an AFC container. Marie had given it to me during lunch. Employees at AFC had an "of the books" option for "special cases." The details and complexities of how it dealt with insurance and anonymity and the government made my eyes glaze over every time Marie talked about it.

Bottom line, end result was that there was a way to utilize the clinic without Stan learning about it.

Tom picked up the container and looked at it.

"This means ...?"

"I thought over what you said. I thought it over a lot. And, given the option of never having another baby, or having someone else's baby, or having YOUR baby—I chose this. Like you said, we love each other, and that's how a baby should be conceived—between two people who share love."

"I'm so glad, Mom. This makes me so happy." He reached his hand out and I took it. We sat there, touching ... connected for a moment.

"Of course I had a struggle about the concept of becoming impregnated by my own son, but I guess all that has gone on in the last few days has dulled my previous sense of black and white in that area and made it all kind of gray and cloudy."

Tom appeared thoughtful as he looked intently at the container again.

"Mom, I'm thinking I can't do this alone."

I smiled. I kind of anticipated this. I thought back to the problem he had with his first "donation" with Denise.

"Do you need my 'help?'" My help would be taking that big cock of his in my hand and masturbating him until he gushed

his seed into that container. I was going to jerk my son off, just like that damned Denise did. She wasn't going to one up me!

A perverse thrill went through me as I thought of the illicit act I would perform while cloaking myself in the guise of doing what was necessary.

"Yeah, Mom, I need your help. You want to have a baby together, right?"

"Tom, this is what this is all about. Definitely yes. I've made my decision."

"And we love each other, right?"

"That's what makes it easier and right in my mind. You know that."

"So, Mom, why do we even need this?" He held up the cup.

"Your Aunt has a way so that I—"

"That's not what I mean. Mom, we don't need to go through that procedure all impersonal and clinical and cold. That's not how I want it to happen. Don't you see?"

"Tom, you're not making sense. This was your idea. Are you having second thoughts?"

"The only second thoughts I'm having are about this!" He again held the cup up.

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying ... I want to make love to you."

"What?" I couldn't believe what I had just heard.

"I want to make love to you, Mom. I want us to make a baby. But, in the real way, the natural way, like a man and a woman make a baby. Not like scientists make a baby. That shouldn't be how our child is created. It should be out of an act of love."

"Are you even listening to yourself. You want to have sex ... sex with your own mother? That's insane. That's illegal. That's INCEST!"

"That's also an act of love, Mom. That's also the only way you're going to have another baby."

"We love each other like a mother and a son do, Tom."

"We love each other more than that. Admit it. Our bodies know each other in a different way too. We've proved that."

"I didn't know it was you in that video, Tom. I was responding in a whole different way because of my ignorance."

"And when we were together yesterday? I got horny because of you, Mom. And I could feel you got horny because of me. That's our bodies telling us to make love. And that's what we have to do to make a baby. We have to make love. We have to."

I picked up the cup. "Please, Tom! Please use this. We'll have a baby together to love. We'll know it's ours. Please."

"Mom, you saw how much I can cum, you saw it sitting there in that thing. I don't want it to be like that for you."

My mind raced back to that flood of sperm that gushed from my son. All that baby-making power resided within him, and all he had to do was get it into that damned cup.

"Tom, all that's standing in the way of what I want most in this world at this minute is your stubbornness. The answer is NO! Absolutely, positively NO!"

"Look who's being stubborn. You won't even think about how this is better and has a better chance of getting you pregnant. Just think if all the cum I have in me got way deep inside you. That would have a lot better chance, the natural way."

I didn't know if that was true or not, but there certainly would be a lot more sperm inside me than the artificial way. Ewww! It hit me: artificial insemination. It suddenly sounded "artificial" as opposed to real. Did I want a baby to start off its life artificially?

I was getting confused.

Another thing Tom brought up: horny. I hadn't until that moment really identified my jumbled feelings as being sexually excited by my son. But, he was right. Even my naughty thoughts about how right it would be—how necessary—to jerk him off if the need arose, had been cloaked in righteousness. I now saw that I had a hunger to touch that cock and feel the power I had to make it cum.

It made me sad to think I was so weak.

"Tom, what we did before together was wrong. I see that now. That video seduced me into feeling things I never should have felt and having thoughts I never should have had. I can see how wrong it all was. Let's just forget the whole thing." I got up from the table.

Tom got up too, and grabbed my wrist to turn me toward him.

"Mom, don't give up on this. I'm leaving for college and you'll be alone. Alone with Dad. I know he doesn't treat you right. It's not that he doesn't care. It's that he forgot how to treat you like a woman."

"That's none of your business," I said.

"But it IS my business now. Because I'm the one who wants to treat you like a woman. I'm the one who sees you need that."

"You're just a boy, Tom. What do you really know of a woman's needs? Really?"

"I know a lot more than you think. I know that you need to cum. I know you're frustrated. You're always complaining to Aunt Marie you haven't cum in years. So it's not just my imagination.

"Stop it," I said, embarrassed by the truth of it. Embarrassed that my own son knew the truth of it.

"I know two things, Mom. I knew I can get you pregnant. I know if I cum inside you tonight I'll get you pregnant."

The shocked look on my face made him continue: "You don't think I know what that circle in red pen means every month on the calendar? You don't think I figured out over the years that that's the day you hoped you could get pregnant?"

Tonight's that night. You gonna pass that up tonight? Dad's away. It's the perfect chance for us. Perfect."

"And you bring up your father. Don't you have any respect for him? I'm his wife you know. I took a vow to be faithful. He's the only man I have ever slept with in my whole life, and it's going to stay like that. Period."

"Did you take a vow not to never have any more kids? Did you take a vow of celibacy like a nun?"

I could only keep silent and look away.

"Admit it, Mom, if we did it tonight—if we made love—you would get pregnant. Admit it, even if you can't admit it to me, be honest with yourself."

I shook my head "no" but my mind was racing back to all that sperm and semen. I couldn't help but think what it would do

inside me. I had to come to just one conclusion: I would get pregnant, pregnant with my son's baby.

"And another thing I know," he said.

"I want to end this discussion right now," I countered and turned to leave. But he quickly ran in front of me and put his face only inches from mine."

"The other thing I know is that I can make you cum, Mom, and cum hard, just like you need."

"Shut up! Shut up! I won't allow you to talk to me like this!"

"I can make you pregnant, and I can make you cum. Tonight. You have to realize that. Realize you'll regret it if we don't."

My mind was agonizing. "What do you even know about a woman, especially a woman my age. You're all talk and know nothing of the repercussions of your actions. So, shut up!"

He held his hands up in a symbol of surrender. "Okay, Mom. You win. But, I know lots more than you think. Tell me if I'm wrong about anything I said. Other than that, you win. I'll be in college, and you can be here alone with Dad. Maybe you'll look back on today and figure you should have done things differently."

He turned and left the kitchen, leaving me angry, confused, and ... aroused.

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"Hi, Mrs. Donne."

I was surprised to see Greg Kennis at the front door. Greg was a teammate of Tom's.

"Greg, come in. Tom's in his room."

"Just here to pick him up. We're going to the end-of-the-Summer party at the Coach's house."

"Funny," I said. "He didn't tell me anything about it."

"Yeah, I'm surprised too. He had cancelled out earlier and told me he had something important to do at home. But then he called a little while ago and said he could go again."

I knew what the important thing Tom had planned: get his mother in bed and have sex with her.

"Tom," I called out, "Greg is here."

Tom lumbered somberly towards the front door a few seconds later. He had jeans and his football jersey on.

"Greg," he said, "I'll be right out to the car." Greg said "Sure" and left.

I half expected another impassioned plea from my son, but all he did was hold up a computer thumb drive. It said 8 GB on it.

"There's a video on this. You should watch it."

He tried to give it to me, but I wouldn't take it. "I'm through watching anything from you," I said.

He said, "Fine," and threw it on the table in the foyer. Then he left, slamming the door behind him.

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I was proud of myself. It took a full two hours before I sat down at the computer and pushed the thumb drive into USB slot. It had one file with the name "March13.mov" printed under it.

I double clicked it. There was only blackness, but there was audio. The audio was of a very angry man talking fast and hoarsely:

"You bitch! You think you could get away with that shit? You think you can make a fool outta me? And you ... you little bastard! Behind my back! Behind my back you thought you'd get away with that? Well, fuck you both!"

Suddenly, the blackness gave way when a hand appeared to peel away a lens cap off a camera pointing at a wall.

"I already called. You know I already called, doncha? I told them to get rid of that fuckin' thing. Behind my back! Behind my back you two thought you'd do that to me and laugh at me the rest of my life. Not to me, not to me, Wayne Braket."

Oh my God. The coach was laying in to somebody. Tom had told me what a temper he had with the players, but this was scary.

The camera moved and instead of the wall, it swung around. It was obviously taking place in a bedroom. It swung until Denise came into the shot. She looked very frightened.

"Let him go, Wayne. It was my idea."

"Your idea? And he didn't care what happened? Get over here, you piece of shit! Stand near your girlfriend, you bastard."

Tom walked slowly into the picture. My heart nearly stopped. My poor son!

"Coach, I—"

"Shut up! Shut up! I don't want to hear another word from you. You thought you were a big shot getting a handjob from my wife, didn't you?"

I stopped breathing. He had found out about the AFC container. And by the sounds of it, he must have seen the video. How could they let that happen? Something so dangerous.

"Wayne, I take full responsibility for—"

"You shut up too. How about you take responsibility when I show that video to the school board or the police or your pastor or anyone who might think it's not right to jerk off one of your students? Would you want to take responsibility then?"

"Wayne, you wouldn't ..."

"Oh, but I would, and I will," he said.

"Coach, don't. I'll do anything. Just don't do that to Miss Locke. It's my fault. It's my fault!"

"Miss Locke! That what you said when you came ... when SHE made you cum. Your sixth grade teacher! Tell me you never jerked off thinking about her before."

Tom dropped his head and said nothing. He looked guilty and certainly didn't say no.

"And YOU! I bet you wanted to jerk him off!"

"Wayne! Stop it! I did what I thought had to be done because we couldn't have a child. That's it. Period. I knew you wouldn't go along with it, so I did it. It's done. I was wrong. Please forgive me. Please forgive us! It was a bad idea."

"You're a couple of masterminds, scheming behind the dumb jock's back. Behind my back. Well you know what. I'm gonna film all this so it's not behind me back ever again and I can watch it all. Over and over."

"Coach ... please. Don't ruin Miss Locke's reputation. She's your wife."

"And what do you think your reputation will be like when everyone finds out about you and a woman twice your age? And your teacher? Everyone will laugh at you the rest of your life. Every time you walk in the room everybody will wink and tell the story of how you made a video of your teacher and you and it got leaked 'accidentally.'"

Both Tom and Denise were visibly shaking and fidgeting. I can only imagine the terror they were going through.

"Coach, don't do it. Please. My family ..."

"Yeah, what will your Dad think when he finds out. What do you think the people he works with will say to him?"

"What do you want us to do, Wayne? Beg? We said we're sorry."

"What you're going to do is do exactly what I say. If you don't that video goes out. If you hesitate, the video goes out. Do you understand?"

They both nodded, then Denise started to say something and Wayne went nuts again:

"And no more fuckin' talking. I don't want to hear your excuses and you lame reasons and your whimpering. Nothing. I do the talking, you do the listening, and you do exactly what I tell you to do. Understand?"

They looked completely cowed by this point. I was filled with a mixture of rage and fright. I was frightened at what would happen next to my poor boy. I wanted to stop the video, but couldn't bear to. I didn't want to have to endure another horrible moment of it, but couldn't not know what happened.

They both nodded meekly.

"All right. You ... take your clothes off."

"What?" Tom gasped. "No!"

"I hear 'no' again and I drop this camera, leave the room, and that video starts appearing where you least want it to go. And guess what will happen by tomorrow? Now strip!"

Tom pulled his shirt over his head, kicked off his shoes and pulled off his socks, then hesitated with the button of his jeans.

"Keep going."

He dropped his jeans to the floor, kicked them aside and stood there in his white briefs.

"Lose them, Tommy boy. After all, she seen it all before, haven't you Miss Locke?"

Denise dropped her head and closed her eyes. Tom skinned his shorts onto the floor and stood before them and the camera completely naked.

"There, you've humiliated him, humiliated us," Denise said. "That's enough. Please, that's enough."

"If you didn't understand what 'shut up' means, it means don't talk, you cheatin' bitch. Make another guy cum? Behind my back. So that's what you wanted to do? Get knocked up by another guy. Isn't that great! Now shut the fuck up!"

Tom had his hands in front of his crotch, hiding himself.

"Move your hands," Coach commanded. "That dick ain't lookin' so big now, is it?"

He walked forward, getting closer to them both.

"Now it doesn't seem fair that he's having all the fun being nice and free and cool without any clothes on. She's seen you naked, Tom. It's definitely not fair you haven't seen your teacher naked. Don't you think?"

"Wayne ... nooo! You can't be serious. Please no."

"Okay. You're right. I won't make you take your clothes off."

"Thank God!" Denise sobbed.

"I'm going to make HIM take them off you. Strip her down, kid!"

"I ... can't. I can't," Tom pleaded. I knew that voice. He was an inch away from tears.

"My wife certainly kicked her heels up by jerking you off. Why don't you get the kid warmed up by kicking off those heels, Darling."

Denise obediently stepped out of her shoes.

"Her dress has a zipper all the way from her neck to the top of her butt. If you don't pull that down before I count to three, that video goes. One—"

"I'll do it," Denise said. "Don't make him." She reached up behind her neck.

"I said for him to do it. You're not fucking listening again."

Denise looked at Tom and nodded to him. He stepped behind her and fumbled for a moment then you could hear an audible "zzzzzzzzz" as he bent as he pulled.

"Now just slip that over her shoulders and let it fall to the floor."

He did and his teacher was left with only a matching blue lace bra and panties.

Denise still had a dynamite body like she had when she played sports. She was about 2 inches shorter than I was and with a leaner, less curvy build. All fabulously toned and proportioned.

"While you're back there, you might as well unhook her bra while you can use your eyes to help."

They both looked at the Coach with a hope of mercy that wasn't going to come.

Tom reached up and the bra came loose.

"Slide those straps over her shoulders and pull it off her arms."

Tom did. The Coach was training them both to comply now without the protests and hesitations. Was it "trained" or had he broken their spirits?

Denise's breasts came into sight. They were beautiful and perky. Smaller than mine, maybe a 36B. They were topped by nipples darker and more pronounced than mine.

"Come out front, Tom where you can see what you uncovered."

He did. And he looked. He stared.

"Those nipples can get very hard, Tom. You wouldn't know it right now because they're so relaxed. I think they should be hard. Tom, suck her tits. Suck each one until the nipple gets hard in your mouth.

"Nooo!" Denise gasped. "Please don't make him."

"I won't do that," Tom said. "I don't care what happens!"

"I respect that , Tom. You always had a lot of courage. I admire that. I'll admire that tomorrow when you can think back to how you screwed up both your lives. If you don't do it for yourself, think of your precious Miss Locke."

Tom looked at Denise and asked her, "Will he really do what he says?" She nodded an emphatic "yes."

"I can't do that to you. Your my teacher," he half whispered.

"Help him, Denise. NOW!"

"Tom," she said. "Do what he says." She got closer and put her right hand behind Tom's head and applied a slight force. He looked wide-eyed at her and she nodded another "yes."

He yielded to the pressure and Denise guided my son's mouth to her right breast. Her nipple disappeared into his mouth and you could see he was gently sucking.

Denise guided him to her other breast where he repeated the procedure.

Tom stood back and looked at his handiwork: Denise's nipples had dramatically puckered, leaving them darker and protruding from her breasts by almost a half inch.

"See," Coach said. "What did I tell you! Now ... hmmm? What's left? Oh, yeah—the panties!"

Denise's hand reflexively went to the tops of her underwear, as if they could be held in place.

"Hands away, Denise. Pull them down, kid."

Denise took her hands away and put one of them over her eyes as she hung her head.

When Tom didn't move, the Coach yelled: "NOW!"

It echoed and made them both jump. Tom lurched forward, stuck his thumbs in the elastic waistband and pulled the panties free and to the floor. Dense kicked them aside.

Dense was now as naked as my son. She also had a killer butt, but unlike me who had a full blonde bush, Denise was completely shaved.

"Haven't you done enough?" she whispered. You've made your point. you've humiliated us both—in front of each other. You've shamed us."

"So tell me again why you did it in the first place. Let me hear that again."

"I've told you a million times. It was a bad plan. I thought I'd substitute Tom's sperm for yours because he looks like you. Then you'd have a child and never know the difference. I thought you'd be so happy. You wanted a child as much as I did. It was a bad plan. I said that." She started to sob.

"You did it behind my back. You snuck around and did it behind my back. It was wrong to do that."

"It was wrong, it was wrong, it was wrong. I can't say it enough. It was a bad plan, Wayne. Let us get dressed."

"You see. You and I disagree on one thing. It was wrong to go behind my back. But the plan. It wasn't a bad plan. It was just done behind my back. The new plan takes care of all that."

"New plan?" she said with her face showing her confusion.

The camera moved forward until it was right next to Tom. "Your boyfriend, right here, right now is going to fuck a baby into you! Just like your old plan—except for the fucking part."

"You CAN'T be serious!" she said. I don't know if her face showed shock or horror, but it wasn't pretty.

"Oh, I'm serious. How does that sound, Tommy. You're gonna get to fuck your teacher."

"I won't do it," Tom said.

"Oh, you'll do it. You just have to get in the mood. Then you'll want to do it."

He gestured to Denise. You know how to get him in the mood. You did it once in that video. You got him nice and hard. Now you're going to do it again. So help me ..."

The implied threat made Denise submit and reach out to Tom. "Please, Thomas, forgive me. Please." She had always called him by his full first name when he was her student.

Denise's fingers wrapped around Tom's flaccid penis and made vague tugging motions.

Nothing happened. It reminded me of my own efforts with Stan for years. A minute went by and still nothing.

"Nothing kid? It happens, believe me. But, there's a cure for that. Put your hands on her shoulders."

Tom looked at him and said, "What?"

"Like I said, put your hands on the top of her shoulders."

Tom complied and looked at his coach.

"Now, just push her down to her knees."

Denise said, "Nooo! Nooo! Not that."

"THAT is just the start. Do it. Do it NOW!"

Again the word "now" rang through the bedroom. Denise sunk to her knees in front of my son, her face mere inches from his crotch.

"You know what to do now, don't you, you bitch!"

Denise again took Tom's penis in her hand and manipulated it without effect. Tom was experiencing his own "performance anxiety" and an intensified form because of performing in front of an audience and a camera.

"Now," Coach said, this time almost sweetly.

Denise pointed Tom's cock toward her, opened her mouth and engulfed the whole thing. The whole flaccid thing. But she didn't have the whole cock in her mouth for long. The shaft started to emerge almost immediately as it lengthened and hardened. Tom's teacher's mouth had performed some magical sexual spell on him, making him able to forget all his anxieties.

Within a minute, Tom's cock was at its full length and strength. Denise released the head from her mouth and looked at it.

"Wow! That's some rod you carry there, Tommy boy! Who knew?" The Coach actually looked impressed. And he should have been. Tom's cock was amazing. I had only seen it in that brief video. Seeing it at a different angle in a different context make it all the more amazing.

Even Denise's eyes showed something other than the shame and sadness that had filled them for almost the whole video so far. They were glued on the massive instrument in front of

her. Without any coaching, she stuck her tongue out and captured some of the precum dripping from the tip. She pulled it back into her mouth and her throat moved as she swallowed.

"How's that going to feel, Darling?" Coached laughed.

Denise murmured something.

"What's that?"

"It's too big. That's what I said. It's too big for me. I couldn't take that."

"We'll see, won't we." The camera came close to the bed. A hand, the Coach's hand reached out and ripped the bedspread, blanket and sheet off in one violent motion, sending decorative pillows and a few stuffed animals flying. This left only the bottom sheet and the two pillows on the bed.

The hand grabbed Denise's arm and pulled her roughly to the bed. "Get on there and lie down."

She meekly did and lay back with her head on a pillow. Her knees were bent and together; her feet were flat on the bed.

"Spread you legs."

"Wayne, we have to stop this, we—"

"Kid, you're gonna eat some pussy!"

"NOOOO!" Denise yelled.

"Spread your legs! You'll want some spit down there in that Sahara Desert you call a cunt. Or do you want to take that thing dry? Now spread 'em!"

Denise draped her forearm over her eyes and then slowly moved her feet until her thighs were widely parted. Her vagina clearly showed.

"Now, kid, get in there. You know how to eat pussy, don't you? You just lick from her asshole to her clit until you get her nice and wet. Her clit is that useless hard button at the top of her vagina. In all women it's the thing that made them excited. In all women but her. On her it's useless. You see, on her it's broken because she doesn't cum. Never cums."

"WAYNE!" she yelled. Somehow, even though she was splayed open, naked on the bed, his words were even more shameful to her.

Get in there and lube her up, Tommy boy.

Tom climbed on the bed, looked at the camera, and then softly said, "Miss Locke," while looking at her hidden face. He was looking for something from her, some sign as to what to do next.

She reached to him with her free hand, he took it and you could see her squeeze it then let go. There was some sort of signal of resignation in it. Tom interpreted it and he bent forward, and my son put his face between Denise's legs.

His head moved in slow motions up and down. The camera shifted position a few times to get closeups and different angles. You could see Tom's tongue snaking up and down her vaginal slit.

Denise remained motionless.

"Suck her clit," Coached instructed.

Tom did. Denise never moved. I wasn't moving either. I sat in frozen silence as I realized my son was performing cunnilingus on his sixth grade teacher!

"Okay. Enough. Now the main event," Coach said.

Denise's arm flew away from her face. "Wayne. I'm begging you. Don't do this. He's only a boy! Don't make him do this!"

"He's older now than when you jerked him off. Wasn't he a boy then too?"

Denise was speechless and and a broken woman without any more fight in her.

"Get up there and do what comes naturally, Tommy boy. Your teacher taught you lots of lessons, now you're gonna teach her one. A big one!" He laughed.

Tom crawled up between her legs and again whispered, "Miss Locke."

She said, "Please Thomas, be gentle. Please don't hurt me. Just go easy. Go slow."

Coach shifted his position to the foot of the bed, getting a rear shot of my son's muscular buttocks as he got his hard cock close to Denise's vaginal opening.

He zoomed in and said, "Aim that thing for him, Denise."

Her hand reached and grasped Tom's penis. She gently brushed the head of it up and down her vaginal slit, a total of four times, coating it in the moisture there. Then she fitted it to that hole that awaited him.

"Gentle, please ... gently," she whispered.

Tom was slow and gentle. He nudged forward and then retreated. Denise had let out an "Aarr!"

Tom repeated and went further in. "It's too big!" Denise said.

"You'll get used to it!" Coached laughed, taking pleasure in her discomfort.

Tom fed more and more of himself into Denise. She closed her eyes tightly and gritted her teeth. When he was about halfway in, she put a hand to his chest and pleaded, "Stop! Please stop for just a second. Let me get used to it!"

Her breath was coming in gasps and she tried to control it and take deeper breaths to dispel the pain. She took her hand away and said, "Okay."

Tom, pulled all the way out, and on his next thrust, slowly, inexorably plunged his full 18-year-old length into her 37-year-old vagina.

She let out a long breathy "Nnnnaaaaaaaaa!" as it made its full descent.

"Hard part's over, Tommy boy. Now just get it done. Bang away!"

But, Tom didn't bang away. He used constant, but measured movements. Was he consciously trying to be gentle still, or was there something else, something intuitive that was guiding him?

He thrust in and there was a beat, a pause. And that was mirrored when he pulled out. Again and again he repeated, and when he was inside her deepest, he gave a little tuck to his hips, further forcing himself in.

A minute went by, and then another. Denise had remained motionless ... and silent.

Then, her head started to turn all the way to the left, and then all the way to the right. Her breathing began to burst out in little "huffs."

Tom kept his same rhythm, constant and enduring.

A loud "Ohh!" escaped Denise. Then just breathing for about thirty seconds. Then another "Ohhh!" This happened about four more times.

Tom had himself propped up on his elbows, keeping most of his weight off her. Denise's hands went from her sides to across Tom's back and pulled him closer. Her eyes were open now and looking at his face.

The camera had been alternating from the foot of the bed to the side where it could catch their faces. It went back to the foot of the bed just as Denise shifted her legs. She lifted them and entwined them over my son's butt. She locked her heels together.

This gave a clear shot of my son's thick penis stretching her vagina as it plunged in and out of it. It also showed her anus clenching with the effort.

"Aahh! Aahh! Aahh!" came from her mouth now in a steady stream. She called out "THOMAS!" once. Then went silent for another minute while she closed her eyes.

Her hips were neatly in motion now, timing herself with my son's efforts. "YES!" she blurted. Then she bit her lip and grimaced for another thirty seconds of Tom's relentless onslaught.

Then twice "THOMAS! THOMAS!" but this wasn't followed by silence. It preceded her body writhing and bucking beneath Tom and she screamed:

"YES! YEESS! OH GOD! I'M CUMMING! AAAAHHHHH! I'M CUMMING!"

The thrashing continued and any coherent words were replaced by moans and squeaks and shrieks of pleasure.

This brought a response from my son. He finally broke his rhythm and thrust deeply and held himself there. The camera had shifted to his face and his clenched teeth and squeezed-shut eyes made it look like he was in extreme pain. But, it was the pain of his own pleasure. He let out one word "MISS ...!" and never got her last name shouted. It was replaced by a loud "OOOHHHHH!"

Tom was ejaculating into Denise, filling her with his sperm.

It dawned on me that I had just witnessed the moment of her conception. The conception of my son's child. The conception of my grandchild.

Tom collapsed on top of her. She stroked his hair and whispered "Thomas" as her breath returned to normal. She closed her eyes.

The camera panned down and you could see a tiny penis with big hand masturbating it. The Coach was jerking off. He got close to Denise's face just as he gave a few grunts. Her eyes

flew open as three drops of clear liquid dribbled from the tip of his cock onto her cheek.

Denise looked disgusted as she said, "So this is the only way you can get hard? To see someone fuck your wife? To see someone make her cum. See, Wayne, I can cum, but it takes a big cock and a man who knows how to use it. You're pathetic. I hope you learned something about how to satisfy a woman."

Tom had jumped up off her when she began shouting at him.

That was the end of the video.

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I was on my third glass of wine. I needed it to calm myself down after watching that awful video.

"Tom ... Denise ... I can't believe it!" I said into the air.

I watched it again, for the fourth time. Each time I promised myself it would be the last. Each time I wished it wasn't what I had witnessed the time before, that it wouldn't be as brutal and shameful. But it always was.

My poor son had been forced to have sex with his teacher, his Coach's wife. On their own bed. And he recorded it.

I didn't know what to do. Confront them? Tell Stan? Go to the police?

I took another sip, then another. I watched the video again, but not the whole thing this time. And, I turned off the audio. I didn't want to hear the cruel commands or the pleading.

What I watched this time were the sexual highlights. The audio was my own observations, my own comments that I made out loud to the screen images as I skimmed through the file.

The wine was loosening my tongue and loosening something else: my reactions to seeing my own son involved in carnal acts.

"He's taking her panties off!" I said and sipped. I wondered how it felt to stand there and be stripped naked by a naked boy.

"Now her nipples are hard. Look at how they stick out!" What did Tom's mouth do when he clamped it on? Did he use his tongue to swirl around and tease at it? My hand brushed against my satin pajama top and felt my own naked nipple harden below it.

"She's on her knees in front of him. So close to his cock. What does he taste like, Denise. All that precum must be good or you wouldn't have licked it up on your own. You got him hard, didn't you, bitch!" The room didn't respond back to my evaluation.

I poured another glass of wine.

"Tom, how can you stand to eat that naked pussy. Pussy hair is good. It gives your vagina character!" My hand slid across my pajama crotch lightly, feeling the mass of curly tangles pushing against the fabric. "Does it taste good or are you ready to puke from the stench of that skank?"

"Look at his cock. Look at the size of the head of that thing. So beautiful. She has her hand around it. She knows now it's going inside her soon. Are you afraid, Denise, or are you lusting for it?"

Another small sip. I had to slow down. I felt great; I felt free. All the anger and fears had been swapped for a focused attention on what was going on right in front of my eyes. All focused on what my son was doing to this lucky woman.

"Yeah, drag that cock along your pussy. You better get it all nice and wet! Oh my God! She's putting the head of it right at the entrance of her vagina. It's so big it's hiding the hole. What

would that look like knocking at the door of MY pussy? It would be all covered by blonde pubic hair. Just sitting there ready to push in."

Denise was wincing as Tom pushed. "I don't blame you, I would make a face too. Look how thick that thing is. Look how it's stretching you wide! My pussy hasn't been used in so long it would hurt me too. It would stretch me to the limit. And the length! It would fill me! That would reach all the way to my cervix. Right at the opening of my womb."

I said into my glass just before the rich, dark liquid touched my lips: "He's fucking her! My boy is fucking her!"

I watched at his strokes, and something suddenly struck me. Marie's words all came back in a flood: patience ... pause ... rhythm ... harmony ... dance! And there was that tip of his hips—forward and up. According to Marie's formula, my son had "it" that elusively heretofore indefinable "it".

Hypnotically, I said, "A man with IT can satisfy any woman. ANY woman! ANY WOMAN!" My hips twitched and I gave a small shudder.

I turned the audio on for this part: "OH GOD! I'M CUMMING!"

"You did it Tom. You made her cum. I bet she didn't know she could cum like that. But you did it."

Now I was looking at Tom's face. "Now it's your turn Tom. You gave her pleasure. She owes it to you. She owes it to you to squeeze her pussy until it makes your cock let go with all you have in those balls of yours. You're shooting all that precious cum deep inside her. Where it got her pregnant. I wonder what that feels like, to have all your cum gushing inside?"

I took my last drink. "I deserve to have all that cum. I deserve to get pregnant."

I closed the laptop. I had copied the video to a buried folder nobody would find, and ejected the thumb drive.

"Tom was no liar today when he said he could get me pregnant." I stopped and thought a moment and had to admit, "And he was telling the absolute truth when he said he could make me cum ... and cum hard!"

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I had finished washing out my wine glass and disposing of the evidence of the wine bottle.

The front doorbell rang.

The last person I expected to see there was the Pope.

The second last was Denise. Yet there she was.

And she was half carrying Tom.

"Tom! Denise what happened? Is he hurt?" I reached forward and took most of the burden from her. "You shouldn't be lifting anything in ..."

"In my condition?" she laughed. "It's alright. He was stumbling along okay until we hit halfway up the driveway. That's when the liquor really hit him."

"I'll get him to his bedroom," I said. Denise helped even against my protests. "He's soaking wet."

"You noticed," Denise said. "That's what happens when you jump into a swimming pool with your clothes on. She pulled a phone out of her pocket and handed to to me. "At least he gave this to Greg before he jumped."

We put Tom on the bed, where he completely passed out.

Denise and I walked out to the living room. "What happened? Liquor? Tom doesn't even drink, never has."

"And there was supposed to be no booze at the party. Strict rules. I talked to Greg about it and he said Tom was really down tonight. Something upset him so much today he told Greg he blew the biggest opportunity of his life and he would always regret it. Next thing, he found somebody who had snuck booze in and got totally looped. Probably doesn't take much when you never drink at all."

I thought about what had brought him to that state: my refusal to go along with his plan.

Denise said, "I saw him go into the pool and knew something was up. I pulled him out and got him into the car before Wayne could see what was going on."

"Thank you, Denise." I looked at her and had tons to say, and from the look on her face, she felt the same. But neither of us said a word for a long moment.

It was strange to see her here, with all her clothes on, and not having sex with my son. It was like a different world than I had been watching only an hour before.

"I should get back to the party and begin chaperoning again."

"I want to thank you for—"

"Tess. I have something to tell you."

I could have let her say what she needed to say. Instead I said, "I know everything."

"About ...?"

"The baby. Everything. I saw the videos."

"Both of them?" she asked with a hand on her stomach. She looked unsteady.

I grabbed her elbow. "Come sit down." Then I guided her to the sofa. She sat.

"You're one up on me. I've only seen the one with the AFC cup. Tom sent me that and Wayne found it. That's what ... well it caused trouble."

"The baby is Tom's?" It wasn't a question only; it was a accusation too. I merely wanted to hear it directly from her.

She nodded. "Yes. Tom's the father. She rubbed her hand across her tummy. I wanted to tell you today, but didn't get the chance. Wayne didn't think it was a good idea until it was born. That's what we agreed with Tom."

"That other video. Tom just shared that with me today. Wayne, he was horrible. That was terrible. I don't know what to think, Denise. I don't know what to do. And how have YOU never seen it?"

She took a deep breath. "Your boy. He's got more courage than I'll ever have. When Wayne put the camera down, we really started arguing. While he was distracted, Thomas picked the memory card out of it and left before Wayne could notice. He was livid, but Thomas turned the tables on him and said he would edit all the horrible things Wayne did and said together and put them on the internet. He beat Wayne at his own blackmail."

"But what you did to my boy. What Wayne forced you two to do."

She hung her head down and tears came to her eyes. "I can never apologize enough for what I've done, to you, and to Thomas. It's unforgivable. But, I'm still going to ask your

forgiveness. Not because of me, but because of my baby. Because of Tom's baby."

I shook my head, but my heart was touched.

"I wish every hour that Thomas didn't have to go through what Wayne put us through. But at the same time, I thank God every minute that it happened and gave me a life to love and to give birth to. Can you understand how something wrong can also be the best thing that ever happened?"

I nodded. It put a lot of things into perspective. "Denise, I'm shocked at all this, but happy for you. But, you have to consider that this is my grandchild. After what I saw of Wayne ..."

"That's the other part of the miracle. Wayne's a different person. Since he knew for sure he's going to be a father, he's changed completely. Maybe being a Coach to other father's sons all those years, without having a child of his own made him sour on life and mean. Believe me, he's kind and attentive

and can't wait to be a dad. He's told Thomas he can visit any time and he wants him to see our child as much as he likes. That goes for you too."

She stood up and held her arms out. After a millisecond of hesitation, I welcomed her embrace. Two old enemies, brought together by something greater than petty jealousies and angers.

"I really have to get back," she said. "We'll talk."

I watched her walk down the drive and get into her car. Just my old classmate ... and my grandchild.

She was so happy being pregnant.

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"Tom!" I said and shook him. He didn't move. "TOM!" I shook him again. You're soaking wet. You have to get out of those clothes!" Not even a groan. Nothing.

I untied his sneakers and took them off. Then I peeled the wet socks away. Next I pulled his football jersey up one side of his chest and then the other. I pulled the long sleeves, tugging inch-by-inch until his arms were free, then tugged it over his head. I tossed it in the corner with the socks. I would take the whole pile right to the washer and have it done by the time he woke up in the morning.

I hoped he had a massive hangover as the prize of his misadventure. This would teach him that you can't run away from your problems.

That thought made me pause for a few moments.

Next, I unbuttoned his jeans and slid the zipper down. Taking wet clothes off is hard enough when you do it to yourself.

Doing it for someone else, an unconscious someone else, is infinitely more difficult.

I pulled and lifted his hips and pulled and finally had his jeans around his thighs. I tried then to pull them off from the cuffs, but they wouldn't move. So back to the tops and pull, pull, pull. I was breathing hard from the effort once they landed in the wet clothes pile.

All Tom had on now were his shorts. I considered leaving them, but I could see they were soaked and his skin showed pink where they stuck to him. They were much easier to get off.

My son was now totally naked on the bed.

I picked up the pile of wet clothes with the full intention of heading for the washer. But, I stood there looking at Tom. I had been watching him naked in the video, but seeing him here gave me a completely different feeling. He was my boy again here. Here in his room, his home.

I put the clothes down. My green satin pajamas were wet where I had hugged his clothes next to me.

"I should cover him" I thought.

I went to the bed, bent and kissed his forehead. "My beautiful boy," I said. He looked so peaceful there sleeping. Well, passed out. Such a contrast from the physical efforts I had been watching.

I knelt and looked at him for a long while. My eyes went from his face to his muscular chest to his narrow waist, and then to that penis. No longer a little boy's penis.

I had seen it in the videos, but this is the first time I saw it in person, face-to-face in many years. Resting there, still shrunken from his plunge in the water, it looked nothing like the tool he had used to work on Denise.

My hand reached and stroked down his thigh. I looked at Tom's face. There was no reaction. I continued to stroke his thigh, then moved my hand to his abdomen. His skin felt cool and smooth under my touch.

"So strong," I said. My mind was contrasting how soft and squishy Stan felt in comparison. He had let himself go, I guess because of his schedule at work and his commute. He was tired when he got home. Always too tired for ... anything.

My hand went to Tom's chest and glided over his hard pecs. His skin was cool and he had little chest hair. He didn't have much pubic hair either. It was a little darker than the light brown hair of his head. My hand went down to the pubic patch and I let my nails comb through the curly snarls. His face showed no reaction.

Denise had her hand on his penis. She had the privilege of feeling my son's manhood. That first video had shown that. It seemed so long ago that I had watched it. But, it wasn't that far in the past. Back then, right before the video, I thought of

Tom still as a boy. Now, it was hard not to think of him as a man. After all, he was going to be a father.

He looked so young to be a father. My boy.

My hand brushed over his flaccid penis. It felt very cool. I put my palm over it to warm it. To my surprise, I felt a small twitch, the slightest of movement. His face hadn't changed. I took my palm away and his penis looked the same. I glided lower and gently took his testicles in my hand. I weighed them in my palm, giving a little repetitive motion up and down, as if judging their contents.

"All that sperm," I whispered. "What it could do if ..."

I bent and kissed his stomach, then rested my head on it, facing Tom's crotch. My right hand came up to his penis again. This time I lifted it and gave a little squeeze. It felt so soft; it looked so small. How could this be the same thing that had caused Denise pain, that caused Denise's pleasure?

I kissed Tom's stomach again, then shifted lower and kissed the top of his pubic hair. I inhaled and got mostly a faint chlorine smell, the residue of the pool he had plunged into.

I kissed the tip of Tom's penis. A small, affectionate kiss.

Denise had been ordered to make Tom hard. She had taken the whole thing into her mouth. I looked a long time at what I had in my hand. A long time before I opened my mouth and took in all of my boy. Just like Denise had done.

I couldn't help but give gentle suck on the soft and pliable roll of flesh. It felt cool against my tongue. I sucked harder and felt an expansion of the skin. It was inflating. My son's unconscious body wasn't completely unconscious.

Bigger and bigger it got. It wasn't long before my mouth no longer could contain it. The bottom of the shaft emerged

from my lips and those lips were stretching wider and wider as the amazing girth of it found its stride.

Finally, only the head and the first three inches or so would fit in my mouth. And the chlorine taste had been replaced by something else: a muskiness, a salty sourness. I was tasting my son's precum.

That's when I realized "I'm giving my son a blowjob!" I took my mouth away and looked at Tom's full hardon cradled in my hand. My fingers had no more luck encircling his cock than Denise's had. It was just too thick.

"How did she ever fit that inside her?" I said.

I licked at the tip, tasting all that was freely flowing from it. My tongue orbited around and around before pulling back all the nectar into my mouth. I swallowed and parted my lips. I took in the head of his cock and my hand gave a slow pump to the shaft.

Denise had jerked him off. Why shouldn't—

"Mom!"

Even though it wasn't loud, Tom's voice cut through me like a cannon shot. I jumped to my feet and looked at him. I had been so concentrated on his cock, it was like it was separated from his body and I was dealing only with that. I had stopped monitoring whether his face had registered any consciousness.

It did now. Tom's face was fully awake and looking at his mother. I had no doubt that he had also seen his mother sucking his cock.

Why did I do it? Those damned videos had so altered my perceptions that it had been easy to glide over that mother/son line. Damned videos.

"Go back to sleep, Tom. We'll talk in the morning."

My naked son didn't say "Okay" and go back to sleep like I would have hoped in an ideal situation I was directing. Instead he swung his legs off the bed and stood up next to his blowjob interruptus mother.

"You didn't have to stop, Mom."

"Tom, I ... I ... it was a mistake. I got carried away. I've had some wine tonight and you ..."

"You don't have to explain. I'm glad you did it. But we shouldn't stop." He took me in his arms and hugged me close. I had my hands on his chest and pushed to free myself.

"Tom, you're drunk. Stop. Stop and get back into bed and sleep it off."

"I'm not drunk any more, Mom. If I were still drunk, I wouldn't know so clearly what should happen tonight. I wouldn't realize that it HAS to happen tonight. I wouldn't know that you're ready for it to happen tonight. Mom, let's make love."

"Let me go! You don't know what you're saying. I was wrong to get you excited. That's my fault. You'll feel differently—"

"Mom, let's make love. Let's make a baby."

"Tom, it was wrong of me to start this. I took advantage of you while you were sleeping. It was even more wrong because I saw how you were taken advantage of on that video."

"Mom, let's make love. Let's make a baby."

"You're not listening to me. I'm your mother! Doesn't that mean anything any more."

"You're my mother and I love you more than anyone in the whole world. And you're a great mother who shouldn't give up having a child in her house every day while you're still so young. That's why you should have another baby. And that can happen tonight. Right now. You know you're ready for it to happen. Your body is telling you it's ready. Look what you did to me. You got MY body ready."

Tom released me and stepped back. He was still pumped and loaded to go.

"That's what a male does. It doesn't matter who it is. That's nature. Like you could do that with Denise ... Miss Locke.

"Mom, there's a difference. With her it was fucking. With you it will be making love."

"Tom. I can't. I see now I can't. It's all too confusing and frightening. All my emotions are jumbled."

"You should see how happy Miss Locke is. How happy she is to be pregnant. You watched the whole video?"

I nodded, ashamed to admit what I had seen.

"Then you saw how it happened. Talk about jumbled feelings. And now she's happy." He came close to me again and lifted my chin. Then he planted a soft kiss on my lips. "You know I want to do it, not just my body, but my mind too."

"But, with your own mother? Isn't that so weird to you that it turns you off?"

"Mom, I want to make a baby, but I also am so horny for you. You're so beautiful. You don't know how excited I am about getting inside you, cumming inside you."

"I have to think about it. I'm not ready."

"Mom, you're ready. When you had me in your mouth you were ready. Admit it. Didn't you think about how I would feel deep inside you?"

I didn't say anything, and his words distracted me enough I didn't realize at first he was unbuttoning my satin pajama top.

"Tom! Stop it!"

"I'm naked. You should be naked too."

I should have stopped him, but my mind flashed back to him stripping Denise. He had taken her clothes off, now he was doing the same to his mother.

"Tom, please ... no. We can't do this. We've gone too far with all the innuendo and the teasing of the last few days. It has to stop. I know your intentions are good, but there's a reason a mother and son shouldn't have sex. There's a reason nature forbids it."

Tom had finished with the last button and parted my top, exposing my breasts. I felt my face flush as his eyes devoured me. Then he lowered his head and sucked in my nipple. Just like he had done To Denise. "My God!" I said. My nipple went as hard as a pebble. Then the other one.

Tom slipped my top over my shoulders and I let it slide to the floor. He kissed my mouth and I murmured, "Nooo ... nooo. We have to stop."

"Mom, let's make love. Let's make a baby."

"You know I want a baby, but not like this. Not with my son. It's so wrong."

"Can a baby we love be wrong? Can a baby you can't have any other way and not have Dad get suspicious be wrong?"

Stan. My husband. The only man I had ever had sex with. Could I change that? with my son? Would that be the ultimate form of cheating, or not cheating at all because it was "family" and for a good purpose—to give Stan another child too?

While kissing me, Tom's hand had worked itself past the waistband of my pajama bottom. His palm read every curve of my naked "killer butt." He ended up by forcing the elastic over my hips until they became loose at my thighs. From there they fell freely to the floor. I stepped out of them and I was as naked as my son while he hugged me.

"This can't be happening," I said.

"It is, Mom. And you'll be happy it happened. Remember the two things I said I was sure of."

I thought back, but couldn't focus enough to remember.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Maybe I was hoping he would have a last second reason to back out."

"I've never been so sure. For five months, since that video, all I've thought about is that I wish it had been you and not Miss Locke. I wished that I could have made love to you, had you underneath me, been deep inside YOU. That would have been so much better. It IS going to be so much better."

He kissed me, and something other than my conscious mind made these words stream out of my mouth: "Make love to me, Tom. Please ... make love to your mother." I was surprised to hear not resignation, but need in my voice.

He took my hand and started for his bed, but I stopped him.

"Not here. There's more room ... "

"On Dad's bed," Tom said.

Oh my God. My son was going to actually take his dad's place, not only in the function of mating, but also in location. He was going to mark his territory ... and his woman ... as the dominant male of the house.

I pulled down the covers when we arrived and we stood together at the side of the bed.

"Seeing you naked, Mom. You're so beautiful and sexy."

"Am I ...?"

I didn't have to say anything else. Tom knew how competitive I was. "No comparison. Miss Locke can't begin to compare with you in any way. I'm so lucky. So—"

I stopped any more words with a kiss. Actions meant more than words right now. My action was to crawl up on the bed and position myself on my back in the middle of it.

Whatever I expected Tom to do next wasn't what he did. Instead, he crawled to my bent knees and parted them. Then he lowered his head and smiled up at me.

When I had witnessed what the Coach had ordered him to do to Denise, I had vainly hoped someday I could experience the same thing. Stan had said cunnilingus "wasn't his thing" so I never got to see if I liked it or not.

"Tom! Are you sure. I don't like ... shave, as I'm sure you noticed!"

My son's answer was to bury his face in my thick golden bush and start exploring with his tongue.

My head shot back and a gusty "Aaaaaahhhh!" escaped me. I decided immediately that I did indeed like it.

Tom lightly licked me from asshole to the entrance of my vagina. He tongued as deeply as he could while making

slurping sounds that told me he was drinking up what I was gushing. He stopped once to look at me. "You're delicious, Mom! Juicier—by a lot!" he said to give me the scorecard before I even wondered about it. Then he went back to grazing on my pubic hair.

Then he moved to my clit and I saw stars. He sucked gently and I had to stop him while I was still coherent. "Now, we have to do it now," I said as I pulled him up to me.

I had just witnessed Tom making the same journey up to Denise. Now, a few hours later, it was coming true for me, his mother. We were really going to do this. We were really going to make love.

As Tom knelt there between my parted thighs, his cock looked enormous. It was as thick as my wrist and, when Tom was sleeping, I had grasped it with both hands and still the head wasn't covered. It filled me with a desire to possess it, but also a fear about what it would do to my body.

"I'll be gentle, Mom." He must have read my thoughts, or remembered what Denise had told him.

He moved over me and I reached down and grasped his penis. It was hot and incredibly hard. I wagged it up, then down, painting it with the juices I could feel drenching my pussy. I repeated until it was completely covered with lubrication.

"My son's penis is touching my pussy" I thought. A thrill went through me at the forbidden aspect of it.

I put the tip of his cock at ground zero—the opening of my vagina and braced myself.

"I love you, Mom," he said and inched forward.

I pictured what it would look like, having just watched him do exactly the same thing to Denise. Before, when I was making my commentary, I had fantasized about what it would feel like. My imagination had been inadequate.

I stretched and the head of my son's cock made it inside me. He pulled back and fed me a good four inches of himself on the second thrust.

"Oooohhh!" I breathed. "Okay ... okay ... okay!" I chanted to let Tom know he could keep going.

He pulled back and I felt a tremendous relief, but also a hunger to feel even more of him. And he gave me more of him, in fact, all of him on the third thrust. He didn't stop the slow forward plunge until our pubic bones bumped and our pubic hairs entangled.

"I'm all the way inside you, Mom."

"All ... all the way," I echoed in a whisper.

He waited a second, guided by my hands on his hips, holding him still. I released my grasp and he pulled back, waited, and

then entered me fully once again. This time there was no pain, but the great sense of fullness remained and was flavored by a pressure I had never sensed before. It radiated throughout my pelvis.

"Mom, you're so tight. So much tighter."

"Deep ... deep ..." I whispered, then I thought to add my own comparison, "never so deep."

Tom began slow and deliberate. My body accustomed itself to his size and began to attune itself to his rhythm. It was as if I was recognizing what he would do next and working with that anticipation. And he was taking that anticipation and constantly changing it to make it new and exciting.

And at the end of every thrust, there was that turn upwards of his hips that made his cock hit something indescribably deep inside me. Something that made me want it again ... and again.

Patience, rhythm—we were dancing, dancing a dance of love and procreation. A mating dance of which my son was somehow an expert and who was choreographing and teaching to the willing woman beneath him. That woman also happened to be his mother.

He speeded up, and I followed. The pressure was building and my hands raced over his back, trying to cover all its area at once. Then they found a spot on either cheek of Tom's muscular butt that gave them the best purchase and they grabbed and pulled.

My feet had been restless and wandering, rubbing their soles against the sheets. But some instinct told me to raise my legs and entwine them where my hands had been. I locked my heels and wouldn't let go. I wondered if my anus was clenching like Denise's had been when in the same position.

I was making love to my son with my whole body, and his whole body was possessing me and dominating me in a way

that crossed the line between mother and son and transported us to the elemental man/woman mating ritual.

I can't say how long we continued. Part of me wanted it to last forever. Another part knew there was something waiting on the edge of the horizon, something I had never found before and needed to get to.

The horizon grew closer and closer.

My abdomen started to tighten periodically and force my hips harder onto that cruel intrusion.

"Mmmm! "Mmmm! Mmmmm!" growled from my tightly clenched lips. "Harder! Please! Harder!"

Tom stopped being delicate or gentle with his mom. He went full out and gave me what I asked for.

A minute of that was all I could take. The horizon was within my grasp.

"You said ... you said you could ..." I babbled toward Tom.  
"You're making me! You're making me! That's it! That's it!"

Whether he heard me or understood what I meant, I'll never know. I met with the horizon of my desires and my body bucked and spasmed and squirmed and writhed beneath my sweating son, our bodies drenching each other. All the air in my lungs exploded out in screams that filled that bedroom:

"I'M CUMMING! TOM! I'M CUMMING! MY GOD! MY GOD!  
I'M CUMMMINNGG!"

My son had made good on his promise. He said he could make his mother cum, and he far exceeded his expectations. My body was being torn apart by pleasure I never knew existed.

I brutally banged myself against my son as pent-up waves of searing sexual thirst were quenched.

Tom roared something unintelligible, dug himself deep inside me and yelled: "MOM! YEESS! MOM!"

He was ejaculating. My body had brought him such sexual pleasure that it no longer could contain itself and had to flood his mother with that life-giving potent seed that would look for its counterpart in a woman. My son's sperm was being pumped into my body spurt after scalding spurt.

The fruit of the sex act had been successfully transferred.

The sound of his voice made me open my eyes and see him looking directly into them as he came.

This triggered one more round in me, maybe because of the taboo nature of having my young son trying to impregnate me.

"AGAIN! OH FUCK!" I screamed. Then with lips peeled back showing my clenched teeth I growled like an animal: "I'M CUMMING!"

My strength left me. So did Tom's and he came to rest his soaked body on top of mine. The room was silent except for our heavy breathing.

It was unbelievable. Only days before, I had been a normal mom with a normal son. Now I was full of my son's sperm and it had been delivered to me personally, straight from the spigot.

I had sex with a boy half my age, and that boy was my son. Lots had changed.

And, I had learned my son was already going to be a father.

And, because we had unprotected sex on my most most fertile day, it was likely I was again going to be a mother.

These were some of the thoughts floating through my lust-busted, post orgasmic mind as I lay there beneath my son.

Tom rolled off me after a few minutes.

"Mom, that was so awesome. I hope it was good for you too."

"I never knew it could be like that. Never dreamed."

"So Dad never ... "

Looks like Tom was doing the comparison thing too. "Your Dad never ... never could ... and never will. Nothing could ever top that."

"If you are pregnant, yanno ... how about Dad?"

"I have that figured out, so don't worry. When he gets back on Monday, he told me he wants to set things straight. That usually means he'll try his best here." I patted the bed. "He needs a few drinks to give him a running start. I'll just make sure he has a great big running start. He'll be out colder than you were tonight. Then I'll tell him the next morning that he had done his duty. If I'm pregnant—"

"He'll think he did it," Tom accurately predicted.

"That's the plan. We'll have to wait and see. We tried our best though, didn't we, Tom?"

"When will you know for sure? I mean if your pregnant?"

"I should know in a few weeks."

"I'll be up at college by then. Mom, I'm going to miss you all the more."

"I'm going to miss you too. But, we're both starting a whole new phase of our lives. You're going to learn so much. You're going to meet so many new people—so many GIRLS!" I laughed.

"MOM!" he yelled, also laughing. It wasn't as loud as when he called out minutes before. Not by a long shot.

"Just make sure I'm the only one you're concerned about being pregnant, young man."

"Don't worry, Mom. You and Miss Locke. Period."

"Or no period ... if we're lucky!" I joked. I was actually counting the days too until when I could be sure if my son's cum had worked its magic on one his mom's eggs.

We lay in each other's arms for a long time talking and kissing, then Tom looked into my eyes: "You said we tried our best before."

"Yeah. Didn't we?"

He smiled, "We didn't try our best ... YET!"

My eyes widened. "You can't be serious!"

He WAS serious ... twice more!

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"The food is nowhere as good as yours, Mom," Tom said over the phone two weeks later.

"You'll get used to it," I said. I hoped he'd never get so used to it he forgot how I cooked and all his favorite dishes.

He had been at college only a week, but he was very homesick. I was missing him too. Other than scout camp, this was the longest he had ever been away from home. It seemed deadly quiet with just Stan and me to inhabit a whole house.

"I'm doing pretty good so far. On some quizzes I got a "B" in chemistry and a "B-minus" in physics, which is pretty hard."

"You're missing one subject, Tom," I said.

"No I'm not. That's all the tests I took."

"I'm talking about the test I took. You got an 'A-plus' in biology."

"What?" he sounded so puzzled I laughed with joy.

"Do you know what the "plus" was for?" I was having fun stringing my son along.

"Err ... no."

"Tom, I took the e.p.t. test, and I'm looking at the plastic indicator right now. It has a big ol' blue plus sign on it."

"Mom! You mean—"

"Tom, I'm pregnant! You made your mother pregnant!"

THE END