

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

# **Sam and Jake**

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**Summary:**

1. Mom can't keep ignoring what's in front of her.
2. Mom has a decision to make.
3. Close calls lead to frustration.
4. A misunderstood message leads to a revelation.
5. A dance leads to discovery.
6. Mother and son and a third wheel.
7. Good news for Mommy?
8. An oops leads to double the joy.

**Erotica Tags:** 18 Year Old, 18 Years Old, 18-Year-Old, Blowjob, Breastfeeding, First Time, Impregnate, Incest, Masturbation, Mature, Milf, Mom Son Incest, Mom Son Sex, Mother/Son, Older Woman, Oral, Oral Sex, Pregnancy, Pregnant, Taboo, Teen, Young, Younger Man

**Average Rating:** 4.75

## Sam and Jake

### Sam and Jake

Jake was a normal teenage boy. He'd just turned 18 and pretty much everything caused him to think of sex. If he wasn't thinking of sex, he was on his way to it. He jerked off a fair amount because it was fun and he could. He was usually left to his own devices when at home, and so had time to experiment with anything that turned him on...which was most anything. This week his Mom had been home from work on vacation, so his windows of opportunity to play outside of his room were almost non-existent.

Jake was a good looking kid - 'man', he thought to himself - and while he wasn't a jock, he thought that he had a good combo of muscles and height to attract women. Put that with sandy blond hair, a cheerful smile and good attitude, he was a real catch. At least that's what he told himself. His Mom agreed, and of course all Moms were unbiased, so it had to be true.

Jake was at this moment thinking of Susan, the girl he liked at school, stroking his dick while laying in bed. She was probably the hottest girl at school, which was a healthy part of why he liked her, but she seemed nice. He'd never talked to her of course, but talking was overrated. Speaking of hot, his bedroom was stifling. It was on the second floor where the heat seemed to collect any time it was hot. Stroking himself when sticky with sweat was not that fun, and he didn't have any lube so while his dick was hard, the wank session wasn't really working for him.

He gave up and put his swimsuit on. Better to get in the pool and swim some laps to cool off than frustrate himself with a substandard orgasm. Walking downstairs he looked for Sam, his Mom. She usually pattered around in the afternoon when she was off, but he

couldn't see her anywhere. She'd probably gone out to run some errands. He smiled. That meant he had the whole house to himself.

Walking out the patio doors, he pushed his swim shorts down to his ankles and flipped them away with one foot. Skinny dipping was something he had recently discovered. Feeling the water caress his dick and balls as he swam was so refreshing and freeing he doubted it would ever get old.

The water was so cool as he dove in that it took his thoughts completely away from the frustrated jerkoff he'd abandoned in his room. As he lazily swam laps, the sun beating down on him, he thought of the last time he'd seen Susan at school.

He didn't share any classes with her, so he relied on spotting her in the halls between classes. A week ago he had seen her walking with some friends about 15 feet ahead of him. He couldn't help but stare at her butt, which was contained in a form fitting short skirt, and it took almost running into another student to wake him up. He had hoped no one saw him staring, but he doubted anyone would blame him. Her butt wasn't even her best feature.

Thinking of Susan's ass as she walked had the usual effect. Jake turned on his back to float and smiled and compared himself to a raft with a mast. Or a shark with a fin. Deserted island with one tree? There was no way he was going to miss out on a chance to jerk off in the pool. Not sanitary but that's what filters were for. He slowly slid his hand from the base of his dick to the tip, slowing down the further up he got. The water didn't make his dick any slippier but if he went slow it felt pretty good. He continued to dream of Susan, floating and stroking.

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Sam pulled her Volvo into the garage and jumped out. She was done running her errands and was looking forward to a quick dip in the pool before thinking about dinner for herself and her son, Jake. The

afternoons got hot at this time of the year and keeping cool was a fight in and of itself. Grabbing her shopping bags from the trunk, she made her way through the garage into the kitchen and started putting groceries away.

She hummed as she went, trying to go quick. She was on vacation for a week before the real heat of the summer hit, which was working out well for relaxation time but not for intimacy time. She had intended to have the time off with her husband, Bill, but he had been called away on a last minute work trip. The trip wasn't unusual, but the timing sure did suck. It had only been two days and she was already missing him in every way.

Finishing up with the groceries, she went to her bedroom to change into a swimsuit. Just a modest one piece that was super comfortable and worn in. As she stripped her shorts off and unbuttoned her blouse, she glanced in the full length mirror mounted on the back of the closet door. She tried not to check herself out too often but the mirror made it hard not to. She'd just hit 42 last month and was starting to see some signs of her age. Her butt was bigger than it used to be but the shape was pleasing, at least Bill said so. She took off her bra, letting it fall off her arms into the laundry hamper. She massaged the underside of her breasts where they came into contact with the underwire in her bra. She hated bras but couldn't leave the house without wearing one, she'd put someone's eye out or cause a crash. Another Bill comment. He did like her breasts, and really, Sam couldn't blame him. They were a full, perky C cup but with nipples that resembled erasers when they got hard.

She pulled on her swimsuit and grabbed a towel from the closet. At the patio door she could see that her son was in the pool, but she didn't look very closely. Smiling, she put on sandals and sunglasses and grabbed the book she was currently reading.

As she stepped out of the house she called out, "Hi Jake, no school this afternoon?"

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Jake was panicking. He'd only just rolled over a minute ago after cumming in the pool when he heard his Mom call out to him. Had she seen him? Did he have to leave town in a fog of disgrace? His Mom was the last person he'd imagine to be okay with him jerking off where anyone could see. They had tall fences around the property so the neighbours weren't going to see anything but it wasn't the neighbours he was concerned about. He could never live it down if his mother had seen him. He floated and watched as she walked to a lounge and put her book, towel and sunglasses down. Was she mad? She didn't look mad.

"How's the water?" she called out, sunnily.

He breathed out a sigh of relief, she didn't sound mad either. But that didn't really let him off the hook. He glanced at his swim shorts a full 6 feet away from the pool edge where he'd sent them flying. "Nice!" he called back, while internally cursing his complacency in not keeping them in the pool with him at least. That way he could have just put them back on under the water and no one the wiser.

He watched as she kicked her sandals off and skipped to the water to dive in. Now was his chance. As she dove in Jake swam to the edge of the pool and climbed out while his Mom was still under water. He grabbed his shorts and stepped into them as fast as he could. His Mom usually did a few laps to start off with as well, so he should have time. As he finished pulling them up he turned around and was relieved to see her swimming overhand, almost to the other end. Heart beating in his chest he grabbed a towel and retreated to the house. She'd pick up on his awkwardness if he stuck around.

"Bye Mom," he called back, drying his hair.

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Sam didn't hear her son call out but did see him leave as she swam back. It was unusual for him to leave so quick, they liked to hang out in the pool together on hot afternoons. It wasn't yet as hot as it would become in a month, so she supposed he might not need to cool down as much yet.

As she did another lap she noticed something sticking to her arm. Moving over to the edge of the pool to hang on she lifted her arm closer to see what it was. Something stringy and white? What on earth. She used her other hand to wipe it off and it stuck to her hand as well. Shuddering in revulsion, she ducked under the water to give it a real rinse. What could it be? Having had a pool for a long time she thought she'd seen pretty much everything that ended up in it, but this was new. Coming back to the surface she saw one last string between her thumb and forefinger. She paused and brought it up to her nose to sniff. It smelled familiar but she couldn't place it. Flipping the sticky string off her hand, she lifted herself out of the pool. No sense in getting it on her suit.

As she padded back to her towel she pondered what it could be. Had Jake gotten some on him as well? Is that why he left? Why didn't he say anything about it? She dried off and sat down on the lounge to enjoy her book for a while.

As she sat and read, the smell of the strange substance in the pool kept coming back to her. She knew what it was, but for the life of her it escaped her memory. It was just on the tip of her tongue. Tongue! That jogged another surge of memory but it still didn't quite surface. Shaking her head she went back to her book.

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Jake hung his suit up to dry and threw himself down onto his bed. His heart was still racing at the narrow miss in the pool. As much as his orgasm into the pool had felt good it wasn't worth getting caught by his Mom. He'd stick to his bedroom from now on. Or the shower.

The next day Jake got home from school at 3pm to find his Mom was out again. He checked the garage to make sure she was actually gone and then went to have a shower. He'd had track as last period but didn't bother showering at school when he could do it at home and take his time.

He shucked his clothes off and started the water in his bathroom. He had a separate bath next to his room which was on the opposite side of the house from his parents' room and bath. The water temperature had to be a little warm so he took a piss while waiting. Jake hated cold showers even on hot days. Shaking his dick to get the last drops off, Jake thought of the other reason he didn't like to shower at school: the other guys made comments about the size of his dick once, calling him Hoss. Thankfully the name didn't stick but he was still wary about people seeing him naked. He knew he was bigger than average, that didn't mean he had to show it off.

A quick wash of his torso was followed by a nice liberal soaping up of his dick. Followed by a more thorough massage. Followed by a steady jerking. As he was stroking his fist up and down Jake recalled the freedom he'd felt yesterday in the pool, drifting around and slowly pleasuring himself. Why was he thinking about that? He'd almost gotten caught. Oh. He'd almost gotten caught. He stopped stroking and turned the water off. If he was going to take advantage of the pool he'd have to hurry before his Mom got home.

He grabbed his suit from his room and ran down stairs to the pool. He ran and dove into the water, his cock sticking out like a third leg. This time he held on to his suit and let it float in the water. Flipping onto his back he started the same slow stroke he used yesterday only this time he was imagining his Mom walking through the patio doors and catching him. It worked wonders and before long his cock was spewing cum everywhere, arcing into the air and splashing around him. He floated in place for a while, pearly strings across his chest, and just stared up at the sky enjoying the post-orgasm glow. This might turn into a habit.

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Sam walked through the front door at home and called out for her son to come help bring in the bags she'd brought home. He didn't answer. Where was he? She could see his coat and shoes by the door so he was definitely home. Struggling with the two bags while holding her purse and keys she managed to dump it all on the kitchen counter. Where was that boy?

Walking through the house she came to the patio door and looked out to the pool to see him just climbing out. She should have known. Sam headed upstairs to gather laundry, first gathering her clothes and then Jake's. He obviously hadn't done any in a while as his hamper was overflowing. What did he do, change clothes twice a day? She swore he had done laundry just last weekend.

Down in the basement she started to sort by darks and lights and delicates. Once she was done she had a pile of her panties and bras to go in but it was a small pile. She could add to it with some of Jake's stuff. Pulling his clothes out to find small items to add she came across some of his underwear. As she threw them into the pile with her stuff she happened to notice some white stains on them. Oh. Jake had been doing his own laundry for so long she had forgotten about the stains.

She shrugged. It was only to be expected, teenage boys were cum machines for many years, and it wasn't any of her business. As long as he did it in the privacy of his bedroom there was no harm. Opening the washer Sam picked up the pile and threw it in. As she did do an aroma wafted out that was unmistakable. Semen. Instantly she recalled the stringy white substance on her arm and hand yesterday. She had been slimed by her son's cum. She had swam through it. Now she knew why he had left the pool so quickly, he didn't want to get caught. That little bastard.

Masturbating in his room was one thing but in the pool? That was just unsanitary.

It was too late to call him on it, and she had no proof, so she had to let it lie. Hopefully it was a one time thing, but if she ever caught him she'd give him a piece of her mind. The whole family used that pool!

Fuming a bit, Sam tried to put the new knowledge that she'd been swimming in Jake's ejaculate out of her mind to concentrate on dinner. Maybe she'd do a little fishing and see how he reacted at dinner.

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Jake was finishing up some homework when he heard his Mom call from downstairs.

"Jake, dinner's ready!" she said.

"Coming!" he called back and headed down to the dining room. His Mom was just putting down some plates on the table.

"Smells delicious," he said. "What are we having?"

"Just some pork chops and rice," his Mom replied. "How was school today?" she asked as she sat down at the table with a glass of wine.

"Fine," he replied. It was always fine. Why did she ask if he gave the same answer every time?

"How was your day?" he sent back.

"Fine," she said back with a smirk. "Actually I'm glad I took the week off, I'm finally relaxed enough to enjoy it."

Jake mumbled, "That's good." His mouth was full so it wasn't very clear.

"Have you been enjoying your swims lately?"

Jake almost choked on his mouthful of rice, spraying some of it on the table. "Um, yeah..I guess so, why do you ask?"

His Mom put on a concerned expression. "Are you alright? I was just curious, I think the filter might need cleaning, I swam through some slime yesterday."

Jake swallowed the rice painfully and tried to look like he was thinking. "No it's seemed fine to me."

"Okay we'll keep an eye on it, if something is getting into the pool we don't want to be swimming in it."

"Yeah, definitely. I'll watch out."

"See that you do," his Mom said while giving a slight arch of her eyebrow.

Did she know? She would have said something if she knew. Maybe she suspected! Jake finished his dinner hurriedly and kissed his Mom on the cheek.

"Thanks for dinner, Mom," he said, and retreated to his bedroom for the night.

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Sam took her time eating dinner and enjoying her wine. She was in no hurry. Clearly her son had cum in the pool or he wouldn't have reacted that way. Hopefully her bringing it up was enough to get him to stop it.

She took a sip of wine and pondered why he would jerk off in the pool. Was it a whim? Was he an exhibitionist? Had he been doing it for long? The thought of her son jerking off in the pool wasn't

something she was going to dwell on any more, she thought, and put it out of her mind. Although....maybe there was a purely physical reason to masturbate in the pool. She'd never done anything of the sort herself.

Sam took her plate and glass to the kitchen sink and gave them a rinse. Jake could wash them later.

She walked to the patio door and stared out into the dark at the pool. She turned on the poolside lights and watched the water shimmer for a while, letting her imagination wander.

Her husband had been gone for several days. She hadn't had sex for several days before that, as they'd been busy with work. She was starting to get a little...pent up. Shaking her head, Sam headed to the living room to watch some TV. She browsed channels for a bit and then checked some of the streaming services. Nothing jumped out at her.

Walking past the patio doors again she saw she'd forgotten the lights. Just as she was going to turn them off she looked out and paused. Jake was probably in his room for the night. Maybe she could go for a late night swim.

Grabbing her suit from her room, she padded downstairs quietly, even though Jake's room was down the hall. She didn't want to advertise that she was going swimming, she wanted some alone time.

She changed in the bathroom downstairs and headed out to the pool. It was very peaceful. She walked in on the shallow end, slowly letting her body acclimatize to the temperature. The water tended to warm up in the day but it could cool down fairly quickly.

She sat down on a bench against the side, the water coming up to her belly. She put her head back and just soaked in the silence, listening to the water lap up against the walls.

There wasn't anything especially sexy about the pool. Did he end up with a hardon and just wanted to take care of it? Couldn't he have waited for it to go away? A hard penis wasn't a one-use item, she was sure. A hard penis. Sam let her mind wander, thinking of her husband's penis. It was a very nice cock, and it made her very happy. Mind you, there has been less and less time for that sort of stuff lately. Work for both her and Bill was really getting in the way.

Sam sighed and looked down at her chest. Her nipples were hard, mostly from the cool water but also from thoughts of her husband. She brought a hand up and gave one of her nipples a pinch, holding it tightly as long as she could stand, and then letting go.

She let her hand drift down further caressing her stomach all the way down to the gap between her thighs. Her fingers lightly caressed her material-covered slit, not pushing hard. Just feeling for a response. She got the response when a jolt spiked from her pussy to her nipples to her brain.

Sam let her head fall back on the side of the pool and kept gently caressing herself. The serenity outside, plus the thrill of knowing she could be caught, combined to form a wonderful aphrodisiac. She moved her hand to the right and slipped a finger under the edge of her suit, just enough to be able to get a grip and pull it over. Her other hand joined the first and so with her pussy exposed in the water under the lights Sam started to see why her son jerked off in the pool.

She moved a hand down and pushed one finger inside of herself. Just a dip to the first knuckle. Despite the water she could feel her body's natural lubricant and smiled. A second finger joined the first and she moved them both in a circle. Her cheeks flushed as the pleasure started to build. The mother who had just a couple hours ago been disturbed by her son pleasuring himself in the pool was now doing the same thing. She closed her eyes and tried not to think of Jake. He wasn't relevant right now.

Pulling her fingers free of her pussy, Sam slowly dragged them both up her slit, pushing firmly when she arrived at her clit. She used one finger to pull back the hood covering it and then used her other finger to lightly stimulate her clit in small circles. The kind of motion she could keep up for hours if need be, and had before. But she didn't want to be in the pool for hours and so she sped up the finger. After another minute she started using all four fingers to rub her clit, slowly pushing harder. Her face flushed and her mouth gaped open, saliva gathering as she gasped with the increased pleasure.

A sound, like a scuffed footstep. She paused in her movements and listened.

"Mom?" called Jake.

Sam brought her head up and whipped her hand away from her pussy, her other hand letting her suit snap back into place.

Jake came out of the house and walked over to her. Sam tried to look like she'd been just relaxing, hoping that the lights didn't expose how flushed her face was. She had forgotten about her erect nipples however.

"What do you need, son?" Sam asked, smiling up at him as he got closer.

"I forgot that I need you to sign a form for grad next week."

"Oh! Okay Honey, just put it on the counter and I'll get to it when I get out."

"Okay, thanks Mom. Enjoy your soak."

Jake's face was in shadow from the patio lights behind his head. Did he know what she had been doing?

"Will do," she said, peering at his face to detect any expression.

He turned around and walked back into the house. Sam couldn't see if he was holding any pieces of paper. Did he actually have a form to sign? She sighed and closed her eyes. That was too close, maybe even beyond close. Caught? As she waited for her heart to calm down before leaving the pool, she decided that despite the thrill there would be no more pleasure in the pool. It was unsanitary. And too risky. But really her only regret was that she hadn't actually gotten to cum.

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Jake walked quickly to his bag by the front door to grab the form for his Mom to sign. It was the only thing he could come up with in the spur of the moment. He really did have a form for her to sign, he just wasn't sure if he'd remembered to bring it home. As he rummaged through his bag he played the scene in the pool over and over again.

Mom's head thrown back, her mouth open, eyes closed. He couldn't see what her hands were doing below the water but it really didn't look like she had just been relaxing. There was a certain...strain...on her face. A pinch to the forehead, a quiver to the chin. It definitely looked like she was either in pain...or pleasure. And nothing after he disturbed her suggested she was in pain.

He'd just come down to get a snack and saw the patio lights on, but as he got closer he spotted Mom in the pool. He was about to turn away when he noticed that she had her head laying back like she was sleeping...but her mouth was open. Concerned that maybe she had fallen asleep, he crept out and as he did he heard what sounded like a gasp come from her. Startled, his foot hit a raised section of the patio. His Mom had frozen and instead of getting caught creeping, he called out.

Jake found the form in his bag and thanking his lucky stars he went and put it on the counter. The scene in the pool played out again, his

heart starting to beat faster. Was his Mom masturbating in the pool? Surely not his Mom. Jake's Mom was a great Mom, but she didn't do things like that. He assumed that his parents had sex but it was a hazy thought that he dared not approach with any kind of vigour. No details, no mental images, nothing. That way lay madness. But now...

Jake slowly walked by the patio doors on his way to the stairs. His Mom was still out there in the pool but she looked as he would expect. Just sitting there, arms stretched out to either side of her, relaxing. With a vague sense of disappointment he headed off to his room.

He closed his door and stripped off his shirt and shorts. He slept in underwear, boxers, this time of year as anything more was unnecessary. He lay down in bed and his mind drifted back to Susan, and the image of her butt swaying back and forth in the hall ahead of him. As he slipped his hand into his boxers to fondle his slowly growing cock his mind drifted away from Susan to his Mom's face in the pool. What he wouldn't give to make Susan's face look like that. He tried to imagine Susan's face on his Mom's body in the pool but it kept slipping back to his Mom's face. As he stroked his now fully erect rod he kept almost cumming but then his Mom's face would intrude into his fantasy. He eventually gave up and just let the image of his Mom's face stay. Her open mouth quivering, the faint gasp, her eyes clenched shut.

"HHHHNNGHHH!!"

He came, hard. He came so hard the first string of cum struck him in the eye and left a line of it down to his chin. Gah! He tried to aim his dick towards his belly as more and more strings of cum striped his chest. Holy cow. That had never happened before. Eyes closed, he stroked his cock slowly, relishing in the slippery cum coating his dick. His whole body was electrified and buzzing from the best orgasm he'd ever had. Realizing he couldn't open his eye, and that the cum

on his face was alarmingly close to his mouth, he started looking for something to wipe it off. Giving himself a facial wasn't his first choice but the orgasm felt too good to be too upset.

Why such a strong reaction? What was different this time over the numerous times he'd jerked off before? Was it just a good angle? He'd gotten the perfect trajectory and nailed himself? He thought it would have happened before, but that doesn't explain the feeling in his entire body. Susan was a common image in his mind when jerking off...but his Mom, however reluctantly he'd done it, wasn't. Could that be it? Some new spank material? Or was it his Mom? Drifting off to sleep he couldn't help but see her face, on a loop, as she sat in the pool.

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The next day Sam woke up in a mood. Not a bad mood, per se, but a mood. The kind of mood where little things frustrated her more than they normally would. Her morning coffee had grounds in it; the eggs over-cooked after she couldn't find the butter in the fridge for her toast, which got cold. Little things. Jake came in half way through breakfast and only grunted a "hello" as he grabbed a banana and hurried out the door. She tried to assume that his behaviour was not related to him almost(?) catching her jilling in the pool last night. The thought that he did see what she was doing was too embarrassing to contemplate.

Finishing her breakfast, she took the dishes into the kitchen and washed up everything, including last night's dinner dishes. Jake would get an earful when he got home. No way was she doing all of the chores while Bill was away. The thought of Bill brought up her pool fun, again. It hadn't been far from her mind since she fell into a fitful sleep last night and dreamed of large cocks. She finished up the dishes and sat down at the kitchen counter. Her mind drifted for a bit. Why did she dream of large penises? She had had a few lovers before Bill but none of them were what you would call large. Nor

was Bill. Was it a subliminal thing? Was she secretly craving something she'd never had because she was so fucking horny?

Squeezing her legs together, she felt a trace of moisture in her panties. She was definitely horny, especially after the aborted pleasure cruise in the pool. No more pool fun, but her bedroom was private...

Sam brought her hand down and tucked it under her shirt. Caressing her belly, she brought her hand up to her left breast. She was only wearing a camisole under her shirt and so it was easy to grasp her nipples between two fingers and tug. She spent a few minutes caressing the one nipple, please with how hard and long they get. Bill loved her nipples and could spend a long time pleasuring them both with his fingers and mouth. Her other hand drooped down to the top of her black yoga pants, digging her fingers inside both pants and panties.

Her finger drifted down to the top of her slit, and came to rest over her clit. Pushing down on it, her body thrilled with a shudder. Maybe she didn't need her bedroom. Given how horny she was, she'd probably cum right there at the counter.

Right then her phone rang. It was Bill. Cursing her luck she quickly stepped to the sink and rinsed her hand off before swiping to connect the call.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Hey Sugar, how are you doing? Bored yet?" Bill's baritone voice rumbled in her ear. The same voice that rumbled in her ear when he fucked her in bed. Sam smiled.

"Sam? You there? Can you hear me?"

Sam shook her head and quickly answered. "Yeah I'm here! Sorry I was daydreaming," she said, looking around, though Jake wasn't

home. "About you. I miss you so much baby."

Bill laughed and replied, "Yes I miss you too, Sugar. I had high hopes for this week with Jake at school all day."

She laughed with him. "I had such high hopes that I'm being consumed with lust. When are you coming home?"

"Not till next week at this point. Turns out there's another job right after this one and so they're stringing the two jobs into one trip. You'll just have to make use of your own fingers and hands."

"I've been trying," Sam said, alarmed at how whiny her voice sounded. "I keep getting interrupted." She had an idea and whispered into the phone, "Do you have some time right now, honey? I sure could use that voice in my ear. What are you wearing?"

Bill's voice when he responded was hesitant, as if he didn't want to deliver bad news. "Ohh, I wish I could help you out Sam, but I am just in the middle of meetings and decided to check in on you and deliver the news about the second job. I can't help you out now but maybe in a day or two."

Sam silently took a deep breath and put on her best perky voice, "Oh that's okay Hon, I was just kidding. Don't worry about me, I can handle myself." She winced at the unintended double entendre but Bill laughed again.

"I know you can, Sugar. I'll talk to you soon and once I get back we'll send Jake out for the night to have ourselves a real catch up session."

"That sounds wonderful, Bill. I love you."

"I love you too, babe. I'll call you soon, okay? Say Hi to Jake for me."

"Of course, talk to you soon."

Bill hung up and Sam slumped against the counter. She wasn't really a phone sex type person but when she was this desperate she'd try anything.

Maybe....now that Bill wasn't going to be back for another week, she should start looking for other options. If she kept going at this pace she'd start snapping at everyone. Maybe her dream about large cocks was a hint that she needed something new. Something larger. She went to the Amazon app on her phone and started browsing for personal pleasure devices. One day delivery should get her getting her rocks off soon enough.

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Jake's head was in a haze all day at school. He barely paid attention in class, even less than usual, and even Susan wasn't enough to distract him from his thoughts. He'd passed by her in the hall at lunch and she'd even given him a little smile. Normally that would have been enough for a month of monkey spanking, today it barely registered.

This morning when he got up and found his Mom in the kitchen looking flustered while making breakfast it had hit him that she was most definitely a MILF. She was wearing a shirt and tank top combo with yoga pants, something he'd seen her wear a thousand times before and never noticed. Now, after last night, that simple outfit was enough to produce a raging hardon. He had had to adjust his cock so that it was pointing up to his belly button or there would have been some awkward explaining to do.

Now today in class he kept popping the same rock hard boner whenever his Mom drifted in his thoughts, which was often. High School was never a treat for teenage boys, but adding a pounding hard cock that pointed straight out, it was a recipe for disaster. He kept his head down and his bag near his crotch pretty much all day.

2:30 hit and he ran almost the entire way home. He had come up with a plan to try and conquer this sudden obsession with his Mom. He'd spend some time around her to try and 'normalize' his mental image of her, that way she'd go back to just being his Mom, whom he didn't get turned on by, and who definitely wasn't spunk bank material.

Arriving back home, sweaty and out of breath, Jake opened the front door to put his plan in action. His Mom's car was there so she was home.

"Mom, I'm home!" he called.

"I'm in the living room," she sent back.

He rounded the entry from the hallway to see her sitting with her phone on the couch. "Whatcha doing?" he asked.

"Oh, just some online shopping. I thought I could find something quick but it turns out there's a lot of options, so I spent the day researching." She paused and then, "But, I've made up my mind and the order is sent, no taking it back now."

"What were you researching, maybe I can help?" he asked. Jake couldn't help but notice that his Mom wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples stood out quite prominently.

His Mom flushed and stammered a bit. "Oh, it's okay I'm done now, it was just some gardening equipment."

He smiled. "Okay, sounds good. What are you going to do now? I thought we could hang out for a bit."

His lovely Mom gave a sunny smile. "That sounds great honey, what did you have in mind?"

"Maybe we can just hang in the pool? Do some laps together?" Jake figured this was the best way to just hang out and take away the pool image from last night. Some healthy family bonding was what was needed now, at the scene of the crime.

"That is a great idea. I'll change into my suit and meet you out there, okay?"

Jake smiled and nodded, "Yep, see you soon."

He trotted up the stairs and split right down the hall to his room. He put on his bermuda style shorts to give himself plenty of room to prevent any 'incidents' of impromptu displays of masculinity. He quickly checked his email on his computer to give his Mom time to change and go down first. As he came out of his room he spotted his Mom turning to go down stairs. He stopped dead in his tracks, mouth hanging open. She wasn't wearing the normal one piece suit she normally had. Today she was wearing a bikini, a rather revealing one.

Jake stealthily ran down the hall to the stairs and stared down at his Mom's ass as she stepped down the last couple stairs. What was he supposed to do now? He couldn't hang out with her like that, he'd be popping a boner the entire time! How could he get out of it?

Thinking quickly, he took off his swim shorts and put his normal shorts back on. He took his swim suit to the laundry room and threw them into one of the piles.

Walking to the patio doors he could see his Mom settling down on a lounge to wait for him. He swore as he watched her settle her butt into the chair, and lift her slender legs up.

He opened the patio door and called out, "Hey Mom, turns out my suit is in the wash! We can do this tomorrow, sorry to get your hopes up."

His mother turned around in the chair to look back at him. He started to retreat from the door when she furrowed her brow and called back, "Who cares if your normal suit is in the wash, get another suit." Her tone made it sound like the most sensible thing in the world.

Jake gave a sickly smile. The only other suits he had were speedos. He had been on the swim team at one point last year. A speedo would not help his situation any.

"Oh that's okay, I'm not sure where the other suits are."

His Mom laughed and said, "You're the worst, Jake. I told you where I put them last year for storage after the swim team season was done. In the laundry room in a bin next to the washer. Go get them on, you're not depriving me of mother/son time because you can't wash your clothes."

Jake nodded and walked back to the laundry room. It was the long, slow walk of someone going to death row. He was stuck in a hard spot now, pun intended. The combo of his Mom's bikini and the memory from last night had him hard enough to pound nails.

He found his speedos as expected and slowly put one on. Maybe if he took his time, his cock would let up and he could go out to the pool as a functioning member of society, not one who lusts after his mother. Pulling the suit up, he bent his dick to the side, to try and fit it in. It...wouldn't. If he held it to the side it stayed in but there was no way he was walking around holding his groin around his Mom.

Several math equations and a dry recital of the last baseball game he'd watched did the trick eventually, and he was able to stuff his prick into his suit without a crowbar.

Grabbing a towel from the closet, Jake attempted to casually hold it near his crotch. He went back to the patio and walked out to the pool, keeping his eyes carefully forward, and the towel between his

Mom and his groin. The last few steps to the pool, he threw the towel to the edge and dove in. The water was warm on the top and cool underneath. It allowed him to keep his mind off anything but doing some laps. On the way back he heard a splash as his mother dove in next to him and they spent the next 15 minutes swimming back and forth. Nothing strenuous, just some exercise and quiet companionship.

His Mom had kept him company doing laps when he was on the swim team and she'd gotten pretty good at keeping up. It was a great way to bond last year and they'd gotten closer than ever.

Eventually they stopped in the shallow end near the house and drifted while laying prone, to keep under the water. So far, so good. Jake smiled at his Mom and she smiled back. It was working! Maybe he wasn't a freak after all.

"That was fun, I'm going to sit in the sun for a while and read, will you join me?" she said, moving to the stairs.

Jake tried his best to keep his eyes in his head as he watched his Mom stand up out of the pool, water dripping from everywhere, and walk up the steps. Her hips swayed as she walked, the bikini bottoms hugging her ass, her cheeks ever so slightly clutching the fabric where they met in the middle. Her slender shoulders held up the bikini top but the water had softened the fabric, allowing her breasts to sway and bounce as she padded to her seat.

Jake swallowed, his suddenly dry throat making it difficult. He rolled onto his stomach to keep watching. He could feel his cock swelling in his speedo. Before long it was getting uncomfortable in the tight confines and the inevitable happened. It sprung free of his suit, crawling up his belly.

"Are you coming? Or are you going to swim some more?" his Mom said.

"Yeah I'll join you in a sec."

"Okay," she smiled at him as she put on her sunglasses and picked up her book.

This was it, while she was reading, he could get out and grab his towel to hide his annoyingly hard dick.

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Sam settled into the lounge chair, flipping through the pages of her book to find where she left off. As she did so she glanced over the top of her book as Jake climbed out of the pool.

To her complete surprise, staring back at her was the biggest cock she had ever seen. Her mind blanked. Forgetting her book, she froze like a deer in headlights as she watched her son hurriedly pick up his towel and cover up the most beautiful penis she'd seen in her 42 years of life. The glimpse she saw was entirely too short, it was a crime to cover up something that should be on display at the Louvre. Unconsciously moistening her lips with her tongue Sam watched her son quickly towel himself off, keeping his crotch covered as best he could.

It wasn't quite enough. Sam caught a couple more glimpses of his penis as it jutted out of the top of his speedo. The head was purple and glistened in the sun and the shaft was blessed with ropey veins that disappeared into the depths of his suit. It was perfect. Further down, following the lump in her son's suit, Sam saw what appeared to be an equally impressive ballsack constrained by the tight speedo.

Sam finally remembered to blink as Jake started walking towards her. She looked down to her book, trying to make it seem like she hadn't been staring. But staring, she was. The last time she'd seen Jake in a speedo he had not looked like that. Had he grown that much in just one year? Or was her extreme horniness causing it to appear bigger.

The swim had gone a long way towards cooling her libido down. She thought perhaps it was the pent up energy that had made her choose to wear a bikini. Bill adored her in a bikini and so wearing it reminded her of him, which was really a poor decision when she wanted to forget him. Walking around in it, the textured cups rubbing against her nipples, it all combined to drive her crazy. Going for a swim with her son was supposed to take her mind off of sex. And it did...until 30 seconds ago.

Jake collapsed on the lounge to her right, stretching out with the towel covering his groin. She felt a twinge of sympathy for him. It must be uncomfortable to have it pushed up like that. Knowing young men, it probably wanted to push straight out.

"Comfy, hon?" she asked.

"Sure Mom," Jake replied. He didn't sound like he was in pain.

Using the excuse of asking after his comfort to look his way, Sam tried to get another glimpse of the Man Cock he was hiding. No use. She turned back to her book and proceeded to not read at all for several minutes.

Suddenly her husband flashed into her mind. What was she thinking? Where was her head? She was so horny that she couldn't resist leering at her son's penis? The realization of what she was doing thundered through her like a bucket of cold water. She was not this kind of woman!

"I'm just going to get a drink, do you want anything?" she asked.

"No thanks, I'm just going to close my eyes for a bit," her son replied.

She put her book down and bent over to stand up. As she did so she realized her nipples were showing in her top. Hurrying away, Sam

tried to think of anything except the burning in her pussy and the rub of her suit on her nipples.

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The next day was Saturday. Both Jake and his mother had successfully avoided each other the rest of Friday without the other knowing they were doing it.

Jake woke up and lay in bed for a while, idly playing with his penis. He didn't really intend on jerking off, but a nice fondle was never a bad idea. He found it often heightened his pleasure later on if he put off masturbating until after some gentle teasing.

After a while he got up and dressed in some ratty shorts and headed down to start on his lawn chores. His Dad has given him a sizable list before he left with the promise of payment when he got back.

Checking the list, Jake grabbed the lawn mower from the garage and started cutting the grass in the front of the house. It was a bigger section than the rear due to the pool taking up so much room. The 'Back 40', as Dad called it was actually more like the back 20 square feet and took almost no time.

Finishing the front, Jake trundled the mower around the side of the house to the back. He started the mower and went only 10 feet along the side of the pool when he saw his mother laying out by the pool. He almost tripped and fell into the water but recovered enough to straighten out. His Dad would give him heck for the uneven line.

The reason for the poor mow job was currently stretched out in another bikini, sunglasses on. She couldn't be asleep, the mower would have woken her up for sure.

"Hi Mom," he called, turning back to his mowing.

Just mow the lawn, just mow the lawn he repeated to himself, but every time he turned back in her direction all he could see was his beautiful Mom in that incredible bikini. He could feel his cock getting hard in his shorts. It was still sensitive from his fondling in bed, and the sensation of it moving and crawling in his underwear was almost as distracting as the vision in front of him.

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Sam growled to herself in frustration. She had woken up early and decided to spend time by herself outside. Little did she know the object of her distraction last night was going to start doing chores! She lay quietly and tried to ignore Jake as he came around to the back yard.

She ignored his 'Hi' and kept looking straight up, mostly. Now and then she'd sneak a glance from behind her sunglasses to check on his progress. The last time he was mowing back towards her, Sam had thought she'd seen something... Her pussy clenched and her nipples hardened in an instant at the bulge she could see in her son's shorts. Why did he have a hardon while mowing? Was it her? Sam hadn't actually thought through why he'd had a hardon after swimming last night, but coupled with this new evidence, he must be reacting to seeing his own mother in a bikini!

Sam closed her eyes. This was a dilemma. She wasn't going to stop wearing bikinis because her son liked to look. But he couldn't walk around the house like he was now, either. It was probably because it was not something he was used to. Once it became normal, he'd calm down, she was sure. The only way for it to be normal was for her to start wearing bikinis more often, and hanging around him. She'd just make sure not to stare at the result until he got used to it, so she wouldn't embarrass him.

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Far too soon the small back yard grass was cut short and Jake reluctantly shut off the mower to put it away. His Mom chose that moment to roll over onto her front, facing away from him. Jake paused to stare, shamelessly and fully. He used the opportunity to commit to memory every square inch of her body.

The generous booty, barely contained inside her bottoms. The tan line where the edge of her suit didn't cover her where her normal suit did. The slim waist leading up to the middle of her back where her bikini straps started. If only they would snap open, leaving her topless. Jake loved a nice butt...but...his Mom's chest was definitely her most impressive attribute. How her breasts managed to stay so perky, he'd never know. Unless it was the bras she wore. What he wouldn't give to see her topless. Despite dressing fairly conservatively, his Mom always had some cleavage showing. He'd have to pay more attention.

He slowly pulled the mower back around to the garage to put away. He wasn't going to get much done with his shorts full of rock hard dick. Making his way back inside, Jake stepped over to the patio doors to see what he could see from that angle. As he approached the doors, he noticed his Mom wasn't in the lounge chair anymore. He looked in the pool, but she wasn't swimming. Where did she go?

"Hi, sweetie, looking for me?" his Mom said from behind him.

Jake almost jumped out of his skin and spun around. His Mom was standing right behind him, holding a glass of water. "Mom!" he gasped. "You scared me. I..I..was just seeing if you were done outside. I was going to weed whack the back and didn't want to get...grass on...you." He trailed off as he looked down at her chest. Not only were her breasts magnificent but the size of her nipples poking out of her suit took his breath away.

"Hey mister, my eyes are up here," his Mom said.

"Sorry! I just, I haven't seen that suit before. Is it new?" Jake smiled, eyes darting anywhere but at his mother.

"No, I've had this for years. You've seen me in it, I know you have."

"Oh, my mistake. So are you done outside then?"

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"Not yet. Why don't you come join me," Sam paused to take a long drink of water. As she tilted the glass back she kept her eyes on her son's to see where he looked. He immediately looked at her breasts. She knew it! He was getting a hardon because of her. Finishing her drink, she looked expectantly at her son.

"Um, no I have to get these chores done for Dad," he said, moving towards the door.

"Okay, well why not a hug then?" Sam put the glass down and spread her arms out.

Jake came back over to hug her, but bent at the waist to do it.

"Oh come on, that's not a hug," she said, and pulled him in for a full body hug.

She heard a little squeak come from him and then she felt it. The Man Cock from last night was pressed up against her belly. As she was hugging him, she thought she felt it pulse in his shorts. Jake tried to let go after a second and so Sam let him go, her head spinning. What was she doing? She smiled and walked back out to the patio. She needed that shipment, fast.

A few hours later Sam went into the house to make some lunch. Pulling out bread and fixings for sandwiches, she started prepping one each for her and Jake. She was humming while working and barely looked up when Jake came into the kitchen. He came up

behind her and reached up to get a glass from the cupboard above her head. Sam leaned forward to give him room to reach the cupboard at the same time he tried to rest his hand on her shoulder to brace himself. This had two results. One, her torso wasn't where he expected it to be causing him to fall forward; two, her butt pushed back at his crotch.

His sudden presence against her back caused her to almost drop the knife she was using. His body was warm and solid, and she could feel, firmly pushed into her ass crack, a very large rod. It was so hard and stuck out so far that it actually pushed her bikini bottoms between her cheeks.

"Oh, sorry Mom!" Jake said, standing up straight.

"No..no worries, son, it was an accident," she replied, wondering if it actually was an accident. Had she pushed her butt at him, or was it him shoving his cock into her crack? The end result was the same; The warmth and pressure had caused Sam's pussy to drench her suit. She reached behind to arrange her bottoms where they should be and smiled back at her son.

Putting one of the sandwiches on a plate, she handed it to Jake and took the other for herself. She smiled nervously and tried to think of something to take the tension away.

"What are you up to this afternoon?" she asked.

"I'm done with chores for today," he replied, his face red. Maybe it had been an accident. "So I was going to go hang with Rusty."

"That's nice, have a good time," Sam said, trying to sound casual.

Jake finished his sandwich in record time and left.

An hour later a package arrived for Sam. It was her relief package. Son or not, just her mental awareness of the penis he was packing

around, dangling in his clothes, was a distraction. Well it hadn't been dangling the last time she...felt it. With a pulse in her pussy, she opened the box. Inside the box were two door handles. Door handles? DOOR HANDLES! This wasn't what she ordered. Oh no.

Bringing up the order in her email, Sam saw the actual object she'd ordered. An 8 inch dildo, with veins and a bulbous head. The kind with a suction cup and a set of balls at the end. Not door handles. They must have sent her the wrong item, and now she'd have to get in touch with customer service, the whole nine yards. This was not what Sam needed right now. She needed a hard cock, is what she needed right now. A hard cock in her pussy, pulsing and spewing its seed inside of her.

Several hours later Sam decided it was no use. Normally she could get herself off with some fast fingers and dedicated rubbing, but nothing she tried seemed to do it. She was trying all of her tricks. She'd started with some videos her and Bill had taken of themselves a few years ago but it wasn't tactile enough. She tried just laying in bed and using her imagination but she was having a hard time picturing Bill's face. For some reason as soon as it came time for imaginary Bill to start fucking her, his face morphed into Jake's face. She wasn't having any of that. As desperate as she was, there was no way she was using her son as inspiration for her to have an orgasm. Even if his cock was the best thing she'd seen in years. Was it, though? Or was it just how horny she was. Maybe it wasn't actually that good, maybe she was building it up in her mind because it was exactly what she needed. Exactly what she needed?? Well, if that was true, she was in trouble because it was out of reach in her son's pants and it wasn't coming anywhere near her. Not cumming anywhere near her either.

Maybe she should get another look at it. Do an objective examination so she could purge it from her mind. Hm. Nah.

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Jake had a decent time hanging out with Rusty for the afternoon. He was a funny guy and they just played video games in his room. The best part was that it took his mind off of his Mom. Him falling into her at the counter had been an accident but he was so embarrassed that his dick had been pushed into her butt. It had felt fantastic, but it was still embarrassing. His dick always seemed to be hard around his Mom now.

Walking home now, Jake wondered if he could avoid his Mom the rest of the day. She didn't seem mad about him falling into her, but he definitely didn't want to push his luck. The last thing he wanted was her getting super mad and calling his Dad.

Jake walked to the back yard, quietly, to see if his Mom was by the pool again. Slowing down, he crept forward and peered around the corner of the house. Sweet. She was reading. He turned around and went back to the front door and stalked upstairs to hide in his room. Hiding from his own Mom, he thought. What a jerk you are. You can't even be around your own mother without getting a massive hardon. If she ever saw it she'd send him to his room for sure.

He figured he could end his day with a nice slow wank, maybe it would wear him out and stop the constant erections. Bringing up some porn on his laptop, he dropped his shorts and sat at his desk. After 5 minutes of browsing various videos he found one he liked. His dick was already leaking precum and lubing the entire process up nicely. He started stroking, listening to the video with headphones.

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Sam put her book down. She thought she'd heard the front door close, but it had been 5 minutes and Jake hadn't appeared. It was like him not to say 'Hi', or come chat before bed. Getting nervous it wasn't Jake that had closed the door, she got up and crept into the

house. No sound, it didn't seem like anyone was home. She walked up the stairs to check if Jake had come home without telling her.

The carpet in the upstairs hall and her sandals meant her footsteps very quiet, not that she was sneaking or anything. As she approached Jake's door she listened for the sound of him in his room. She didn't hear anything, and was getting nervous again. She walked up to the bedroom door and cracked it open a few inches. It was a good thing Jake had headphones in, because the sudden exhalation from his Mom would have given her away for sure. There it was. The Man Cock, in all its glory. Jake was stroking it while at his desk. She didn't move a muscle, this was her chance to really drink the full sight in, and see if it was worth the attention her mind insisted on paying it.

It was exactly as she remembered it from the pool. The head was large and purple, glistening from his precum. It had to be at least 7 or 8 inches long, and so girthy even Jake had a hard time getting his hand all the way around it. He obviously loved paying it special attention the way he was so slowly stroking from the base of it, where there were trimmed pubes, all the way to the top. He would pause to roll his palm around the head before resuming the slow stroke down again.

Sam couldn't believe something so awe-inspiring had grown from her baby's groin. It was a cock made for fucking. Sam pondered how a cock like that would feel in her penis-deprived pussy. She could feel her bikini getting soaked at the thought. Without even realizing it, she had plunged her hand into her suit and pushed a finger, then two, inside of her. Her other hand left the door handle and grabbed a nipple, pinching it firmly then tugging on it. She kept this up for far longer than she should have, but the more her son stroked his cock, the more she wished it was that cock inside of her instead of her fingers. And it was hard to pull away from the vision.

Jake cleared his throat but didn't look around. Sam blinked. She yanked her hand out of her pussy and with her other hand pulled the door silently closed. Turning away from his room, Sam pondered the fact that she had been incredibly close to cumming right there in his doorway. Heading to her own room as fast as she could, she fell on her bed and tore her bikini off. With visions of Jake's cock, her son's cock, in her head, Sam rubbed her way to a mind-shattering orgasm. As her body convulsed in the bed she cried out, "Ohhhh fuck. fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck....HNNNNNUUHHHH!!!"

In her post-orgasm clarity, Sam realized with shock that while she had finally had an orgasm worthy of the word since her husband left, it was thinking of her son's cock that had given it to her. She sighed a long sigh. She wondered if she could cum one more time.

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Jake stopped his stroking and looked up. Was that a sound from downstairs? He didn't want his mom to come up and catch him if she was calling for him, so he pulled his headphones off and walked to the door. Opening it a bit, he listened for her calling. He did hear a cry from down the hall. Walking toward the stairs he realized the sound had come from his parents' room. Stepping closer he listened again. It sounded like moans. He was now right at the door to his Mom's room. Was she hurt? He cracked the door open to check on her and wished she had had headphones or something in her ears, because the gasp that came out of his mouth might have been missed. His Mom was on her bed, naked, with the fingers of one hand plunging over and over into her pussy, her other hand rubbing her clit furiously.

As she turned her head to look towards the door, Jakes saw the same expression on her face from the other night in the pool. Her mouth was open, her brow furrowed, she was panting quickly as she obviously trembled through an orgasm. Jake felt his dick, which had gone most of the way soft, resurge in his shorts. His Mom's eyes

lowered from his face to his groin as the tent in his shorts grew larger. At this sight of the bulge her face went a furious shade of red and her hands redoubled their efforts. Jake stood and watched his Mom's full breasts shake on her chest, the large hard nipples almost vibrating. He took as many details as he could. The shlicking sound her finger made as they dove into her opening over and over. The moisture that covered her pussy as it dripped into her ass crack. The start and stop of her hand rubbing her clit. He could feel his dick pulse at his groin in time with his heartbeat.

Jake stood there for what seemed like an eternity but was probably only 30 seconds before he mumbled, "Sorry." He closed the door. He went back to his room and finished his own masturbation session. Only this time he didn't need porn. He had a mental video to watch over and over again.

The next day Jake woke feeling energetic, like he could run a marathon and have a smile while doing it. He bounced into the bathroom to take a shower and as he undressed it all came flooding back. The memory of his mother masturbating on her bed. Her watching him as she did it.

He was instantly erect. Ducking into the shower, Jake started soaping up his hair. What was he going to do? He didn't mean to intrude like that, but the deed was done and now he was going to have to face her. She hadn't really reacted to him being at the door, which was weird. He thought she would have stopped and tried to cover herself up, but she'd just stared.

He soaped up his erect penis, giving it a thorough wash, as usual. Very thorough. He thought of his Mom and decided that if she wasn't going to acknowledge anything, he wouldn't either. If she was mad, he'd apologize and move on. Jumping out of the shower, his penis still mostly erect but not having cum, he got dressed in his usual board shorts and tank top and headed downstairs.

Downstairs he couldn't see his Mom anywhere. Did she sleep in? Had she left the house? Was she avoiding him? All good questions that had no answers unless he checked around.

Deciding it wasn't worth the effort, they'd run into each when it was time, Jake checked the chore list from his Dad again. He still needed to get the weed whacking done in the backyard. He grabbed his supplies and got to work, still feeling like a million bucks.

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Sam rolled over in bed and grabbed her phone to check the time. 10am?? A week off work should be relaxing enough but the intense session of frigging her pussy had really taken it out of her. She smiled at the memory, how quickly she had cum the first and then the second and then the third time. All because of her...ohhh...right, her son. Jake had seen her.

In the light of day her reaction to him catching her masturbating seemed entirely out of character, but his appearance last night had been perfectly timed. Right in the middle of her second orgasm, him opening the door and her being able to watch the bulge in his shorts grow had inspired another orgasm right away. Or was it just one long orgasm? In any case the sight was exactly what she had needed. A nice capper.

Sam felt fabulous this morning. Like she could ride a bike race or swim 100 laps. The building tension inside of her for the last few days had finally been released and now she could spend her last day off in relaxation and comfort without distractions.

Oh...except Jake. How was he going to react to the spectacle he witnessed? If this was going to be too weird for him, she'd have to sit him down to talk. They had had the talk about masturbation years ago, it wasn't a big deal, but it was always done in private. But what happened when privacy was intruded upon? They had both intruded last night, though he didn't know of his Mom's intrusion.

Figuring it was something to solve if it was actually a problem, Sam got up and showered, making sure to give her lady bits some extra attention. The action last night had left her sensitive and the contact of her fingers caused her to tense up and smile. In her room she dressed in a light yellow sundress that came down to mid-thigh. It showed some cleavage but otherwise was fairly safe.

As she got to the bottom of the stairs she heard the weed whacker going in the backyard. So Jake was up early again. Well she'd leave him to his chores in peace. Grabbing her book she sat down in the living room to read.

After 20 minutes of reading the same paragraph over and over, she gave up and turned on the TV. She was restless. She wanted...something. TV proved to be equally useless in distracting her, so she went to do her own chores. More laundry, some cleaning. At least it distracted her.

By lunch time both mother and son were hungry and ready to eat. Sam headed to make more sandwiches while Jake splashed some water on his face. She heard him approach from behind in the kitchen again, like the day before. The same scenario as before, but this time she deliberately leaned forward and pushed out her butt. It was meant as a joke, to lighten the mood and make him laugh when he saw it. She knew he wouldn't make the same mistake twice of - Sam gasped audibly as she felt her son push up against her butt.

So, the joke backfired. Did he think she wanted him to do that? Just as she was going to spin around to tell him off, she felt the pipe in his shorts push her dress between her cheeks and make contact with the bottom of her pussy. The contact sent a flush of pleasure over her entire body. Her mind went blank and she lost muscle control in her legs, starting to drop to the floor. She didn't go far though as she was now caught between the counter and her son's groin. She did fall enough to cause Jake's massive cock to rub up

her butt to the small of her back, taking her dress with it. She could feel cool air as it breezed onto her now exposed thighs.

Regaining strength in her legs, Sam stood back up, causing the Man Cock to drag back down her ass. She could feel his ball sack rub against her buttocks and then her pussy, and finally he was back to where he started, cock mashed into her.

"Mom, are you okay?" Jake asked. "Sorry for surprising you, I just wanted to say sorry for opening your door without knocking last night," As he said this, he reached his arms around her to give her a hug. A full body hug, just like she liked. She smiled and reached up to pat his arms.

"Let me turn around, honey," she murmured.

Jake released her and she turned around and hugged him right away so he couldn't see how red her face was. This...wasn't any better. Now instead of having her son's cock pushed up against her butt, it was pushed up against her belly. His hot lead pipe throbbed between them. She held on and thought about many things. Her marriage vows. Her husband. A pulsing, throbbing cock. A cock straining up from her son's lap, with precum weeping out of the slit on the top. A Man Cock pushing at her mons right now, only kept away by some fabric and will power.

She started babbling, "Don't worry about last night, Jake. It wasn't your fault, I should have locked the door. How could you have known what I was doing. I don't normally do that but lately I've been missing your Dad a lot and seeing your penis the other day in that speedo I just got carried away and the tension inside me kept building up. I didn't mean to see you masturbating in your room either."

At these words she felt her son's arms tense around her.

She kept going, "I was just checking to see if you were home, I heard the front door close but you didn't say Hi and I was nervous so I opened your door and oh you were in there stroking it, Jake. You were stroking your cock - I mean penis, and it was just so lovely it inspired me to have some fun too. It's me who should apologize for intruding on your privacy, I'm so sorry."

Sam trailed off and stayed with her head buried in her son's chest. A tear trickled down her face and she gave a half sob at having finally released it all in one burst. A different type of catharsis this time, from the one last night. She could feel her son's cock pushing against her, and his arms around her. She could smell the sweat from his chores. Her pussy quivered and her panties flooded.

"Mom? You saw me last night too? I guess we're even then," he said.

She could hear the smile in her son's voice and raised her head to look him in the eye.

He was smiling, he looked relieved. He went on, "I was so nervous you were going to be mad at me."

"Oh Honey I am not mad. I'm embarrassed, not mad. What do you think, can we forgive each other and move on?" she asked.

He nodded and said, "Definitely. I wouldn't want to miss out on any hugs."

She saw him glance down and followed his gaze. There, showing through the straining fabric were her nipples poking out, obviously as hard as they'd ever been. She blushed even more and grinned.

"I enjoy the hugs as well," and leaning back she looked way down to where their groins were still straining together.

He laughed and reached down to her hips to give her an extra hard push. She could feel his penis pulse as he did it. She laughed as well and struck him on the chest, lightly.

"I'm not sure how many of those type hugs we should indulge in," she said.

Her son shrugged. "As many as we need to, I guess. I've been pretty distracted the last few days as well, with you wearing that bikini. Maybe we can save the hugs for when either of us get 'distracted', to help with releasing some tension."

"That might work," she responded. She was sure that it would not be something she'd be asking him for, it'd be a one-way street from him. She knew teenagers. But a harmless hug now and then was the least she could do to help him out.

Finally parting, mother and son took a step back. Sam looked at the half-made lunch. "I'm going to finish making lunch, do you want to help?" She looked back up to his face.

He was still giving occasional looks at her breasts but answered with an affirmative nod, "I'd love to."

After lunch it was determined that they would do some laps together. Sam put on her bikini and Jake his speedo, and they dove in together to leisurely swim back and forth. The cool water caused Sam's nipples to almost bust through her top, which was a delight for Jake, and every time he looked too long his dick would spring out of his speedo, which made Sam laugh throatily, her eyes on the thick shaft and bulbous head. Jake asked for a special hug whenever it happened, which Sam was happy to provide. She delighted in the heat she could feel from his cock when it was pressed up against her, and before long she was pushing back just as hard. Then they'd float for a while to let his cock calm down and go back to the laps.

The third time it happened, Sam murmured into Jake's ear as they hugged, "You know we can't keep these special hugs up once your father gets home. He'd never understand why a mother and son were being so...close."

"I know," Jake replied, his voice low. "I'm glad we can have them now, but I'll be bummed when it's all over. When is he coming home?" he asked, with an obvious hopeful lilt.

"In a few days, Wednesday or Thursday," Sam replied.

"So we've got the few days then, that's good." Jake reluctantly let go of his mother. "You know...I've got to warn you," he said, holding on to her shoulders. "There's been a monster sighting in the area."

Sam's eyes widened, and with a shriek she lunged backwards in the pool. As a little boy he had chased her in the pool, pretending he was a monster. She always acted scared for him and ran away, only letting him catch up after a while and letting him tickle her. It was easy when he was small, but he was not small anymore. Now he was a grown man and a good swimmer. Sam only made it to the far edge of the pool before he caught up with her, digging his fingers into her sides. She laughed as she thrashed in the water, trying to escape from him. He stepped closer to wrap his arms around her to keep her from getting away and in the process ended up giving her another special hug from behind.

Sam didn't flinch at the lump she felt pressing into her butt. Instead she used it, rubbing her ass even harder against it. It felt molten hot compared to the cool water and she wanted nothing more than to feel it all over her. The extra pressure on his dick caused Jake to stop paying attention to his Mom. Spinning within her son's arms, Sam went on the offensive, digging her fingers into his sides and armpits. Jake bellowed in surprise and leapt back to get away from her, but Sam pursued him, keeping her fingers in the tickle spots. This ended up with Jake diagonally backwards in the water with Sam

on top of him. As he continued to move away, his cock, still hard and thrusting out the top of his speedo, dragged from her belly, up her torso and hit the perfect spot. Perfect in that the head of his cock dug under the bottom of her bikini top and was pushed between her breasts as he continued to move up her torso.

In fact, the thrust was enough to push his speedo down to his upper thighs, freeing the full length of his rampant penis, which was then buried between his mother's breasts. The feel of warm soft flesh wrapped around the cock that had been teased all day was enough to cause an explosion.

Sam, on feeling her son penetrate her cleavage with his spear, went into panic mode again. She frantically regained her feet and stood up to pull her top off of the volcano of semen spewing towards her chin. She was free in only a couple seconds but that was enough time for a rope of pearly baby batter to streak her face from chin to eyebrow, crossing over her mouth. She wiped it off with her hand like it was a spider crawling across her face but not quick enough to prevent his semen from getting inside her mouth. Not quick enough to prevent the musky, slippery substance from registering on her tongue.

Jake meanwhile crashed down into the water, still cumming. How do you not drown while cumming? He had to roll over on his front and stand up, little semen fishes trailing away from the head of his dick. He turned around to check his Mom, who was standing behind him now, to see that she was just standing still, eyes closed.

He started to babble, "Mom, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean for that to happen, I slipped out of my speedo, and \*it\* just went in there, and then it felt so good feeling your boobs pressed up against it, and I've never had another person touch it before and after all our hugs today I was feeling really good and I guess I was just a hair trigger away from cumming but I would never have done that to you on purpose. You've just been so sexy since you started wearing that

bikini and I haven't been able to keep my eyes off of you and I'm basically a walking hardon when I'm around you and I promise I won't do it again."

He finally stopped, waiting to see how his Mom would react. She stood there, breathing slowly, her mouth moving without opening.

"Mom?" Jake tried again, "Are you okay?"

He sounded so worried that Sam had to reassure him, "I'm fine honey, just give me a second."

She continued to work her mouth around, and then it opened and her tongue slipped out to lick around her mouth as if looking for a morsel of food left behind. Sighing, she gave up and opened her eyes.

"Jake, I know you didn't have any control over that happening, it was an accident, like what we did in the kitchen. The fact that these accidents keep happening is bad enough without my son's cum getting in my mouth."

Jake goggled at his mother's choice of words. He smiled a bit as he watched her lick all the way around her mouth. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Trying to see if there's any left on my face. Do you see any?" She looked at him expectantly.

"No, I think you got it all. I am really sorry," Jake said.

"I know honey. I am starting to wonder what is going on here. It's like a porno or something. This doesn't happen in real life, does it?" The smirk she sent his way as she said this told him she was kidding but he decided to play with it.

"It must happen in real life. If this was a porno I'd be delivering a pizza to you here in the pool in my speedo."

They both laughed and got out of the pool. "I'm going to shower and then watch a movie, care to join me?" Sam asked. "For the movie," she added.

Jake smiled and nodded. They took their respective showers and he went down to wait for her in the living room, wearing loose tennis shorts and a t-shirt.

Sam returned to her bedroom after she showered and slumped down on the bed. What was she doing? This was not okay. This was not what mothers did with their sons. Her reactions to seeing his penis she could forgive. The business in the kitchen and pool was much harder to forgive. It came down to how much fun she was having with Jake. She felt sexy and alive, her heart beat faster when they hugged. She could feel her pussy react when his cock was pushed up against her. The taboo of being close to her son physically was like a drug and she was having a hard time saying no.

Where would she go with this? Where could she go? The way they were headed, they could definitely go too far. Have sex with her son? She almost physically recoiled at the thought. That was not going to happen. She couldn't stop being around him, but she could set limits. Be the adult. Fun was fun, but there was a line she couldn't cross.

Eventually Sam came down to the living room. She was dressed in shorts and a button up shirt and she sat down on the opposite end of the couch from her son. She waited for him to stop looking at her chest, and when he looked up to her eyes, she was glad to see him blush. She maintained eye contact.

"First, what we did today was in some dangerous territory. We both had fun, I won't deny that, but I think we were going a bit far. Let's just enjoy each other's company and forget the other stuff, okay?"

Jake nodded, but she could see the disappointment in his face.

"What did you want to watch?" Sam asked.

"Let's see what's on." Jake started to flip through the streaming options, looking for something that would entertain them both. After a while he settled on a stand up comedy special. It was safe, they both enjoyed stand-up.

They settled in to watch and before long they realized that the choice wasn't exactly safe. The comedian was using a lot of humour around sex, and the jokes were getting pretty graphic. Any normal day Jake would be getting uncomfortable watching this stuff with his Mom, but after today it was like a match in a gunpowder room.

They were on opposite ends of the couch but that lasted exactly 5 minutes. She moved over and lay on her side with her head on his lap, asking, "Is this okay?"

Jake could only nod. Despite the hugs and attention today, he had never had anyone actually near his crotch. Did she want to just watch the special? Was it okay that his dick was now growing under her head?

Sam wondered how far she could go and keep things at a safe level. The images being drawn in her mind by the jokes reminded her too much of the feelings she was having earlier. The good fun feelings. She thought that putting her head on his lap, while risky, could also be seen as just innocent cuddling.

The innocence certainly didn't last long. She could feel his cock expanding under her head. It took so little time for young men to show their appreciation, she thought. She lay there for a while but before long the lump was too uncomfortable to lie on. Putting her hand under her head as a buffer had the other benefit of placing it directly on top of her son's cock. Well. Maybe it wasn't so bad to

have some fun. Her heart sped up in her chest and she could feel her pussy responding to the Man Cock under her hand.

Jake sat and pretended to watch the TV but his entire being was concentrated on the feeling of his mother's hand on his dick. He moved his hand from the back of the couch where it was draped, to her hip. Slowly he moved on up her side, pausing now and then to see if she would object. Eventually he reached his objective: Her right breast. He placed his hand casually on it, as if he had every right to be there. He felt his Mom give the lightest squeeze on his dick. Was it an accident? Should he respond? He gave an answering squeeze, feeling her nipple in the center of his palm. His Mom gave another squeeze of his dick, a bit harder this time. He responded, also more firmly. This time hefting it through her shirt and bra, feeling the weight of it.

Sam gasped as her son groped her breast. Her heart was beating very fast now and she felt light headed, apart from herself. As if watching from above the couch instead of on it. She gave a firmer squeeze on his cock and this time the response was even more immediate, as she felt it expand under her hand. This was fine. She could handle this. She knew when to stop. In the meantime, she really couldn't say no.

Jake moved his thumb to the crest of her breast, to find her nipple. It was easy, because it was hard. He moved his thumb over her nipple, caressing it, back and forth. Taking as much as he could between his thumb and forefinger, he pulled it out away from her chest. The shirt was getting annoying.

He heard his Mom murmur, "Harder."

He took even more of her nipple and pulled out farther. Again, the shirt and bra were in the way of getting a good grip. He felt a rumble in her chest as she groaned next to him. All the while her

hand kept up the squeezing. No rubbing, no pushing. Just a regular squeeze.

Sam was thrilled at the pleasure he was giving her via her nipple. The sensations rippled through her down to her pussy, causing her to push her thighs together. The clothing was not the best. She wanted to feel his hand on her naked flesh, but that was heading down a dangerous path again. Maybe if they just continued with what they were doing, they could finish with their clothes on.

Jake couldn't read his mother's mind. He was frustrated by the clothes in the way of her breast, and the shorts between her hand and his dick.

"Can you sit up for a second Mom?" he asked. She did and he stood up and shucked off his shirt, shorts and underwear. Blushing furiously, but also thinking he had read the signs his Mom was giving, he stood there defiantly.

Sam stared at her son for a minute. She looked at his muscular chest, his narrow waist and his gorgeous cock standing at attention for her. She felt her pussy, drenched in her own juices, inside of her panties. She felt the pleasure tingling in the nipple he'd been playing with. She decided that some things were worth the risk, as long as they didn't go too far.

She licked her lips and said softly, "You know what? I got a taste of something earlier today, and I think it's time for the full meal deal."

Getting down on her knees, Sam took Jake's cock in her right hand, near the base. She pushed his dick upwards so it was pointing straight upwards and leaned in. Sticking her tongue out, Sam slowly licked the magnificent Man Cock from the base all the way up to his pulsing purple head. She revelled in the taste of him. His musk. As she got to the top, she wrapped her tongue around his head, snake-like. Tasting, smelling him. There was a bead of precum seeping out of his slit already and she used her tongue to lap it up. The taste

was exactly as she remembered in the pool. An intoxicating taste that she would never get tired of.

Jake watched as his mother finished licking the head of his dick. Watched as she lowered her head to his ballsack and first sniffed and then took first one ball, and then the other into her mouth. Gently swirling her tongue around his sack, she peered up at him. It wasn't possible, and yet it happened. His dick got even harder. It pulsed and expanded visibly in front of both of them. Another bead of precum seeped out of his slit, causing her to let his ball sack fall out of her mouth to chase it. She pulled his dick down and opening up her lips just enough, covered the very top of his head. She sucked at the opening and seemed in doing so to be sucking his soul out of his body. His legs lost power and he had to sit down. She followed him, moving to between his legs as he slumped onto the couch.

Sam swirled the precum around in her mouth. Whatever was going on in her son's body, it produced a substance that was like catnip for her. The taste spoke directly to her brain. It caused her pussy to spasm as if she was orgasming, and her nipples tingled in the most distracting way. The combination was a sensation she wouldn't give up easily. Dipping her mouth down again, she licked all around her son's cock head, making sure there was nothing left over. She then gave the same long slow lick from base to head, pushing on the urethra to try and push more of that wonderful elixir out. She did get some, but it wasn't enough. She needed more of it. Glancing up at Jake's face, she slowly opened her lips, just enough to take his head into her mouth. His Man Cock was too large for her to take all of it, but she thought that if she could use her tongue and throat to simulate a pussy, she could get out of tonight with only a blowjob. Despite the way things were progressing, she had no intention of letting her son fuck her.

"Is it okay if I do this?" his Mom asked.

Jake swallowed and nodded. He'd never had a blowjob before. The exquisite feeling of his Mom's mouth as she milked his dick with her tongue, sucking as she pulled her mouth up and then pushing his dick back into her mouth again. It seemed like she was trying to swallow him whole. The up and down motion, the tight seal she had on his dick, it all combined to cause him to orgasm fairly quickly. He wasn't ashamed, there was no room for shame in his mind at that moment. It was just pleasure.

Sam smiled inwardly. She had a knack for blowjobs and even if this was her son, she wasn't going to do it half way. She could feel his cock expand in her mouth just before he came, so was prepared for the torrent of man seed that shot into her mouth. Keeping her mouth sealed around his head she swallowed as much as she could as it was delivered to her. The taste was even more lovely than his precum. What was it about her son's semen that tasted so good? Maybe she could bottle it and sell it as an aphrodisiac. She was sure Jake would be happy to provide plenty of samples.

As her son's orgasm subsided, Sam stopped having to swallow and could dedicate her attention to cleaning him up with her tongue. She was very thorough and got every inch of his cock. It was only fair that she got as much flavour as she could, he was the one who got to cum after all.

With one final slow suck, she pulled her mouth off of his softening tool with an audible 'Pop!' Jake had his head back on the couch, in another world. This was the type of thing they launched 1000 ships for. He lifted his head to look at his Mom. She was on her knees in front of him, looking like the cat that swallowed the canary.

"That. was. a. maze. ing," he said.

His Mom grinned. "I'm glad you liked it. I've never had any complaints."

She stood up and Jake surged to his feet as well. "My turn!" he blurted out. "I can make you feel like that too."

She smiled and patted his cheek. "I had my fun last night, I am satisfied. I know how teenage boys are, so I am glad I could help you relieve more tension."

Jake shook his head frantically. "No, no way Mom. I owe you one, I will do you just like you did me."

His Mom tilted her head and gave a sad smile before replying, "No Jake I don't think so. We've gone far enough. Like I said, it is too dangerous. Best leave it as we are and forget about it."

Jake frowned. He could feel the moment evaporating. Like his window of opportunity was closing. He leaned in and kissed her, wrapping his arms around her and pressing his body to hers in a full body hug. She froze for a second but as he moved his lips on her, she slowly relaxed. Her mouth responded to his, opening to let his tongue dart to hers.

Sam exalted in her son's kiss. His lips were firm but his tongue soft, lashing at hers slowly. The kiss wasn't the only thing though. She could feel his cock against her belly. It had softened after he came, but was now growing again. The feel of it snaking up her body was distracting. The feel of it's solidity growing against her mons was even more distracting. This male body in her arms wasn't her son anymore, it was the body of her lover. She could feel him take his arms from around her and grope at the buttons of her shirt. Could she let him go that far? Jake was quick. He had three buttons undone of her shirt before she knew it. Before long the entire shirt was open and he was massaging breasts in her bra.

"MMMmmphh!" she said. He released her lips and she said, "Just take it all off!"

He grinned a sideways grin that made her heart flip in her chest. He tore the shirt off of her arms and then reached around to her bra. It soon followed and mother and son embraced, skin to skin. Her breasts squished up against his chest, her nipples drilling into his. The new sensations were intoxicating, enough that she didn't realize he had undone her shorts as well and was now removing them.

She tried to stop him but it was too late, the shorts dropped down her legs with nothing to stop them. The removal of her shorts and the wet panties meant there was almost nothing between Man Cock and her pussy. The pleasure of his cock pressing up against her was so close to perfect. She hooked her fingers into her panties and pushed them off, pressing her pussy against his magnificent meat. As they kissed, arms pulling and squeezing, nails scratching, their genitalia were as close as any could get without intercourse.

Eventually Jake pulled back. "Mom, I know you want to not do this, and we can stop soon. But I want to return the favour you gave me earlier."

He steered her to the couch and lay her down. She looked up at him wonderingly as he kneeled down between her legs.

He paused to take in what he was seeing. Her pussy was mostly shaved, with just a landing strip at the top. It was moist, and as she spread her legs to give him access, her vulva spread open like a blossoming flower. As it spread apart he was able to see all of her. And perched at the top, wearing a hat like a pope was her clitoris poking out. He wasn't any kind of expert, but it looked engorged.

Bringing his face down to her crotch, Jake started by breathing on her. Letting her know that he was there. He gave little kisses along her thighs, almost nibbling. He stared at his mother's pussy from 2 inches away and then in one move he did the exact same thing she'd done earlier. Starting at the bottom, he licked all the way to her clit. He didn't linger, instead dragging his tongue all the way

down again until he hit her entrance. He flicked his tongue inside of her and then did the same lick all the way to her clit. This time he lingered, slowly massaging her clit with his tongue, before stopping altogether. He moved his mouth over to her labia and sucked each side into his mouth to lather them with his tongue. Sucking lightly before letting them slide out again.

Sam jolted at each new sensation created by Jake's mouth. She could feel an orgasm slowly building inside of her. If he could keep it up for a little while longer...

"That's it Jake, keep going!" she cried out.

Jake moved down to his mother's entrance and speared his tongue inside as far as he could. Once inside he moved his tongue around the entrance as slowly as he could, while bringing his hand up to assist. He pushed one finger inside of her pussy while trailing his tongue back up to her clit. As he leisurely plunged one and then two fingers in and out of her pussy he started an attack on her clit. First by flicking it with the very end of his stiffened tongue as fast as he could and then moving to a sucking motion.

Sam writhed on the couch. This was it. If he just went a little further...

"That's it, baby, keep going, I'm almost there!" she screamed.

Jake stopped. His Mom looked up.

"Why did you stop, you were doing a great job," she said. Her face was flushed. That same look was on her face, the look that he loved now.

"I know Mom but I didn't want to wear you out. I need to test something."

Sam dropped her head back on the couch. Frustrating boy! "What you were doing was perfect, son. You don't need to test anything else."

"All that I did to you was what I've read on the Internet. It's all new to me, so I've got one more thing I've been wanting to do, dying to do," he said with a smile.

Jake climbed up onto the couch with her, between her legs.

"I have to taste your nipples," he said, as he laid himself down on top of her.

Sam smiled and reaching up, pushed her fingers into his hair. It had been 17 years since he last breast-fed but here he was, about to do it again. He latched onto her right nipple, using his hand on the other one. She smiled and let the feelings wash over her as he suckled and nipped and licked all over her breast. This was perfect. This was something she could enjoy for hours on end. A man's body on top of her, a mouth suckling on her breast, a hard cock pushing into her.

What?

Jake was too interested in his Mom's breasts to really pay attention to what else was going on. Sure his dick was very close to her pussy, but he wasn't thinking about that. He had nipples to play with. Eventually he realized that there was a very warm hugging sensation around the head of his dick. A very wet, very warm all encompassing squeezing sensation on his dick.

Sam didn't freeze up this time. She started to push on Jake's shoulders as she realized that his cock head was spreading her lips. It was seeking for a safe harbour in the wrong place. As Jake nuzzled at her breast and unconsciously thrust his hips, the bulbous head of that beautiful Man Cock was snaking its way into her pussy.

"No, Jake...you can't. You can't fuck me, son. Take your cock out of me, please!" she said urgently.

Jake heard his mother and felt her fists on his shoulders, and so lifted his head up off of her chest.

"What?" he said as if in a trance.

He lifted his body and looked down to where his dick was perfectly lined up with the entrance to his Mom's pussy. The head was already causing her opening to stretch, to expand to accommodate his girth.

"Sorry!" he said, and braced his arms on the couch on either side of her to lift himself off of her. He could feel resistance to going any further inside of her, and so stopped.

"Don't worry Mom I don't think it can go any further, I think I'm too big." He smiled down at her, still with his dick head plugged into the entrance of her vagina.

Sam groaned as she felt her son's cock head slowly expand her opening. She let out a cry as she felt his cock head pop inside of her. She'd never taken something so wide before. She was stretched as far as she could go, but it was only at her entrance. Sam realized something, laying there with her son's cock poised to plunge further inside of her. This is what she had been craving. This was the object of her lust for the last several days, and she had full access to it. It could be hers, as much as she wanted. She just had to take it. Hesitantly, she spread her legs wider to give him room to plunge further, all he had to do was take the opportunity.

Jake's mouth dropped open as he felt his dick notch itself inside of his Mom's pussy. It grabbed his head in a hot vice and wouldn't let go. He tensed to pull himself up, as he should have done right away, but his Mom spread her legs more, causing him to sink another inch inside her pussy.

"Mom?" Jake started to say, but Sam interrupted him by grabbing his face and planting a kiss on his mouth. He closed his eyes as he felt her tongue dart out of her mouth and caress his lips. He returned the favour and was surprised at how wet his Mom's mouth was. They took turns thrusting their tongues, playing, chasing.

It was too much to ask Jake to pay attention to the kiss and ignore his instincts. His dick was warm and surrounded by wet flesh for the first two inches. He wanted to bury it, push it in all the way. But his Mom had clearly said no just a minute ago. How to reconcile the two opposing edicts? Maybe she had changed her mind? He tried to pull his mouth away to ask her but she wouldn't have it, kissing him again.

Sam could feel her pussy leaking around her son's cock. The portion that was in her, anyways. What was he doing? She had spread her legs to give him the hint to keep going, but something within her couldn't say it out loud. If he didn't get the hint, she might lose the wonderful love tool that was so ready to satisfy her every need. She rolled her hips up, and felt more of his cock enter her. Each new section of cock was a revelation. She needed more, all of it.

Jake felt his Mom roll her hips and his eyes widened as more of his dick entered her. She moaned into his mouth, letting the kiss break as her eyes rolled back. Her face took on an expression that was becoming familiar to him now. He watched her chin quiver and her mouth hung open, her eyes closed shut and her brow furrowed as her orgasm took over. He could feel her pussy clench even tighter around the 2.5 inches of his dick that was buried inside of her. Her pussy squeezed in waves, and each wave gobbled up more of his dick. Before long he was buried all the way inside of her, his balls against her ass. This was right. This is what his dick had been telling him to do. He wanted more of that.

Once her orgasm subsided, Sam paused to get used to the feeling of being so full. Her son's Man Cock was reaching places inside of her

that she didn't know were reachable. She could feel every bump and vein of his cock as he slowly pulled out of her.

"I didn't mean to Mom, it slipped," he said.

She realized that he thought he had been the one to bury himself inside of her. Shifting her hips, she arranged for the best angle for him to plunge all the way back in again. She smiled up at him and wrapped her legs around his back.

"Please don't stop," Sam said.

Jake, while being inexperienced, was like all teenage boys. He was enthusiastic. He pushed his cock back into her and she let out a primal scream, feeling every inch of the cock that was penetrating her. Her juices flowed, keeping his cock lubricated as he took over the pleasurable task of fucking his mother.

He stared down at her chest at her nipples, watching her breasts bounce in time with his thrusts. He leaned down and took a nipple into his mouth, giving a sharp hard suck.

Sam cried out as she felt the dual sensations of her nipple and pussy being pleased. She could feel her body tensing as the pleasure built in her groin, until she came again. Grasping her son's head to her chest, she squeezed with her thighs until he groaned in pain. It was hard to acknowledge his pain when it felt like lightning in her pussy and nipple at the same time. She could feel her juices soaking the couch beneath them. She had never been a squirter, but it appeared that her son had discovered a new side of her.

Once again Sam's contracting pussy squeezed down on her son's cock, but this time it was the full length of it. She smiled, remembering that it was those waves of contractions that always caused her husband to cum with her, filling her with his load. Suddenly it dawned on her that her son couldn't cum in her. Not ever. This was another reason penetration was off limits. Bill had had

a vasectomy years ago, and she wasn't on the pill. Her son could get her pregnant!

As she tried to push Jake off of her she felt that it was too late. The loving squeeze of her maternal vagina on the full length of his cock had been too much for the teenager. With a final push, he buried his penis into her, the slit on his head kissing her cervix. He bellowed from his perch on top of her as his cock started delivering millions of sperm directly into the entrance of her womb. She could feel his cock pulse inside of her over and over as he completed the mother and son mating.

Jake had never cum so hard before, he was sure. He lay still, the entire length of his cock seated inside of his Mom. It was so surreal, being so close to her, both of them sweaty, both of them breathing hard, both of them in the afterglow of an orgasm. He lifted his head up to look at her and was alarmed to see a tear running down the side of her face.

"Is that a good tear?" he asked.

Sam shook her head no, and then nodded yes. Her son's brow furrowed trying to figure out what she meant. She gave a half laugh and hugged her arms around his head, planting kisses all over his face before ending at his mouth. They kissed as they had while mating. Tongues dancing, lips fused together. He leaned on one arm and used the other to grab her breast, massaging it, rubbing his palm over her nipple. They were still joined at the hip, with his hard cock buried within her. He could feel himself going soft and eventually he slipped out of her pussy altogether, leaving a trail of their mixed cum on the couch.

"I think we're going to have to clean the couch," he said, pulling his mouth away reluctantly.

Sam smiled and nodded. She was already missing the feeling of being full of cock. She could feel her son's cum dripping out of her

pussy in a stream down her ass crack. She clenched her kegels and felt another gush of cum ooze out. She lay with her son on her chest and closed her eyes to revel in the feelings of closeness and love she felt for him. A few minutes later she tapped him on the chest a couple times to get him to let her up.

Untangling their limbs, they sat up on the couch. Sam thought there could be some awkwardness between them now but in actuality she didn't feel it. She thought maybe her son would take some time to adjust to the act they had just performed. She needn't have worried. As she stood up and started grabbing her clothes she saw that he was staring at her.

"Hey Mom, when can we do that again?"

Sam smiled but it slipped from her face. "Oh Jake, I'm not sure we can ever do that again. At least not the same way." She hesitated and went on, "I'm not on the pill and we didn't use a condom. That's how babies are made, you know."

He rolled his eyes.

"Yeah Mom, I know. Sorry for cumming inside you without protection. It all happened so naturally, I didn't even think about it."

Sam nodded. "This is a good lesson for a young man about how teen pregnancies happen," she said, with a lecturing tone.

"What will we do? Are you pregnant now?" he returned, completely ignoring the words and tone. He was looking at her belly.

Sam laughed and said, "Oh I doubt I'm pregnant already, it doesn't happen that fast. First your swimmers have to make their way to my egg and fertilize it, and there has to be an egg there to fertilize." Talking about his swimmers reminded her of how they were delivered. Her nipples tightened to hard points, and Jake didn't miss it happening.

"I love your breasts, Mom. I just love them."

Sam dropped her clothes and walked to stand between his legs where he sat on the couch. She wrapped her arms around his head and pulled him to her.

"I love that you love them. They're very sensitive when they're hard, but they love to be gently sucked."

He looked up at her and then gently wrapped his lips around her right nipple. He sucked gently on it, rolling his tongue over the end. She smiled down at him and smoothed his hair while he suckled. She flashed back to when she fed him from the same breasts. A twinge of nostalgia rushed through her, making her wish she still had milk for him.

Looking past his head, Sam saw the towering penis jutting from his crotch. She smiled and pushed him back on the couch.

Here, I can give you a more comfortable position," she said.

She lifted a knee up onto the couch and then straddled his lap. He'd already cum inside of her once today, another time wouldn't make any difference. If this was to be the last time they did this, it was better to create more memories.

She pushed her breasts into his face again, while sitting down on his legs, her pussy pressed up against the now resurgent cock. She trapped it between them and rubbed her clit along it, riding up and down it with an exquisitely pleasurable friction. He took the hint and latched on to a nipple again, wrapping his arms around her back to hold her in place. As she rode up and down his cock, she concentrated on all of the sensations. The feelings of being there, with her son, sharing the physicality of their bodies with each other. As Jake pulled his mouth off of her nipple to swap to the other one she reached down between them to grasp his penis. She lifted up onto her knees and pulled the Man Cock towards her, plugging the

head into her entrance. His prick was still moist from their first fucking only minutes ago and she was still drenched. The combo meant that she was able to slide down his cock in one single motion.

Jake shuddered as his Mom slid down his dick. He locked onto her other nipple and suckled while she started riding up and down again, this time with his dick inside of her. She had complete control, and she used it to perfection to keep the pace slow but steady. The exertion caused her to start sweating and breathing hard. He reached down to her wide hips and grabbed on, lifting in concert with her to make it easier. He also used the extra leverage to start pushing his hips up as she bottomed out, mashing his pubic bone into her clit.

"Ohhhhhh..huh...huh...huh...huh," she started to give a little cry each time she landed in his lap, his dick fully inside of her.

Sweat started to drip off her forehead and she put her head down on his shoulder. She kept on fucking him though, without stopping or slowing down, in fact she sped up until the room was filled with the sounds of her cries and his dick being swallowed over and over again by her saturated pussy.

As Sam rode her son she could feel her newest orgasm developing. With each downward plunge, her body tensed until she could hold it no more and she collapsed in his lap, her legs and arms quivering. Her head hung down, forehead on his shoulder as she tried to catch her breath. A few seconds later she realized he hadn't cum, and was still rock hard inside of her pussy.

"Can you cum again? Are you close?" she asked.

He nodded, and said, "I was almost there when you stopped."

"Oh, sorry," she gasped but with a smile to show she wasn't really sorry.

"That's okay, I got this," and so saying, he rolled her to his side and lay her out on the couch again.

She shivered as she hit the wet spot from the first time, but also regretted the loss of his cock inside of her. He leaned over her and held her legs up against his chest. He reached down with one hand and slotted his head into her pussy. Slowly at first but then picking up speed, her son fucked her. He is fucking me, she thought. My son is pushing his penis inside of me, and I love it.

Sam thought she was probably done orgasming but was more than happy for him to keep on fucking her. As she lay there, her legs in the air and her son's cock pistoning inside of her, she wanted this to never end. She wanted this monster dong, this Man Cock to be available to her any time, day or night.

Before long her son growled and pushed his cock in as far as it could go for the last time, as she felt him start to pulse. Yet again his seed was being delivered into her womb, doing its best to find her egg and start a new life within her body. Her heart soared at the thought of carrying her son's baby. Her breasts growing along with her belly, ready to provide food for both of her children. But her mind rejected the thought. There was no way anything good could come of a pregnancy. Her marriage would fall apart and she would be left with nothing to care for the new baby. She loved her husband and would not want to hurt him for anything, even the expression of her love for her son.

Jake eventually reluctantly pulled his dick out of his mother. His semen drooled off of it and pooled on the couch in the same spot as before. It really would need a cleaning. He sat back and watched her lie there, more of his cum dripping out of her pussy. It wasn't his favourite thing to see normally in porn, but this was different. This was his cum, and it was from his orgasm into his Mom. It was a special reminder of their love.

Mother and Son eventually rolled off of the couch to pick up their things. They had to go shower all over again but they did so separately. They agreed to split up and sleep in their own beds. They weren't a couple, and this was not a long time thing. Her husband, his father, would be home in a few days and there was no point in making more trouble than had already been made.

The next day Sam took the couch cushion apart to clean it and they went to work and school as normal.

An abnormal week, over?

## Sam and Jake Pt. 02

Sam spent Monday morning at work getting back up to speed. A week off of work meant a lot of emails to read and respond to, and it was noon by the time she was done. Slipping out for lunch, she stopped by a pharmacy to get the morning after pill. It was the only thing that made sense but she still felt a twinge of regret upon taking it. The path not taken.

Now with her head freed from work and worry, she turned her attention to memories of last night. She felt a twinge whenever she sat down as a physical reminder of it. His size, his enthusiasm.

In the light of day her mind was a mix of regret and joy. It should never have happened, and who knew how it would affect her relationship with her son, but it had been so very good. Never before had any other lover clicked with her needs so completely. There was usually some awkwardness and some feeling out as her lovers got accustomed to what she liked and how she liked it. Last night it was very smooth and natural.

Sam pushed down those thoughts. That way lay madness. She was determined that her and Jake put the last 24 hours behind themselves. All they had to do was return to the world as it was last week.

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Jake spent the day at school with his head in the clouds. He did nothing but replay the memories of last night over and over in his head. It was incredible to him, what he and his Mom had done. He knew it was wrong but he didn't care. It had been his first time having sex and it had lived up to every one of his dreams. All he could think about was doing it again of course, but they had both agreed it couldn't happen again. Well. His mother had agreed. He

had gone along because it made sense but that didn't mean he wouldn't jump at the chance if it came up again.

Jake got home at 3 and noticed a plain brown box on the step as he walked up to the door. Grabbing it he saw it was addressed to his Mom, so he left it on the kitchen counter.

He finished some homework and went for a swim but his heart wasn't into it. He wanted his Mom to get home. He knew nothing would happen, he just wanted to spend time with her.

At 4pm he wandered into the kitchen and looked at the box. It had to be the gardening equipment she had ordered. Thinking he could get it set up or put away, Jake opened the box. Inside was a colourful box with the words 'Peter Pounder' on it, with a picture of a very lifelike, though large, penis. He half-laughed and picked up the box to get a closer look. His Mom bought a dildo! He glanced down at his crotch in his shorts and wondered, it seemed like it could be close to his size.

He thought about his Mom using it on herself and couldn't see it. It didn't seem like her type of thing. Besides, she didn't need this type of thing if she had a real life alternative.

He left the opened shipping box on the counter for his Mom to find. He figured there wasn't any point in hiding the fact that he found it. They might even laugh about it.

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Sam got home, tired and ready to sit down for a while before dinner. She dropped her stuff at the door and spotted the opened box on the counter. There it was, sitting proudly perched upright inside, the dildo she'd ordered a couple days ago. She giggled nervously as she realized Jake must have opened it. What did he think? As she looked at it in the flesh, so to speak, it was pretty close to the one her son

was packing in his underwear. His balls were bigger, she noted, critically.

Jake came downstairs after he heard her moving around. He smiled.

"Looks like you really know what you like," he said. "Is this to replace the real thing?"

Sam stiffened. "That's not how a son talks to his mother. Remember that we're moving on from yesterday, right?" Her words were more severe than her tone.

Jake nodded. "Sorry, it slipped. I'll be better."

He walked up and gave her a hug. She returned it with a squeeze. "How are you?" she said into his shoulder.

"Do you mean: 'Am I scarred for life?'" he asked.

She nodded.

"I am just fine. I had a great day, though I didn't hear much of my classes. Last night was the best day of my life. I wouldn't trade it for anything."

"I'm glad you're not scarred." She hesitated and then said, "I enjoyed it very much too. I wouldn't say it was the best decision I have ever made, but I also wouldn't take it back. But that is in the past."

They stood there in silence for another 30 seconds, enjoying the hug. Sam was surprised that she didn't feel anything growing below but she was also proud of her son. He was doing his best to follow her wishes.

Jake fought harder to not get an erection during that hug than he ever had. All of his old tricks while also blocking out the feel of his

Mom's tits pushed against his chest. It was difficult, but it was what his Mom would want. No temptation, just a mother and son hug.

They parted, and Sam went to grab a drink and sit down for a bit. "TV later?" she asked.

He grinned and nodded. "Love to."

They continued in this routine for the next two days. Neither of them speaking of their adventures on Sunday, but both aware of the other in a way they'd never had before. They got back into a rhythm of companionship that was comfortable without being intimate.

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Wednesday arrived, the day Bill was to return home.

Sam got a text as she was driving home from her husband. He was in a taxi on the way to the house. She smiled and then panicked a bit. Had they cleaned everything up? Was there any evidence of Sunday they'd missed? She started driving faster to get home before him, but then forced herself to slow down. They hadn't missed anything. She had gone over the place with a special eye for anything out of place. She'd even put the dildo away in her dresser.

She had missed her husband and would show him how much tonight in bed.

Just as she pulled into their driveway Bill's taxi pulled away. Sam parked and hopped out of her car, quickly joining Bill at the door. She could feel her smile practically splitting her face in two. She wrapped him up in a big hug, but was disappointed to only feel a limp arm around her back. Bill gave her a quick kiss but it wasn't a passionate kiss of a person missing their lover. It was the kiss of a husband and wife who've been together for 20 years. She buried her feeling of dissatisfaction though when she looked at his face and saw the fatigue drawn in his features.

"Long flight?" she asked.

He nodded wearily. "Very. I got rerouted through Chicago. I should have been home hours ago. Are you good? I'm going to lie down for a while."

Sam was glad to have him back, but recognized she'd have to wait for a more energetic greeting. "I'm good, you go lie down," she said. "Do you want me to call you for dinner? I was going to make some chicken."

"Yes please. I haven't eaten anything normal in days it feels like."

He entered the house while Sam returned to her car for her things. She tried to shake off the lack of enthusiasm he normally would show on a return from a trip. It was nothing.

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Jake popped his head into the house through the patio door.

"Hey Dad, welcome home," he said, as evenly as he could. Would he be able to tell what he and Mom had done?

"Hey Son, thanks. It's good to be home. I'm just going to take a nap; I'll talk more at dinner okay?"

"Sure thing, have a good sleep."

Bill turned and headed up the stairs, head down, feet dragging like he was asleep already. Jake shook his head, that trip seemed to have really taken the life out of his Dad.

His Mom walked in a minute after his Dad. She stopped to look up the stairs after him.

"Do you think he noticed anything?" he whispered to his Mom. She turned and glared at him, walking to him quickly.

"I thought we discussed this. No word about Sunday at all," she whispered to him from close up. "I mean it. Everything is normal; no talk, no looks, no touching. Just normal family behaviour, right?"

Jake nodded. He understood, he was just very nervous, and told her that.

She nodded. "I get it. I do, I feel the same way. But the only way we can be normal again is to act normal. Think back to your routine before last week."

"I'll try, but I have to be honest Mom, I'm having a hard time forgetting about Sunday. Like, a really hard time. It was so good. I -"

His Mom interrupted him with a gentle hand on his shoulder. "I know. It was good for me too, I told you that. I want my memories of that day to be happy ones. But they're just that: memories." She glanced up the stairs. "Let's give it more time, ok? Give your Dad a couple days to recover, and for us to be a normal family. The more we act as a normal family, the more it'll be true," she said.

Jake smiled. "Ok Mom, I'll try."

"That's all I ask," she responded, and she gave his arm a squeeze.

They went to their respective normality, to mask the fact that anything abnormal had occurred, ever.

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The next few days were uneventful. Bill stayed home for a mini-vacation to rest up after his trip, and Sam and Jake went about their regular lives. There was no blowup. Their lives didn't disintegrate around them. In fact, by Friday Sam was feeling comfortable enough to hug her son at home again. Completely platonically of course, but it was nice to not feel like she had to be wary around him.

That weekend, however, was eventful.

Sam woke up and looked over to Bill's side of the bed. He had fallen asleep early every night since he got home and she was hoping that he'd be interested in some Saturday morning nooky, but he wasn't even there. Bill hadn't been as affectionate as he normally was when returning from a long trip. It had her worried. Sure, he was tired but that didn't normally stop him from jumping all over her.

She got dressed and headed downstairs to look for him. A quick survey of the living room and kitchen found nothing. She headed to the patio and found him. He was wandering the yard checking out the lawn, dressed in light shorts and a tank top. He must be feeling better.

Relieved, she put on some coffee to brew and went to get dressed. She climbed the stairs, wearing nothing but a black camisole and silk boxers, she didn't hear Jake coming down the hallway from his room. At the top they collided and she started to teeter, her arms going up to stop the fall. Jake recovered quicker and lurched forward to catch her but he could only grab her top, between her breasts. The material stretched out as far as it could and then started to rip, but it was enough to slow her fall. She grabbed onto his arm and pulled herself back to safety.

They stood there, chest to chest, her neckline ripped and stretched so much it lay beneath her breasts, exposing them completely. He only had eyes for her nipples, it seemed, and watched as the areolas contracted and her nipples grew to hard points. She only had eyes for his face, ultra-aware of his warm presence so close to her.

Her heart was beating from the near fall and his proximity. She lifted her hand and gently rubbed his arm, not willing to do more. He lifted his own hand and she could see it shaking as he slowly cupped her breast, thumb contacting her nipple, and giving it the lightest of lifts to feel its weight. She moaned as his rough thumb rubbed her

nipple and the pleasure ran through her body to her pussy. She looked down and could see the lump in her son's shorts grow, the pipe shape lengthening as it reached to his waistband. Her pussy grew warm in response.

As Jake wrapped his other arm around her and leaned his face to hers, they both froze; the patio door had just opened below. They quickly split and walked to their rooms. Her heart was hammering for more than one reason.

Sam fumed as she stripped the torn top off and threw it on her bed. That had been too close. Why, after being so good for almost a week, had they come so close to being caught?

The thing is, she had not stopped him from touching her breast. She had stood there for him, allowing him to touch her. She would have allowed him to do more if they'd not been interrupted. She had wanted it as much as he had, clearly. For all her talk of moving on there was still something inside her that remembered their passion and wanted more of it.

How were they going to fight this? She put on the first shirt she could find from her dresser and left to go see what Bill was up to.

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Jake retreated to his room, his hardon pushing on his shorts. It had risen fast and now was pulsing against his belly. He gave it a push and the pressure radiated into the rest of his groin pleurably. It felt like a pulsing heat. He kept giving the occasional push, conflicted between leaving it to go away naturally and stripping down to stroke it. He'd learned after years of masturbating that the longer between cumming he went the better it was. It was hard to stick to sometimes, but he hadn't touched himself since being with his Mom. Jerking off wasn't nearly as good as what they had done on Sunday, but maybe if he just gave in now it would help take his mind off his Mom.

He shoved his shorts off and fell on his bed, dick waving at the ceiling. It would be better this way. He wanted to start slow but really after almost a week and after being so close to his Mom a few minutes ago he didn't think he'd last long. The pleasure at the first touch was enough to make him groan out loud.

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Bill was down in the kitchen making a smoothie.

"Hi Honey, how was your sleep?" Sam asked, padding over in her bare feet to give him a hug.

"Excellent! I think I've recovered from my trip. I'm going to do some lawn work. Is Jake up? He didn't quite finish the list I gave him before I left."

"I think I heard him wandering around. Do you want me to check?" she asked.

"Sure, I'm just going to head to the garage, get him to meet me there."

"Okay," she said, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"By the way, I like that top. Maybe you should find something else to wear before talking to Jake?" He pointedly looked down at her chest.

She looked down and blushed. The shirt she had grabbed was a skimpy tank that hung over her breasts down to her navel. Thankfully her nipples had softened after her brush with Jake.

"Yes, good idea."

She headed to the stairs and trotted up. She decided against changing her shirt. It didn't matter if Jake saw her in this shirt, he'd

seen more very recently. Heading to his room, she popped open the door and poked her head in.

Her vision immediately narrowed to one thing: The Man Cock thrusting to the ceiling from her son's middle, his hand wrapped around it. She watched as he fisted up and down it in a steady but urgent rhythm.

"My God Jake, don't you ever lock this door?" she asked.

He yelped and threw his blanket over himself before seeing it was her. "Ha, you scared me. Don't you ever knock?" he retorted.

"Your Dad is looking to do some lawn chores this morning and wants you to meet him to finish your list. You better not go down with that, though." She nodded to his cock.

"Ha-ha, very funny. I wouldn't have this if it weren't for you." He tossed the blanket away. "And it's not going anywhere with you in that top either," he finished. He looked at her chest and wrapped his hand around his cock again.

Sam sighed and felt her nipples contract again. "This is not as easy as I thought it was going to be," she muttered.

He evidently heard because he pushed at the base of his cock to make it stand up proud. "It's pretty hard alright."

Sam stared at her son's cock for a few seconds and then looked down the hall to the stairs. No sound. She stood there, teetering between walking away and moving to get a closer look. All of her carefully reasoned logic telling her to walk away flew out of her mind. She entered Jake's room and walked to his bed.

As she looked down at his cock memories started to flood forth from last Sunday, reminding her of the pleasure it gave her. The sheer

virility that radiated from his cock sent mating signals to her brain...and other places.

"I think you need some help with that," she said, and got down on her knees. Her mouth filled with saliva in preparation. He took his hand away from his cock, letting it slap down to his belly.

She brought her hand up and started at his balls. Picking them up gently, cradling them, pushing his sack up to the base of his cock. They were warm and soft, full and heavy. She moved on to his baby maker, gripping it tightly so it stood up proud, and leaned over it. She admired the texture of his head as she opened her mouth in a lover's kiss and covered the end of it. Sucking lightly brought the bead of precum there onto her tongue. She took a moment to savour it, swirling it around.

Now slowly opening her lips further, she slipped her mouth down until she had his entire head fully in her mouth. Licking around the head, she took even more of his cock in until he hit her palate, and then sucked hard.

He groaned and put a hand on her shoulder, as if to encourage her.

She used her tongue to massage under his head while sucking, giving it a pulsing pressure. Her hand gripping the base of his cock started to massage up and down. Did his cock just get even harder?

He moaned. The hand on her shoulder moved down and slipped under her shirt, finding and then fondling her nipple.

She continued the up and down of her hand and mouth and before long was pleased to feel his head swell in her mouth. Quickly moving her mouth back to his tip, she was ready for him to deliver a massive goblet of cum directly into her waiting throat. She swallowed quickly, in time for the next two shots. Swallowing again, she continued to stroke his cock with her hand, feeling it throb as it fired load after load.

The taste of him brought back all of the memories from last week in one go. They overwhelmed her. His flavour brought her right back to the same mental insanity that resulted in her fucking him last week. She couldn't get enough of it.

She continued to milk and suck his cock, trying to get as much as she could. Eventually he started to soften. She looked up at his face and almost laughed, seeing the tears in his eyes. She gave his head a thorough bath with her tongue and then with a slurp let his cock languidly slip from her mouth.

She sighed and remembered her husband. She had delayed Jake too long as it was. No time for him to help her own pleasure; she'd just have to take care of herself in the bedroom. She couldn't resist digging into her shorts and sliding a finger through the center of her pussy. The sensation caused her to give a full body quiver.

Jake saw and lurched up, reaching for her, but she smiled and darted to the door. As she left she said, "Don't forget your father's waiting for you."

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Jake hurriedly put on some underwear and older pants good for gardening. His dick was now only half hard and deflating fast. He didn't even need to wipe it, his Mom had done such a good job of cleaning up. Pausing for a second in reflection he realized he had to stay away from that train of thought, or he'd be hard again before he got to the garage.

What had that all been about? His Mom was going on and on about being normal and then that? If she thought he was going to just ignore a blowjob in his room, she was very mistaken.

He grabbed an apple from the kitchen and wandered out to see his Dad, eating as he went. He found him oiling up the lawn mower.

"I see you messed up the back 40," his Dad said.

Jake knew it wouldn't be missed. "Sorry Dad, I stumbled and almost fell in the pool. The mower kind of kicked a bit."

"Okay, but try not to do it again. The grass needs to grow in the same direction to keep the uniformity."

Jake nodded. He'd heard it before. He'd hear it again. Didn't grass just grow where it wanted? He continued to munch on his apple and then tossed it in the pile of grass compost. "What should I work on?"

"What's up with your Mother?" his Dad asked.

Jake was glad his apple was finished, or he'd have choked for sure. "What do you mean? Is there something wrong with her?" Jake asked.

"I don't know, that's why I'm asking isn't it? Has she seemed odd to you? Did anything happen while I was gone? Did she say anything?"

Jake tried to think of what his answer would be before last week. "I don't think so. I only saw her after school, and we just watched TV and swam in the pool."

He almost said more but decided against it. Best not talk Mom into a corner. He started to panic; this was exactly what Mom was trying to avoid by being 'normal'. Maybe she was too normal? He thought of his dick, covered in his Mom's drying saliva in his pants. He needed to change the subject. "What about that list? I know I didn't get it all but I got most of it."

"Yep, finish it off and I'll get you that money. Oh, and Jake? You know I love you, right?" Bill asked.

"Absolutely, Dad," he said.

They spent the next few hours working and were able to finish before lunch. Sweaty and hot, they came back in to find that lunch was waiting for them.

"For my sweaty, hardworking boys," Sam said.

She sidled up to Bill and planted a big kiss on his lips, grabbing his butt. "I'm glad you're feeling better, Stud," she said.

Jake rolled his eyes and concentrated on his sandwich.

His Dad smiled and said, "There's the wife I married. I thought you'd given up on me."

His Mom's eyes widened. "Given up on you! I've been waiting for you to recover from your trip so you can treat me right!" She laughed.

Bill turned to his son. "Hey Jake, what do you think, can you give me and your Mom a few hours alone tonight?"

Jake swallowed his jealousy along with his sandwich. She wasn't his to be possessive about. She wasn't his wife. She was his mother, who had just sucked his dick like it was her last meal. "Sure Dad, I'll see if Rusty is around, I'll hang at his house."

"That's my boy. Oh, here's that cash I owe you for the chores. Maybe you can go to a movie or something." Bill handed him a few twenties folded together.

"Oh yeah sure, thanks!"

Jake pocketed the cash and left for Rusty's, keeping his mind as far away from what his parents had planned as he could.

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The next morning Sam opened her eyes. She smiled and stretched her arms out while lying in bed. A long luxurious stretch like a cat waking up from a nap, only she was waking up after a long sleep. A sleep after some long overdue sex with her husband. She smiled at the memory. It had been a good session, nothing too wild, but they were both satisfied by the end.

At one point after they'd gotten going in the missionary position Sam had momentarily wished that the cock fucking her had been a bit more girthy, maybe a bit longer but it went away before long. This was her familiar cock and she loved it, too. Still, there was a part of her that thought maybe her appetites could encompass two penises. Two cocks to fulfill different needs. She shrugged, that was what she'd bought that dildo for wasn't it?

Speaking of which, she hadn't tested it out yet, though she had washed it in preparation. She could feel a warmth radiating from nether parts just thinking about last night. A warm glow that said maybe she could cum with some help from a new friend. She bounced out of bed and grabbed it from her dresser drawer. It flopped comically in her hand as she jumped back into bed. Bill's whereabouts drifted through her head for a second before she dismissed it. He'd be around somewhere, and he wasn't needed right at the moment.

She started by examining the dildo closer. It really was pretty lifelike. The veins and surface looked human. As a test, she brought it up to her face and fit the end of it into her pursed lips. It... was not the same as a cock.

She rubbed her hands on it to warm it up a bit and then, laying back, started rubbing the tip up and down her lower lips. She used one hand to spread herself open and her other hand to dip the dildo inside of herself to gather her juices. She was clearly more than ready for her new friend to fuck her.

She moved it around to work the now juicy head into her entrance. It eased its way in, and stopped after an inch. She took stock of how it felt: It still wasn't warm enough, and the texture was only...okay.

She worked more of it in and thought that the girth was close to her son's. After some effort she got it all the way inside of her, the fake balls up against her perineum. She gave it a few experimental thrusts, the familiar feelings of her orgasm rising. She sped up the thrusting, her other hand massaging her clit furiously, and after a while she came with the fake cock half drooping out of her vagina.

She paused with it hanging out of her and thought of how dissatisfying it had been. Sure, she had cum, that was good, but she was missing the rest of it. The feel of her lover's body on top of her, his hands grabbing, stroking, fondling. She missed the kisses. She missed him taking control of the action, allowing her hands to roam. All in all, it would suffice to get herself off, but really that's why she had a husband.

Her mind drifted to Jake for a second.

She thought of the blowjob in his room the day before. That had been a huge mistake. After she left him in his room, she had gone to hers and ended up having a mini panic-attack. The implications of getting caught chasing her to brush her teeth. More and more possible repercussions played out in her mind. It had been a terrible risk with her husband just in the garage, so why had she done it?

Sam tried to come up with the factors that seemed to drive all common sense, propriety and morality from her brain. The one that jumped out at her first was his cock. The impressive tool that reacted to her presence so readily. Just seeing it seemed to be a visual aphrodisiac that inflamed her libido. Then there was the fact that the Man Cock was attached to her son. The thought of how forbidden it was for them to engage in these activities arousing her even further. And finally, the fact that he was so available. Living in

the same house meant that there were many opportunities for temptation.

The blowjob was a perfect example of all three of those things working in concert.

She needed to be aware of how easy it was for things to get out of control and work to take temptation away. No more going to his room. No more being around him when she might see his cock. He was showing he could be trusted, now it was up to Sam to prove to herself that she could be trusted.

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Jake waited downstairs for his Mom to wake up. He was confused as to their status. They were staying normal, but she had given him that blowjob. They were not doing anything abnormal, but they had clearly been about to do more at the top of the stairs before being interrupted. He thought they needed to have another chat to clear things up.

Eventually she came down, looking fresh after a shower, wearing blue shorts and a white button up short-sleeved blouse. He was waiting at the kitchen counter and could smell her shampoo as she walked by. She gave him a sunny smile as she headed to the coffee machine.

"Hey Jake, where's your Dad?"

He shrugged. "Dunno, he wasn't here when I came down."

She frowned. "Oh well, maybe he had some stuff to do in town. What are you up to?"

Jake's heart began to beat faster. "I was waiting for you actually."

She looked at him with a concerned look on her face and turned to him. "Waiting for me? What for?"

"I can't stop thinking of you and what we did last week. Yesterday in my room was really confusing. I don't know why you gave me a blowjob after you said we had to not do any of that. I don't know what to think, I can't keep you out of my mind. I had to fight to keep from being jealous of Dad last night." He trailed off.

His Mom sighed heavily and nodded. "Yes, I know that what I did yesterday wasn't okay. I was thinking about it this morning, trying to figure out why I did it." She paused and tucked her hair behind one ear, looking down at the floor. "You are a huge temptation for me. Your presence, your availability, your eagerness, your everything is like catnip. I have a hard time saying no to myself when I see you and your hard cock. It's like I can't think straight."

"Maybe it's because you're not thinking...with your head," he said.

She laughed in surprise, covering her mouth with her hand. Then after a pause she threw her head back and laughed even louder, the sound ringing in the kitchen. She moved to him and wrapped her arms around him, burying her head in his chest as she laughed. Jake stood and looked at her with a bemused smile on his face.

Eventually she stopped laughing and hugged him closer, a nice warm close hug. "Oh, what am I going to do with you?" she said.

Jake, again doing his best not to get a hardon from her hug, responded, "I don't know, but if it's like what you did yesterday, I'm on board." They separated from the hug but remained facing each other.

She was still smiling and said, "I liked it too. You drive me crazy." She paused and then went on, "Your Dad can never find out, and the longer we go, the greater the chance we'll be caught. How can I preserve my marriage while also engaging in immoral acts of incest

with my son? This is what we talked about after Sunday. It's impossible to both be normal and abnormal."

"So, we're stuck then?" he said. "We can't have what we both want, what excites us beyond anything else?" He stopped to take a breath. "I agreed after our last talk because it was so fresh and confusing and impossible. But since then, and especially after yesterday in my room, I've changed my mind. I don't want anyone else. I want you. You're sexy, beautiful, smart and sexy and we get along so well. We enjoy hanging out together and I don't think of anyone but you now."

"You said sexy twice," she said, a blush rising in her cheeks.

"I know," he answered, and looked down at his crotch.

He could feel his control over his dick slipping as it rose to join the conversation. He saw her glance down at it too, the bulge in his shorts becoming obvious. Her cheeks went even rosier and he looked at her breasts for the telltale sign of her nipples joining the party.

She laughed a nervous laugh and crossed her arms over the front of her chest, hiding what he had been looking for. She was clearly fighting against temptation. Jake didn't know what he should do. He fought between taking advantage of her arousal and backing off to let her fight her urges.

Still hovering on the edge of his decision, she took it out of his hands. She backed away and then turned and walked from the room. Jake's heart fell until he heard her call, "Come with me."

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Sam's heart was beating hard as she walked to the laundry room. She knew all of this was a bad idea. She didn't know where Bill was, or when he was due home. She knew that the more they continued

down this path, the further they pushed towards a life-altering event that would possibly destroy her marriage and even possibly send her to jail.

But she couldn't help herself. What do you do when the temptation is so great and the result of giving in to it is pleasure for her and her son?

Entering the laundry room, she examined the washer and dryer, the shelves full of cleaning materials and the deep freeze in the corner. It was as un-sexy a room as you could ever find, but it was private and a room Bill was unlikely to enter on a Sunday. She turned and watched her son join her in the room before closing the door behind him.

Still feeling her nipples pushing against her bra and the moist spot in her panties, she looked at him. He looked confused at their location but stood patiently. She compared her lust and desire for her son against her marriage and love for her husband. They came up equal. She wanted both.

She flung her arms out wide and said, "You want me? Come get me."

She laughed as she watched his face go from confusion to joy and braced herself as he rushed to her and exclaimed, "Oh fuck, yes!"

In one step he wrapped his arms around her and mashed his lips to hers. It was at that moment that she mentally embraced their union and felt the joy of their passion as they kissed. No more shadow of shame over her head, she let her heart soar. They would just have to figure out how to live this new life. In the meantime, she intended to have some fun.

She reached around and grabbed his butt with both hands, pulling his groin into hers. She could feel the steel pipe in his shorts, jammed into her mons. It wasn't enough, she needed to feel his skin

on hers. Moving to the button on his shorts she deftly undid it and peeled them down his legs, letting them drop the rest of the way. She then did the same for her own shorts, gripping her panties to push them at the same time. They weren't skin on skin yet though!

Growling in frustration into his mouth she yanked down his boxers. As she did so they caught on the tip of his cock, stretching before letting go, his cock slapping up against his belly. She grabbed his butt again and this time swooned in pleasure as the velvety smooth skin of his Man Cock split her labia.

Her son hadn't been idle during this. He had been unbuttoning her blouse, interrupting her briefly to take it off of her arms. He didn't bother undoing her bra and simply pushed it up her chest so he could get to her breasts. This was uncomfortable so Sam slapped his hands away from her long enough to undo the bra and toss it away.

Then mother and son were joined, necking, groping, rubbing. Feeling every inch of each other's bodies, they kept this up until he suddenly stopped. Stooping down, he reached around her butt and hoisted her into the air. She thought he might try something foolish but instead he turned around and placed her on the washer. Too cold! She shrieked and wriggled to try and get down but before she could he leaned forward and popped a nipple in his mouth. Sam's next sound was a moan as his tongue ran over the rigid protrusion. She wrapped her arms around his head and hugged him to her chest, reveling in the sensations he was giving her while trying to ignore the cold metal under her.

She spread her legs to let him get closer and found another benefit; his cockhead pushed into her labia, spreading them. As she caressed his hair, she felt him thrusting his cock, rubbing the shaft through her moist lips.

"Please don't stop any of what you are doing," she said.

He grunted into her breast, re-latching on to her nipple and sucking even more breast flesh into his mouth. Down below she felt him pull back and then thrust again, the friction of his veiny cock causing her to shudder. She brought her legs up and rested her heels on the edge of the washer, tilting her hips back. This had the effect of allowing his cock to fully seat itself into her labia, like a wiener in a bun she thought, giggling to herself.

Giggling! She was giddy, she realized. A giddy girl who was turned on by being with a boy who ignited her passions in so many ways. It just so happened the boy was her son. As she felt his cock from head to balls, thrusting against her pussy, she thought she needed to refer to him as a man in her head from now on. The man who was driving her crazy with pleasure. She wondered if she was going to cum from grinding alone.

Her thought wasn't answered. She had leaned further back, which meant he couldn't maintain his hold on her nipple and it released with a pop! They looked at each other for a few seconds before looking down to where his cock nestled in her pussy, her fine blonde pubic hair tickling his head. They should be joined.

Having the same thought, he pulled his cock back, back, back until the head reached the drooling entrance of her vagina. They both stared as he slowly pushed forward. His cockhead penetrated her sex, just enough so that just his large head was inserted into her. She moaned at the sensation of her vagina spreading, expanding to surround this invading monster. As his cock entered her more and more, she let out a long low moan. After what felt like forever, he was fully inside of her. She felt his balls against her and marveled at how much better it felt compared to the dildo.

They stayed there for a few seconds. Mother amazed at how full she felt, how perfectly her son's cock fit her. Son reveling in the sensation of having his dick fully buried inside of his mother again.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh Jaaaake you need to fuck me," she said.

So he did. Relentlessly, he started to plow his cock in and out of her. It wasn't hurried or forceful, it was a confident fucking, letting them both experience the full length of each stroke before changing direction to do it over again.

She looked at her son and marveled at his stamina. Why had he not cum already? He was so intent on watching himself fuck her, he didn't take his eyes off his cock entering and then exiting, covered in her pussy juices.

"Mom, I - ," he started but didn't finish his sentence as he bottomed out one last time. His face contorted, his eyes closed as his cock pulsed and then started to deliver sperm into his mother's womb once more. She reached down and gave her clit a few rubs to send herself over the edge. His orgasm had caught her by surprise. With the added sensation on her clit and seeing her lover moan his way through cumming inside of her, she crested over her own orgasm.

Her pussy squeezed and clenched in crushing waves as she gripped his cock, milking his semen out of him and directing it to her cervix. She quivered on the washer, pleasure cresting over her entire body, her breasts shaking so much her nipples were a blur. Jake leaned over and captured one of them in his mouth. The feel of his mouth on her, mimicking a child milking, caused her to have another mini-orgasm to chase the first.

And then they were done. She was a mess of jellied muscles, sweaty and out of breath. She lay on her elbows and stared at her son. His cock was still inside of her but he just stood there and stared back.

"You're so beautiful," he said.

"You're amazing," she replied. They stayed like this for a while until she felt him start to shrink. "We should get cleaned up. I don't know when your father will be back." He nodded and slowly pulled out of

her. They both watched as a small waterfall of juices started to drip from her. She felt a pang of loss as he was no longer filling her up.

They gathered their clothing, cleaned up the evidence and then headed to clean themselves.

In the shower Sam pondered what to do next. Clearly, she couldn't resist him. She couldn't keep her hands off of him, off of his cock. He represented an open invitation for fantastic sex that she couldn't turn down. Something would have to be done, or they would get in trouble for sure. Oh, trouble. She would have to go get another morning after pill. And now that they would surely be having more sex, she would have to buy some condoms. Definitely no more unprotected sex.

It was Sunday and the pharmacy was closed, so Sam had to wait until Monday. She'd read up on the Plan B pill, and knowing it was effective up to 72 hours afterwards, she felt ok waiting another day. She settled into her Sunday routine, the 'not having sex with her son' part, and waited for Bill to come home.

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Jake lay on his bed after his shower and tried to take in the memories. They were so vivid now, but he wanted to retain them for life. Of course, the inevitable happened when thinking about sex, he ended up with a massive hardon. He played with it idly, not really committing to jerking off. He really wanted to save it for his Mom, but of course he couldn't predict when they might be able to get together. It might not be until next weekend again.

He got more serious with the playing until he exploded all over his belly. Oh well. It wasn't like he couldn't get hard for his Mom if she asked.

After a bit he got up to do some homework and then went for a jog. He wasn't a big runner but after the morning he had some nervous

energy he wanted to express, and it kept his mind off of his mother.

When he got home, he could see Dad's car in the driveway, so he was home from wherever he went. Walking into the house Jake could hear the TV on and some quiet chatting. He glanced in the living room and saw his parents cuddling on the couch.

Turning away, he went upstairs to grab a shower, trying his best to bury the surge of jealousy that reared its ugly head. She wasn't his to be possessive of. She was married to his father. He really needed to nip that in the bud. Find a way to be at peace with her being affectionate with her own husband. Maybe a different mindset was needed.

All of this was so new to him. Being with his Mom, seeing her as a lover, while she is married to his Dad. Maybe he just needed to get used to it. Jake supposed that meant he'd have to spend time with his parents as they were now. Sighing, he went downstairs to flop down on the loveseat.

His parents looked at each other and then over at him. "Everything okay, son?" his Dad asked.

"Yeah just had some crappy homework that I am glad to be done with," Jake lied. "What are you watching?"

"Some crime show. We're not really paying attention." His Dad smiled at his Mom.

"Okay, I'll watch with you."

"Suit yourself."

The show turned out to be not very good but it was okay because Jake wasn't really paying attention. He was watching his parents out of the side of his eyes. He watched them hold hands, his Dad's arm around her shoulder, fingers idly playing with her shirt sleeve. It

spoke of years of living together. Years of comfort and support and love.

As the show progressed, Jake managed to calm down and contemplate exactly what he was expecting from his mother. Did he expect to sit with her like that? Share the same intimacy? Did he think she was incapable of sharing that intimacy with anyone else?

Jake wondered if maybe she could share. His Dad had had her to himself for years, surely, she had enough to satisfy two men.

He waited for his Dad to get up and go to the kitchen for a drink.

"Hey," he said. "Do you have any of those cuddles to share?" He said it low, to make sure if she rejected him that his Dad wouldn't hear.

Her eyes widened slightly before she turned contemplative. After a few seconds she winked once and called out to Bill, "Hey do you want to watch a movie?"

"Sure, whatever you want!" Bill called back.

"Great, do you want popcorn?" she continued. "Nope I'm good, but you two have some if you want," his Dad said.

His Mom grinned and bolted into the kitchen. "Great! Jake and I will have popcorn and have our own cuddles on the loveseat."

"Oh, I see how it is!" his Dad said, jovially. "I'm being replaced already. Put out to pasture, and replaced by my own son!" Jake's heart skipped a beat in his chest. Act normal, act normal.

In the kitchen he heard his mother retort, "Absolutely Old Man! I'm going for the youth cuddles."

Jake breathed a sigh and forced himself to relax. He started browsing for a movie to stream.

Eventually the movie was chosen, a cop movie from the 70s, and Jake and his Mom were ensconced on the loveseat under a blanket, with a bowl of popcorn on their shared lap. Bill watched his Mom put on the AC in the house so they could put on a blanket with no small amount of exasperation, but she would not be denied. He ended up in the recliner. He liked to sit close to their TV to get the 'theatre experience' and so would have to turn his torso all the way round to see them.

The movie started and the popcorn was eaten. Under the blanket Jake and his Mom were pressed together, hip to hip, leg to leg, shoulder to shoulder. Jake intended to play it safe, just to enjoy his time being close to his Mom without doing anything else, however it seemed she had different plans. He twitched when he felt her hand land on his lap, right on his dick, underneath the blanket. She gave it a squeeze and then stopped, apparently content to just hold it.

His dick started to grow, of course, and so she adjusted her hand to follow it and keep a light grip. It caused a nice sensation, feeling his dick rub against his underwear as it grew. When he was full size, she started stroking his dick inside his shorts, in small little movements. Movements you couldn't see from outside the blanket.

Figuring two could play at that game Jake reached over and calmly placed his palm over top of her crotch, palming her pussy. He was able to get his whole hand over her groin due to her sitting cross-legged, and the first thing he noticed was the heat. He cupped and pushed, rubbing her pussy through her shorts. Glancing over, he was pleased to see her cheeks flushed.

This light play continued, no one talking as the movie progressed. Jake had seen the movie before and knew when an explosion was about to happen. When it did, he timed his movement and slipped his hand into the top of his Mom's shorts. The noise covered up the squeak she let out when he did this. She slapped at his stomach

lightly, glaring at him but it was too late, he was in position. He was now able to take full advantage of her bare pussy.

He ran one finger up and down her lips, lightly caressing them. Each time he reached the top he used the tip of one finger to massage her clit before starting the same downward journey. It was slow and fun and undetectable.

Just when the movie had about 10 minutes left in it, Jake ventured further down and dipped his finger into her opening. She was swamped in moisture and his finger entered her quite easily. But that wasn't his objective. Watching her face carefully, Jake thoroughly soaked his finger and then ran his finger down lower until he encountered her rosebud. She grabbed his arm in a vice grip with her free hand and her mouth dropped open. He could feel her anus clench when he touched her there. He slowly circled her lower entrance, feeling it clench and release as she fought to not react. Then he dipped his lubricated fingertip into her asshole, pushing it in up to the first knuckle before pulling it out and rimming his finger around the outside. She left fingerprints in his arm; he was sure.

As the credits began to roll his Mom pulled his hand out of her shorts and hurriedly stood up, saying, "I have to pee!" She bolted for the bathroom. Jake's grin was short lived as he put on a neutral expression when his Dad stood up.

"Well I'm beat, time for bed," his Dad said.

Jake nodded and tossed the blanket aside before going to wash his hands. He felt victorious at having stolen his Dad's cuddle time and even enhancing it. He was pretty sure his Mom had fully abandoned trying to resist being with him.

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Sam sat on the toilet and wiped the moisture from her butthole. That boy! She'd never had anyone near there, it was something

she'd never entertained in her sex life. No lover had ever suggested it, and she'd never dreamed anyone would. But here she was, cleaning her own pussy juice from her asshole.

Did he want...that? Did he want to put his cock back there? As she contemplated the sensations of having her ass invaded by a finger, stroked and caressed, she wondered why some women did it. She knew some were pressured to do it, but certainly not all of them, right? It hadn't been...entirely unpleasant. But he hadn't asked her! And she couldn't protest because Bill was right there. He took advantage of the situation. He was going to get an earful the next time they were alone.

Finishing up in the bathroom she joined her husband in bed, ready to follow up on Jake's teasing with some action with Bill. To her disappointment he was practically asleep. She flopped down on the bed and put on some loose silk shorts and a light tank top. Rubbing under her breasts to ease the pinch from her bra, she thought of Jake with an annoyed grunt. He had really gotten her going on that loveseat and now here she was without an outlet.

Hmmm, two could play at that game.

She waited in bed until she was sure Bill was asleep and then stealthily rolled off the mattress. She padded out in her bare feet and down the hall to Jake's door. She had said no more visiting his room, but this was revenge!

She eased the door open to see what he was doing. Of course, he was naked, and he was in full stroke, really taking full advantage of his cock. It wasn't fair, she thought. She slowly crept in and stood next to his bed, waiting for him to notice. She giggled when he did and almost rolled off the other side of his bed.

"Hey, what are you doing, you scared the crap out of me again!" he said in a whisper.

"You left me all worked up after that business on the loveseat! Your Dad is asleep, so he's not any help." Switching tacks, she said, "Also, young man, I need to talk to you about what you were doing with your finger in my butt! I never said that was open for business!" she whispered back in a fierce low tone.

She was happy to see him cringe.

"I'm sorry about that, it just came to me while we were watching the movie." He did look sorry.

"If you ever want to 'cuddle' on the loveseat again, I expect you to behave yourself. It's too risky getting caught without you setting me off like that." She smiled as his face lit up when she mentioned cuddling. "Speaking of being worked up, I think I owe you something."

With that, she dropped her shorts and panties and straddled his legs on the bed, bracing herself with both arms on his chest. Moving her pelvis up, she situated her pussy at the base of his cock. Using her natural lubrication, she slowly dragged her pussy up along it until the head disappeared underneath her.

"Like that?" she asked. He nodded vigorously.

She rolled her pelvis back again, his cock appearing again like a magic trick. She watched his face closely, seeing his cheeks flush and his mouth open. After a few more trips up and back she leaned down on his chest and looked him in the eye.

"Now you know how I felt, leaving me all worked up," she said, and started to stand up, a smirk on her face.

He looked shocked for one millisecond before a grin crossed his face. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her back down on his cock with a thump.

"Hey, let go of me!" she whispered.

"No way. I'm only half way worked up. I want the full treatment." And so saying, he grabbed her hips and started pumping up and down underneath her. Performing the same move but under his power.

She decided she wasn't upset about this. She let him do all the work for a bit before taking over again. As she rode him, she started to think that perhaps her revenge plan had backfired. Each stroke clearly ramped up his desire, based on the stream of precum drooling out of his slit. But it also further heightened her own desire. In fact, her pussy was now drooling moisture all over his cock with each ride up and back.

She decided that he had had (and she had as well) as much as he could handle. As she started to roll off of him, she kept her arms out of reach and got almost all the way up when he lunged for her. He wrapped his arms around her, shoving her sideways and rolling with her until he was on top.

"Why do we have to stop? Let's finish each other off," he said, and maneuvered his hips until his cock was hovering right outside of her wet opening.

She put her hand on his chest. "Wait!" She wanted to fuck him more than anything at this moment but common sense had finally penetrated her fog of lust. He stopped. She could feel her labia kissing his cockhead.

"Jake we can't. Remember, I'm not on the pill...and you don't have a condom."

She paused for a beat before continuing, "We have been playing with fire so far. Each time we have unprotected sex could end up with me pregnant."

"We had sex in the laundry room earlier today, Mom," he said. "One more time won't get you pregnant."

She half laughed at naivete and the wrong word. "Jake, I mean it, you cannot fuck me again without a condom." This time her voice said she was absolutely serious.

He listened. He levered himself up until he was sitting on his haunches, her legs spread around his hips. His cock bobbed with his heartbeat.

"Okay Mom. I still think we can help each other and not be left hanging. What if we try something else?" he said, perking up.

"Like what? Oral?"

"No, I was thinking more along the lines of where I was on the loveseat."

Sam lay there and looked up at him, comprehension washing over her. He wanted to fuck her ass. He really wanted to fuck her in the ass. She needed to shut this down in no uncertain terms, and opened her mouth to do it. Instead what she said was, "I've never had anyone back there. No one has ever wanted to do that." She cringed inwardly at how tentative she sounded.

"It's not my first choice," he said, looking down at her pussy. "But I've heard kids at school do this when they don't want to risk a pregnancy." He shifted on the bed, his cock brushing dangerously near her vulva.

"That will certainly take away the pregnancy risk. But again, I've never done it, never even thought about it." This conversation wasn't going the right way.

"I've never done it either, obviously. You're my first everything," he said with a shy smile.

Well she definitely wasn't going to be his first in this one, and told him so, "I don't know the first thing about how to go about trying something like this."

Strange, that wasn't the shutdown she was going for.

"I've seen videos," he said, a blush rising high on his cheeks. "I know you need lots of lube and patience. Here I'll show you." And in saying he dove to his dresser and dug around under some socks to pull out a small vial. "They were giving it out at school for health class. I've never used it."

"Didn't they give you any condoms to try?"

He hesitated and then said, "They didn't fit, and I was too embarrassed to ask for a different size. Come on, let me show you how they do it in the videos."

She smiled at his eagerness as he joined her back on the bed. She lay there on her back and watched as he raised her legs up, showing her to hold them behind the knees and spread them wide open. Sam felt a surge of desire as she imagined his view of her. She was presenting herself to him, offering her body for him to use as he wished.

"Okay, show me," she said, referring to the lube.

He opened the container and spread a generous amount over his cock. Next he dribbled some on his forefinger and reached down to liberally apply it to her asshole. She flinched in shock as she felt the cold substance come in contact with her rosebud. She waited as he very thoroughly rubbed it all around her back door, even pushing a finger inside of her, like he had earlier that night. Okay that was enough!

She started to let her legs go, having seen his demonstration come to its conclusion but her legs didn't go down. He was now holding

her legs up for her as he shuffled his knees to get closer to her.

"Okay you've shown me, now let me go," she wanted to say, but she was interrupted by the feel of his cockhead brushing against her asshole.

Sam looked at her son. She looked at the concentration on his face, the furrowed brow as he tried to line his cock up to her back exit. Or was it a back entry? He was actually going through with it. Could she do this? She felt herself clench up as his cock again pushed against her puckered anus.

"Mom. Mom!" he said with a little jiggle of her legs to get her attention. "Mom, you need to relax. The Internet says it goes much easier if you're relaxed and let yourself open up as I push."

She blanched at his words. Relax! How was anyone supposed to relax when a battering ram was trying to knock down her back door?

As she opened her mouth to say so, he said, "Mom, maybe this will help." He followed up by moving a hand to her pussy and stroking her clit back and forth. Oh...that was distracting. She melted into the sensation of having her previously teased pussy given some proper attention again. The feel of his hand on her leg disappeared and so she went back to work holding them up again for him. Anything to let him keep that rubbing going.

"Are you okay, Mom? Do you want me to stop?" her Son asked.

Sam didn't want him to stop touching her pussy. She was unsettled by the feel of her asshole kissing the tip of his cock, but in truth hadn't found any reason beyond squeamishness to stop him. She looked him in the eye and was amazed to hear herself say, "You can keep going, but please be gentle."

He nodded, and she watched him reach down with his free hand and then his cockhead was smooshing around her anus again. This time

he gave it a proper push. She felt her sphincter expand around his cock as he slowly entered her.

It was most unsettling. A feeling she never expected to be associating with sex suddenly took hold of her attention. "Honey is it supposed to feel like - "

"I'm almost there," he interrupted, and right then he gave another steady push and his head slipped into her anal cavity. Everything changed as his cock reached further inside of her. Now she was getting new sensations. Distracting sensations.

"Ohhhhh," she groaned.

Jake looked up at her quickly. He had been paying full attention to feeding his cock inside her asshole without hurting her. She closed her eyes and did her best to relax, like he'd said. Maybe she could explore these new distracting sensations. After a bit she felt her ass adjust to the intruder inside of it. she opened her eyes and nodded to him. She felt him slowly push his cock deeper into her ass. He stopped now and then to let her keep adjusting.

When he finally got deep enough to try a tentative stroke, she could fully feel it. She felt the pleasure of having a cock deep in her ass, pushing on nerves she'd never had touched that way before. It was surreal having his cock, any cock, back there, slowly fucking.

The push of his cock built her orgasm slowly. It was different than having her pussy fucked, but it still sent good signals to her brain. As he fucked her ass, he started to moan, and she moaned along with him.

"Please, my clit," she begged.

He started up playing with her clit again, using a few fingers to rub it back and forth. The combination of the two sensations were enough.

She could feel her orgasm approaching as a hot explosion throughout her body, her chest going red in response.

As he continued to fuck her, she tried to relax more. Let herself open up fully for him. By concentrating on her O-ring, she was able to let it go and immediately she was washed over by the new feelings being driven to her brain. This was not the sex she was used to. This was different, it was new, it was incredible.

As her pleasure continued to build, she started to rock her body in time with his thrusts. He wasn't going very fast and she wanted it faster. She raised one foot and put it against his chest.

"Stop. Pull out almost all the way and add some more lube. Then I want you to go faster."

He quickly complied and before long was feeding his cock to her ass almost as fast as he did to her pussy. The pleasure was glorious and before long she had a massive orgasm. Her whole body clenched up, muscles contracting and quivering. She could feel, for only the second time in her life, a torrent of juice pour out of her pussy and down her ass crack. Her breasts bounced on her chest as she writhed on the bed, impaled on his wondrous cock. His Man Cock. Her Man Cock now. No one else would have it, and she would have it whenever she wanted it.

She looked at Jake's face and by the huge grin on it she must have said that last bit out loud.

"Yes Mom. This is your cock whenever you want it." And so saying he started fucking her again, as he'd had to stop when she came. She lay there reveling in the sight and feel of him plowing her. Listening to the sound of his cock plunging in and out of her obviously wet hole. She watched him tense up and cum, delivering his load into her ass this time, instead of her fertile womb. She lay on the bed, a puddle of a woman lying in a puddle of her own juices, as he pulled out and lay down beside her.

"I can't believe you fucked my ass," she said. "I thought for sure I was going to say no. I wonder if I will ever be able to say no to you again."

"I hope you don't."

They lay there a while in their post-orgasm glow, kissing and fondling lazily until she rolled out of bed and crept back to her own. Bill was still asleep, but she almost didn't care if he'd caught them. She no longer wondered how to stay in her normal life. Now she wondered how she could make her new life the new normal.

## Sam and Jake Pt. 03

Jake groaned at the sound of his alarm. He lay in bed, half awake, through 3 snoozes until he forced himself to get up. It was Monday, with only 2 more weeks before graduation. He wanted nothing more than to be done with school.

Moving to the bathroom and starting his morning routine was all he could handle. Why did they have to start classes so early? He prepared his shower and went through the normal routine. Brush teeth, drain his bladder, shave. Something was nagging his brain. A feeling like he was forgetting something. Once he ducked into the now warm shower, he woke up enough to remember last night. A grin plastered over his face.

His morning routine suddenly didn't seem so dull. He whistled as he showered. He paid extra attention to cleaning his dick. He'd washed it after his Mom left but it always paid to be thorough. Also, the soap was slippery and fun on his dick.

Dressing in his normal outfit of shorts and a t-shirt he went and fairly jumped down the stairs, only hitting every third one. He hummed whatever was in his head as he looked around to see if his parents had left for work yet.

His mood took a hit when he could find no sign of them. Maybe he'd missed them both? Checking around, he soon confirmed that both cars were gone. Oh well, he'd see her later. He grabbed a quick breakfast and headed to school. He had some plans for when school was done.

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Sam floated through her Monday morning work. She answered calls from clients, reviewed a couple contracts and chatted gaily to any

coworker who would stop long enough. Everyone she interacted with came away with a lighter step or a smile. It was hard not to be infected with such cheer and energy, she supposed. It was all the same to her, no one could ruin her mood.

She'd danced around Bill this morning as well, when getting ready. He commented on it, asking why she was in such a good mood. She'd answered with a shrug and a peck on the cheek before dashing to her car. She knew why she was in a good mood and that was all that mattered. It was no one else's business. Except Jake's.

At lunch she ate while reading an article about the falling rates of teen pregnancy she came across on her phone. Teen pregnancy. Why did that ring a bell? Something she had forgotten? An icy streak ran down her spine as she remembered she needed to get a Plan B pill. The second Monday in a row she'd needed one. Feeling her cheeks flush, she dumped the rest of her lunch and hurried to the pharmacy.

While she was there, she also picked up a package of condoms, hoping she picked the right size. The right size for her new lover. Her son. She forced herself to think it, put the words out there in her mind at least. She intended to continue fucking Jake, her lover, her son.

She pondered whether one package was enough, but then stopped that train of thought. Yes, they were new lovers, but they were prevented from fully exploring their lust by her husband, his father. They wouldn't have infinite opportunities to be together with him around. In fact, they might only be limited to when Bill left the house, which was a rarity.

He had left yesterday though. Maybe there would be time for more than discreet touches. Where had he gone? She'd never bothered to ask.

Sam looked at the Plan B pill for a minute before popping it in her mouth. For some reason this time it was harder to swallow. Her mind whirled in a fog of momentary confusion, overwhelmed by a rush of conflicting emotions.

Her old self, the married woman and mother, was at war with her new self. The elation and emotion of a new lover was overwhelming her old self, causing her to examine all decisions in a new light. Was she sure she didn't want a baby? Examined practically, if she wasn't married and had a new young lover, would she want to take that step with him? Possibly.

She realized she had left one factor out of the equation. Did Jake even want kids? He hadn't seemed upset at the risk of a pregnancy. She gave her head a shake; this entire line of thought was silly. She put pregnancy out of her head.

Thinking back to her initial conundrum: Was the fact she was wavering on one decision mean she was going to be re-evaluating her whole life? One thing she was sure of: she would have to make a decision, and soon, on where she wanted to go from here. Was she a wife with a lover on the side, or was she her son's mate who happened to be married to another man?

Heading back to work, Sam focused on her energy from the morning. It had all come from her late-night fuck with her son...when he'd taken her anal virginity. She felt goosebumps rise all over her body as she recalled the event and her step picked up noticeably. Her cheeks flushed as she smiled at people around her, afraid they could read her thoughts somehow.

When she got back to the office she sat at her desk and prepared to read an email when she heard her phone buzz. It was a text from Jake. She glanced around. Her desk was in an open concept office but her back was to a wall. No other desk was close enough for anyone to read over her shoulder but she didn't want to be careless.

Opening the message app, she saw it was just a few words.

Jake: Didn't see you before school today. How is work?

Sam: Work is great! I am loving life today for some reason. ;) How is school?

Jake: Blah. I can't wait to b done. 2 weeks to go and teachers are still RIDING me. I wish they'd just get off my ASS. I'm glad you're having a good day.

Sam felt her whole face go red. Had he sent that on purpose? Her phone buzzed again and saw he'd sent an emoji of a peach. Squirming in her chair, she fought off the memories of last night. She needed to concentrate, dammit.

She quickly sent back: I'll see you at home, gotta run!

As she put the phone down on her desk it buzzed one more time. She hesitated before checking it and then slammed it down on her desk. He'd sent her a picture.

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Jake finished zipping up his pants in the stall and stood for a while to try and let the swelling go down. He checked his phone a few times while waiting but his Mom had left him on 'read'. No typing bubbles to show a response.

A tremble of fear hit him. What if someone else had seen the picture? What if she was mad that he sent it? Sending a dick pic was the normal next step in his circle of friends when you started dating a girl, everyone did it. Except everything was new territory with his Mom, and he didn't know when or if he'd cross a line with her.

Like last night. He'd been very nervous but also very turned on and thought his heart would leap out of his chest when he suggested

anal. He'd been worried that she might get angry and leave. Instead she had lay there patiently and occasionally seemed equally as nervous. He thought they had done it right, and his Mom seemed to enjoy it as much as he had. Jake wasn't sure if he would ask for her ass again, but he supposed it depended on if vaginal sex was out of the question.

After a while of thinking of math class his dick was soft enough that he could walk around school without causing a scene. As he made his way to his last class of the day, he saw Susan ahead of him in the hallway. He pondered her butt again, comparing it to his mother's. It didn't seem as good anymore. Sure, it was shapely, but his Mom's butt had substance. A pleasing firmness and roundness that cushioned his hips when they were - he snapped out of his daydream and looked around. No one seemed to have noticed him staring.

He hurried on to class.

As his math teacher droned on about prepping for college math courses, Jake let his mind take him back to last night. He didn't focus on the sex part this time though. His thoughts were about how good it had felt to lay together as lovers afterwards. He hadn't wanted her to leave and go back to his father's bed. He'd wanted her to stay by his side and wake up the next morning with him.

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Sam spent the afternoon avoiding her phone. Another first for her; no one had ever sent her a picture of their naked penis. She didn't know quite how to handle it. Did she compliment it? Delete it? Send something back?

After a long meeting she found herself sitting in a bathroom stall, opening the message app again. She took a good, long look. It was the cock she was getting to know very well, hard as a rock, sticking up out of his fist. Was that a bathroom stall?

She smiled at the coincidence of them both choosing a stall for privacy. She was tempted to take a picture and send it back to him but he was in class most likely and that would not go over well. The thought of doing it did get her excited but she pushed it down. Any picture she sent would be out of her hands. Jake would never betray her privacy, but someone else might spot the picture on his phone.

She deleted the picture he had sent, after a few more seconds of staring. Best way to ensure no one ever saw it. She'd have a talk with him after work. It had been a sexy picture, for sure, and if she was a teenager, she'd most likely have joined the game. But they had too much at stake to be that cavalier.

The rest of the work day went by quickly and Sam hurried home to see Jake. Maybe they could play a bit in the pool before Bill got home.

Maybe not. She got home and Jake was nowhere to be found, and no note. Had he gone to Rusty's after school? Shrugging off her coat and her disappointment, she changed into a bikini to have a swim on her own.

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Jake thanked the checkout girl and grabbed his bag of purchases. He tried to maintain the mature nonchalance of someone who bought these types of products all the time. Of course, inside he was a churning mess of nervousness, sure that at any moment someone he knew would see him. At least the bag was plain.

He made his way home by bus. The bag kept pulling at him to look inside of it but he didn't want anyone to see the contents. The trip seemed to take much longer than normal; by the time he got home he was almost running to make sure he beat his Mom home. He didn't. He could see her car in the driveway, but not his Dad's. Well that was a small blessing.

As he entered, he called out to her, "Hey Mom, I'm home!" He kept his voice as neutral as possible in case she had guests.

It wasn't until he got to the patio doors that he spotted her in the pool doing laps. He sprinted up to his room and stashed the bag before changing to his suit. The speedo. Then he raced back down and ran out, making a long dive at full speed. The water felt amazing. Cool water flushed his thoughts away and he swam a full lap out and back under the water to clear his head.

His head cresting the water as he reached the wall, he rubbed his eyes and looked around for his Mom. She...was gone? He looked around, still rubbing water away when he felt two hands grab at his swimsuit and yank them down. Shocked, he turned to see his beautiful mother behind him. Her eyes danced as she laughed and said, "Gotcha!" She stepped away from him before turning to swim out of his reach.

Jake roared and stepped out of his suit. He was going to get his revenge.

They laughed and giggled as he chased her around the pool, her always just keeping out of reach. After a few minutes Jake stopped and stared at her accusingly. "You are fast! If I can't catch you now, I should never have been able to before now. You wanted to get caught all those other times." He looked at her in sheer disbelief as the depth of her deception dawned on him.

"So, if you only get caught when you want to, why don't you want to get caught now?" he asked.

His Mom pretended to think about it for a few seconds before lifting a finger. "One, your father could be home any time. Just because he's normally much later than we are doesn't mean it'll be the same today. Caution first!" She lifted the second finger. "Two, when we get playing, we have a bad habit of letting nature take its course without protection. Safety second!"

She raised a third finger and shrugged. "Third, I liked you chasing me. It made me think of what you might do if you caught me."

While she was listing off her reasons Jake was slowly moving towards her. He didn't think she would miss it but maybe he could get a hand on her. "Oh yeah? What did you come up with?" he said.

As she gave him an impish smile, he lunged forward trying to catch an arm. She was ready and slipped away but not before he reached underwater and snagged her ankle. He pulled her to him easily. The feel of chasing a sexy woman while naked had revved up his motor; his dick was now rock hard and jutting up in front of him. As he pulled his Mom closer, he grabbed at her hips and shoved his dick against her butt, forcing it between her cheeks. She laughed and struggled to escape but he had her now. He yanked the bowties keeping her bikini bottom on and they promptly came loose. He pushed the portion of her suit that was between them down, leaving them skin to skin. Her ass cheeks held his cock in a vice grip. He was concentrating on the feeling of his dick buried in his mother's luscious butt and so didn't look up when she stopped moving. He heard her gasp.

"What's going on, you two?" his father asked.

Jake spun around to see his Dad's head poking out the patio door. He gulped and panicked; mouth open in a long 'uhhhhhh'. He was grateful to hear his Mom chime in.

"We were playing the monster chase game and he caught me." Her voice was full of cheer and innocence.

Jake nodded and stammered out, "S-She can't escape me!"

"Why don't you come join us?" his mother called.

"I'm good. I'm just home to change, a few guys are going out for a beer," Bill called back. "You two keep having fun." And with that his

head disappeared from the door.

Jake tried not to look too relieved as he pulled his dick from between the warm, soft embrace of his Mom's ass and slowly swam to his suit. He kept his motions slow and pulled them back up, so it didn't look like he was swimming naked with his Dad's wife. His dick softened quickly from the close call.

He turned to her and gave a silent 'whew'. She smiled back. "See my first point," she said.

He quickly nodded before starting to swim some laps. He needed to calm down, and also give his Dad some time to leave.

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Sam watched Jake swim as she put her bottoms on and retied them. Caution first, indeed. They hadn't been cautious enough. She gave her suit a firm tug and felt the material rub against her engorged clit. Damn her husband coming home early.

When Jake had dove into the water with her, she had instantly become hyper aware of his presence. Being so close to him again at the end of a day full of thoughts of him ignited her body. The potential for pleasure sent her senses haywire, and the chase had added an element of primal fear. It sent her over the edge. If he hadn't managed to catch her, she would have soon stopped and taken her own bottoms off.

She knew that while she'd been able to stop him fucking her pussy last night, it was a coin toss if she'd be able to avoid it every other time. She wanted it as bad as he did.

What had Bill been up to? He never came home early, and it had been at least a couple years since he went out for 'beers with the guys'. Him almost catching them was a splash of cold water on their play, so she climbed out of the pool and went to change. She

continued to mull her husband's behaviour as she looked for something to cook.

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Once Jake had completed his laps he floated for a while. He was nervous about the gifts in the bag in his room. Nervous because they represented another line, he might cross that she didn't like. It was just so new to him. He'd never bought anything like it for any other girlfriend, never been with one long enough to do it. He smiled at that thought and tried out the phrase: 'His Mom was his girlfriend'. He mentally paused. Wait, was she his girlfriend? He had been so caught up in the sheer thrill of this new situation with his Mom that he hadn't thought about what it meant.

Where did they go from here? What did she think? How long did she expect this to go on? She seemed pretty adamant that she stay married to his Dad, which meant they basically had no future. Did she want a future for them, or was this a summer fling? For that matter, what did he want?

Jake slowly climbed out of the pool, the cold hammer of reality smashing his bubble apart. He didn't want to give her the gifts in the bag anymore. He felt very uncertain and confused. He knew he liked being around her, knew that she turned him on more than anything else. He even knew that she returned the passion.

He entered the house and found her in the kitchen digging through the freezer.

"Hey Mom?" he said. "Do you have a minute?"

She turned to him and closed the freezer. "Of course, honey. What's up?" Her eyes darted to the hallway to the front door, as if to check that they were alone.

He examined her face for a moment, trying to find the words. When did she get so gorgeous? "Where do you...think...like, do you think we have a future? I mean, where are we going with this?" He stopped before continuing in a rush, "I don't want to stop this, but I also don't know how to act with you. Like, are you my girlfriend? Do we go on dates now? Is this just a fling? I sent you that picture today because all the kids at school do it, but then I got really nervous that maybe I shouldn't do that. Then I went and did something dumb and bought you some stuff after school but now I figure maybe that was going too far, and I'm just overall confused about what to do." That last bit sounded pretty lame, and he cursed himself.

His Mom's smile looked a weird mixture of pride and surprise. "Come on, sit down in the living room, we can talk."

They sat on the same loveseat as last night, half facing each other. She started, "Honey, I am honestly almost as confused as you are. I keep having these conflicting feelings as I waver between my life with your Dad and a life with you. On one hand I don't want to give up my current life. It's a good one and I'm happy. On the other hand, I feel so excited and thrilled by my new connection with you that I just want to throw everything I have into exploring that."

She stopped and then said, "I'm not sure about being your girlfriend. I don't think that's the proper term for what I am. I'd say more that I'm your lover. As for how long we are lovers, I couldn't say. That's the part where I'm as confused as you are." She stopped, and Jake just looked at her, while she looked back. He didn't know what to say next.

"Did you want to go on a date with me?" she asked timidly.

He decided to backtrack. "Well. It probably wouldn't be a good idea. I just used it as an example of what boyfriend/girlfriends do. I'm fine

being your lover. Unless you wanted to?" he said, feeling his face go red.

She looked him in the eye, searching for something? "Um, if you mean go out somewhere as a couple for the world to see, I'm not sure it'd be a good idea. I'd like to go out with you!" she continued hurriedly. "I just can't think of where we can go where it would be safe. Let's think about that later, but first there are some things we should figure out. Like, how do we handle ourselves to avoid exposing what we're doing." She cocked an eyebrow before saying, "First I think we cut out the pictures of your penis."

"They're called 'dick pics'," he said, with a smirk.

"Right," she laughed. "No more dick pics. They're too easy to be found, and are dangerous. Also, we should make sure to only communicate in code. Your message about your teachers riding you and being on your ass was pretty clever." He smiled with pride. It had taken him a good 15 minutes to come up with it.

She continued, "We have to make sure not to touch or look at each other as anything except mother and son. I think we've shown that we can get into trouble near each other pretty easily. I know I've said it before, but, and especially around your father, we have to be normal!"

Jake tried to internalize this as best he could. He said, "I will do my absolute best not to be so sexy that you throw yourself at me uncontrollably."

She smiled and said, "And I will do my best not to accidentally fall onto your cock over and over again...unless we're alone."

Jake could see her nipples appear as bumps in her shirt. His Mom looked at his eyes and then looked down. "I'm doing a good job," she muttered. She went to stand up before sitting down again. "Wait, did you say you bought me some stuff? Like what?"

He shrugged and swallowed a sudden lump in his throat. He said, "Yeah. I'm not sure if you'll like them, but they seem like something a lover would get. Or a boyfriend." So saying, he went up to his room to retrieve the bag.

Back in the living room, he pulled out the first item and shyly handed it to her.

He watched as she held up the sheer black panties, before blurting, "You don't have to wear them! I wanted to get you something to remind you of me when you're at work, but maybe you wouldn't feel okay wearing those at work."

She shook her head and said, "Oh Jake, believe me, I don't need anything to make me think of you. I have to fight to keep my mind off of you. But I will be happy to wear anything you buy me. Except your father can't see these so I'll have to be careful." She squirmed a bit, rubbing her legs together. "Anything else?"

He nodded and took out the second item and handed it to her. This was a black bra with half cups made of sheer cloth and lace borders. As she took them, she gasped and looked at him. "This is really nice! How did you afford this?"

He shrugged and said, "I used the money from the lawn chores and some other I had saved. It's not a big deal, I would love to see you wear them that's all. It doesn't matter if you wear them to work, although the thought is exciting." He smiled and shifted in his seat as he felt his dick grow in his underwear.

His Mom glanced at his crotch. She smiled suggestively and said, "Is that growing?"

He nodded.

"Because of me?"

"Of course."

"Do you want me to model these for you?"

"I would really, really like that," he said, and used his hand to move his dick to a more comfortable position as it grew.

She smiled and took him by the hand, leading him up the stairs. "You go to your room and wait for me," she said, turning to hers. "I'll be right there."

He did that and sat down on the bed to wait. It wasn't long before she stepped into his open doorway wearing a thin black robe. She had let her hair out, letting it fall to her shoulders in shimmering waves.

"Are you ready?" she asked. She didn't wait for a response, opening the robe slowly.

Jake had seen his mother naked the week before and it was carved into his memory. This was something else entirely. His heart hammered in his chest seeing how the underwear enhanced everything. He took in every detail while she posed for him. Her breasts were perfectly cradled by the half cups, the exposed upper slopes tanned and smooth. He could see the pink of her large areola surrounding hard nipples through the fabric.

Looking further down his mouth flooded with saliva as he took in the bikini style panties with the sheer black fabric wrapped around her wide hips, revealing as much as it covered. There was a hint of some blonde pubic hair above the dark shadow of a slit between two puffy lips.

"Do I look okay?" she asked.

He laughed. "You look more than okay. You're so fucking sexy. I don't want you to ever take that off."

"Well that might make what I have in mind next hard to do," she replied. She reached behind her to undo the bra strap but he put a hand up. She paused.

"Please, not yet." He stood up and walked to her at the door, getting close enough to feel her body heat radiating from her. He took hold of first one plump breast through the bra, then the other, feeling her soft flesh. He ran a thumb over her nipple, feeling the ridges of her contracted areola, and was pleased to hear her give a low 'mmmmm'. He cupped one full ass cheek and pulled her close to him, squashing the lump in his pants against her panties.

"They feel nice. Do they feel nice to wear?" he asked.

"They feel amazing. I've never had anything this sexy to wear before. Your Dad never paid any attention to that stuff."

"Well that's a shame. Good thing you have me to appreciate it now."

He moved his head to her slender neck and started to kiss her there, sucking gently up to her ear. He nibbled on her lobe, hearing her purr deep in her throat. He couldn't help the motion of his hips as he thrust against her, the pressure felt so good. She grabbed his head and said, "Oh fuck, Jake you need to take these off me right now!"

Just as he had put a finger in both sides of the panties to yank them down, they heard the front door close. It wasn't fair. He paused and looked at his mother. She looked back and groaned, her gorgeous blue eyes glinting dangerously. "I'm going to kill him," she said.

They moved apart and she grabbed her robe before heading to her room.

He closed his door and fell down on the bed. This was going to be a long night.

It took 20 minutes of algebra homework before his dick was soft enough to go be seen by his Dad. When he did go down for dinner, he was surprised to see his Mom acting very chipper. Wasn't she feeling as frustrated as he was? She was wearing the same blouse and shorts she had on before and now her hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

Jake was ready to chew nails and gave only a few short answers at dinner, not offering up any of his own conversation. Meanwhile his Mom just chatted away, gaily updating everyone on her work day. His Dad seemed to be in just as good a mood. Was it the beers?

Jake kept trying to go to his room to relieve himself from the two aborted hardons so far that day but each time he did his Mom would ask him to do some inane chore. He was ready to snap!

Finally, as he was putting one foot on the bottom step, she put her head out of the living room and said, "Jake can you grab me the cleaner from the laundry room? Oh, wait you won't find it, let me show you." She grabbed his hand and pulled him there, chatting loudly the whole time. What did she need cleaner for? What was she up to?

Once inside the laundry room, she closed the door silently behind her and immediately grabbed his head bringing it to hers for a kiss. Not an innocent or shy kiss, no, she had her mouth open to capture his bottom lip between hers. He delightedly leaned into the kiss, wrapping his arms around her.

Forgetting his frustration, he felt his dick surge in his pants and threw himself into the kiss. He ran his tongue along her upper lip and was delighted to feel her tongue meet his. The slippery wet tip wrestled with his, her taste driving all thoughts away. He just wanted to be right there forever.

He felt her breasts squashed up against his chest and reached to her front to undo her buttons but she smacked his hand away. Whining

into her mouth he tried again. She took his hand in hers and brought it to her butt and clamped it there. She shook her head no, still kissing him.

Giving up, he devoted his attention to grabbing two handfuls of her ass while they kissed. She gave a surprised 'mmp!' into his mouth as he did, even smiling while they kissed. He felt his dick finish rising to the occasion and so pushed it against her to show her. Her hands wrapped around his back and squeezed him hard, enforcing the contact between them. Finally, she pushed her forehead on his and peeled his mouth off hers. They stayed that way, breathing hard.

She looked up into his eyes and whispered, "Jake I pulled you in here because I could see you're feeling the frustration of being interrupted earlier. Believe me, I am there with you. But I want you to save yourself for me. Okay? No jerking off." She stroked his cheek and pleaded with him, "Please just hang in there and I'll make it up to you later. I promise."

He nodded, feeling like he could burst at any moment. "How are you so chipper?" he asked.

She smiled and pulled her blouse collar away to show her bra strap. "I'm still wearing your gifts. I feel like a queen." He groaned and tried for her buttons again. "No way, too risky. Later, okay?"

Defeated, Jake turned for the door. His Mom reached for a cleaner off the shelf and then they exited, her saying, "I told you, it was at the back."

What felt like days later Jake finally headed to his room. His Mom gave him a warning shake of her head as he went. Fine. He would wait.

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Sam went to tidy up the kitchen before going up to bed herself. She looked in on Bill in the living room. "Are you heading up soon?" she asked.

"I'm not quite tired yet, I'll just watch another hour or so," he replied.

She hesitated at the door. That was again not like him. Should she say something? Maybe she was overthinking things. Ever since the day Jake and her had first made love she had been nervous that something would give them away. Best to play it cool.

"Alright. Don't stay up too late."

She went to get changed in the bathroom. She took off the bra and concealed it in her shirt but left the panties on. She put on some pink loose sleeping shorts and a tight black tank top. Back in her room she hid the new bra in the back of her drawer, making sure it was under some older panties she didn't wear any more.

In bed she lay there, thinking of Jake. She wanted Bill to come to bed and fall asleep so she could go to her son and work off some of the frustration from the long day.

She ran her hands down in her shorts to her panties to feel the material for probably the 10th time that day. They were so soft; it was like she wasn't wearing anything at all. She lazily stroked her hands up and down, thinking back on the day.

Thinking of Bill seeing Jake and her so close brought a twinge of regret. Regret for what?

That she hadn't been able to fuck her son? Or regret that her husband hadn't caught them doing more than they were. Why would she want to get caught? Was she that desperate to have her relationship with Jake brought into the light?

Pondering her motivations for being open about her new lover led Sam to the realization that she wanted to tell people. She was happy and she wanted to share her happiness with others. Keeping it secret was tantamount to being ashamed of it, but she wasn't ashamed, not even a little bit. Her love and passion for Jake was a part of her now, she had fully embraced it.

Thinking of Jake and their connection while playing with her panties caused her body to react in predictable ways. She rubbed one finger slowly down the center of her panties, feeling first her thin pubic hair and then the furrow between her puffy labia. Further down she felt heat and moisture seeping through the fabric, lubricating her finger. Up and down she stroked, just using the sensations to tease herself. She was going to save her pleasure for Jake...soon as she could get away, she thought, wondering where her husband was.

Eventually her playing slowed and then stopped as she succumbed to sleep.

Hours later she woke up with a start. It had to be the middle of the night. Bill had finally come to bed and was sleeping next to her. She had promised Jake that she would help relieve his built-up stress. And her own. Was he still waiting for her, or was he asleep?

She got out of bed and waited to hear Bill's breathing hadn't changed. Satisfied that he hadn't woken, she rummaged in her drawer and then left the room and padded softly down the hall to her son's room. There his door was open, and his bedside lamp on. He was sprawled out on his bed with no covers, wearing just some boxers. A book was on his pillow next to him. Had he fallen asleep while reading, waiting for her? She took the opportunity to admire the lean muscles of his torso, good for swimming. The strength in his arms had astonished her when he grabbed her in the pool and she couldn't help but imagine them wrapped around her now.

She shivered as she looked down to his lower half. One leg was bent at the knee, spreading his thighs open. As she was about to turn away, she noticed that the front of his boxers had a hole gaping open above what could only be his penis. She hesitated. If Bill woke up, he'd wonder where she was, but she was drawn to that hole in her son's underwear. Maybe one little look wouldn't hurt. She crept closer to her son's bed, looking at the treasure lurking within his underwear. She'd never seen the Man Cock when it was at rest.

Close enough now to see better, the hole wasn't big enough. Poking with one finger, she spread the sides open further, letting her see a portion of his flaccid cock. The organ that had so captured her mind was now quiescent, a shadow of its usual self. She was fascinated by how it could look so harmless now, but given proper motivation would turn into the powerful tool for fucking that she craved.

She shot a look up to her son's face to check that he was still sleeping, and then used her finger to spread the hole wider. She got close enough that her breath was washing over it. Her eyes widened as his cock reacted, moving on its own. That was unexpected. Did it have a mind of its own? She deliberately blew on his cock through the hole in his underwear and noted with glee when it moved again.

She carefully grabbed both sides of the fabric around the hole and pulled them wide enough for her to dip her pursed lips in to give his sleeping giant a kiss. Her nose got close enough to take a full whiff of his musk. She inhaled deeply. It was a combination of male and heat and sex. Like Pavlov's dog hearing the dinner bell, her nipples rose to the occasion and her pussy moistened in anticipation of what that man meat could do to her.

Forgetting the situation, or that she should be in bed, she dipped her hand into the gaping hole and lifted the fragile warrior out. It was so soft. She brought the head of it up to her mouth and carefully wrapped her lips around it. Silken flesh met slippery tongue. Slowly,

she sucked more and more of his length into her mouth and was delighted to feel it respond.

As her son's cock expanded in her mouth Sam focused her attention on the feel of it writhing against her tongue. Before long it was too big to keep encased within her mouth and she allowed his shaft to extend out of her lips. Eventually he was as hard as she had ever felt. A pulsing, throbbing Man Cock again, risen from his slumber.

As she started to lathe his head with her tongue, she looked up to his face and was pleased to see him gazing back at her. Fully awake and clearly enjoying the attention, he put his hands behind his head. She batted her eyes at him before resuming the blowjob. Now that he was awake, she put her hands to good use, stroking the base of him.

Just as she was really getting into it, he surprised her by pushing her head up, away from his groin. She stared at him in surprise until he pushed his boxers off and pulled her over top of him. She didn't resist, and soon she was looking down at his face, her entire body draped over his.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi back. I thought you might not come."

"Oh, I intend on cumming." As she said this, she pushed her sleeping shorts and panties down to her knees, using her feet to push them the rest of the way. He took the opportunity to pull her top off. Her braless tits dropped out the bottom of her tank top and onto his chest. She lunged forward for a kiss and he responded.

This was what they had needed, what they should be allowed to have any time one of them wanted it. Skin to skin, arms and legs entwined. They fought to get as close as possible, neither one of them willing to break contact. She felt his cock against her mons, her belly, slipping between her lips and then away again. She rocked

over it with her pussy as it moved around but every time she thought she had it pinned down he would shift to one side or the other. It became a game and they laughed while kissing.

Finally, she spread her legs wide open and sat up on top of him. She looked down at the source of her frustration with a smirk and then up to his face, saying, "That really needs to be in one place, and one place only."

"Yeah? Where is that?" he said, his expression stating he clearly knew where.

"In my fucking cunt. I need you to fuck me right now, you tease. But unfortunately, I need you to put this on first." She showed him the condom wrapper concealed in her hand.

Eyes wide in pretend shock at her language, he grabbed the condom wrapper and tore it open, placing it on the tip of his cock.

"You do the rest," he said.

She obliged, using both hands to roll the condom down his shaft, taking the opportunity to caress him as she did. She regretted the necessity of him wearing it, but his semen would surely knock her up at this time of the month.

"Looks like it fits," he said.

Sam nodded and lifted her hips up over his now wrapped cock. She watched as he grabbed his shaft, placing his head at her entrance. She was producing lubrication to add to the condom's, and so he coated his cockhead in her juices before leaving it in position. She looked down at him and tried to memorize this moment. She wanted these types of memories to last.

He grabbed onto her wide hips and pushed up while she squatted down, and together they moaned as she descended. She felt him

penetrate her, his baby maker, made impotent, filling her up in a way no one ever had before him. If only he wasn't covered in latex, she thought. This wasn't how it should be.

Knowing some things were beyond their control, she accepted him into her and when their pubic hair met, she knew she'd never had any lover fit as well as he did. His pubic bone pushed on her clit while his girth stretched her open and his length reached deep inside of her. She stopped and sat on his thighs, amazed at how every part of her pussy was being pleased just by him being inside of her. It was a surprising revelation after already fucking him twice. Was this the source of their compatibility? Had she made his cock a perfect fit just for her?

She wanted to experience more of their physical harmony as she sat there but evidently, he wanted movement. He held her hips in place and started to push his own down into the bed before thrusting up again. He did it fast and the sensations it produced overwhelmed her. She thought she could feel the veins and ridge of his cockhead moving within her whenever he pulled out. When he plunged back in again he hit her clitoris with a pulsing thump.

She placed her hands on his pecs and concentrated on the feel of him entering her. His powerful cock opening her up each time he thrust, her labia caressing the sides of him. When he was fully buried inside of her she tried to squeeze her pussy and keep him in place. He groaned as she did but he kept up his thrusting. Her juices flowed out of her, coating the condom and dripping around his groin.

Together all of it conspired to send her an orgasm and she didn't complain. As he fucked her from below, she looked into his face for as long as she could before her pleasure took over. She threw her head back and moaned loudly, not caring who heard. Her entire body rocked as waves of contractions spread from her pussy to her brain. Her breasts swayed and bounced. She pushed down on his

chest as she rode on his massive pleasure spike and with a final convulsion, she let out a loud cry.

"HHUUHHHnnnnnn!!"

Sweat dripped down her face, saliva gathered at the corners of her mouth. She calmed down enough to look back down at him as he continued to fuck her from below, though with less rhythm now.

His hair was tousled, his eyes clenched, his breath coming in gasps. He was gorgeous and he was close to cumming too. She lowered her torso down, letting her breasts drape down close to his mouth. The change in position caused him to open his eyes, and so he stopped and looked up, seeing nothing but two hard nipples in his face. He latched on to one of them. She keened as the pressure shot to her pussy, presaging another orgasm.

This was what she wanted. She wanted Jake's cock in her pussy. She wanted him nursing at her breast. She wanted him to be close to her physically and emotionally. She wanted all of these feelings at once, all of the time. She started to pump her hips, taking over for his fucking. Her movements caused him to lose his latch, which she regretted almost enough to stop. Bouncing up and down, she felt her mouth drop open as her second orgasm approached.

"Are you close, baby? I want you to cum with me," she panted.

He nodded, so she kept up the pace until they both started groaning.

"OHHHHHFUUUCKBABYYOUFEELSOGOOD"

"MomI'mcummingohmygodiloveyouohfuuuuuuck!!"

This simultaneous explosion of love was too much to allow her to continue. She collapsed on his chest, her breath heaving in and out, as his cock pulsed in her vagina. She remembered with regret that

his potent sperm was not reaching her womb. It was encased in that vile rubber, stopping them from completing what surely nature had intended for them to complete.

As they lay together, panting, sweating, heaving in the aftermath of their mutual realizations of euphoria, she resolved to make her union with him permanent.

"I love you, baby," she said, as she sat up enough to look him in the face. Her breasts were now pressed up against his chest, his cock still firmly plugged in her vagina, the condom doing its job of preventing fertilization. "I love you so much, I never want this to stop." Not wanting an answer right away she lay her head down.

She was surprised to hear him say, "I didn't say at the time, but after I fucked your ass." He half laughed before continuing, "and we just lay kissing and cuddling, I never wanted that to end. I don't want this to end either."

She was very happy to hear that, and so they lay there for a while, just feeling each other. Lazy kissing followed by slow massages. She laughed at one point, and when he asked her why she explained, "I came into your room and your cock was soft. I made it hard and now I've made it soft again." She raised up enough so that his condom covered cock slithered out of her.

She kissed his nose. "I miss it inside of me already."

She rolled off of him and they both looked down to the sad semen-filled rubber on his cock as it lay across his stomach. He pulled it off and tied it, tossing it in his garbage can.

She took a long breath and held it. Honesty with herself meant honesty with him. She said into his chest, "I've had to take the Plan B pill twice with you now, and... it's weird. I'm reluctant to take it. Is that crazy? That it's hard for me to take them? That I almost didn't

bring that condom tonight? Is my subconscious telling me something?"

He shifted so he could look at her face. "Do you mean you want to get pregnant?" he asked.

She didn't say anything or move for a long time. "I wouldn't say I want to, it's very confusing. I know getting pregnant is a bad idea, I know that. But every time I do something to prevent it, I feel regret. Like I'm missing out on something. Why would that be?" She felt no fear or anxiety about telling him this. She trusted that he would give it the proper weight, and respect how she felt.

She was not disappointed.

He said, "I don't know. I know how I feel. I want you to be happy, whatever form that happiness takes. I think...if you got pregnant Dad would leave, probably?" He stared up at the ceiling for a while before continuing, "You married him and it's not right to leave him in the lurch. I know that our time together is probably going to be limited, so I'll take what I can get."

It was a tactful answer. It was not what she wanted to hear. She rolled up onto her elbow so she could look him in the eye. "Jake Francis Shepherd, you do not get to cop out on me like that. I expect to hear exactly what you want out of this and nothing more. You be as selfish as you can be, because in the end you getting anything less than what you want will lead to sadness, so why not reach for the stars? Reach for it all and maybe you'll get it."

He looked back up at her, hovering there. "I want you. I want you to be my woman, and I your man. I want us to be able to be with each other as often as we want. As far as getting pregnant, um, that's a hard one. I can't say I'd be disappointed, but it's also not smart. I do love fucking you bareback though," he said with a cheeky grin.

She smiled and said, "I do love that too, and missed it tonight. As you say, it's not smart to get pregnant, so we'll keep using the condoms. I'll deal with my weird urges on my own, although...it's not like I have a good track record resisting my urges when I'm around you."

They kissed again, sweetly and softly. She didn't want to leave just yet, and so they lay together the same way as before, with kisses and touches until they fell asleep, limbs entwined, peaceful.

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Jake woke up the next morning feeling content. He looked over at his Mom next to him in his bed, facing away from him. They had untangled in their sleep but she still lay with her back against him under the sheet. He pulled the sheet back and stared at her smooth back all the way down to her amazing ass. The reality of her being in his bed naked was communicated to his dick and so he rolled towards her, pressing himself against her. His dick buried its way into the valley of her butt and he rocked it up and down to further encase himself there. He wrapped his arm over her waist and caressed her belly, wondering what it would feel like if there was his baby growing there. The thought made his heart flip inside his chest.

His Mom murmured and moaned as she slowly roused. "What a nice way to wake up," she said, quietly. She rolled her torso towards him and was about to crane for a kiss when she froze, looking towards his door.

Jake rolled over to look and almost had a heart attack when he saw his Dad standing in his doorway.

Nobody moved for what felt like forever. Finally, Bill cleared his throat and said, "Oh, here you are. Well get dressed you two, and meet me in the living room." He walked away from the door, leaving them to do just that.

Jake's mind was in a whirl. Would his Dad divorce his Mom now? Would he get thrown out? Why was his Dad so calm just now? He looked at his Mom and saw the same confusion and worry on her face.

"What do we do?" he whispered.

She shook her head before saying, "I'm not really sure, let's just hear him out, and try to remain calm." She gathered up her sleeping clothes on his floor and then went to put on something more discrete in her own room. Jake waited for her at the top of the stairs, there was no way he was going down alone.

She joined him and they went downstairs, finding his Dad, her husband, waiting on his chair.

"Sit down, please," he said.

They both sat, perched on the edge of the loveseat as if ready to run, and then waited for him to speak.

He looked at them both in turn, seeming to examine their faces, but for what, Jake wasn't sure. Eventually he said, "I came home from the work trip and noticed something was different, but I could never have predicted that it was what I found this morning. I did think maybe you were having an affair," he said, looking at his wife. "But not with my son. How did this happen? How long has it been going on?"

He stopped for an answer, and Jake looked at his Mom, who looked back at them. She nodded and said, "It was my fault, I was lonely when you were gone and Jake...provided some comfort, as it were. Don't blame him."

Jake was not going to let his Mom take the fall. "No, Dad, I'm the one to blame, I took advantage of Mom's frustrations."

At that point they both started talking at once, debating who was more at fault.

"Oh, but baby I was the one who - "

"Mom I came because of your tits on me, it was - "

"It was my decision to give you a blowjob, not yours."

"And my decision to go down on you too, don't - "

This was apparently too much for Bill. "STOP IT!" he roared at them both. They clamped their mouth shut and looked at him. His brow furrowed and he rubbed his hair in a frenzy, clearly conflicted.

"Is this going to keep going on?" he asked, exasperated.

Jake's heart leapt at the notion that they could keep going. He looked at his Mom again, a question on his face if not his lips. She looked back and he could see that the answer wasn't even a consideration.

"Yes," she said to Jake, firmly.

His Dad nodded and said, "Okay. Okay. Oooookay." He looked at them with a kind of desperation. He laughed a bit and then said, "Okaaay."

Jake and his Mom sat there. Jake wasn't sure what to say.

Bill continued, "I have been dreading that you were having an affair with some fascinating person who would steal you away, but didn't dream it was our son. I'll need to process this. I think it might work."

He stood up and walked out of the room.

Jake looked at his Mom. "That wasn't what I expected. What does he mean he thinks it might work?" he said.

She looked uncertain. "I'm not sure, I'll go talk to him."

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Sam followed Bill up to their room and found him sitting on the bed, staring at the wall.

She sat down next to him and they stayed silent for a while until she said, "I'm really sorry Bill. I didn't mean to hurt you, and I certainly didn't mean to start having an affair with our son. It just...sort of happened. I tried to stop it but I can't seem to stop myself. I know that's going to be hurtful to hear but at this point I figure honesty will get us to the other side."

He looked over at her and smiled. "I have a confession." He looked like he was going to be sick. "I'm not truly mad or anything, I think. At least I don't seem to be. You see, I've been having an affair too. The thing I'm worried about is that I don't want us to stop being together." He gestured to the two of them. "I like our life. I don't want to love what we have."

Sam felt her heart skip a beat. She did not expect his affair, even though his recent behaviour told her that something was going on. She searched her heart and feelings while he sat there and watched.

She felt...sad. Sad that they had both obviously moved on from their marriage. But he wanted to stay married? Isn't that weird? Compared to what she was doing with Jake, it probably wasn't so weird. What did she want?

Bill started to squirm next to her the longer she went without answering. She turned to him and said, "I like our life too. I don't think I would be as happy if I had to uproot and start elsewhere. I told Jake that I didn't want to lose you. So, what are you suggesting?"

He shrugged and said, "I guess, just keep on as we are? I am able to go to her house to spend time with her, and you two can...do what you do here."

Sam had a thought. "How long has this been going on? Your new lover." A part of her died saying it, but it had to be said. Clearly nothing was the same, even though to the outer world it was all the same.

"We got together the first time on that last work trip. We ended up being put in a hotel that was overbooked and had to share a room. Days of showering, changing, eating, sleeping near one another led to sex. I haven't felt this alive in years, and she feels the same way. She's married too. We both want to keep our lives as they are."

Sam nodded, sad to hear of how much she affected him. It was in his voice describing her.

"Do I know her? Do you have a picture?" she asked. Not that it mattered, but she wanted to know who this person was who had stolen her husband while she was being stolen from him.

"You don't know her. You can meet her if you like. I don't have any...appropriate pictures."

They send nudes, she thought. Then briefly considered meeting this mystery woman before deciding not to. "That's okay. It probably doesn't make a difference. Will I see her at the Christmas party?"

Bill gave a relieved laugh and she joined him.

"Isn't it weird that I'm fucking our son," she asked once they'd stopped.

The abruptness clearly made him uncomfortable. "I don't see it that way. He's an adult and so are you. He's just a younger man that gives you joy. Do...you think it will go on long?"

Sam shook her head slowly. "I don't know. I think it will continue going for as long as we both want it. For now, it's exhilarating. I feel the same way with him as you do with Hotel woman I think." She cleared her throat and hesitated before saying, "Thank you for understanding. I can't think of not being with him now, and was getting worried about you finding out."

"Well, sleeping in his bed is one sure way for me to find out," he said with a raised eyebrow.

"That...was a mistake. I just fell asleep after..." She let it trail away, not wanting to push it in his face that they'd fucked. She felt her cheeks go red. "What should we do now? How do we move on?"

Sam thought for a bit, the enormity of what they were planning expanding in her mind. She started to babble questions. "Do we need ground rules for how Jake and I interact around the house? Will you leave the house if Jake and I want to be together? Do you want us to give you alone time to invite your new woman over?" That last was said with some difficulty but it was getting easier. "How do we talk to each other about all this?"

He shook his head. "I don't know what to do next. I'm relieved that you are taking this so well. I imagined this talk would go much differently." He chuckled, shaking his head. "Maybe we can just think about it for a bit, and see what we're comfortable with. Let's start with not pushing anything in each other's face for now, okay? You don't canoodle with Jake when I'm around, and I won't declare where I'm going when I leave."

She nodded. "Let's do that. I'm sure Jake and I can be discrete." Her tone was confident but in her mind it was a tenuous assertion.

"Isn't it a bit weird that we're taking this so calmly? I also imagined a different kind of outcome."

He shrugged. "I think we've both moved on in our hearts and so it's more of a relief that there's no shouting, don't you think? We just need a new understanding."

"I guess that makes sense," she said, and then stood up to leave before turning back to him. "What about us? Do we still have sex? Do we hug or kiss? What do we do?"

He stood up and walked over to give her a hug. "We definitely hug and kiss. I still love you. The sex I think is directed elsewhere for now."

She hugged him back and shared in the quick peck he gave on her lips.

"I'll go tell Jake what's up. I'll leave it to you to sort out your relationship with him."

He chuckled. "I know just what to say."

She gave him a warning look. "Be nice."

His look back was filled with innocence.

Downstairs she found Jake still sitting in the living room, flipping channels furiously. He looked up as she entered. "So?" he asked.

She walked up to him, swaying her hips and smiling. Stepping over his legs she sat down in his lap and gave him a kiss to curl his toes. She felt him responding underneath her and so sat back to talk instead.

"It's all good. Your Dad doesn't want to make any waves with the life we've built. He understands that you and I have something special going on, and so we can continue to enjoy ourselves as long as we aren't too obvious. He will be doing his own thing."

"So, we don't have to worry about being caught, or being normal, or any of that? We can be together? And you're still going to be married to Dad?"

She nodded. "As I said, discretion matters, but it's more a matter of respect now. If he's out of the house it's open season." As she said this, she gave her hips a little wiggle in his lap. "I do think he'll be out of the house fairly regularly. To the outside world we're still married, still the same family everyone else knows."

"So, we do have to 'be normal' when he's home. Is there any wiggle room on that? Any loveseat cuddles?"

Sam felt a surge of desire rise inside of her at his playful words, and knowing the history of restraint she'd shown so far, said, "I think the agreement was that we don't show our relationship when your Dad is around."

He appeared to be contemplating what that meant when she realized she had to get ready for work. "I have to shower, and so do you. You have school, don't you?" She stood up and walked to the stairs. She could hear the shower she shared with Bill running.

"Your Dad's in our shower, can I use yours?" She put an invitation into the question.

She laughed and turned to run up the stairs, the same sense of excited fear she'd felt in the pool filling her chest as she heard him pounding up the stairs behind her. She got to his bathroom a step ahead and immediately started ripping her clothes off.

Jake was doing the same when she said, "The water's not going to start itself, is it?"

He brushed past her to lean into the stall shower and fiddled with the knobs to get the right temperature. Sam looked at his bare back, taking in the details of his muscles rippling under his skin as he bent

over. She moved behind him and pressed her now naked breasts against him, running her hands up and down and left and right, hugging him from behind.

He half turned in her embrace and looked at her. They kissed once, twice and then he was shoving the rest of his clothes off and stepping into the shower, pulling her in after him.

The water drenched her hair and shoulders, running down her belly and legs. She had to close her eyes to keep water out of them and found a benefit to having them closed. She could only feel his hands roam over her. They covered her breasts, her hips, her butt, her legs, seeming to be everywhere at once. She decided to keep her eyes closed and just let him have his way.

He settled on her breasts, lifting them in his hands and running his thumbs over her erect nipples, the pleasure causing her pussy to throb in sympathy. The next thing she felt was a touch on her belly, tapping against her and moving erratically as if with no control before settling into her bellybutton. It was hot and insistent with no give. She touched it with her hand and found his cock there, thrusting towards her. She moved closer to him, pressing his cock between them and moving forward with her lips pursed. She wanted to feel his mouth.

He must have seen her as she felt his lips on hers, the water running down her face joining with their saliva as their tongues probed and wrestled. She started running her hand up and down the hard cock between them, feeling him respond through his mouth.

They kept this up until he started moving her back to the wall of the shower. She instinctively raised one leg and pushed his cock down to between her legs, ready to beg him to fuck her. He squatted enough to get his cock at an angle to push himself into her pussy when she gave an urgent squeal into the mouth kissing her. She couldn't move back any further and he'd put his hand under her leg, she was

unable to stop him from plunging his cock deep inside her fertile pussy.

Thankfully he felt the squeal and pulled his head back. "Are you okay?"

She nodded, wiping the water from her face. "You can't fuck me bareback, baby. I'm sorry, I want it too, but there's a chance I could get pregnant." As she said this, she felt his hips twitch once as if with a mind of their own, popping his cockhead into her vagina. Her pussy dripped with shower water and her own lubrication. Despite the size of him, she was so wet he easily plunged an inch into her. She gasped at the intrusion, but welcomed it with a twitch of her own hips. His cock sunk another inch inside of her.

She looked down to where they were joined, the pressure of his penetration pushing on the nerves surrounding her opening, his hot cock bare in her wet pussy. She wanted him inside of her so badly that she didn't say anything more as she let her own weight drive her slowly down onto him, splitting her, spreading her open until their pubic bones met and he was buried to the root. She kept on looking at this one beautiful sight, their two patches of pubic hair intermingled. Sam looked up at her son, standing there so still, waiting for her. She nodded and said, "Slowly."

She looked down again, her hands on his arms to hold herself in place as he pulled his cock out of her until his tip was exposed. Then he was pushing back inside again, her pussy welcoming him in with more slippery liquid. The intense tremors of pleasure that radiated from her pussy as he rejoined them kept pulsing until he fully embedded his sword inside of her. His shaft rubbed on her clit the entire way and that wonderful little bundle of happy nerves sang.

Her clit sang its pleasure in her brain, in her nipples, and on her face. She couldn't keep her eyes open as her orgasm approached, instead clenching them shut, her mouth gaping open in a silent

scream. She exploded on his Man Cock. Her pussy added more juice to the shower, coating his cock as she squirted her cum with each convulsion, constricting over and over. Her belly muscles tense, she gripped his arms harder still as she quivered there in the shower, impaled by the cock she loved so much. The cock attached to the son she loved so much.

Her orgasm subsided gradually. She kept having aftershocks as he continued to slowly drive into her and she knew that that one long cum would be enough to keep her happy all day. As her mind cleared and she came down from that wonderful high she realized what was happening with a trill of fear. His cock was once again inside of her pussy, nothing between them, no protection.

Sam sighed, considering why neither of them could remember protection for very long. She pushed his chest. "Please pull out."

He did, stepping back. "Sorry Mom, it felt so good. You nodded and -"

She put a hand on his mouth to stop him. "It's okay, that felt better than any of the other times. We're getting better at this."

She smiled and got down on her knees in the shower. The space provided wasn't much, but she had room if he was against the wall. She grabbed hold of the monster that had given her the best orgasm of her life. "I hope this will do."

And saying that, she used her mouth on his cockhead, tongue vibrating on the underside where she knew all men were sensitive. Within 10 seconds he came with a cry, his cum exploding in her mouth, spreading out the sides, dripping down her chin. She continued to massage his shaft as he throbbed and pulsed. More cum was delivered to her eager lips in bursts and she swallowed some of it to satisfy her own hunger. She rubbed her mouth over his tip, using the slimy semen to lubricate him, her tongue roaming all over his head.

He surprised her by pushing her off. "I can't Mom, it's too sensitive."

She stood up, still holding on to her prize. "Was that okay? We can do more after work until your Dad comes home."

He gave her a hug, his still hard cock pushed against her belly. "It felt awesome. I'll never say no to that."

They finished showering quickly, as they were really running behind now. Sam couldn't help but keep 'accidentally' touching, rubbing, caressing his cock, as if to keep it close to her. He growled at one point that he couldn't very well concentrate on showering with her keeping his dick perpetually hard. She grinned and kept doing it. It was her cock, after all.

## Sam and Jake Pt. 04

Jake swam laps in the pool, restless with anticipation. His Mom should be home soon and he was looking forward to a bit of alone time with her before his Dad got home. Now that it was all in the open, he figured they wouldn't have to be quite so careful.

He stopped swimming and floated, thinking back to the very odd scenario that had played out that morning. His Dad found them in bed together, and yet apparently, he was fine with it? That was the part that kept hitting Jake upside the head as a stray thought. He still hadn't really incorporated it into his world view.

What was acceptable? His Mom had said to be respectful when his Dad was home, but what did that mean? Obviously, no fucking in plain sight, but was casual affection okay? Could he give her a kiss in front of his Dad? Was groping in or out? He really wanted to talk to his Mom about all of this. He liked that their relationship was evolving as it was, he just wished there weren't so many unknowns!

Jake floated to the edge of the pool just in time to hear the front door of the house slam and then quick footsteps clack to the open patio door. His pulse raced as he saw her come into view, her face lit up with a big smile, her hair let down from her usual work tie-up.

She waved to him and said, "I'll join you in a minute, just let me get changed."

He smiled back his assent and she disappeared towards the stairs. A wave of awe and joy washed over him as he realized that they were together now. She was his in almost every way it mattered, and he was hers. The only piece they were now missing was the outside world also knowing of their love, but that wasn't going to be. Out there, they were mother and son, but inside this property they were lovers. It didn't matter to him if anyone else knew, but it still did cast

a shadow of fear that someone could find out and there would be trouble. The fact they had survived his Dad finding out was fluky enough.

He shook his head again. His Dad knew and was fine with it. So weird.

A few minutes later his Mom came down in her bikini and with a smile leaped into the water near him. He waited for her to surface but she didn't, instead seemed to be convulsing under water. His unease lifted when he saw her bikini bottoms drift to the surface, followed by her top soon after. Jake grinned and quickly shoved his speedo down and let it also float free. He started to swim to her, his dick filling with blood as he did.

His Mom popped up out of the water like a mermaid, her hair flipping back over her head. As she dropped back down her breasts swayed, unencumbered, her nipples already hard. He reached her a second later and they wrestled to wrap arms and legs around each other, his dick pushed up against her belly. Her breasts were smashed against his chest and her nipples were hard against his own.

A few minutes of passionate kissing and groping soon calmed down into slower caresses as they reacquainted themselves after being apart for 8 hours. Jake felt his Mom reach down and grip his dick, rubbing it, making it even harder as it insistently throbbed against her.

He reached behind her and took a hold of both ass cheeks, lifting her up. She took the hint and wrapped her legs and arms around him. His dick was sandwiched between them. He moved to the stairs, sitting down so they were submerged up to their shoulders. They sat there a while, and he just stared at her face. Her animated expression, her eyes darting around as she looked back at him, water dripping down her cheeks.

"How was your day," she asked.

"Hard," he answered. "I kept thinking of you. How about you?"

"Pleasurable. I kept thinking of you too."

As they murmured to each other she started to writhe in his lap, letting the movement of her hips rub her pussy on his dick. The water was cool around them but where they touched was warm, the warmest where pussy met dick. All he could do was hold on to her as she moved, rubbing his hands from her ass to her back.

"I really missed this cock," she whispered. "I may have an addiction problem."

Jake really could only bite his lip as she started to speed up. He took her weight on one arm and used the other to take hold of her breast underwater. She moaned in his ear as he gently squeezed it, rubbing his thumb over her nipple. He got bolder and took it between his thumb and forefinger to give it a good tug. He was pleased to hear her gasp in shock and then say, "Again!"

He pulled it again, not too hard, just hard enough for her to gasp again, mouth dropping open.

"I need you to suck on it, baby. I need you to suck on my breast like you did so long ago."

She sat up straight, lifting her breasts out of the water so he could latch on. He was surprised to hear her talk that way. Did she have a thing for breastfeeding? She'd never really mentioned it, but then they'd only been intimate for a short while.

He sucked as much of her breast into his mouth as he could but she pulled back and looked down at him. She said, "No, not like that. Just the nipple, like you're feeding."

He obliged, fitting her nipple and areola between his tongue and upper mouth. He gave a good hard suck and almost lost his latch when his Mom started clawing his back and shrieking. He let loose and looked up at her face, thinking he'd been too rough, but she just looked down at him with a smile. Her cheeks were red. "Oh baby, that was awesome. Do it again!"

"It didn't hurt, did it? I don't want to hurt you," he said.

"Oh no, it didn't hurt at all, it was perfect. I felt that right down into my pussy." As she said this she started up the movement on his cock that she had abandoned.

He latched on again and had to do his best to keep her nipple in his mouth, as she moved a lot while grinding on him. She kept that up for a while and he could feel her tensing up more and more. He swapped breasts and started using his tongue on the end of her nipple while suckling. Eventually the combination of his mouth sucking and her pussy rubbing caused her to go rigid, wrapping her arms around his head and shoving her pelvis into him. She gave a long groan, squeezing him to her breast, her hips spasming.

"Ohhhfuck. Ohhh, baby you feel so good. Ahhhhhh!!!."

He let her nipple loose as she let go of his head. Jake looked at his Mom, sitting in his lap with his dick pressed up against her pussy. Her wet blonde hair was hanging around her head and her eyes were half closed as she finished coming down from her orgasm. Her full lips were parted and wet and he couldn't resist bringing her head down for a long kiss. She was so sexy he couldn't help but want to taste her again.

He moved his tongue along her lips as she hugged him again, this time gently.

They broke off when her orgasm was fully over. He looked at the first nipple he had been sucking on. It was engorged and red. He

brushed his finger over the tip of it gently.

"Does it hurt now?" he asked.

She shook her head. "It's sensitive but there's no pain from that length of time. When you were a baby it could get painful if you fed too long."

He leaned back to take each breast in hand to lift them up, weighing them. "I love your breasts, Mom. I wish I could remember what your milk tasted like."

She smiled at him. "Breastfeeding was a fantastic part of raising you, I always felt very close to you. Something about the hormones that are released by it."

She looked down at her chest and said, "They were much larger back then."

He grinned and said, "I wish I could remember that too!"

She leaned in for another kiss, this time a gentle one with closed lips and the pressure of his hard cock against her caused him to moan against her mouth.

"Oh! How stupid of me, you must be dying down there!" she said, worriedly.

"I am starting to get a bit uncomfortable," he replied.

"We can't fuck, we don't have a condom, but maybe I could help you out a different way. Sit up here on the ledge." She patted the edge of the pool.

He moved up to sit there out of the water, his dick pointing to the sky. She stayed in the water, positioning herself between his legs,

and took him in hand. He leaned back and watched as his Mom focused on his crotch.

She started by rolling his balls around in his scrotum, very lightly. He let out a low 'mmmmm' in his throat and his dick pulsed. Lowering her mouth to his head, she sucked the tip to gather up the precum seeping out and then swallowed noisily. She then opened her mouth wide and dropped her head down onto his dick, her lips stretched wide. She pushed her mouth down the top two inches and stopped, then started to pull up, sucking hard, her cheeks caving in.

The feel of her mouth moving on him, her hand on his shaft rubbing up and down, was exquisite. After his Mom grinding on him in the pool, he was more than ready to cum. Suckling at her breasts had also gotten to him, like it had for her. He stared at her as she bobbed on his dick, and could feel the familiar tension of his orgasm approaching. His Mom started to go faster, squeezing his shaft with her mouth and hand. The warm glow in his crotch spread out in a pulse, his dick expanding in his Mom's mouth and then he came. The gobbets of cum shot to the back of her throat and then filled her mouth before spilling out of the sides, drooling down his dick. The feel of his slick semen lubricating his Mom's lips caused him to ejaculate more and more, his dick so sensitive that it overwhelmed him and he yelled, "GAAAAAaahhhh!!!"

He fell down on his back and was aware of her slurping on his knob, sending more jolts of pleasure throughout his body. Then with one last deep dive down his dick, she sealed her lips and sucked hard, gathering up as much of the spilled cum as she could and pulling up. He looked as she slowly pulled her mouth off the top of his dick, his shaft emerging from her lips bit by bit until his head popped out. She raised her head, closing her eyes and working her mouth before swallowing with a satisfied 'Ahhh!'.

"Thank you, that hit the spot," she said.

He smiled and said, "My pleasure. Literally. That was amazing." They giggled together for a second and then stopped when they heard the front door close inside the house. Bill was home.

Jake dropped into the pool and retrieved his speedo, his heart beating fast. His dick was deflating fast, thankfully enough to stuff in his suit. He heard his Mom from behind him say, "Don't panic. Remember this is okay now. Just be calm and cool."

He turned around to see her putting her top on. He watched as she tied it on and then leaned against the wall of the pool.

"You're not putting your bottoms on?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I don't think I'll need to. Just watch."

A few minutes later Jake was surprised to see his Dad pop his head out and say, "I'm just headed out for a bit, see you later."

They waved to him and he was gone. It took a bit for Jake to calm down, even though he knew that it was fine. It was still weird.

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Sam removed her top after Bill left and then swam some laps, naked and free. Jake joined her but kept his suit on, saying he didn't want to get tempted. She wished he would get tempted, but it was probably best to pace themselves. They had as much time as they needed.

She had spent the day thinking of Jake, but also thinking of Bill. How he could have such a liberal attitude to the relationship she had with her son. How she would never have suspected him of being capable of that type of open-mindedness. It just went to show how little you could know a person after so many years of marriage.

She went inside and changed into some loose linen pants and a crop top. She thought about going braless but also thought about where her new normal would end up. She enjoyed treating Jake by going braless but it wasn't going to be a fulltime state, right? Better that she go with what was comfortable now and he would get used to it and enjoy the treats when they were given. She certainly didn't expect him to go around without underwear now, just so she could get a glimpse of his cock swinging in his shorts.

The evening was spent watching TV, cuddling on the couch. Occasional kisses and caresses but nothing more. After a while she could tell that something was on Jake's mind.

"What's up with you?" she asked, smiling to keep him at ease.

"What? Nothing."

"Come on, you're distracted. What are you thinking about?"

He hesitated and then in a rush he said, "I'm just having a hard time fitting this new arrangement in my head. I don't know what we can and can't do with Dad around. I feel like it'll be super awkward being around you both at the same time. I won't know how to treat you. I don't know if you're just my Mom when he's here, or if you're still my lover and I can act like it. It's just all confusing and I don't know what to do."

Sam took a minute to think. She was proud of him for giving this so much thought.

"Um, well." She laughed a bit and said, "This is so unique a thing that I don't know if I have answers to that. What we are to each other is not usual right off the bat, and then living with your Dad...it's complicated alright.

What do you want to do? Remember, go for what you want." she finished.

He shrugged, lifting his shoulders high. He hesitated and then said, "Well, what I want is to not have to hide what we are to anyone. Not be afraid someone will find out about us. I guess that's not realistic though. A second-best option would be to act as we want when we're at home, regardless if Dad is here or not."

She considered that. It would mean Bill being okay with even more than he's said he was. "Meaning you want to...what? This?" She moved in closer to him and planted a warm kiss on his lips, pulling back as he started to respond. "This?" She moved her hand down to his lap and, easily feeling his response below, gave his cock a squeeze. She grinned to hear him moan and then pulled her hand back. The moan turned into a growl of protest.

His cheeks went red and said, "Yes, those. But really, anything and everything."

"Anything? You mean you want to have sex with me while he's home?" she said, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, maybe not that specifically. I'm thinking more that I don't want to have to think about what we do. I don't want to have a filter on us. I just want to be able to be with you, however and whenever we want, without having to make sure the coast is clear."

The determination in his eyes sent a surge of desire through her. "I would like that too. I'm not sure if there's a way to do it, but let's just run with how it is now and work towards your idea, okay?"

"Ok. I just feel so happy being with you. I don't want anything to come between us, ever."

"If we can help it, nothing will," she said, and dove back in for another kiss, which he was anticipating.

She stood up a few minutes later and took him by the hand, dragging him to his bedroom. They made love on his bed, using up

one more of the condoms. She fell asleep in his arms, still regretting the latex barrier, but happy they were together.

The next day dawned and Jake's alarm woke them up. Sam rolled over and looked into his waiting eyes.

"I like waking up like this," she said, caressing his chest. She lifted her leg over top of his, bending her knee until it came into contact with the hard bar of flesh causing a tent in the sheet.

She looked down and said, "Is that for me?"

He grinned a wide grin, "It always is. But I usually wake up with a hardon."

Purring with pleasure, she lowered her hand down his chest, across his belly until she could wrap her fingers around his shaft. She slowly stroked him, feeling him get even harder.

"Are you okay with me sleeping here again? I don't have to, you know."

"Oh, I'm totally fine with it. I love seeing you in my bed," he responded.

"Should I sleep here every night? Is that okay? Or do you need breaks? Tell me honestly, I don't mind whichever it is. For me I feel very relaxed and happy when I'm here."

As she said this, she raised herself up and straddled him. She could feel her pussy ready for him and so wasted no time in grabbing a condom from their place on his bedside table and rolling it onto his cock. She lifted up and positioned him at her entrance, lathing his head in her juices before placing it in her entrance and sitting down. She smiled as he groaned beneath her and she started to ride.

"You haven't answered," she said.

His eyes opened wide. "You're kind of distracting me. Mmmmm...ummmm.. Maybe if Dad is away, I could sleep in your bed? Otherwise I want you with me every night."

She smiled and nodded. "We can do that."

He fondled her breasts as they swayed on her chest, playing with her nipples. The feel of his strong hands on her, free to explore as she rode him drove her pleasure even higher. He grabbed both nipples with a firm grip and pulled, as he had done yesterday and she yelped. The combination of almost pain and pleasure spread everywhere, making her lose her rhythm.

"Fuck, Jake. Keep doing that!"

He did, pulling and rubbing them firmly. She tried to concentrate on just fucking him but it was hard to do with the distraction. She could feel her pussy juice coating the rubber surrounding his cock. Feel it on his balls when she fully engulfed him. Feel it everywhere, getting into her butt crack. She sped up and could feel herself getting close, but at the same time the frustration lurked in the back of her head that all she was doing was fucking a latex shell, not her lover. She wanted to feel his bare cock inside of her as she fucked him. But the stupid condom prevented the ultimate joining of mother and son. It dulled the pleasure, reduced sensations.

Sam could not resist the feel of his size inside of her though. The way his cock, condom or not, opened her up, stretching her pussy each time she plunged down into his lap. She leaned forward, changing the angle of his cock inside of her and suddenly she was seeing stars.

"FuuuuuuckJaakkkeOhhhhh my God you feel so fucking good!!"

And with that she came on him, her cum drenching their crotches as she pushed her clit on his pubic bone. She could feel her breasts being cupped and cradled as she shook, and looked down at him,

drinking in the sight of him below her. She would never get tired of fucking him.

She slowly quivered through her orgasm and watched him release her breasts and lay his hands on her thighs. As she sat there, impaled by his Man Cock, she smirked and grabbed one of his nipples the way he had hers and pulled on it. To her surprise she felt his cock twitch inside of her.

"Ohhhh, do you like that?" she asked.

He looked bemused and said, "I guess I do. Try it again."

She smiled and said, "Like Mother, like son." She gave his nipple another pull, running her thumbnail over the top of it. His whole chest jerked up in response and he said, "Keep doing that."

So she did. It took only a minute of this, enjoying seeing his facial expressions at this new sensation while feeling him respond in her pussy before he rolled her over. She wrapped her legs around him as he took over the fucking. She felt another orgasm boil inside of her as he fucked her hard in his bed. This was another change in angle and his cock shaft was pushing up inside of her, driving her to higher heights.

"Fuuuck...Mom...your pussy...is so...fucking...good," he said, in between thrusts.

Sam reveled in the feel and sight of him over her, pounding her into the bed. As another orgasm washed over her, she felt him pulse and then he was filling the condom inside of her. At least, she assumed he was, as there wasn't any change in sensation. He was frozen over top of her, his groin pulsing as if he was delivering copious amounts of semen.

Eventually he stopped cumming and pulled his cock out of her, the condom wet and glistening from her own excretions, but not his.

He sat back and looked down at her, sweat on his chest and forehead from the exertion.

"Turns out I like having my nipples played with," he said, with a slight pant.

She smirked. "Turns out. I'll have to remember that."

She watched him pull the condom off and tie it before tossing it in the wastebasket and laying down next to her.

They cuddled up close, naked and entwined.

"I am going to have to get on the pill, I think. There's no way we're using condoms forever," she said quietly.

He nodded, lazily tracing his finger around one of her nipples.

"Also, we need to get going or I'll be late for work." So saying, she got up and went to his shower before realizing he didn't have anything for her to use there. She walked down the hall to the bathroom she shared with Bill.

Just as she got to the door and opened it, she was face to face with her husband coming out. He was showered and dressed, looking fresh and handsome. She felt a trace of the old attraction she'd felt towards him. She smiled tentatively, not sure if he still felt the same way as yesterday, now that she'd spent the night with Jake again.

He smiled brightly at her, and she let out an invisible sigh of relief. "Hey, morning! You look..." he paused to look down and she realized she was still naked. She fought the impulse to cover herself with her hands. He continued, "...like you need a shower."

Sam felt her cheeks flush and nodded, stepping aside to let him pass. He leaned in and kissed her cheek, murmuring, "You're

glowing. I'm happy you're happy." And then he walked out of the bedroom, humming to himself. Clearly, he was happy too.

She jumped into the shower and quickly washed up, getting ready for work. Despite the brief awkwardness of running into Bill while naked with Jake's sweat covering her, she was in a good mood. A morning fuck will do that for a person, she thought.

The rest of her day was spent in the same glow that Bill had noticed.

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Jake was equally happy. He only had 8 days of school left, he was fucking a gorgeous woman, and his confidence was sky high. He spent the day ignoring teachers, laughing with friends and generally floating on a cloud of euphoria.

He was happy his Mom had spent the night, not just because of the sex but because he so enjoyed being with her. Her presence was like a drug he never wanted to quit.

His friend Rusty noticed.

"Hey man, what's with you? Are you getting some?" his friend asked in the afternoon between class.

"Whattaya mean? Getting what?" he replied, knowing exactly what Rusty meant.

"You know. Sex. You're acting like my parents do after they have a date night." Rusty shuddered, clearly upset at the thought of his parent having sex.

"Who would I be having sex with? I'm just happy, okay? High School is almost over! 7 more days after today. What's not to be happy about?"

Rusty gave him a skeptical look before shrugging. "Hey you want to come over this Friday? My sister's friends are coming over for a 'sleepover'."

Rusty's sister was in college and her friends were very hot. Rusty and Jake wasted no opportunities to spend time around them. Unsurprisingly, the thought of being frustrated by half-dressed college girls didn't entice him like it once would have.

"Nah, I can't. I would normally, in a heartbeat, but I promised my Mom I'd go to a movie with her." His heart beat a thump at the lie. It was pretty flimsy; he'd never gone to the movies with his Mom before.

"You're going to a movie with your MOM!?! Dude, what's wrong with you? Please tell me you're kidding."

"No, she's all worried I'll leave her now that school is over and is getting all clingy. I had to promise."

"Whatever, if you change your plans you know where I'll be."

"Yeah, thanks. I'll let you know." Jake turned to walk to his class, wondering if Rusty had really bought it.

After class was done Jake hustled to the bus stop, anxious to make his way home. On the way there Rusty called after him.

"Hey Jake! Wait up!" Rusty trotted to catch up to Jake and said, "Hey, what movie are you going to on Friday? With your Mom." He said the last bit with contempt.

"I'm not sure, she was going to pick. Why?"

"I had a great idea. You know Terry, that red headed chick?"

Jake nodded that he knew the 'chick' in question.

"Well, I had a great idea. I asked her out a while ago but she didn't want to go out with me alone. So, I thought we could go with you and your Mom. She can't possibly protest about being on a date with an adult there." Rusty looked proud enough to have invented sliced bread.

Jake swallowed nervously. This was getting out of hand. He panicked a bit, and said, "Sure, yeah, that's fine. Like I say, I don't know which movie we're going to. You might not like it."

Rusty rolled his eyes. "Man, where is your head? I'm not going to actually watch the movie. This is a chance to get to second base."

"Come on Rusty, you can't make out with some girl at the movies with my Mom with us."

"That's where you're wrong. We'll sit behind you two. Your Mom's not going to turn around to look at us, but we're close enough to count as being there together."

Jake couldn't protest any more without making it weird. "Ok, whatever. Have you asked Terry yet?"

"Nope, going to do that right now. I'll let you know tomorrow if it's a go."

"Kay, later then." Jake walked to the bus stop with a much slower tread, not at all enthused about where this was going.

At home, when his Mom came home, he asked her if she could go to the movies with him that Friday.

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Sam's heart flipped a bit when Jake asked her to the movies. What was this? A date? She asked him and he explained it all. How he had

used movies as an excuse to get out of ogling girls at Rusty's house, but now he wanted to come along to the fictional outing.

"You really painted yourself into a corner, didn't you?" she asked.

He nodded glumly. "I couldn't think of a way to get out of it without saying the whole movie thing was a lie, but then how could I tell him that I'd rather hang out with my sexy Mom at home than look at some college girls?"

Sam blushed at his words. "I'm hardly in my prime anymore, Jake. I won't mind if you want to check out some sexy girls." The lie made her sad.

"Oh Mom, you know that's not true. I'd rather look at you any day. Plus, you let me touch you." Jake smiled a sly smile at her.

She laughed, relieved that he hadn't thrown her aside at the first hint of a girl close to his age. She supposed it would happen eventually, but for now she intended to keep him close.

"So, you want to go on a date with me, do you? What movie are you taking me to?"

"I told Rusty it was your choice."

He seemed glum still, so she tried to perk him up a bit. She sidled closer to him, feathering her fingers along his neck. "My choice, hmmm?" She put her face next to his, letting him feel her cheek on his, before tilting her head to give an open-mouthed kiss on his neck. She swirled her tongue on his skin and left with a distinct suction noise.

"Did I ever tell you I give a mean hickey?" she asked.

"Moooooom, we can't do that kind of thing, Rusty and Terry will be behind us."

"No? Okay, well we'll see. I want to go to the new Jurassic Park movie. Make sure it's in IMAX."

Jake nodded, clearly not seeing where she was going with that pick.

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The next two days sped by in a whirl of sex, condoms, pool play and cuddling. Jake tried to bury his anxiety about the double date with Rusty. Finally, the day arrived.

"Mom, seriously, if you want to cancel tonight, it's okay. I don't see us having a good time with Rusty and his date along."

Jake was miserable. He didn't want to go to the movie, but his Mom seemed happy to go along. She had refused to even think about cancelling, going so far as to coordinate what they wore tonight. She was in a black skirt that went to her knees with a red button-up blouse that covered her neck. He was in a red t-shirt and black shorts. He thought they looked ridiculous and wasn't sure how he would explain their matching motifs to Rusty.

As his Mom drove to pick up Rusty and his date at her house, he kept going over scenarios of how they could ditch the other pair. Pull the fire alarm? Fake a diarrhea spell? Claim he'd seen the movie already? They all seemed like the sitcom plots.

He tried to dissociate himself but eventually they were there. His Mom and Terry seemed to be getting along great, while Jake and Rusty hung behind. At one point, his Mom glanced at him and dropped back to wrap her arm around his. Rusty took the opportunity to join Terry.

She whispered into his ear, "Hey. I thought this was what you wanted. Us out and about, acting like a couple. You can't mope back here, babe."

Reluctantly he whispered back, "I am not moping. I just don't see how we can act like a couple without getting caught and outed. Rusty has a big mouth, if we do anything abnormal, the whole school will know about it."

He felt more than saw her smile as they walked. "You let me worry about that, okay? Try to have a good time."

He nodded into the dark, not sure if she saw his response. As they made their way to the specific theatre in the multiplex, he saw his Mom sidle up to Terry and talk to her closely. When she was done, she glanced back at him and dropped a sly wink. What was she up to?

When they got to the aisle where he and his Mom were to sit, she stopped and said, "Which seats do you all have?"

The arrangement was shown to be Terry and Rusty behind him and his Mom. His Mom didn't seem to like that. She said, "I want to sit with my new best friend. We'll take the back seats; you two guys sit in front of us."

He looked at Rusty, who looked back with a 'help me' expression. He nodded to his Mom. "Okay, sounds good." He walked to his seat.

Behind him he heard Rusty let out an exasperated sigh. "Don't you want to sit with me, Terry?" he heard Rusty say in a stage whisper. Clearly she indicated 'no' and so Rusty joined Jake, muttering to himself about college girls and his sister.

"Sorry, man. You brought this on yourself. My Mom likes to do things her own way."

Rusty didn't even acknowledge him. Jake made himself comfortable and watched the opening trailers and commercials, more comfortable with the situation than he'd been for days. He should have known his Mom would take care of it.

Once the movie started in earnest, it wasn't long before he felt a hand on his shoulder. He felt a mouth come close to his ear and then a voice whispered, "Hey, change places with Terry, okay? I think she needs some male company."

Jake looked behind him to see his Mom gesturing to Terry, that they should swap. Terry looked amenable. He looked at Rusty, who was clearly into the movie now. He quickly stood up and used his seat to step up to the next row, and then held the seat for Terry to step down. Within seconds they had completed the swap, and now he was sitting with his Mom behind Terry and Rusty. Clever girl.

He looked at his Mom and leaned over to whisper in her ear, but she just brushed him off, pointing at the screen. Hmph. Fine. He proceeded to watch the next ten minutes of the movie, getting more and more absorbed, until he felt a light touch on his crotch. He looked down and saw his Mom's hand casually draped over his thigh, her fingers brushing against his dick in his shorts.

He looked over at her, but she seemed to be engaged in the on-screen action. Figuring it could definitely be seen as innocent, he lifted his arm and draped it over her shoulder. Classic move, he thought with a smug smile. He also looked to the screen for diversion.

Before long he felt his Mom's hand move, starting to squeeze and massage his thigh. Nothing overt, nothing fast. Just slow, small movements. The thing was, her hand was close enough to his dick that he could feel her movements. That led to a response, and soon his dick was snaking down his leg, closer to her hand. He thought he even spotted the moment she felt his dick burrow under her hand as it grew. She froze, and then resumed the slow movement, this time with an emphasis on his dick in particular. Jake thought he might be in heaven.

As his snake continued to grow, and his Mom's hand continued to massage, he dropped his own hand down over her chest. Now instead of just holding her shoulder, he was holding her breast, as casually as if he'd always done so. Jake felt his heart rate increase as the sense of danger did. What if Rusty turned around now? What if he was caught with his Mom's boob in his hand? And yet it didn't stop him from groping and massaging, just as she was doing to his dick.

After a few minutes of his, his Mom used her other hand to take his off her chest, and around her head. Jake tried to contain his disappointment; he knew that she might shut him down, they couldn't go too far after all. She finished by placing his hand on her own lap, but as she let his hand go, she briefly pushed his hand down, the pressure transferring to her groin.

Jake took the hint. He started to push down on her pelvis, feeling how her flesh moved under his hand. At one point, when glancing down from the movie screen, he saw that her skirt had ridden up a bit. Nothing too alarming, just her knees were now visible. Were they always visible?

He kept looking down now, trying to figure out if her skirt had moved up. He determined that it wasn't moving now...but maybe it could be persuaded to move. He kept his eyes on the screen as he grabbed the hem of her skirt and moved it towards her crotch. His movements were slow and deliberate, and for each bit of flesh he exposed, he explored. Knee, thigh and then further up. As he reached her panties, his hand now under her skirt, he felt her spread her legs wide.

Jake glanced around quickly to see if anyone else was watching, but they were alone on their aisle, and no one behind them. As he ran his fingers over her mound, he noted with glee that she was wearing the sheer panties he had bought her. He ran his finger from her clit down as far as he could go, feeling the heat and moisture seeping

through. It seemed that as carefully as she was watching the movie, this caress was not something she could ignore, and he was right. He heard her let out a small breath, a sigh, an exhalation that only a lover would recognize, barely audible over the sound of the dinosaurs on screen. A testament to the arousal she was feeling as he ran his hands over her.

Jake was torn. He was aware of Rusty and Terry just one row in front of them, but also didn't care. He was experiencing his mother's desire in a public setting for the first time and it was as intoxicating as anything they had done so far. He could no more stop moving his fingers over her pussy in its sheer prison than he could stop breathing. He wanted nothing more than to drench himself in her sexuality, feeling every clench of every muscle as she reacted to his touch.

He pushed his fingers into her panties but she quickly slammed her legs closed. Sensing her head turned to him, he pulled his hand out, and she eased her legs open again. So that was the boundary. He accepted it and renewed his touching, adding a teasing element to it. Light touches, caresses. Stopping for a time before starting again in a new location. He enjoyed it much more than the movie.

At one point his Mom put her head on his shoulder and held on to his arm, caressing it. Anyone seeing would clearly take it for affection, but there was no one looking. She kept her hand on his leg, never doing more than squeezing and rubbing. It kept him incredibly hard throughout, and it started to get painful near the end of the movie. He hoped his Mom wouldn't leave him with blue balls. As the movie ended, they straightened up. He looked over at his Mom and sucked his fingers to remove the moisture that covered them.

They got home after the movie and found that the extensive teasing resulted in fast and hard orgasms for them both. Neither complained as they fell asleep, cuddled up close.

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Sam woke up feeling like she could laze the day away, having sex with her son in bed on a quiet Saturday. That was a pleasant thought, but also one that resulted in nothing getting done around the house. She was all for a day of sex, but maybe, just maybe, if she made Jake work for it a bit, it'd be all the sweeter. She stealthily got out of his bed and left, going to shower and dress for chores.

Thinking of the night before, the skirt had been a fun way to give Jake access to her fun parts. Maybe she could continue the free access. She found a shorter skirt and didn't bother with panties. The loose fabric flowing on her naked skin was a new sensation. As she put on a sport bra and tank top, she remembered that she couldn't be too open with her goods. Last night they'd used the last of the condoms, so she needed to get more. Maybe Jake could get them this time?

Downstairs she looked for Bill but he seemed to be out. He was certainly taking advantage of the new situation with his coworker, she thought. Oh well, good for him. It was what allowed her to be with Jake.

She spent a bit picking up around the house before moving to the kitchen. It was the messiest. No one had done any dishes in several days. Sam didn't really like washing dishes but wasn't opposed to it either. She liked to put on headphones and listen to music while she worked.

A few minutes into the dishes she was wiping a plate when she was startled to feel someone hug her from behind. And something else was hugged...

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Jake examined the situation. His sexy Mom was doing dishes with headphones on, swaying in time with the music. He walked up

behind her and wrapped his arms around her torso, giving her a firm good-morning hug. He was wearing some light shorts but still his morning hardon pushed into her butt, and he delighted in how his dick parted her ass cheeks. He pushed harder, digging himself deeper, letting her butt hug his dick.

"Morning, Mom," he said.

He looked over his Mom's shoulder to where she had her hands buried in the water. She was washing efficiently, her movements causing her butt to sway back and forth, rubbing on his dick.

"Can I help?" he asked.

"SURE," she said, too loud because of the headphones.

He laughed and popped one side of the headphones up. "You're yelling. What can I do?"

She smiled and gestured to a towel nearby. "You can dry, thanks."

He went to step away from her, but looking down at where they were joined, decided against it. Maybe he could have some fun. He stepped back enough to free his dick from her ass and then dropped his shorts, letting his dick bob in front of him. He ran his hands over her bottom, caressing it downwards until he got to the hem of her skirt. He pulled it up and gathered it at her waist.

He smiled wickedly as he saw she wasn't wearing panties. His dick lurched. His Mom turned her head and looked at him with a question in her eyes until she saw him naked behind her. She smiled and turned back to the sink.

Jake took his time fondling her soft, generous, pale ass cheeks, even going to so far as to smack them a little. His Mom put her head down at the sink, stopping moving. She was waiting for something?

He ran one hand from the top of her butt, down her crack and under, eventually caressing her pussy lips. His finger split them and he felt some moisture there. He ran his hand back up, roaming all over her ass before diving back down between her legs again. This time he felt more moisture. He again ran his fingers between them, digging between her lips a bit before pulling out and going roaming again.

Jake couldn't get much of his hand between her legs, and so dropped to his knees. At this height behind her, he could get a close-up view of her voluptuous ass. It was so smooth, her skin creamy. He couldn't resist kissing one of her cheeks, then the other. He tapped one ankle and tried to move her leg aside, to give himself room to explore. She obliged, moving her leg and letting him get his whole hand on her pussy.

It was heaven for him. She was so wet that his hand slipped through her labia easily. He moved from back to front, rubbing her clit one second and then inserting a finger into her pussy the next. He started spreading her juices further back until he had lubed up her puckered back door as well. His route now started at her clit with some firm fingers rubbing back and forth before moving to insert inside of her and then ending with rimming around her butthole. Jake didn't stop spreading her hot pussy fluid around until the area between her legs was coated in it. The smell spread through the kitchen, and each time he breathed in it was like a shot of aphrodisiac.

His Mom's torso had slowly been sinking further and further down to the sink and now she was full bent over, her legs spread to give him room. Between her legs he could see her breasts in her top and her hair dangling around her face. Her eyes were clenched shut.

Seeing an opportunity, he bent down and moved his face close to her butt. Her heat and feminine smell wafted over him. He moved closer until he was breathing on her pussy. He heard her give a quiet

'oh fuck' and she then dropped her chest even lower, presenting her pussy to him. He smiled and gripped her thighs, one to a hand before extending his tongue to give her wet pussy lips a light lick. A taste. A caress she would surely feel, but be too fleeting to be satisfying. He proceeded to move his taste from spot to spot, from her clit to her lips. He slowly extended the amount of time he licked her, lasting up to a second per lick now. Jake's efforts were rewarded with sighs and deep breaths from his Mom. He noticed something interesting as he was exploring her. Each time he touched her pussy with his tongue, she clenched. He placed his tongue at her entrance and burrowed the tip in her, then roamed slowly up, his tongue tip travelling over her slick skin until he reached her back entrance.

He heard her gasp and she clenched up again when he started to move his tongue around and around her asshole. He moved one hand from her leg, and met no resistance when he located the entrance to her pussy by feel and then pushed two fingers inside of her, sawing them back and forth. His Mom cried out and started quivering, her legs shaking. He felt her pussy grip his fingers tightly, squeezing them in a vice grip. He kept this up, fucking her with his hand while licking her.

He alternated his pressure, and finally he was rewarded with the sound of his Mom crying out, "OHFUUUUCKJAKE!!!"

All he could do now was to hold on as his Mom went into a full-on convulsion, cum squirting out of her, dripping down his arm. Her orgasm went on and on, his fingers still stroking inside of her, his tongue roaming around her backside until eventually she went limp. He took his fingers out of her and then started just gently caressing her pussy with his tongue. Up and down, lightly. His Mom moaned and held on the counter.

Jake couldn't hold back any longer. His dick was an iron rod, jutting from his groin. He stood up and caressed his Mom's ass, sidling up behind her until his dick was pressing into the entrance of her pussy.

He could feel the warm, wet entrance kiss the head of his dick, but the lack of a condom made him pause. He wanted nothing more than to plunge full length inside of her, feel her spread around him as he fucked into her, but he wasn't going to.

He had a thought. She had mentioned going on the pill. Maybe she was protected? Maybe he could fuck her bareback, as he so desperately wanted.

He grabbed his shaft and lazily used his head as a massager, painting it between her lips. He decided it couldn't hurt to ask if she was protected, and said, "Hey, Mom, is this okay?"

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Sam hung on to the counter, her head down, mouth still open as she recovered from the orgasm her son's mouth and fingers had given her. Her pussy still radiated pleasure throughout her body.

She was not really paying attention to what he was doing when he stood up and grabbed her hips until she felt his cock come into contact with the entrance of her vagina. They were out of condoms, and she knew he knew that. She hoped that he was just teasing. Maybe she could give him a blowjob?

She almost stood upright when she felt his cock moving between her labia, hitting her clit. The touch was too distracting. She heard him ask, "Hey, Mom, is this okay?"

It was more than okay. She nodded her head. She felt him readjust his stance and then cried out as he buried himself inside of her in one thrust. She heard him cry out at the same time as she did, as they both recalled how wonderful he felt inside her without a condom. She felt him split her in the way only his cock could, his ridges and veins rippling along the nerves at her entrance. She had been missing this, a fertile Man Cock inside of her, its head at the entrance to her womb, where it could do the job it was made to do.

A thought pressed through her sex-induced haze. Should he be doing this? She almost abandoned the thought as he started to piston into her. She got lost in the feel of him fucking her. She could feel his warmth, his skin on her skin. His hands on her hips, holding her as he fucked her pussy. The thought floated to the surface again. Why no condom? Who cared? This was what she wanted anyways, to hell with those awful rubbers.

Sam closed her eyes and focused on the feel of his power as thrust into her, the head of his cock reaching her cervix before pulling back to jangle the nerves at her entrance. She could feel the texture of his cock as he rammed it into her over and over. She was still leaking juices from her orgasm and now they were coating his cock, soaking his balls. His full, heavy scrotum swung against her clit every time his pelvis met her ass. She imagined how much semen he shot when he came. She thought of his cock spitting his thick batter into her, and shuddered with pleasure. Her son's naked cock was capable of delivering his baby into her womb, right now. He was mating with her.

As each thought of Jake cumming inside her fertile pussy passed through her mind, Sam got more and more aroused. Between those thoughts and the cock pounding her, she had another powerful orgasm. Was this what she wanted? For her son to get her pregnant? The answering convulsion in her pussy as she gripped her son's cock was answer enough. She was a fertile woman. He was a virile man. If he came inside of her, they could make a baby in her belly. And she wanted it.

She started to whisper the thoughts as they came to her. Low at first but gaining in volume.

"My son is going to fuck a baby into me." She felt him push inside of her.

"My son is going to pump me full of his semen." She felt his cock hit her cervix with a kiss.

"My son is going to impregnate me with his baby, our baby." She felt his cock expand inside of her as he started to deliver his silvery bolts of semen directly into her womb.

"Fuck, Jake, yessss, that's it! You're giving me your baby!" This final bit was said at full volume, almost a yell.

Behind her, she heard her son grunt through his orgasm as his cock shot gobs of cum into her. She felt a burst of heat blossom in her belly, as if she could feel life taking form in her at that very moment. The thought brought on another mini-orgasm, causing her kegels to contract around him, milking his semen out of his cock and into her pussy.

Eventually Jake pulled out and stepped back, leaving her missing the feel of him inside of her. She stood up and turned around, joy in her heart. She looked at his face for the joy she herself felt but saw only confusion.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

He tilted his head slightly, and said, "Why did you say that stuff about giving you a baby? Aren't you on the pill?"

Sam's heart froze in her chest. He thought she was on the pill. That's why he'd asked if it was okay. Not because he wanted to make a baby, but because he thought they were safe now.

"I... I'm not on the pill. I haven't gotten it yet. I... thought you were asking me if it was okay to fuck me bareback.

She watched him process this.

"Sooo, you said yes to me fucking you without a condom, or being on the pill... do you want me to impregnate you?"

At those words she felt an aching response in her nipples. She said, "I didn't understand what you were asking, and then you started fucking me, and then I didn't care... it just felt so good." She smiled to see the corresponding nod from him. "Then the thought that I could get pregnant took hold of my brain. Once it had formed, I realized I wanted it, and it was all I could think about. And still right now, all I want is for you to fuck a baby in me." The crude language set off pings of pleasure as she pictured him doing what she described.

His expression seemed to morph several times as he listened. She'd never been so anxious about a reaction before. The longer it went on, the more anxious she got until she realized something. His cock, which had been going limp ever since he pulled out, was now rock hard again. She looked down at it in astonishment, and then back up to his face.

"Does that...mean what I think it means?" she said, timidly pointing at his once again rampant Man Cock.

"I think it does. For some reason the thought of me making you pregnant is super hot to me."

"It's super hot to me too," she said. She felt something on her leg, and lifted up the skirt that had resumed being a skirt when she stood up. It revealed her red, swollen, pussy, glistening with her juices. Down her leg flowed a trail of semen as it drained out of her pussy.

"I think the first batch has been lost. Do you think you can make another?" she said, looking up at him.

In response, he gently took her hand and led her to his room, to make love to her all over again.

She was so tired afterwards that she drifted off to sleep with her womb saturated with her son's thick, potent sperm.

## Sam and Jake Pt. 05

Jake lay on his side next to his Mom, watching her sleep. He smiled at how peaceful she looked. He placed his hand on her belly, careful not to wake her, imagining that his sperm was swimming to her egg to make a baby.

He hadn't really contemplated them going this far with the relationship. Part of him was not ready to be a father. Another part was excited to watch her belly grow with their child. Still another part worried what the outside world, and his Dad, would think about his Mom getting pregnant. Was she thinking of that stuff too, or did she have 'baby' on the brain?

One thing he couldn't deny, the thought of fucking his Mom and her getting pregnant was seriously erotic. His dick, laying on his thigh covered in their combined juices, twitched as if to agree. He would have zero issues with doing his part to satisfy her desire for his baby.

Rolling out of bed, he went to shower and put on a suit to swim in. He felt drained, but in a good way. A swim was just to take up some time and take his mind off of his Mom while he waited for her to wake up.

As he was heading downstairs, he met his Dad walking from the front door hallway. He felt the awkwardness between them rise up. He hadn't really spoken to his Dad since he'd found Mom in his bed.

"Oh...hey Dad," he said, quietly.

Bill looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "Where's your Mom?" he asked.

Jake gestured upstairs. "She's taking a nap."

"Already? It's only 11 in the morning. What have you two been up to? Late nights?" He sounded inquisitive over accusatory.

Jake shook his head. "No late nights. We went to a movie last night but were home by ten."

"Oh yeah? What movie did you go to?"

"The new Jurassic Park."

"Oh, I was thinking of taking... um, Marcy to see it. How is it?" Bill's face went a bit red as he said 'her' name. Jake hadn't heard who he was seeing, and it wasn't a familiar name to him.

"Ummm...actually I don't know. I didn't pay much attention." Jake cleared his throat as he realized what he was admitting.

"Like that, was it? Did she show you how well she gives hickeys?" His Dad smirked a bit, knowingly.

Jake did not know what to say. Here he was having a casual conversation with his Dad about how well his Mom sucked neck.

"Ummm... she mentioned it, but didn't show me or anything."

"Ah, maybe next time. Are you two doing anything later?"

"No plans, not yet." Jake thought of this Mom in his bed upstairs, her pussy full of his cum, and decided not to mention the pregnancy plans. Talking to his Dad like this, he realized how many holes their plan of making a baby had. There could be difficulties.

"Okay, well I'm home all evening, Marcy has a family event going on. If you two want to watch a movie with me later, I promise not to listen to you on the loveseat this time."

Jake's already red face flushed hot all over as he realized what his Dad was saying. "Aaahhh, I'll ask her when she wakes up, but it

sounds good to me."

"Great!" His Dad turned to the kitchen and Jake went out to swim, his mind racing.

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Sam woke up after what felt like hours but only turned out to be 45 minutes. She felt refreshed, though, as if from a full night's sleep. She spent several moments laying in Jake's bed, basking in the memory of her time with him, until her brain kicked into plan mode. Plans for how she could possibly have a baby when Bill had a vasectomy, or even what people might say to a sudden pregnancy. The options didn't look good. Then she turned to plans for the pregnancy itself and for when she delivered, and she cheered right up again.

Tumbling out of bed, she felt some soreness in her groin from the fucking Jake had given her after her confession, and smiled. She anticipated having the same soreness for a while. Showering again, she put on new clothes. This time in a more revealing top, but shorts and panties. It was fun to switch things up.

As she got downstairs, she ran into Bill, finishing making a sandwich in the kitchen.

"Hey sleepyhead. Jake said you were napping. Do you want one of these?" He gestured to his plate.

All of a sudden Sam was starving. She nodded a firm yes, and then went about cleaning up the sink. It was still full of cold water and dishes.

"Looks like you got interrupted. I remember when I used to interrupt you like that."

Sam smiled at the memory of both this morning and the times Bill would 'interrupted' her. The most frequent was when they were trying to make the baby that would turn out to be Jake.

"Yes, I remember getting interrupted. It was very pleasant."

They continued in their activities in comfortable silence until Sam asked, "What if I got pregnant?"

She heard him stop moving as she stared at the sink. The silence continued until she looked over at him. He was looking back at her, an unreadable expression on his face.

"It's just a thought. We've been careful, but accidents happen."

More silence as his eyes flitted over her face. Finally, he said, "You want that, don't you?"

So many years of living as man and wife meant they could read each other fairly well. She knew he was trying to understand. He knew she was saying more than her words.

She gave up the fear. In for a penny... "I do. I don't know why. I didn't want a baby before this all started. It's a very powerful feeling. I think...we'd need your help to pull it off."

Bill continued to stare. "I guess this is a bigger deal than I had assumed. I thought you'd get your affair with Jake out of your system and then both move on. But this. This is life-changing. It's huge. Are you sure you want this? Does he?"

Sam nodded at everything he said. "I'm not sure if he's thought of everything, but he says he wants it too. And I... well I want it more than anything."

Bill nodded once. "So, it has to seem like our baby, right? That's what you mean by needing my help?"

Sam smiled sadly. "If you leave me it'll be very odd for me to have a baby. I need you to stick around and say it's yours. Can you do that? If not, I'll stop right now, but I do so very much want his baby, Bill."

Bill sighed and then shrugged and turned back to making her a sandwich. "Well, like I say, I don't want to lose this life of ours. A baby won't be so bad." He turned a glare on her, mock serious. "But he's doing the midnight feedings and diaper changing!"

Sam's relief swept over her, the joy following soon after. Getting swept up in the heat of the moment was one thing. The sober reality of it all meant she'd needed Bill's help for her dream to come true.

As an afterthought, Bill said, "Oh, I told Jake we could all watch a movie tonight. I let him know that I'll be sure to ignore the sounds coming from the loveseat this time."

Sam's face went just as hot and red as her son's had earlier, and Bill smiled to see he'd hit home twice. She said, "Sure, that sounds like fun."

After her sandwich she changed into a swimsuit to join Jake but he wasn't in the pool any longer. He was on a lounge, eyes closed.

"Hey baby, all done swimming?" she asked, walking up to stand over him.

He shaded the sun from his eyes to look up at her. "Yeah. Turns out our morning activities took a bit out of me. Don't worry, I should be fine tonight."

"You mean tonight when we watch a movie with your Dad?"

"Oh right. I guess so. Did he tell you about hearing us on the loveseat last time?"

She nodded, a grimace on her face. "Yeah, I was sure we were quieter than that. But it explains why he was so calm when he found me in your bed. He'd known for a bit."

Jake laughed and said, "He was waiting to spring that one on us, wasn't he?"

Sam smiled. "Yeah I guess he was."

After a moment of just looking at each other, Sam said, "Listen, I had a talk with your father. I brought up the pregnancy thing."

Jake sat bolt upright on the lounge. "You did? What did he say?"

Sam gestured for him to calm down. "It's okay, it's okay! I wouldn't have brought it up if I didn't trust him. It's all fine, he's going to say our baby is his."

"What about his vasectomy?"

Sam shrugged. "They're known to fail. We'll just say he has to go in for a redo, but we're happy with the new life joining us." She paused for dramatic effect. "He did say that you're the one getting up for midnight feedings. And you'll be changing diapers, not him."

She watched carefully for this dash of cold reality to register. She was glad to see it didn't even faze her son.

He nodded firmly and said, "Of course. My baby, my responsibility." He looked at her, directly in her eyes, and said, "I'm excited for this. To have you bear my child, to see your belly grow. To meet the new human we make. I can't wait."

Sam's heart ached at his sincerity. "I'm so glad to hear you say that. I can't wait either, and I know you'll be a fantastic father."

He grinned at the word 'father', and then ran his hand on her leg, rubbing up and down her outer thigh.

She looked at his groin and was not surprised to see the sleeping snake in his suit coming to life. "Down, boy. You're father's home. We can continue this later. How about a swim for now?"

He looked disappointed but nodded and got up to dive in the pool before anything 'popped out' to say hi.

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That night the movie turned out to be a chaste situation. Bill's admittance that he had heard them the last time put cold water on any desire for hanky-panky that Jake might have felt. He and his Mom just cuddled casually on the loveseat, with no blanket.

When it was done all three of them walked upstairs to head to bed. At the top, Jake turned to his bedroom but was stopped by his Dad.

Bill said, "Hey, why don't you two take our room? It's bigger. I'll take your room for now, Jake."

Jake hesitated. All his stuff was in his room, and he was comfortable there. Sleeping with his Mom in his parents' bed felt weird.

He didn't have a chance to say so before his Dad continued, "I've already swapped a few of our things. Bathroom stuff, clothes, etc. If you're missing anything let me know." He walked past Jake to his room, leaving him standing there with his Mom.

"Ummmm... is that okay? Did you know about that?"

She shook her head, looking as mystified as he was, but said, "Nope, that was a surprise. But I'm okay with it if you are."

Jake thought about it and then shrugged. "I guess it makes sense." He followed her to her room, his heart beating as if they'd never slept together. As he entered their room, he examined it as if seeing it for the first time. His Mom's stuff arrayed over her dresser, her clothes in the closet.

On his Dad's side of the room there was just a dresser and nothing else. He opened a drawer and found his clothes inside. He turned to the bed and found his Mom watching him on the opposite side.

"So? Is this okay? We can go to your bed if you want," she said.

He shook his head. "No, it's fine, it's just unexpected." He stripped his shirt and shorts off, leaving him in boxer briefs, and slipped into the clean sheets. The bed was bigger and softer than he was used to. He watched his Mom go about her bedtime ritual, which was new to him. Until now they'd just been falling asleep after sex in his room.

She took off her clothes and went to the bathroom to wash her face. She put a cream on afterwards, carefully applying it to her legs, arms and chest. He watched, rapt, as she did this. It was so intimate and yet so mundane. He had no experience with this, and his dick was as hard as it had ever been.

Finally, she put on some panties and a camisole and pulled down the covers on her side. She slinked under the sheet and sidled over to him, pressing herself up against his side, arm over his chest. She purred, burrowing into her side of his pillow, eyes closed.

She said, "I love this. I know it's not really any different than being in your bed, but it also is. You know what I mean?"

He did. He nodded and then cleared his throat. "Yep, I know what you mean."

He was nervous about being in this bed with his Mom, as if he was going to get into trouble. As he lay there trying to relax, he felt her hand move down his body until it encountered his dick. She murmured under her breath something about 'my cock' before digging her hand into his underwear. She grabbed his shaft and maneuvered his dick out of the hole.

The feel of her hand on his dick brought on a surge of confidence. This was what they did. It didn't matter where, as long as they were together. He rolled towards her, putting his dick between them, her hand following. He looked into her eyes as she looked back. He couldn't help the moan of pleasure as she stroked his dick, using her thumb on his head.

Jake was in heaven. This was where he loved to be. In the arms of his lover, the soon to be mother of his baby. He snuck his hand under her top, locating a breast with a hard nipple. Rubbing his own thumb on her nipple as she rubbed hers on his dick head, they started to kiss. A long, slow leisurely kiss with roaming tongues darting in and out. Her taste once again overtook his senses as her lively tongue caressed his in a dance of love. He could feel her tongue get wetter as her mouth flooded with saliva.

As they kissed, he grabbed her nipple and squeezed it the way he now knew she liked, and was rewarded with a muffled groan. She responded by stopping the manipulation of his dick, and finding his own nipple to give it the same treatment. His dick was now pushed into her belly as it stuck out of the hole in his boxer briefs.

"I need you in me," she said, in between kisses.

He grunted his approval and rolled over on top of her, seating himself between her spread legs. He lifted her legs in front of him and then pulled at her panties, pulling them off of her. She instantly spread them around his hips, knees bent to give him full access.

He took advantage and lowered his hips to put himself into position, but she stopped him. "No, take them off, I want to feel all of you."

He quickly stripped his underwear off, growling when they got caught on a toe. Now naked, he lowered his hips, found her entrance by feel and pushed his dick into her. She was so wet he was able to enter her fully with only two thrusts and then they were mated. He stopped there and stared down at her.

"Fuck, you feel good on my dick," he said.

"No," she said, frowning.

"No?" He laughed. "You don't?"

"Not 'dick'", she said. "Call it anything but that. The organ that puts a baby in me isn't called a 'dick'. It's juvenile." The distaste in her tone was clear.

"What do you call it?"

"The wonderful instrument of pleasure you have, that powerful tool you will use to knock me up, is a cock."

He grinned down at her and said, "Fuck you feel good on my cock."

"That's better. I love having your cock inside of me. Maybe you could move it around a bit?"

He followed her directions, starting a slow in and out that suited them both.

Jake fucked his Mom for the next 30 minutes with slow strokes. Moving as constantly as he could but never varying the speed. He wanted to draw it out, enjoy it as long as he could. Twice he had to stop while she shuddered underneath him. He explored every part of her body, while keeping his cock inside of her. By the end of it, he

was as wound up as he'd ever been and told his Mom when he was ready.

"I have to cum, now. I'm going to shoot inside of you. Is it okay?"

She smacked his shoulder lightly and said, "I've been ready for you to cum in me since the first moment you stuck it in."

He moved, and he came, his mother's arms wrapped around him. The feel of his semen pumping forth into her was wonderful. Jet after jet sent forth to inseminate the person who had given birth to him. The thought of it was an added ingredient to the cocktail of mental and physical stimulation that made up his orgasm. His cock was a live wire of nerves, stimulated and stroked, massaged and milked by her wonderfully tight pussy, until he couldn't take it anymore. He had to stop; it felt too good.

He stopped fucking but kept his cock inside of her as he leaned down to kiss her again.

"Thank you, Mom. I love you."

"I love you too." She looked at him with a smile. "I think if any cum could ever knock me up, that was it."

He smiled in return and rolled off of her, his cock slithering out of her vagina. Cuddling up next to her, he fell asleep.

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Sam woke up feeling a familiar ache in her midsection. An unwelcome ache, but a predictable one. It had been 28 days since her last period, and so while it wasn't unexpected, it wasn't what she wanted. It meant she was almost certainly not pregnant, and she would be in discomfort for the next 5 days. No sex, either. At least, not without a big mess, and she always preferred to avoid it. Plus,

the cramps were so unpleasant she wanted nothing to do with feeling or being sexy.

She rolled away from Jake, trying to not wake him, and went to the bathroom to take care of her needs. She sat on the toilet and fought off some tears. Going from the high of trying for a baby to the low of discomfort and pain was a hard way to start a Sunday. She was going to spend it watching TV and eating junk food, she was sure.

Sure enough, by noon she was set up in the living room with a bowl of popcorn and an old movie on. She was surrounded by a blanket and surviving on ibuprofen.

Sam was very glad to note that her period had not fazed Jake one bit. He saw her in pain on the couch and started arranging to get her anything she needed. Right now, he was at the other end of the couch giving her a foot massage. She didn't need a foot massage, per se, but she sure as hell wasn't going to turn it down either.

The movie was an older 80s chick flick, and so nothing Jake was interested in, but she saw him sneaking glances now and then. She smiled to herself and slowly ate another piece of popcorn. She'd never eat the entire bowl but chewing on them took her mind off the pain when it was particularly bad.

At 4pm Bill came home and took one look at her before heading to the kitchen. He brewed up a batch of his 'special tea', a mix of a couple types of leaves he thought helped. In truth, he had done it once and she found it so sweet that she had sworn his tea cured her cramps. Ever since then she played along when he made the tea, though it did nothing. Ibuprofen was the best help.

Come Monday, she went to work and tried not to think about pregnancy, or babies, or Jake. In the evening Jake would wait on her, making sure she had whatever she needed. She enjoyed the attention but would have to cure him of it before long.

The week passed, and by Thursday she felt pretty good. Good enough to start plotting the first opportunity she could get to take Jake's pants off. He had sworn he would not masturbate while she was on her period, which gave her some interesting side entertainment. All she had to do was stretch in her shirt to show off her chest, or bend over, and he was blushing and hiding his groin. It was torture, but she'd make it up to him, no question. Tomorrow...

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Friday arrived. Jake woke up in his parents' bed and noted that he seemed to be getting used to the change. It wasn't disorienting anymore to be waking up in a strange room anyways. He lay there and thought about the day ahead of him.

First was his final day of school, then his grad ceremony, and then a dance until midnight. He had a tux rented for the dance, but no date to go with. He had been planning on asking someone out, even just a friend date, but the last few weeks had flown by. Now he had no interest in asking a girl on a date when he'd just be thinking about his Mom all night anyways. He'd probably just go with Rusty and hang out in the back until they got bored.

He turned to the other side of the bed and was surprised to find his Mom already up and gone. He suppressed a surge of disappointment. He'd figured to maybe get a quickie in before school. The last 5 days hadn't been the worst ever. He'd really liked the time spent watching movies and hanging out with his Mom, but he was feeling...primed...now. Last night she had said they could resume trying for a baby, but then put him off, saying today would be better. It was today now, wasn't it?

Getting ready for his last day of school was weird. Instead of a summer off and another year looming, now he was faced with the unknown abyss of life. Sure, he would probably go to college or get a job but it wasn't the same safe routine he could rely on. He was

more than a little anxious about it. He'd tried asking Rusty what he was going to do, but every time Jake brought it up Rusty just changed the subject.

Getting downstairs he was sad again to see he had missed his Mom altogether. He grabbed a quick breakfast and headed to school.

Once there it was a whirlwind of activity. Mostly kids saying goodbyes and goofing off. Some prep on the gym for the grad ceremony. Jake found Rusty hanging out in the cafeteria with Terry. He walked up to them and they chatted briefly but he could tell he was an unwelcome third wheel. Jake had to assume Rusty was dating Terry now, because they were hanging around together a lot.

"Hey, are you going to the dance later?" he asked.

Rusty looked at him, then glanced at Terry. She was looking expectantly at Rusty. He said, "Yeah, I'm going with Terry."

"Oh, that's great! Well, have fun. I'll probably just skip it, or hang out a bit and then leave early. Maybe I'll see you there." Jake left to go find somewhere else to feel awkward.

As a final day of school went, it didn't really meet his expectations, and so he went home at lunch and didn't go back. He swam some laps in the pool, watched a bit of TV, basically hung around moping because he didn't have anyone to hang out with.

At 3pm when he was finally considering passing the time by breaking his promise not to jerk off, he heard a car pull up into the driveway. He perked up as his Mom bust through the door with bags on her arms, talking a mile a minute.

"Hi babe! How was your last day of school? Are you excited for tonight? I bet you are, I remember being a nervous wreck for my graduation day. Did you talk to Rusty, are you two going to the dance together? How is that nice girl, Terry, have you seen her? I

thought she and Rusty hit it off at the theatre but I really wasn't paying too close attention, as you know."

She finished the last sentence by plopping her bags onto the counter in the kitchen and turning to him with a big smile.

Jake looked at her and felt a warm comfy feeling wash over him at being with her again.

"Ummmm, school was lame, everybody was busy. I am nervous for tonight. I saw Rusty, he's going with Terry to the dance." He looked at the bags. "What's all this?"

She surveyed her haul and then said, "I know you don't have a date for the dance tonight, so I thought I could go with you... if that's okay."

Jake felt his heart melt inside of him at her hopeful expression. "Oh damn, Mom. I would love for you to come. It would really make my night."

Her hopeful smile blossomed into a beaming grin. "Oh, that makes me so happy! I am going to try this stuff on now, okay? You just wait here; I want to see your face when you see me in this dress." She gathered up the various bags and hustled upstairs to their bedroom.

Jake waited impatiently in the kitchen for her to return. When she did his jaw fell to the floor and he started reconsidering taking her with him. He'd be fighting all the guys off with a stick.

First, she was wearing an ankle length dress made of a thin silver metallic cloth that shimmered as she moved, hugging her curves. There were two slits up her sides to the top of her legs, that when she walked exposed plenty of flesh. He could see a garter on one leg, high up. Her chest was exposed by a low v in the front and Jake honestly couldn't tell if she had any support there at all, and yet her

fabulous breasts pressed together for incredibly lush cleavage. The v drew up and spread to show all of her neck and half of her shoulders. Her arms were half covered with loose sleeves, and she had a silver necklace, bracelets and earrings.

"Do you like it? I'll have my hair pulled up as well."

Jake just stared and stared. "Mom, you look so fucking sexy, I don't think I could make it to the dance. I'll ravish you in the driveway!"

His Mom laughed gaily, waving her hand as if to dismiss his praise. She looked down and said, "Do you really like it? I can take it back. I just wanted to wear something memorable for you."

"Honestly Mom, I've never seen a more gorgeous dress on such a sexy woman. My cock is hard for you just seeing you in it. Can we... you know, take it off upstairs?"

"Oh babe, we don't have time. I'm off to get my hair done really quick before your ceremony. I'll make it up to you tonight though, okay?"

He nodded glumly, still staring at her as she twirled and walked back upstairs to change out of the dress. It was going to be a long night.

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Sam rushed to get out of the dress, shivering as the soft fabric caressed her body as it came off. She'd never worn anything like it and was very anxious that she no longer had the body to pull it off, but Jake's reaction seemed positive.

She had woken up with the sudden sure knowledge that she had to go to the dance with him tonight, and so had begged off work in order to go shopping. Several hours of trying dresses on, with help from several salespeople had resulted in this daring piece of cloth. Now to get her hair done and she'd be complete.

She'd managed to get an emergency appointment across town, which was incredible considering the number of people who needed hair done for grad ceremonies around the city. The extra \$50 she promised probably helped.

As she drove, she thought back to her own grad dance. It had been a sad affair, as the boy who accompanied her had left her half way through when she made it clear there'd be no sex between them that night. She had found some other friends and they had made the best of it, but the memory was forever soured by that one idiot.

Tonight would not be the same, she vowed. Her date was getting laid.

Several hours later, the grad ceremony was done, his diploma collected and hat thrown. She felt a surge of desire watching him walk across the stage. He was so confident and handsome. She savoured the feeling, saving it up so she could use it later.

Now here she was, getting ready for the dance. She examined every angle in the mirror in her bedroom, the room she shared with her son and lover, and decided that she did look good. Her hair was now done up in loops and swirls, exposing her neck and ears. The dress enhanced the parts of her she was proud of and hid the ones she wasn't. The only hitch so far was that she had not been able to find a single pair of panties that didn't show lines through the dress. The eventual decision was naturally to not wear any.

Sam spun in place to watch how the dress moved once again. She couldn't get over how it felt on her bare skin. She finished her preparations with some perfume between her breasts and behind her ears, and then in a fit of daring she placed some between her thighs. Grinning wickedly, she went to join her date downstairs. She tried to suppress a grin of glee at his expression on seeing her again. This would be a fun night.

Bill had agreed to chauffeur them to the dance to avoid the pains of parking, and he too showed his appreciation for her outfit. It was only a raised eyebrow and a low whistle, but she knew what it meant. As he dropped them off at the entrance he left with a simple, "Don't do anything too memorable. You are mother and son."

As Sam walked arm in arm with Jake to the front desk, she tried to keep Bill's words in her mind. She did have to be careful. She kept repeating it to herself until she saw what the other girls were wearing. Some of the outfits made her feel overdressed. Kids these days really went all out, she thought, until she spotted another obvious mother and son duo, and ended up judging her outfit as the classier one.

Boldened by this revelation that she wasn't actually going to stand out that much, Sam relaxed and walked with Jake to get a table and some refreshments. The gym was laid out in a classic horseshoe arrangement of tables with a dance floor in the center. A stage had a band setting up, readying to play whatever it is live bands played for young adults.

Jake delivered her to a table that had some of his friends already ranged around it, including Rusty and Terry. She smiled at them, glad to see friendly faces.

"You look really nice, Mrs. Graham," Rusty said. He reacted as if he'd been kicked and then looked at Terry ruefully.

"Thank you Rustiford. You look nice as well." She put her handbag down on the table and introduced herself to the two other couples there, one of which was another mother and son date. The other mother was wearing something that looked like it would be found in a fairy tale with godmothers. The godmother only nodded briefly after inspecting Sam's dress. Sam suppressed the urge to cover her chest, it wasn't her issue if the godmother couldn't stand a little cleavage.

Jake returned with a drink for her and she gratefully took the opportunity to hide behind it from the godmother. They all sat and made polite small talk until the MC decided they had hit critical mass and started the event. She was a spritely red head in a shimmery diaphanous dress, like Tinkerbell and she moved a lot as she talked. She introduced some notables, made some jokes, and then started the dance off by dragging an unsuspecting guy on to the dance floor. At least it seemed he was unsuspecting, but he didn't make a fuss about staying out there with her.

Sam looked expectantly at Jake, waiting for him to see her. She had to clear her throat several times before he looked over and said, "Oh! Would you like to dance, Mom?"

She nodded and accepted his hand as he led her to join the other couples dancing. Thankfully it was a song that allowed for slower, closer dancing as she didn't think her dress was up for a mosh pit. Did they still have mosh pits?

She cuddled up to Jake, making sure not to be too cuddly, as he led her around. He was an adequate dancer, she decided. She enjoyed feeling his arms at her waist, and wished for closer contact but kept Bill's words of caution in mind.

After the song was over, she walked back to their table. The godmother and her son and the other couple had left to dance, leaving just Rusty and Terry at the table. Sam raised an eyebrow at Terry, who shrugged morosely and rolled her eyes towards Rusty.

"Rustiford, are you going to dance with Terry?" she asked.

"Um...oh yeah...I guess so? Would you like to dance?" he said, talking to Terry.

She nodded, and stood up with a glance of gratitude to Sam, who smiled back and shrugged. Sometimes boys were just oblivious and needed help.

As Sam sat with Jake, she looked around as best she could without moving her head. She was checking out the lay of the land, trying to see when she could make her move. When it looked like the coast was clear, she tapped Jake on the shoulder and motioned him to move his chair closer. He did, until they were pretty much shoulder to shoulder, chairs under the table, tablecloth hiding their laps.

Sam moved her hand over and took his, moving it to the slit in her dress. She placed his hand on her thigh and then pushed it up higher, encouraging him to explore. He did so, slowly moving his hand to her groin until he came into contact with her pubic hair. He glanced over at her when he felt that she wasn't wearing any panties. Sam ignored the look and sipped at her drink, waiting for him to proceed.

He did. Jake started to pet her pussy with his fingers, stroking over her labia from the top to as low as he could reach. Just a light caress, a brush. Sam approved heartily and gripped his thigh to let him know to keep going. She smiled when she felt the steel rod in his pants, stiff and ready for her. How long had he been like this? She hadn't noticed when dancing, and yet it seemed too fast for it to have happened just from the petting. She squeezed it in her fingers, stroking up and down, feeling it harden in her grip.

She looked over at him, and said, "Are you having a good time so far? Do you want to dance some more?"

He cleared his throat before saying, "Not right now. I'm just happy to sit here with you." His finger dipped between her lips on saying this, and she felt the moisture on his fingertips when he took them out. He found her clit and rubbed it with a lubricated digit. She was so ready to be fucked she was sure that her clit was the size of a thimble. It was getting too much for her already. Several days without sex and now they were teasing each other like this? She would burst. She pushed back from the table and stood up.

"I need to visit the lady's room. It seems you've...flustered me."

He grinned and nodded, so she moved off to join the line for the lady's washroom. She found she was behind Terry and they struck up a conversation. All the girl talked about was Rusty and how fascinating he was. She thanked Sam for her help at the theatre again, saying that she'd been nervous about it all.

Sam nodded and murmured, following the girl's chatter but not really adding to it. By the time it was their turn Sam had calmed down enough to think that perhaps she wouldn't cum at the drop of a hat. Her plan to give Jake a good time had turned into him bringing her to the brink of squirting in her new dress. Sure, she had started it, but it was his fault somehow.

She returned to the table to find Jake gone. She looked around to try and find him, eventually spotting him at the drink table talking to a girl his own age. She was very pretty, in a slim dress that showed off her generous butt. Jake looked like he was trying to exit the conversation gracefully, stepping away from her while talking.

Sam joined Jake and the mystery girl and introduced herself. "Hi! I'm Sam, Jake's Mom." She held out her hand for a shake.

The other girl looked her up and down and then smiled gracefully, shaking her hand. "My name is Susan. I was just asking Jake what he was doing for the summer."

Sam suppressed the urge to respond 'me', and instead said, "Oh, if you find out, let me know. We've been pestering him to find out his plans for months now."

Susan laughed politely and turned back to Jake. "If you change your mind let me know, we can always use more able bodies." She turned and walked to her table.

Sam grabbed Jake's arm and squeezed it. "She is lovely. Is she trying to steal you away from me?"

Her son cleared his throat and said, "Yeah, it seems like it. She invited me to be a camp counsellor this summer at her church's youth camp."

"That sounds fun. You don't want to do that?"

"Well...yeah, normally I would, except I've got other plans this summer." He leaned over and whispered in her ear. "I'm going to be fucking you all summer."

The carefully procured calming of her libido fired back up in full force. Him talking that way produced a thrum in her pussy in time with her heartbeat. A hot pulse that would not be denied a second time. She grabbed his hand and dragged him to an exit.

"Come with me, young man, you need to show, not tell."

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Jake stumbled after his Mom as she dragged him to a dark hallway. She had chosen a door that led to the school proper, not outside, and he tried to tell her that as they went. She didn't listen. They exited the gym and were into hallways, decorated in school work and notices. The main hall was lit but other side hallways were not. She led him down one of these and then started trying doors.

She found one that was unlocked that opened into a dark classroom full of chairs and desks.

"Do you have classes here?" she asked, turning to him with a smile.

He shook his head. "First year, yeah, but not since then."

His mother walked further into the gloomy classroom, light only coming from the windows in the doors. She turned at an empty desk and crooked a finger, beckoning him closer. Her smile was sultry, eyes half open. As he walked towards her she jumped back to sit on the desk and spread her legs. The dress fell between them in a silvery cascade, shimmering like a waterfall at midnight. When Jake was between her legs she lifted her face for a kiss and grabbed onto his hips to pull him closer.

He could smell her perfume as he kissed her. It wasn't anything she'd worn before and it heightened his arousal as they necked in the darkness. She fumbled at his zipper but he grabbed her hands, spreading them and placing them on his shoulders. She gave an inquisitive sound in her mouth but he kept kissing her.

Jake left her hands on his shoulders and then grabbed the dress at her lap. He dipped his hands into the slits at her sides and lifted, exposing her. As the dress lifted Jake got another whiff of the same perfume. He quickly knelt down and flipped the dress over his head. Her perfume was stronger down here.

He could barely see in the dark classroom with his head under her dress, so he used his lips to find his way, nibbling up her thigh. His Mom spread her legs open wider and he kept on nibbling until he found her labia. He heard her sigh as he ran his tongue over her outer lips, already moist with her own juices. He didn't want to take too long being hidden in this classroom and so he licked his way to her clit and started massaging it. He was gifted with the feel of her legs squeezing his head as he lavished attention on the engorged nub of flesh. He sped up his tongue, feathering the tip as fast as he could and was pleased to hear her cry out in surprise. He ignored breathing and kept up the assault, speeding his tongue tip up.

As he vibrated into his mother's pussy, he could feel her hands gripping his shoulders, spasming as he moved her closer and closer to an orgasm. When Jake thought she was surely there, he was

surprised to feel her lifting at his shoulders. Thinking she might have heard someone coming, he stood up, but there was no one. Instead his Mom quickly unzipped him, letting his pants fall to his ankles.

Giving his cock a brief stroke, she hissed, "I need this inside of me. Your tongue isn't going to give me a baby." A quick pull brought him and her together, her hand aiming his cockhead at her entrance. "Please, honey. Fuck me."

Jake pushed, his Mom pulled, and they were together again. The preparation he'd given with his tongue dance made her extremely wet, and he sunk into her pussy to the hilt. They both cried out, softly, urgently. He held it for a second and then commenced a familiar rhythm. The feel of her sopping wet pussy entrance rolling along his shaft after not having had sex for a week was almost too much. She was so tight around him that he almost came right away, but looked at the classroom walls instead. Algebra. Trigonometry. He fought it off and then kept up the constant thrust into her.

She wasn't waiting during this time. His Mom pulled the v neck of her dress aside, letting her breasts out. He wanted to touch them, play with them, suck on them, but he wasn't at the right angle. He'd have to stop fucking her. Instead she pulled at her nipples, stretching them out enough to cause her to cry out again. She then moved to his chest, feeling for his own nipples and grasping them in her fingers. She pulled and he faltered in his rhythm.

She pulled again, and said, "It's okay, baby. I want you to cum. We don't have a lot of time, and I need your cum. You're going to knock me up right now, aren't you? So, give it all to me."

Her words, said so urgently and passionately, along with the iron grip her wet pussy had on his cock, overwhelmed his discipline. He started cumming, and thrust himself into her one last time. A week of pent up sexual energy for a teenager is already a potent thing, and now with the eroticism of fucking in a classroom, to knock his

Mom up, drove him to spew a massive load of cum into her. What felt like gallons was spurting out of him, drenching her womb, saturating her pussy. Each clench of his groin rocketed his batter straight to her womb.

Jake almost fell over but she grabbed onto him, holding him tight to her chest. He kept spasming into her, twitching and clenching, until finally he was done. He looked down at her face and she looked back. He kissed her, a full kiss, her mouth as wet as her pussy. He loved that her mouth got wetter with her excitement.

He broke off their kiss and whispered to her, "I love you, Mom. I hope this is the baby you want." He gave a final half thrust and pulse of his cock, and then slowly withdrew.

It occurred to him that they were both a mess when she said, "First, I love you too. Second, I came prepared."

She took a cloth from her handbag and wiped his cock down first, then quickly wiped her pussy. She then pulled out some panties and hurriedly put them on. "This should help keep things where they need to be." She stood there, arranging her dress back to normal and checking her hair and makeup in a compact, while he pulled his pants up and tried to look presentable.

"We'll have to leave soon. People might notice I have panty lines."

Jake nodded, feeling a bit dumbfounded at what they had just done. He wasn't sure how to act. Surely people would know what they'd been up to? His Mom checked him out to make sure he was presentable and then led them back to the gym. No one seemed to have noticed their absence. They mingled for a bit more and then discretely left.

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Sam was tired, but happy. She'd fulfilled the promise to herself of fucking her date, and had also had a reasonably good time. Well, it was mostly the fucking, but the dance was nice too.

As they were dropped off at home by taxi, she felt fatigue overtaking her. She let Jake help her to the house and then upstairs. Why was she so tired? He helped her out of her dress and into bed, kissing her goodnight.

She burrowed into her pillow and drifted off, content that all was right with the world.

The next morning, she wasn't so sure.

As she drifted downstairs in a comfy camisole and pj pants, she found Jake in the kitchen, looking like he'd seen a ghost while staring at his phone.

"What's up? Did you not sleep well?"

Wordlessly he turned his phone to her to let her read the text message there.

Unknown: 'I saw what you did at the school last night with your mother.'

Sam sat down heavily in a chair at the table, and read it a few more times.

She looked up at her son. "Do you know who this is?"

He shook his head. "No idea. Did anyone see us through the door window or anything?"

She thought about it. She hadn't been watching when he had started fucking her, he was in the way, and she was distracted. But

she didn't think that a shadow had passed over either window, and said so.

"Then I don't know who could have seen us. Maybe they saw us leave and come back, and are just guessing?"

Sam thought about it for a bit. "It could be. Seems like a big leap based on that."

Jake pushed his face in his hands before standing up to pace. "What are we going to do?"

"Think carefully, first. We don't know what they know, or if they know anything."

She typed back: 'Saw what? We just danced, and who are you?'

Unknown: 'After the dancing. You know me.'

Sam: 'I don't know what you're talking about. What is your name?'

Unknown: 'Don't be like that. I wish my Mom was so friendly, but she's strictly straitlaced. You've been checking me out all year.'

Sam's heart rate started to increase more. Sam: 'Still not sure what you're on about. Were we in class together?'

Unknown: 'Fine. In the math classroom, on Mr. Garvey's desk. Your head was buried in her thighs and then you fucked her. Does that convince you? No, we weren't in the same class. You're going to summer camp with me.'

Sam put her head down on the table. It was all over. She felt Jake take the phone from her. He read the texts and softly said, "Fuck, it's Susan."

She lifted her head up again. "What?"

"Don't you remember? At the drink table, she was trying to get me to go to summer camp."

"But how did she see us in the classroom? What does she want?"

"I don't know. Seems like she really wants me to go to summer camp."

Jake texted: 'Susan?'

Susan: 'Yep, it's me! Lol. I saw you two leave the gym and so I followed you. I thought maybe you were going to smoke up or have a drink, not fuck each other! Don't worry about me blabbing, I think it's hot.'

Jake: 'Ah'

Susan: 'Relax! Lmao'

Jake: 'What do you want?'

Susan: 'Well, I do want you to come to summer camp. But I also wanted to see if you would like to go to a movie with me. Terry said you went with your Mom?'

Sam was calming down a bit, watching this exchange go much better than she anticipated. He looked at her, and she said, "If going to a movie shuts her up, then go to the movie."

Jake: 'Fine, I'll go. When?'

Susan: 'Next Friday? I'll pick you both up.'

Jake: 'Oookay, see you then.'

He looked at her, looking at him. "It's a threesome date?" he said.

Sam shrugged. "I suppose so." She sat and thought for a bit before shaking her head. She couldn't think her way out of this in a few minutes. She grabbed some toast and then went to change for a dip in the pool. The cold water this early would wake her up.

They had a week to sort out how to deal with the Susan problem.

## Sam and Jake Pt. 06

There was a lump in his throat and it wouldn't go away. He couldn't swallow it down or cough it up. He knew it was nervousness made physical but that didn't help any.

Jake glanced at the stairs for the fiftieth time, but his Mom still hadn't appeared. She was upstairs getting ready for their 'movie date' with Susan, and was taking her sweet time about it.

It had been a very long week, waiting for Friday to arrive, but it was almost time - Susan was due to pick them up in a half hour. Jake had distracted himself by spending the week looking for work and planning his summer. He'd also spent time with his Mom, of course, but they'd both been distracted with worry and so hadn't had sex even once since the graduation day.

It seemed that getting caught had brought cruel reality crashing down onto them. They hadn't discussed the situation, but just seemed to find excuses why they were too busy, or too tired, to spend time together. Time in bed was just spent sleeping. All of his Mom's talk of having his baby had completely stopped.

Jake sighed. His life had gone from exciting to stressful, passionate to pathetic. He hadn't even bothered to jerk off since that Saturday morning, but being the teenager he was, he could feel it building up, and he was increasingly getting distracted by sexy thoughts. A slight breeze now would cause his cock to stiffen in his pants.

Pants. Jake was dressed in some nicer clothes than usual for the date, and while he didn't mind, they did constrict a bit. He had a polo shirt as well, with dress shoes. He knew he looked good, but any confidence this should have given him was destroyed by his anxiety at the situation.

Finally, with 10 minutes to go before Susan arrived, his Mom appeared at the top of the stairs. She looked down at him and smiled hesitantly before proceeding down to join him. She was dressed in blue slacks and a short-sleeved tan blouse, her hair loose on her shoulders.

Jake forgot about his stress for a minute as he watched her walk down the stairs. He forgot the anxiety and was transported back to when he first saw his Mom as a sexual being. Time seemed to slow as she walked down each stair. Her hair stirred in the air, waving around her face. She was done up with minimal makeup, but it highlighted her eyes and mouth. He mentally undressed her, imagining her walking down naked, her breasts swaying with each step. He felt a familiar stir in his pants. He slowly stood up to meet her, lost in the moment, when the doorbell rang.

They both jumped.

"I guess she's early," his Mom said, her voice betraying the same frog in her throat that Jake had.

He nodded with a weak smile, and followed her to greet the person who had popped their wonderful, sexy, passionate world. He adjusted his pants.

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Sam walked ahead of her son as they went down the hall. She had his image in her mind, admiring it. It had seemed they might be able to bridge the gap that had arisen between them, but the damn doorbell broke the spell.

Grimacing at how strained her relationship with her son had become, she squared her shoulders and planted a fake smile on her face to welcome the life-wrecker.

Standing on the front step was a vision in a yellow sundress, heels, and a bright smile.

"You two look great!" the vision exclaimed. "Oh, I know we are going to have a fun time tonight. I've been looking forward to it all week, haven't you?"

The force of the joy she radiated caught Sam completely off guard. It was completely at odds with the somber mood dominating them the last week due to this 'date'.

She looked back at Jake, but he just stood there, obviously tongue-tied.

She turned back to Susan. "You look beautiful, Susan, thank you so much for the invitation," she said, to fill the gap.

"Thank you! This is my favourite dress." Susan twirled, rising the lower portion enough to get a glimpse of... hm. Her skirt didn't quite lift high enough. She faced them again, her cheeks flushed. "I hope I didn't freak you out the other day. I thought it would be funny to tease you a bit, but maybe you didn't see it the same way?" She stopped and waited.

Sam spoke up again, "I admit, you did freak us out." She laughed nervously. "We were trying to be... discreet by going to the classroom, and thought we got away with it. Your texts kind of put a dash of cold water on it all."

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry! I hope you can forgive me; I really didn't want to do that. I... am very interested in your relationship. When I saw you two in that classroom I was blown away. I have never seen two people so obviously into each other like that. It... affected me, if you know what I mean. Oh, and by the way, please call me Emma. Susan is for strangers and telemarketers, as my mother would say. All my friends call me Emma."

"That's a lovely name, Emma. Pleased to meet you for the second time." Sam said. Emma grinned in response.

Sam looked over at Jake and smiled. He had perked up considerably. "To be honest, we've been pretty busy since your text and haven't really found the opportunity to... be into each other." Her mouth twisted at being so open about such a private subject, but after all there was no reason to hide it from her now.

"Oh, that's too bad!" Emma empathized. "Maybe you can find some time soon." She winked as she said this.

"Shall we head out?" she said, and turned to the driveway. Sam shook her head, amazed at what a turn the night had taken. She grabbed Jake's hand and followed her down the path to the driveway.

Sam let Jake sit up front with Emma and she sat in the back. She preferred this, as she could watch Emma without being watched back. What was her game? The drive to the theatre was filled with Emma's chatter as she talked to Jake about summer camp and how much fun the counselors had. She was really doing a hard sell to try and get him to go.

"You're selling the camp well, Emma. What do you think, Jake, are you interested?" she said. She was curious about his response, given his earlier stated intention to stay at home.

"I dunno. It sounds okay. I had planned to stay home this summer. Get a job, make a bit of money before college."

Jake was going to the local community college for basic intro science courses. Nothing specific, which worried Sam, as that lack of focus could lead to disinterest.

"When is the camp, Emma? Maybe he can fit in?" she asked. Jake turned and glared at her, which she ignored. She didn't think he

would really go, but it was polite to seem open to it. Sam pointedly looked at Emma, as if to say 'pay attention to her, idiot!'

Emma said, "It runs for two weeks, July 13-24. Jake you could get a job after camp, couldn't you? I just know you'd have a great time with me there. I could keep you company so you don't miss your Mom." At this last sentence Emma glanced back at Sam with a curious expression.

"Ohh...well I can think about it I guess," Jake said.

"Yaaayyy," sang Emma, as they pulled into the theatre parking lot. "Let's go, I want some popcorn!"

Sam exited the car on the same side as Jake and they exchanged a look before following Emma inside. They paid for tickets and snacks and then found seats in a showing of a horror movie. There was no one else in there with them. She tried to sit down next to Jake but Emma squeezed in first. Sam sat down next to her, and prepared for an hour and a half of boredom.

The opening scene was gruesome and bloody, and not what Sam typically liked in a movie. Just as the title sequence faded away, she felt Emma lean over to her.

She whispered in Sam's ear, "Hey, don't panic or anything. I'm not going to rat you two out, okay? I just really want to get to know you and have some fun. I hope that's okay, that I'm not coming on too strong."

Sam shook her head automatically, out of politeness, but in fact the girl was coming on a bit strong. She turned and whispered back, "Thank you for your discretion. I don't mind getting to know you, but this is all new territory for me. It's not like I started out wanting to have an affair with my son."

Her face flushed and heart pounded as she said those words to a total stranger, someone not in their family, for the first time. She felt a rush of power, owning it. Owning her son as her lover. She started to regret the week they'd wasted with awkwardness and silence.

Sam kept going, "So you know our secret. What do you want? What's your endgame? Why this 'date'? Why couldn't we talk about this somewhere quiet?" This last was said as a woman on the screen was brutally beheaded after letting out a scream that seemed to last for 2 minutes.

Sam turned her head away, to let Emma whisper in her ear. She shivered as the girl's hot breath washed over her neck, the air tickling against her ear as she spoke.

"I want to experience the thrill you two got to experience at the dance. This is a public place, and I want to have some fun." Sam twitched as she felt a hand land on her upper thigh. The whisper came closer, drifting between the screams coming from the dying girl on screen, "I'm disappointed you wore pants."

The hand on her thigh drifted higher.

Sam straightened up, almost leaning away from Emma. She tried to shake away the lingering echo of the girl's breath on her ear. The trail of goosebumps it had raised on her neck led down her chest and swept down both of her breasts, ending at her nipples. They hardened immediately. What was this girl doing to her?

Sam closed her eyes and reveled in the feeling, slightly gasping when the hand on her thigh departed, only to appear again on her breast. Warmth suffused her chest. She could feel her nipple press into the palm of the hand. She felt a thrill as the hand squeezed gently and caressed around her entire orb. It paused and one finger fiddled with her erect nipple, causing a tremor of pleasure to ripple down to her pussy. Sam let out the breath she had been holding, gasping loud enough to be heard over the sound of the movie.

She looked down at the hand on her breast, and then at Emma's face. The darkness of the theatre was broken by a flash from an explosion, allowing her to see the girl clearly. Sam took in the details of the pretty girl's face. The flushed cheeks, the eyes intent on Sam's chest, the teeth gently nibbling on her bottom lip.

Sam slowly lay her hand atop Emma's, causing the girl to stop her movement. She wanted to keep the feeling going, but was intent on making sure this stranger was coming from a healthy place. She leaned forward to whisper to the girl.

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Emma stopped playing with the large nipple under her fingers, unable to really move with Sam's hand on hers. She looked up at the woman's face, wondering why she had stopped her. It must have felt good, she knew, as it felt good when she did it to herself. Just as she was about to lean forward Sam leaned towards her instead. Oh. That's what she wanted? Emma hesitated for the briefest second.

She was sure that she wanted this. She knew that after seeing Jake and his Mom in that classroom, that she would do anything to be a part of it. On any given day, Emma daydreamed about this kind of scenario a dozen times. It varied but the core elements stayed the same: She was with a man and a woman who loved each other. Who they were, how Emma became involved with them, what they did, all changed each time, but the premise was the same. Emma dreamed of it.

So now here she was, in a dark theatre with the man and woman who loved each other. She had started on Sam; she felt the older woman's reaction to her touch. And now this sexy, mature woman was going to kiss her? Emma's only thought was how much tongue she would use.

She leaned forward and met Jake's Mom half way, pressing her lips against the older woman's. As their lips squished together, the heat

and softness were all she felt. She felt Sam not moving and so took the opportunity to slip her tongue out, darting between the other woman's full lips.

Hmmm, cherry lip balm? She moved her tongue against Sam's teeth, before they parted, and the other woman's tongue crept out to meet hers. The feel of their tongues moving over each other, warm and wet, caused Emma's pussy to emit her own moisture.

The hand on top of hers on Sam's breast dropped away, allowing Emma the freedom to move. She rubbed her thumbnail over the protrusion on the front of her shirt, causing a whimper to come from the mouth that was now actively kissing her.

She sat there, hand on another woman's chest, saliva flowing freely between them, pleasure radiating from her pelvis. She wished she'd chosen a hotel to meet at, or a house. Anything with a bed she could lie down on, a place she could get naked and writhe against the naked body of the sexy woman currently kissing her. Just as she was about to suggest they leave she was reminded of the other part of this threesome.

She felt a hand land on her own thigh, below the hem of her dress. It squeezed and then rubbed, pushing her dress up her leg, exposing flesh. Emma was enjoying the kiss, but could only concentrate on the feel of the large hand moving further and further up her thigh. She hadn't worn panties. She could feel the pulsing pleasure turn into a radiating wave, as the side of the hand's little finger brushed against her most secret place. She felt moisture on her leg as his finger, now wet, spread it around.

Emma broke the kiss and lay back, waiting for the hand to make another pass, to come back to her pussy and contact her pleasure center. Time seemed to slow, as the hand made its way back, eventually brushing up against her lips again. She opened her legs more, allowing the large, warm hand to bury itself into her crotch.

Then, when it was the deepest it could go, she clenched her legs back together to trap it.

The hand moved, no longer gripping her thigh, the little finger now worming its way between her lips. Emma groaned deep in her throat as the hand flipped towards her belly, letting all fingers enter the fray. She let them loose, her legs going limp again. They started to trace over her labia, up and down, dipping into her innermost pleasure. It was heaven. She forgot all about the nipple under her fingers, her hand dropping away.

The wonderful fingers kept up their dance, but she wanted more, so she pushed her legs open even further and pulled up her skirt to allow full access. The hand was now able to get access to her vagina, and so it took full advantage. One thick finger plunged inside of her and started to saw away at her opening while a thumb rubbed back and forth over her clit. It was too much, too fast. Emma hadn't planned for this. The combination of finger and thumb was joined by a third party as another hand was grasping her own hard nipple, twirling it.

Emma let out a loud scream, which was lost in the sound of murder, "FuuuuUUUCCCK!!"

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Jake was amazed. He was actually fingering his crush from high school. The girl he'd stared at during every opportunity, who had, until recently, been the subject of all his masturbation fantasies. He looked at his hand, manipulating her, spread open, red, wet. He watched his own mother play with the younger woman's nipples. He committed to memory the sight of Emma's face. She had her eyes closed, her mouth closed, tendons in her neck straining as she came on his hand. His hand. He could feel her vagina clamp down on his finger as she rode it, her pelvis writhing up and down.

Jake almost winced when Emma grabbed his arm in a death grip, holding onto it as her back arched in her seat. He glanced around to make sure they were still alone, then returned to the orgasming vixen next to him.

This had to be a dream. No way does he get to go to a movie with Susan, pardon, Emma and then feel her up with his Mom. He shook his head, but nothing changed.

He looked at his Mom but she was concentrating on Emma, no longer playing with Emma's nipple but rubbing one thigh. As Emma calmed down from her orgasm, he carefully pulled his hand from inside of her, reveling in the shudder that rippled over her body as he did so. Together he and his Mom watched as the young woman relaxed and opened her eyes, looking at them both.

"That was unexpected," Emma said.

Sam chuckled and said, "He has that effect on me too."

Jake felt a rush of pride suffuse him at the sight of two sexy women complimenting him on his effect on them when it was dashed.

Emma laughed, "No, I meant that kiss from you. I expected us to go a bit slower, or maybe not at all. That was a very sexy kiss. And look where it led us!"

Sam hesitated and glanced at Jake briefly. "Well, actually I wasn't going to kiss you, I was going to ask you if you were truly okay with all of this. You kind of answered the question already."

Emma's eyes flicked back and forth between them. "Ah. Well that's even more unexpected. Sorry, I guess I misread the situation." She mumbled that last bit, clearly embarrassed.

Jake's Mom grinned at Emma and said, "I would guess you did. I'm not complaining. I've never felt that from another woman before.

Your kiss was unexpectedly sensual. I would not turn another away."

Emma's mouth opened in surprise, and then grinned back. Jake suddenly flashed on the situation, as if from an onlooker. Three people in a theatre, conversing amongst themselves while flashes of light come from the screen, and screams from the speakers. They could have chosen a better place to do this.

He spoke up, "Should we continue this elsewhere, or do we call it a night? I haven't been following the story..." He gestured to the screen, and both women laughed.

His Mom spoke up. "I think we should go find some place quieter." All three agreed and so left the theatre and headed to Emma's car.

Jake walked behind the other two, as they whispered together, giggling occasionally. Emma looked back at him a couple times, followed by more giggling. He sighed. He figured a 18 year old would be up to this kind of stuff, but not his Mom.

As they got to the car Emma handed him her keys and piled into the back seat, followed by his Mom.

"Ah great, where are we going?" he asked.

"You choose, sweetie," his Mom answered. "Emma and I are talking." They broke out into giggling again.

Jake sighed again, the anthem of the long-suffering son-lover. He pulled the car out and joined traffic, heading to his house. If they wouldn't tell him what was up, he'd just go home.

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Sam sat back in her back seat, having finished her conversation with Emma. She was thoroughly satisfied that not only was this a woman who knew what she wanted, but was someone she'd be happy to

share her son with at any opportunity. In fact, she was thinking maybe Emma could be something long term, but that wasn't her decision to make. The thought that perhaps this young woman could steal Jake from produced a tremor of fear, until she squashed it.

As they pulled into their driveway she turned back to Emma. "I had a lovely time tonight. I hope you did too?" Her raised eyebrow spoke volumes.

Emma nodded enthusiastically. "Oh, I had a great time. I think I will enjoy getting to know you two." She placed her hand on Jake's shoulder, close to his neck. "Remember to put your application in for camp counselling, Jake." He shrugged without turning around.

Sam spoke up. "Oh, stop being a grump. You should go, you'll have a great time, I'm sure."

Emma gave Sam a silent thumbs up, but Jake spotted her, saying, "Hey no fair ganging up! You're supposed to be on my side, Mom!"

Sam and Emma burst out laughing again. They decided to call it a night, split up, Emma getting into the driver's seat and Sam and Jake walking up to their door. They turned and waved as she pulled away.

As mother and son stepped inside, Sam spoke up first. "I know what you had your heart set on being with me this summer, but I really do think you should go to the camp. Emma seems like a really great girl, and this is something you can put on your resume."

"I suppose," he answered. "I was just really looking forward to exploring us, without school getting in the way. We missed out on the last week..." he trailed off when Sam put her arms around his neck, bringing him in close.

She rubbed her nose on his, staring into his eyes. "I know we missed out, and that's a shame, but we had a good reason. We were

both freaked out... it seems okay now though, right? And camp isn't for another week...so we can catch up on lost time..."

As she said this, Sam pushed her hips against his, thrilling when she felt his hands grip her ass and pull her firmly against him. "Mmmmm, do I feel an agreement down there?"

"I think that's more than agreement. That's a big load of baby batter trying to get out."

"Ohhhh, a big load is it?" she purred. "Let's go put that load of batter in my oven."

Sam kissed her son, her mouth open against his, their tongues writhing, sharing saliva. Her arms tightened around him, pressing her chest against his, her breasts squishing between them. She could feel the steel pipe in his pants pushing against her mons as they ground their pelvis' together. The evening with Emma had been a giant tease for both of them, but at least they had the means to relieve the tension.

Sam let Jake go, tearing herself away from their full body press. She took his hand and led him upstairs to their room. Once there she shucked her clothes off as fast as she could, watching Jake do the same.

Now naked, they came together the same way they had been downstairs, only now it was skin to skin. His cock pushed against her, the molten heat of his rigid pipe warming her pubic area. She immediately engaged in the same open-mouthed, wet kiss, hugging him tight. Her breasts squashed up against his chest, their pillowy softness cushioning their affection, nipples drilling into his flesh.

Sam felt him reach down and lift her legs at the knees, so she went with it, jumping up and wrapping her legs around his waist, letting him hold her up. She continued the kiss but was distracted now by the feel of his cock below her. His cock head tapped at her thighs

and ass cheeks as it quested for her opening. There was no way for her to reach him to help, and he couldn't use his hands either, so they were left with him aiming blindly.

Feeling the blunt tip of his cock stabbing around her pussy was agony, as she just wanted it inside of her. His cock was spreading pre-cum wherever he hit, leaving a trail of his essence on her. She moaned as he missed his target once more, but hit her clit. She decided that was a fun thing, and tried to move around on his cock, but he had all the leverage and just moved her again. Finally, he hit it, his head finding her gaping, drooling entrance and smoothly plunging in. They both let out a gasp at finally coupling after a week off. She had missed his Man Cock.

The pleasure at having her son's cock smoothly pushing inside of her was sending ripples over her entire body, but it wasn't enough. She relaxed, trying to force more of him in, and whimpered, "Please, all of it. I want to feel all of you."

He lowered her until he was buried, his wonderful piece of meat stretching her insides so deliciously. She could feel his ridges and his texture, and she marveled once again at how well he fit her.

"Fuck me, dammit!"

She held on as Jake walked her to the nearby wall and pressed her back up to it, holding her there as he started to thrust. Taking full strokes, Jake plunged his cock in her over and over, her juices lubricating them both so well that he could go as fast as he wanted.

"Faster!"

Now Sam could see sweat popping up on her son's forehead, his face going red with the exertion.

"Harder!"

Jake started to grunt with each push, and Sam could feel her orgasm building. It spread from her pussy to her pelvis to her stomach before crashing over the rest of her body. She let out little gasps and cries to match the full body frenzy of pleasure. She quivered in his arms so hard that he was forced to stop fucking or he'd drop her. He just held on as she shook through the swells of pleasure.

The location of their joining, his cock in her pussy, was saturated. Her pussy was squeezing his cock, gripping it tight, as if to milk it. The feel of his mother's spasming cunt on his cock caused a sympathetic reaction, and Jake let out a guttural groan as he started cumming as well.

The pulses of his cock expanding in her vagina enhanced her own orgasm, causing her to spin off in another mini-orgasm. She pressed her sweaty body against his, concentrating on her pussy and the pleasure it was experiencing as he pulsed and jerked within her. She also focused on the reams of semen Jake was now depositing into her. She imagined the milky jets splattering on her cervix and oozing into her womb, ready to fertilize any egg it could find.

Sam was amazed at how long they stayed there, against the wall, joined at the hip. It seemed to go on forever, and now she could feel his baby batter spreading throughout her vagina, coating his cock, lubricating them further. So warm and slippery.

Finally, they were at rest. Jake picked her up from the wall, his cock still embedded within her, and walked them over to their bed. He carefully lay her down, his cock pulling out of her as he did. She looked down her body, between her breasts splayed on her chest, and watched as he emerged from her pussy, still hard, covered in their combined cum.

"Nnnnot yet," she murmured, and reached down to his hips to pull him back inside of her. She sighed when his cockhead speared her

once again, her pussy enveloping him to the root in one thrust. Being full of her son's cock wasn't enough. She pulled his torso down to her, covering her body with his, and wrapped her legs around his hips, locking her ankles on his butt. She pulled his face into her neck.

"Just stay with me for a bit, until that wonderful pleasure organ goes soft. If it's hard then I want it in me. Any time it's hard, I want it in me," she said, dreamily.

Jake laughed in her neck. "That might not be possible. It gets hard several times a day."

"Mmmmm, yes, but I think you're up to it." She rubbed her hands all over his back, feeling his soft, warm, skin. She moved her legs along his hips to get even more skin contact.

He pushed up enough to stare down at her. She returned the look, drinking in his features through half closed eyes. She moaned as he leaned down to kiss her, softly. His cock slowly softened within her until it only took a small twitch for it to plop out of her.

Sam sighed, content. "I'm going to lie here and bask for a bit."

Jake smiled and said, "Okay, I'm going to clean up and I'll join you in bed."

When he returned, she pulled him to her and snuggled her small spoon into his big spoon. They drifted off to sleep.

The week passed like this. Sam kept her promise to try and get his cock inside of her whenever it was hard, making up for the previous week. After three days her young stud had to beg off, pleading a need to recuperate. She pretended a pout but was secretly pleased she had managed to wear him out. In truth, she needed the rest as well.

While she was at work each day, Jake prepared for summer camp. Emma had sent over a list of items he'd need, and so he was gathering it up from the house or buying it. She was also spending time at their house during the day, to 'help Jake pack'.

She had just showed up Monday morning, as Sam was leaving for work, bright eyed with a brilliant smile. She wore long shorts and a light top and waved goodbye to Sam from the front door.

Sam let it go for three days but by Thursday had to know what the two teenagers were up to at home alone all day. She brought it up as she was making dinner that night, Jake watching from the opposite side of the counter.

"Honestly, Mom, we're just hanging out all day."

"That's it? Just hanging out? You know I wasn't born yesterday, right? I'm not mad if you're fooling around, I would expect it after how forward she was at the movie."

"I swear, Mom, she hasn't touched me. She hasn't sat close to me, smiled suggestively, dressed provocatively, nothing. She's literally coming over to hang out." He looked perplexed.

"Well...ok. How is it hanging out with her, then?"

"Oh, it's fine. We get along. Turns out she was a swimmer a few years ago, so we've done laps together in the pool. We like the same TV shows, laugh at the same jokes."

"So, have you done any packing for camp?"

"Oh yeah, I'm all done. We were done on Monday. Since then she just keeps coming over."

"Sounds like you have an admirer. You did this backwards. You're supposed to get handsy in the theatre after getting to know each

other." Sam smiled at him to show she was teasing.

Jake laughed ruefully. "Mom, that's the weirdest part! She hasn't mentioned that night at all! I'm afraid to bring it up now, it's been too long. What would I say? 'Hey remember the other day when my finger was in your pussy?'"

Sam giggled at the thought but her mind was more focused on the odd behaviour of this young woman who had pushed her way into their lives so unexpectedly. Could she be regretting what she had begun? Why play shy now? Was she waiting for Jake to make a move?

She laid her thoughts out for Jake and he nodded in agreement. "I don't know, Mom. She's nice, and I would have literally killed a month ago to be hanging out with her, but the way this all started has just weirded it all up."

"You can't let this uncertainty continue. You just can't. It'll get more and more awkward until you won't want to be around her. Next time you see her you have to bring it up."

Jake groaned and collapsed his head into his arms on the counter dramatically. Sam rolled her eyes and went back to cooking. "You know I'm right," she said.

He moaned a bit more before his muffled words drifted out. "Okay, sure... but what do I say? How could I possibly bring it up?"

Sam pondered for a bit, and then said, "Just be casual, but sincere. Tell her you enjoy her coming over, but the movie the other day has left you unsure of where you stand. You want to sort it out before you go to camp, so you can both have a good time."

Silence. Eventually he said, "Okay, fine. I'll do it, but it's going to be embarrassing."

"Would you like a bit of embarrassment now, or two whole weeks of awkwardness at camp?"

More groaning.

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Jake woke up Friday full of dread. He was not looking forward to any kind of talk with Emma about the last week but his Mom was right, it had to be sorted. That didn't make it any easier.

As usual, Emma showed up just as his Mom was leaving. The two women exchanged pleasantries and then he was alone with her. He smiled a greeting but even to him it felt like a feeble, sickly attempt. She didn't seem to notice.

They went about having some breakfast, then they got changed to have a swim. He did his best not to stare, but it had been difficult every day not to do that, so today wasn't any different. Emma wore a green two-piece bikini that wasn't very daring, but it still highlighted her wide hips and luscious butt. He wasn't certain but the bikini looked like it might be a bit small on her as her breasts tended to bulge around the cups on the top, and the straps on her bottoms dug into her hips. He wasn't complaining.

They had a swim, doing laps, stopping to chat now and then. Eventually they were done, and just hanging out in the shallow end when Jake decided it was now or never. He had tried to memorize his Mom's spiel from last night word for word but it still came out a bit jumbly. The gist was there, and so when he was done, he waited for her answer.

Her answer wasn't quick. She sat in the pool, just staring at the water, her cheeks slowly colouring. Jake tried not to fidget and be respectful, but it was hard to just sit there for minutes not moving.

Eventually he said, "Um... Did you hear me?" A lame chuckle died in his throat.

She nodded, her wet hair falling down and hiding her face.

"I'm sorry to embarrass you, my Mom insisted I clear the air before we go to camp."

She lifted her head and shot him a glance from behind the two cascades of wet hair framing her face. Jake realized that her reaction was making him upset in turn. He didn't like seeing her like this.

He opened his mouth to apologize when she interrupted him. "I'm not a slut, you know."

"Ok. I didn't - "

She cut him off again. "I like sex, but that doesn't mean I'll do it with just anyone, ok? I have standards."

"Look, I really don't think of you like that."

"I know, but your Mom probably does. I like you, Jake. You're fun to be around, and I have been dying to do more with you all week, but I will not have your Mom thinking I am just a floozy who sleeps with anyone she meets." This last was said with some force.

Jake was really confused, now. "Why do you think my Mom thinks you're a slut? She doesn't, or at least has never said it to me."

"I know she thinks it, because that's what I would think if a woman threw herself at me and my son the way I did to you two. It's really embarrassing, and I wish I could undo it. I thought we could have some fun and then move on, but it turns out I really liked you both on Friday, and now after this week I know I like you even more.

"I used to just run away when I got into an awkward situation with people, but I don't want to do that anymore. But I also don't know how to move past my mistake last Friday. I'm stuck." She finished sounding miserable.

Jake tried to process this flood of information. "Well," he started. "We like you, too. My Mom doesn't think you're a slut, I guarantee it. We're both just confused by this past week."

Emma groaned and put her head down again, covering her face in her hands.

"Hey, don't do that," he said, quietly. "It's okay, really. We were alarmed at first but when we met you, we both liked you a lot. And then of course it seemed like you really enjoyed our time at the theatre." Jake put a hint of teasing into the last sentence, hoping for a positive reaction.

"You bastard," she laughed. "I totally didn't mean for that to happen. I thought we'd make out a bit, not cum all over your hand. Somehow that whole situation really got my engine going." At the word 'engine' she gestured down at her lap. "Then all I could think of when I got home was how awesome it was, until the next day I started thinking of what your Mom must think. You're sure she doesn't think I'm a slut?"

"I'm almost 100% sure. Mind you, she was sure you'd have made a move on me by now, based on Friday."

Emma groaned theatrically. "See? That's exactly what I'm talking about!"

"It's fine, really! She said she was cool with it, and was surprised we were just hanging out. It seemed like she wanted us to fool around a bit, anyways."

"She did? What did she say?"

"She said she wouldn't be mad if we were doing stuff," Jake said. "Like, she expected it."

Emma appeared to spend a minute taking that in. "Well, ok. She did say on Friday that she'd be okay with me hanging around this week... and I do like you." Emma lifted her head up and glanced at him. "I've been getting worked up all week just hanging around you." Another gesture to her lap.

"You have?" he said, surprised. No one but his Mom had ever told him that.

"Yeah," she said softly. "I've been thinking about your strong hands...and then I get stuck thinking about that, so I try to distract myself by trying to imagine what your lips will feel like when you kiss me." As she said this, she sidled closer to him, the water sloshing around them both.

Jake's heart was pounding in his chest. He sat there, mute, as this seductive, sensual vision in green placed her hand on his leg. He watched her lean in, memorizing every detail of her face as she got closer. Her moist lips, parted, her tongue flicking out to lick them. Her green eyes, brilliant and sparkling, flicking back and forth between his eyes. Her cheeks, rosy and glistening.

When she stopped moving forward, he closed the distance, capturing her bottom lip between his. His first taste was of pool water, followed by the lip balm she had one, and finally her saliva. Her tongue darted out to meet his, brushing the tips together. Jake moaned into her mouth. This was too good to be true. It was like all of his wet dreams for the last year were coming around all at once.

He put his hand on her shoulder, but she grabbed it, placing it on the upper slope of her breast. He cupped her tit in the bikini top, gently massaging it, feeling her nipple with his thumb. She moaned into his mouth at the touch.

Just as he was about to bring a second hand into the game he was distracted. Emma had placed her hand on his rampant cock, the top of which was jutting out of his swimsuit. She played with it, rubbing it with her fingers and thumb. His cock was as hard as it had ever been, straining to get out of his suit, to give more to her to play with.

Emma smiled into their kiss, breaking it to say, "I can do more, you know. But I'll have to stop doing this long enough to do that."

Jake rolled his eyes, "Well, okay, I guess."

She giggled. "You have a nice dick," she said, looking down at the bit poking out.

"Mom says it's a cock," Jake blurted out, before he could stop himself.

Emma cocked an eyebrow. "That's pretty specific. Why not a dick, or a penis, or a johnson, or a pecker?"

He realized that the reason his Mom had given him probably wasn't okay to share. "I dunno, I guess she just likes the word."

"Ok. Well I like to swap it up." She continued to manipulate his cockhead, before slowing down. "Here, take these off. I can't wait to taste you."

Jake had only managed to undress faster on a couple other occasions, both involving his mother. This was pretty close. Soon his suit was floating away in the pool, and he was perched on the edge, Emma between his legs.

She stared at it, wonderingly. "It's magnificent! I've only seen a few peckers so far, but this is definitely the nicest I've seen."

She stroked it with one hand, a dollop of pre-cum oozing out and dripping down onto her fingers. This obvious show of his excitement seemed to delight her, and she darted forward to capture it on her tongue. She swallowed and came back for more, bathing him with broad strokes of her tongue.

Despite having fucked his own Mom, Jake could only sit there in awe as this beauty worshipped his cock. It seemed surreal. Different sensations washed over him. The cool water on his feet as they twitched each time she licked him. The soft tapping of her breasts against his inner thighs as she moved. The texture of her tongue as it moved around his throbbing head.

Emma looked up at him, as if for approval, so he nodded, saying, "Fuck, that feels fantastic." And it did. As she worked his head with her tongue her little hand moved up and down the shaft, urging him to higher and higher tension. Soon he was ready to cum, and so he warned her.

She stopped all motion, immediately.

"What? Why did you stop? I'm so close." Jake tried to pump his hips to force her hand to move, but she just took her hand off. Being so close and yet not cumming was agony.

"Nope! I'm not done!" she said.

"You're not done? Then why did you stop?" He was genuinely confused.

"Because this way, it'll feel better when you do cum." Emma sat there, watching his cock.

Jake also watched as his cock twitched as if he was cumming, but nothing was ejaculated. Eventually the tension in his groin abated to where he was no longer about to cum. Then Emma, waiting for this

moment, started her tongue and hand action all over. Somehow it felt even better.

She did this two more times, each time stopping just before he came, until his cock was getting a bit sore with the unexpressed tension.

Each time was quicker than the last, until the fourth time, he indicated he was about to cum and she didn't stop.

He came.

"UUUUUGGGHHHH!!" he cried out; the pleasure greater for having had it delayed.

The pressure seemed to have been really built up, as his semen shot in a looping string high in the air, higher than he'd ever seen it. She watched it, then pulled his cock towards her mouth, burying it between her lips and taking the rest of his shots orally. Her tongue kept up the action, stroking the super sensitive underside. It was too much, he couldn't take it, and tried to pull his cock back, but she just followed him.

Now he was trapped, as he writhed on the poolside, unable to escape her tongue's ministrations, lost in the unending pleasure. His legs twitched as his groin muscles tried in vain to eject more of his DNA, but he was drained. Eventually the pleasure drained away and he relaxed, his limbs and torso falling to the ground, not even watching Emma anymore. Jake felt her unlatch from his cock, giving it a few more strokes of the hand and tongue before she was satisfied.

"Gaaaahhhh, no one has ever made me feel like that!" he said.

She sat in the pool, a smug expression on her face as she wiped her lips. "No? Not even your Mom?"

Jake thought about it for a bit. "Well, I'll amend that to the best blowjob I've ever had."

"That's fair. I don't want to make her jealous." Emma stood up out of the pool. "I think we're even now, don't you? I'm going home, I've got some family stuff to do before we leave for camp on Sunday."

"Okay," was all Jake could say.

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Sam came home that Friday to a nervous man. Her son was pacing in the kitchen, clearly waiting for her to get home. As she walked in from the front hallway, he pounced towards her and started babbling.

"I'm so sorry, Mom, you said to confront her and so I did and we talked and it was fine, and she's not a slut and I tried to tell her that but she didn't really believe me. Then she did, and she gave me a really great blowjob, and I know you said you were expecting us to fool around, but we didn't really discuss it, and so now I feel really bad. I swear I won't do it again unless you say it's okay."

To expect something was different from being confronted with the reality. Sam had known that this could happen, and yet had to fight off the feelings of jealousy and anger now it had come true.

Sam smiled at her son as she placed her things down on the counter. "Relax. Jake! Relax!" she soothed. "It's okay, it really is. I said I expected this, and I did. From how confident and forward she was last week, I thought you would be doing this much earlier."

She waited to make sure he was calming down and listening. "Okay? It's alright. I'm delighted you have someone your own age to be with." Saying that aloud was akin to losing a lover. She didn't want it, but how could she say no to it?

"You are? Wait, you are! What about us?" he demanded.

"What about us? We're alright, aren't we? You can't possibly think we were going to be together forever, did you?" She mentally started building walls to stop the hurt coming her way.

"Well..." he paused. "I guess not. Not when you put it that way. But we've been making plans. You wanted to get pregnant. I thought that meant we would be together for at least the summer, and now Emma comes along and that's it? It's all over?" He looked exasperated.

"Oh, Honey, no. It's not over. I'm just taking a pragmatic approach here. If I get pregnant, then I get pregnant, and we'll love the baby no matter what. If I don't and you want to be with Emma, then that's fine too. I'll always be here for you."

She left Jake standing in the kitchen, pondering what she'd said, and went to get changed from her work clothes.

Upstairs in her room, she wiped a tear away before taking her blouse off. She really was prepared for this to happen, she told herself. Jake was a young man, and while his affection was intoxicating and she would never give it up, she didn't want to weigh him down either. Emma would be a good thing.

Sighing at the inevitable future, Sam put on a swimsuit to get some laps in. Just as she turned back to the bedroom door, she was surprised to see Jake standing there.

"Hey, I'm just going to do some laps. Do you want to join me?" she said, smiling.

"Ohhhh, no you don't," he said. "I'm not falling for this trick. This is the famous: 'Don't Worry About Your Mother.' routine. The 'Long-suffering, I'll Be Okay, Just Drop Me A Line Now And Then' act. Well I'm not falling for it."

He advanced on her in the bedroom, coming right up to her. "I am not dropping you for the first floozy to come sauntering around. Yes, we may not go forever, but we just started this adventure, and I am faaaaar from ready to abandon you."

She laughed at his perceptiveness. "I almost got you, didn't I?" The wash of relief she felt almost overwhelmed her.

"Only a few seconds," he replied.

"Okay, so you aren't tossing me into the refuse heap. That doesn't tell me what we're going to do about your floozy."

"Either she's our floozy, or she's no one's floozy," he said. "And I'm telling her that right now."

He grabbed his phone and picked Emma's name from the contact list, starting a call. Sam watched and waited to hear what he would say.

"It's ringing," he said, and put the phone on speaker, and then came Emma's voice. "Why are you calling me? Honestly, no one does this."

"I'm calling so my mother can hear me talk to you."

"Why, is something wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong, at all. I just wanted to clarify for you, that my mother and I come as a package. If you want to have fun with me, that's fine, but she's in the picture too."

"Is she listening right now?"

"Yes."

"Hi, Sam. I don't know what Jake is talking about. Are we still on for tonight?"

Sam spoke up, "Absolutely, Emma. Looking forward to it!" Her face lit up as she watched Jake's mouth drop open, his eyes darting from her to the phone.

"You should see Jake's face, Emma. He's so happy for us."

Jake started sputtering, "What, wha, wait, huh? What are you - "

Sam interrupted him to speak to the phone. "I'll pick you up at 8, okay? Dress casual, we'll just hit a few shops in town."

"Sounds great! See you then," came Emma's sunny voice.

Sam patted Jake on the arm and walked away, saying, "You can hang up now."

As Sam did her laps in the pool, she couldn't help replaying the entire scenario over and over. It had been perfect. Sure, it wasn't fair to keep their plans from Jake, but really it was a girl night out shopping, and so none of his business.

When she stopped in the shallow end to catch her breath, Jake was standing at the side of the pool, waiting.

"So, you're going out with her? Is it a date? What is going on?" he asked.

"It's not a date, son. I don't really swing that way. I could have fun with the two of you sometimes, but there won't be any action with just the two of us, if that's what you're thinking."

She floated neck deep in the water, waiting for the next question.

"So, what are you doing?" came the question.

"We are going to go shopping. I need some things, she mentioned last week that she still needed a couple items for the camp trip, and so we made plans to go out together. It's really not a big deal. I may

have also let her know that if you two wanted to have fun while I'm working this week that I was okay with it. I guess I wasn't explicit enough, and she got nervous that I actually meant hanging, and not 'hanging'." The last word was said with a certain emphasis that spoke volumes.

"She was worried you would think she was a slut." he said.

"Ah. Well I hope you enlightened her on that."

"Yeah. It took her a bit but then she did a 180, completely surprising me. I guess she was a bit... worked up."

"I bet she was, after hanging around such a huge stud like you all week," Sam said, a sultry smile let him know she wasn't teasing. "Did you enjoy the blowjob?"

Sam did her absolute best to keep the question neutral, but he still seemed to sense the trap lying in wait. He hummed a bit and said, "Yeah, it was okay. She was enthusiastic."

"Mmmhmm, I'm sure she was," Sam responded, her sultry smile turning knowing. "I'd offer to give you one, to compare, but I have a better use for the results than my mouth."

She slowly stood up from the pool edge, her bare torso glimmering. She exulted in his expression as she walked to the stairs, her breasts swaying, water dripping off the nipples and streaming down to her naked hips as they emerged.

"Fuck," he said, and she took him by the hand and they went upstairs to dry her off, and wet parts of him down.

Two days later.

Sam stretched as she gradually woke up. She was sore in some places but otherwise felt good. Energetic. Horny. Having a lover who

could recuperate as many times in a row as Jake could should have left her satiated, but it seemed the opposite.

It was Sunday, the last full day she had with Jake before he left to go to the camp with Emma. It felt like this should be a special day, somehow. Like they should try something different, something to remember for the next fourteen days.

She looked over at her son sleeping next to her, nude, a light sheet covering him to the waist. They had done so many things together since they started this affair, it was hard to find something new. She pondered the possibilities. Public sex? Too dangerous for a mother and son. Role play? What was more titillating than the ultimate taboo? She wasn't into BDSM stuff, that she knew from earlier experiments with Bill. Did he have any fetishes? Anything he might have dreamed about but not mentioned?

It took just two scoots and she was pressing her own naked body against his, her head propped up on one hand. He didn't stir, so she started rubbing his chest, slowly moving down his belly before finding his cock. It lay limp against his leg. Sam marveled at how soft and vulnerable it felt, compared to the state it was in any other time she was able to play with it.

Slowly, as she manipulated her son's cock in her fingers, it grew, getting firmer, wider, longer. She pulled the sheet down to get a good proper look, the sight now familiar but not yet old. Jake finally moved, his hand grabbing hers on his cock, moving it up and down in an urging motion.

She laughed and resisted, keeping her hand still. "No way. I am trying to wake you up to talk, not to jerk you off. Are you awake?" His eyes were still closed, but he shrugged.

A firm squeeze, perhaps firmer than he wanted, produced a response. "I'm awake! What do you want to talk about? You better

be prepared to deal with this situation once we're done talking." He gestured to his groin.

"I will help you out when we're done." The squeeze turned into a caress. He groaned and shifted his pelvis up, trying to produce some friction. She let go, his cock bobbing in place.

He let out a long-suffering sigh, so she relented and resumed the caress.

"I think today we should do something new, but I can't think of anything. I was wondering if you had anything you wanted to try. Any fetishes or fantasies you haven't told me about?"

He lay there, eyes still closed, while she played with him. His cock had pulsed when she asked the question, and so she was pretty sure something had come to mind. His silence said maybe he was embarrassed to mention it.

"It's okay, you can tell me whatever it is, I won't get mad."

Eventually he spoke up. "It's related to the last time Emma was here."

"Oh? Did she do something you like?" He winced as she grabbed his testicles.

"Hey! Gentle... Yeah, she did. Don't get me wrong, what we do it fantastic. It's just...she did this thing while blowing me." Another wince. "Just when I was about to cum, she stopped. Like, just stopped. Cold. I almost came, but didn't, and then when I was calmer, she started up again. When she eventually let me cum it was amazing."

He looked at her directly. "I want to do that."

"That, son of mine, is called 'edging'. We can definitely do that. We won't start it now; it helps to anticipate it for a while before starting. Unfortunately for you, it also helps if you haven't cum in a while. Sorry, I won't be able to help you with this yet."

Sam was a bit annoyed at him for thinking about another woman while naked in bed with her, so she decided on a type of 'punishment' to start their day off right. She leaned over and wrapped her lips around his head, tongue planted on the underside, and gave it a quick suck. Long enough to be felt, but short enough that he'd be left wanting more. Popping her mouth off of him, she rolled away, avoiding his grasping hands to skip to the washroom to shower.

Behind her she heard nothing but groans of frustration.

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Jake spent the next several hours trying to find something to occupy himself with. His Mom had informed him that they could start having fun in bed right after dinner, which left him the entire day to wait around. His cock was aching a bit in frustration from the wakeup call she'd given him, and she was doing nothing to help the situation.

After her shower she had dressed in light shorts with no panties, and a thin tank top with no bra. That was bad enough, until she had gotten scissors to cut the bottom third of the shirt off. This left her top draped over her breasts, hanging to just the bottom swell, and with no support they swayed with every motion. She was obviously turned on, as her nipples had been hard points almost all day.

For a few hours Jake just endured the teasing before he realized that two could play at the same game. He went to get some very loose shorts of his own, so loose that they did nothing to hide his cock, hard or soft.

He sat down in the living room on the couch across from her to 'read', which was what she was doing. He started adopting stances that would emphasize the shape of his cock through his shorts, and he knew it had an effect on her. She kept glancing his way, and after a bit he noticed she hadn't turned a page in a while. Neither had he.

His Mom upped the game, stretching her arms over her head, casually yawning. This caused her top to lift up, baring her magnificent tits and rigid nipples. He gaped at them until she lowered her arms, stopping the show.

Jake knew he could play the same game. He shifted to raise his leg on the couch and let his shorts leg slip down, exposing his cock. The cooler air and the psychic feel of his mother's gaze combined to make his cock get hard for the umpteenth time that day. He sat there, pretending to read a book, while his now granite hardon jutted up out of his shorts, head glistening with his own juices.

It was a game no one could lose.

She followed up, lifting her legs on the couch and turned to face him. She slowly spread her thighs, giving Jake a perfect view of the wet spot where her shorts covered her pussy. His Mom then casually, while still pretending to read, scratched her inner thigh. When she lifted her hand, the crotch of her shorts was now pushed aside and her pussy was in full view.

Jake could see a distinct sheen between her engorged lips. As he watched, he could see the entrance to her vagina clench, once, expelling a line of moisture out of her and draining to her ass crack. He wanted nothing more than to bury his head between her thighs.

And so it went. They stopped 'reading' after a bit and went to lay down outside to get some sun. She changed into a bikini, he into a speedo. They took turns doing outlandish things to expose skin, to tantalize the other person, while maintaining an innocent demeanour.

Jake loved it, and he was pretty sure she did too.

Around 4pm his Mom got a call, which turned out to be his Dad. He wasn't coming home for dinner; they shouldn't wait for him. So, they didn't, but they also didn't eat. They ran to their bedroom, shucking swimsuits that were never used, and were now covered in sex juice.

In their bedroom, naked, facing each other, she walked up close to him and gingerly grasped his cock in two fingers. He was hard, drooling, almost aching at this point.

She was only inches from his face and said, quietly, "This will take some discipline. You need to tell me when you are going to cum, or it won't work, ok?"

He nodded, and said, "The same goes for you." He placed his hand, palm forward, against her pussy mound with the same gentle pressure.

At this point either one of them could go off with very little effort. His Mom said, "Let's take turns. I'll do you first, and then we swap so you can calm down."

"Right here? Standing?" he asked.

"Let's start with light touching here, yes."

Taking her hand off of him, she reached down to her own pussy, displacing his hand. He almost cried foul when she started to brush her own fingers between her pussy lips but she quickly stopped. She moved her now slick hand back, and slowly rubbed her wet fingers up and down his cock. Thumb massaging his sensitive underside, fingers caressing the strong vein-ridden topside. She used slow motions, just enough to feel great but not enough to make him cum. The feel of it, after a day of teasing, overwhelmed his mind. It was all Jake could process, pushing everything else out of his mind.

He stood there, cock as hard as it could be, his Mom's fingers massaging the top portion of it. It was agony and pleasure together. He wanted her to go faster. He wanted her to use her whole hand, or mouth, or both hands or anything, but she didn't. Just the three digits moving up and down, relentless. He started to recognize the signs of his orgasm growing, but oh so slowly. She did stop momentarily to lubricate her fingers again from her pussy, and the relief was almost as good as the pleasure. Now when she started up again, his legs buckled a bit at the resumption of the slow masturbation with pussy lubed fingers. He watched her face as she watched his cock. Her small smile, her slight furrow on her brow of concentration.

Jake looked down and saw a generous dollop of his own juice come oozing out of his slit, dripping down to her fingers, adding to the pleasure. The pleasure that was really ramping up now. He was getting closer, as the incessant massage in his most sensitive spots drove him higher and higher. The slow movement up and down on his cock had resulted in an equal slow escalation of pressure, but he had almost reached the pinnacle. The pleasure was so great he never wanted this exact moment to end, but he had promised to let her know when...

"I'm... gonna...cum!"

He stood there, cock pulsing and throbbing, feeling robbed. Why had he told her? He just wanted to cum, dammit. In fact, maybe... but no, the pressure and urge to orgasm was no longer building, as she had completely stopped. After a bit, he was sure he wasn't going to cum, and was instead retreating from his orgasm. She took her hand away and examined him.

"That looks fun. My turn!" she said, happily, and scampered onto the bed, laying down in the middle, arms by her side.

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"It might be harder for you to get me to the same point, baby. My most sensitive spots can move around sometimes, and it takes even me a bit of experimentation. I'll guide you, okay?"

Sam smiled at him, standing at the foot of the bed, rock hard cock sticking out from his center, head an angry red. The head on his shoulders was not angry. A bit put out maybe, but he'd get it. She beckoned for him to join her.

"You do me, right? Today's teasing has left me pretty primed; I think I'll be ready to explode soon."

Jake crawled onto the bed and sat on his haunches next to her middle. She was really dripping, moisture running down the crack of her ass, her inner thighs a mess. She felt an ache in her clit in anticipation as he put his hand on her pubic bone and pushed down lightly.

"Mmmm, nope, not there."

He moved his hand slowly down, extending two fingers to run them along her puffy, wet, labia.

"That's closer, but I think you'll need to go in."

Jake pushed his two fingers, extended and rigid, between her lips and ran them from clit to hole.

"Uhhnnnn, yes that is the spot," she said. "I think you can do the rest."

He nodded and commenced running his fingers from her clit on down and back up again. He kept his touch light but constant, moving around. She couldn't help but twitch when his fingers hit her clit, and so after the third touch he stayed there for a while, the two fingers moving around in a circle. He had her clit trapped in the eye

of his finger hurricane, it moved to and fro as he did, never quite letting it get free.

Sam closed her eyes and enjoyed the feel of her only son's hand on her privates. Now and then the taboo nature of their union would flood through her, as if new all over again. It thrilled and appalled her every time. This was her son, the person she created, now playing with the same sexual organ he had emerged from. It was a spicy addition to the mental connection she felt for her lover.

Now laying in the bed they shared, Sam let her feelings for her son wash over her. It went beyond pure physical pleasure; it was an emotional high that contributed to the high that was forming in her belly. She writhed in place, rubbing her thighs together. She wanted to pinch her nipples but feared it would send her over the edge too fast. Her hands started to aimlessly hover over parts of her body, wanting to touch herself but also wanting her edge to be delivered by only Jake.

Just as she was really riding the wave of building pleasure, feeling in control and able to continue this for hours if she wanted, he escalated. She popped her eyes open and saw that he had added his other hand. One finger extended, he was splitting her labia, spearing into her vagina. She was so slick down there he had no trouble pushing his thick manly finger as far as it could go in one shove. The texture of his finger sawing away at her entrance as it entered her sent her closer to orgasm.

She cried out, "Nooo faaiiiiiir!!!!"

What was going to be a long slow climb had now turned into a race to the top. Sam could feel her orgasm approaching fast, as the combination of both hands was too much. "Stop! I'm going to cum!"

It really wasn't fair. Now she knew what Jake had been pouting about earlier when it was his turn. To come so close to her orgasm and then to have all sensation denied was almost cruel. She looked

down at him, watching her, waiting? Her stomach muscles, tense in preparation for the impending crash, started to ease. Now he took his finger out of her. Ohhhh.... that's how close she had been. Just the removal of that finger too early would have definitely sent her over.

"How do you like it?" he asked with a smile.

"It's agony. I want to get there again."

"Yup, me too, and now it's my turn!" He fell over backwards, arranging himself next to her.

"Just.... give me a minute."

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Jake knew how his Mom felt, he was fine to give her a bit to collect herself. He marveled at how beautiful she was, in the throes of extreme arousal. He always enjoyed looking at her, no matter what, but this was something special. A sheen of sweat on her torso, her perfect, round breasts topped by pink areola and thimble sized nipples, so hard they resembled gumdrops. Her wide hips still shifting as she rubbed her legs together. She had the body of a goddess of fertility, and she was all his.

He examined her face while she came down from her peak. Her cheeks flushed; her lips swollen. She dipped her tongue out to swath her lips and he wanted nothing more than to kiss her and hold her, body to body. Just as he was about to call the edging quits and tackle her, his Mom sat up and smiled.

"Ok, you ready?"

He nodded mutely, eager to watch her move. His Mom sat up, her breasts swaying as she got into position next to his waist. His cock

had gone down a bit, but not much, considering. She reached down and lifted his cock away from his belly, examining it.

"My Man Cock," she said. Jake had a feeling he would be having a harder time telling her when it was time for him to cum, as she lowered her mouth down to his now resurgent cock.

"Yum," she murmured, as she licked up the newest drop of pre-cum to drain out of him. She appeared to savour and then swallow, before lowering again and slowly pushing his cock between her lips. The previous pleasure that had built from her hand came roaring back.

He watched as his Mom kept the top two inches of his cock buried in her mouth, wondering if that was all she was going to do, as she had let go with her hand. He didn't have long to wonder, as now she started up the same type of motion she'd done before with her fingers, but now with her lips and tongue. Just as slow, just and methodical and patient. Just as fucking great feeling, he thought, as he remembered the frustration from before. He wanted her to take more of him in her mouth. He wanted her to go faster, use her hand, anything to increase his pleasure and get him to cum.

Naturally she did none of these things. She bathed his underside with her tongue, but it was such a slow movement that it was a constant assault of liquid sensation. Her lips moved up and down but in a way that it joined the tongue assault as one barrage. He felt the same growing pressure in his groin, so slow as to almost hurt, but this time he was prepared for it. Having gone through it once, he was ready to just lay back and let her suck on him.

Before long, his Mom shifted, her hand drifting between her legs. Was she not able to resist giving herself pleasure? No, out came her hand again, and drifted over his thigh, and then between his legs. What was she doing? The hand was now digging under his ball sack, between his ass cheeks and -

Jake cried out, "FuuuuuuuUUUUCCKKK!!!"

His Mom had added prostate massage to the package, and the combination was too much, he had to push her face off of him or explode in her mouth. She fell back laughing, hand sliding out from between his legs.

Jake did his best to just lay back and not move. He'd come close to cumming, and it would be too easy to spill over the edge at this point. He ignored the laughing vixen next to him, breathing easy as he finally tipped back from the danger of spilling his seed all over the place.

When he finally was able to move safely, he growled at his Mom, saying, "You're next!"

She shrieked and retreated, but he caught her legs, pulling them towards him on the king size bed. He moved his hands higher up her legs, pushing them apart to get to the site of his revenge.

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Sam's heart started to race as her son grabbed her, his large hands wrapped around her ankles. His sudden bout of forceful energy caused her heart to skip a beat. His growl as he lunged at her sent a spike of arousal straight to her groin. Her nipples hardened again in response to his hands on her thighs, spreading them apart. Was this it? Was he done with edging, and was going to fuck her into oblivion?

She welcomed it, of course. Edging was fun but there was always that point where you knew you were done; you were going to cum no matter what. She was ready, and so lay down submissively, opening her legs for him to enter her. It was a shock to have him not plant his cock in her pussy, but instead lower his head and stop. She could feel his breath on her moist lips. Sam looked down to where her son had his nose almost touching her pussy.

"I thought you were done. I thought you were going to fuck me just now."

Her question was rewarded with the breath of him speaking, tickling her light blonde pubic hair. "Nope, now it's my turn to tease again."

And now she could see him extend his tongue to her slit, splitting her lips and finding her clit in one motion. He kept the tip there, the warmth of it sending a matching warmth through her pelvis. He moved the tip, slowly, in a circular motion around her clit. He used her technique, slow, relentless, firm but not much contact. It was perfect.

She realized that he could keep this up for hours and she would be happy, but in truth all she wanted now was for them to fuck.

"Baby," she said. "Hey, I'm done. This was fantastic, and your tongue feels awesome, but I'm ready to be fucked. Please come up here and fuck your mother."

He looked up at her, eyebrows raised, and nodded. She watched him climb to his hands and knees and crawl up her body. He stopped to suck a nipple into his mouth.

"Ohhhhh fuuuuck, baby. I love your mouth on my tits. Pull the other one, okay?" she begged.

He did, gripping it and pulling on it firmly. She moaned, the double pleasure linked directly to her pussy, but it was still not enough. She pulled at him, and he let her nipples go, climbing further up, until he was perched above her.

Sam lay on her bed, her son between her legs, her pussy lips gaping open as she presented herself for him to take her.

"Please, Baby, put your Man Cock in me."

She looked down at it, straining between them. She watched as he moved his hips closer, until his cockhead was nudged up against her opening. He pushed in, slowly, and they both groaned in shared pleasure and relief. Her pussy stretched to accommodate his girth; her lubrication so complete that he was able to thrust fully into her in one constant motion.

"Ohhhh Jaaaaake, I love your cock!" she screamed, as he bottomed out inside of her. Once fully implanted, he stopped and dipped his head down for a kiss. She caressed his back, scratching and rubbing, while he kept his hips firmly pushed against hers, his ball sack tickling her ass. The constant pressure of his shaft on her clit produced the same buildup as his fingers had earlier.

She moaned into his mouth as they massaged pubic bones, feeling the pleasure grow. After some time, he started a slow in and out, and now the feeling changed to that of his cock, the texture of it as it moved the entire length out of her, and then in. His cock speared her molten center over and over, his large head kissing her cervix each time he was fully entrenched in her dripping pussy.

Sam screamed, "Fuck me, Jake, goddamnit, fuck me hard! I want your cock to never leave me, I need you in me forever!"

Jake lifted up and stared down at her chest, before grabbing a nipple in his mouth. That was it. The long-awaited orgasm, the one she had anticipated and then had teased, crashed over her. It was the best cum she'd ever had, bar none.

Her stomach clenched and her pussy spasmed on the cock that had delivered her to the promised land, her vagina convulsing over and over. Streams of her essence squirted down her ass crack, coating his cock, as he continued to fuck her.

"HUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHH!!!" she screamed, the sound coming from her contorted face as this wonderful, all consuming, mind-blowing orgasm possessed her.

And Jake, somehow, kept fucking her. How was he doing this? Once she'd had a chance to unclench, she grabbed his face from her breast, kissing him with all she was worth.

She then whispered to him, "Cum, Jake. I need you to cum for me. I need you to fill up my cunt with your sperm. I need you to plant your fucking seed in my womb and make a baby. Do it, Jake. Impregnate your mommy."

This seemed to do it, as now he thrust his cock inside her and went rigid over top of her. His hips twitched and his cock pulsed inside of her as he delivered ream after ream of potent semen to the entrance of her womb.

"FUUUUUUUuuuck!" He yelled, his hips straining to get even more of his cock inside of her.

This triggered another orgasm in her, and it was just as good as the first.

As he lay on her chest, she could feel gobbets of his juice spewing into her vagina, her hungry pussy in turn convulsing, milking him for all he was worth. They came together so perfectly was sure that if ever her son was going to knock her up, this was it.

They lay together, in the final throes of their mutual orgasms, sweaty and panting. As Sam caressed her son's back, his cock still buried inside of her vagina, she felt a warm glow inside of her. It started in her womb and slowly spread out to every part of her body.

Jake stirred from her breast and lifted his head to look at her. "Did you feel that?" he asked.

"You felt it too? Like a warm wave coming from inside me?"

He nodded.

"I think I'm pregnant," she said with a smile, and pulled him in for a kiss.

## **Sam and Jake Pt. 07**

Sam said goodbye to Jake the next morning as he left with Emma, off together to spend two weeks with a bunch of 10- and 11-year old kids. She smirked to herself as she got ready for work, wondering how much time and energy they would have for 'extra-curricular' activities. It had been over 20 years since she'd been a camp counsellor but she remembered vividly how tiring it was. Still, there had been a few days she'd been able to get away for some private time, so maybe Jake could too.

The rest of the day went well, work kept her occupied. The thought that Jake had left her for two weeks only crossed her mind a couple times, but once she got home it was a different story. The house felt so empty as Bill wasn't home yet, and for all she knew may not even come home tonight. His schedule seemed to fluctuate a lot.

Sam sat down in the living room, contemplating the next 14 days by herself. One could see it as torture, a sentence to be waited out, each day agony as the time slowly ticked by. Or it could be an opportunity. Time and space to relax, indulge in any desires or whims that came her way. Contact some friends and get out, spread her wings and just luxuriate in the freedom of having exactly zero responsibilities outside of work.

It was this thought that appealed the most. Theoretically she could be pregnant right now, with her son's baby. If that was her future, in nine months she would suddenly have a lot of responsibility again, and these next two weeks would be a distant dream. She bounced up off the couch and went to get her bathing suit. Some time around the pool would be a great start to her two weeks of 'Sam' time.

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Jake ducked, but wasn't fast enough, and got a ball in the side of the head.

"You're out!" screamed the kid.

Jake trudged to the sidelines, cursing the kid's aim. He'd been beaned three times already and it was only day 4 of his time at camp. He still didn't know the brat's name, but he knew his face. It was permanently etched in his memory with a gloating, smug expression. Dodgeball seemed to be the only sport these kids liked, they played it several times a day, if they weren't eating, swimming or canoeing.

Jake cursed the day he'd accepted Emma's invitation to be a counsellor. For one thing, he rarely saw her, she had her own group of campers she spent day and night with. For another, he was exhausted each night and fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. If this kept up for the entire camp he'd be begging to go home at the end.

The actual activities of the kids weren't super tiring, it was that he hadn't gotten a full night's sleep yet. One or another of his campers kept waking him up throughout the night for different reasons. He groaned as he realized that this was what being a parent would be like.

As he stood watching the remainder of the dodgeball game, he saw Emma across the field. She was watching her campers in their own game, though it wasn't dodgeball. Red Rover, maybe?

He watched her butt as she walked around in her tight shorts. They were long enough to be modest, but almost tailored to her, as they didn't leave much to the imagination. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, the light brown queue trailing down her back. She had on a tight white t-shirt that showed her white bra keeping her tits covered. Jake realized that despite the theatre and the pool, he hadn't seen her naked. She turned and caught him staring, so she

waved. He waved back. He had to be careful with thoughts of her naked.

His lack of privacy in the cabins at night meant he couldn't relieve himself. It had been 4 days since his day with his mom, and he was feeling a bit backed up already. He was starting to pop boners at awkward times, so staring at Emma's ass was a sure way to create another popup tent in his shorts. Thankfully he hadn't been caught yet, but was mortified at the thought it could happen.

Turning his attention back to the game, Jake saw that the smug kid had won, again, and so he blew his whistle to get his campers' attention.

"Alright time's UP!" he bellowed. "Time for lunch, head in and get washed up!!"

The campers slowly made their way to the meal hall for probably more grilled cheese and milk. As Jake walked behind them, herding them like cats, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He hadn't been touched by anything except a dodgeball since he got there, so he was startled and turned. Emma was there, a foot away, a big smile on her face. A few wisps of hair had escaped her ponytail and floated around her face. Close up like this he realized that her t-shirt displayed her breasts quite well. How had he never noticed?

"Hey there," she said.

Jake smiled back, happy to be able to talk to her instead of perving on her from afar. "Hey back," he said. "Long time, no talk." He tried to keep the accusation out of his voice.

She grimaced in sympathy. Clearly, he had been unsuccessful. "Yeah, I know. This is what the first week is like. By the weekend the campers will have settled down a bunch. We should be able to talk again then."

"You know, when you pitched being a counsellor to me, it felt like there was an implication of more one on one time..." he said. He raised an eyebrow and gave her a leer to show he was teasing.

"You got that impression?" she said, innocently. "I don't know what you mean. This is a wholesome camp." She brushed by him, murmuring, "Meet me at the boathouse at 11 tonight."

He cursed as she walked away, his cock swelling to make a tent in his shorts that would definitely be noticed. He stood there in the field and watched her go, her hips swaying, thankful that his campers were already in the meal hall.

Later that night he thanked his lucky stars that all 10 campers seemed to be in a deep sleep. He threw on a t-shirt and boxers and crept out of the cabin to make his way to the boathouse. The night was clear and the moon and stars made enough light to easily see where he was going.

The boathouse was a long building that housed the camp's canoes. The door was always open during camp, and now the entry was a yawning black portal that promised privacy. Inside, Jake stopped and looked around as best he could. There was very little light. He got out his phone and turned on the flash and shone it around.

"Emma!" he whispered.

"Shhh..." came the reply. "Back here."

He followed the sound of her voice and found her down one row of hanging canoes, next to a rack of life vests. She was dressed in a full-length red flannel robe, hair hanging loose, pretty face lit up with a broad smile. She was truly gorgeous, and Jake's heart skipped a beat at the sight.

"You said this was a wholesome camp, so why did you want to meet up?" he teased.

"The camp might be wholesome, but I'm not," came her reply. He clamped down on a yelp as she rushed him, planting a kiss on his face, hands on his shoulders.

He returned the kiss with enthusiasm. Immediately he noticed again how different a kisser she was from his mom. Her lips were plumper and moved slower. She used her tongue more, and opened her mouth wider to meet his.

Jake grabbed her hips, pulling her towards him, pushing his erection into her stomach. He was pleased to hear her moan in response. Her hand dropped from his shoulder to his groin between them, rubbing over the outside of his shorts.

Emma pulled back from his face and said, "Fuck, I'm so fucking horny after 4 days of no privacy." She was fumbling at his button, opening his shorts and dropping them to his feet.

"Really? I thought I was the only one."

She shook her head. "I want your dick so bad. We only have time for a quickie." With that she pulled a condom wrapper out of her robe pocket and handed it to him. "Here, put this on."

As he unwrapped the condom and then wrapped his cock, Jake watched in awe as Emma spun around and bent over, presenting her robe wrapped behind to him. She flipped the robe over her butt, and he was almost overwhelmed by the sight in front of him.

The incredible ass he'd stared at in school was now naked a foot in front of him. The hottest girl in school was now begging for his cock. He could smell her arousal as the aroma of her pussy wafted up to his nose. His cock surged in the condom.

Even with a wet pussy exposed for him, he couldn't resist worshipping her magnificent butt first. He caressed her cheeks with both hands, gently rubbing the fleshy globes from top to bottom,

side to side. His fingers dipped between her cheeks, tickling her sphincter.

"No time for play, Jake. Fuck me now!" came her hoarse whisper.

Jake felt a moment of remorse. He wanted to fuck Emma more than anything but wanted to take more time at it than a late-night quickie in a boathouse. He wanted their first time to be memorable. He did owe her though...

He knelt down behind her, and grabbed her thighs to hold her in place. Closer now, he could feel her heat on his face as he leaned forward and planted his tongue directly between her labia, swabbing it up in one lick to her asshole. He was pleased to hear her gasp out a groan in response.

"Oh Jake, please just fuck me."

He shook his head, buried there between her glorious meaty cheeks. His tongue was now slathering over her lips, roaming up and down, in and out. He tasted her juices as they dripped from her, scooping them up on his tongue and swallowing. Hands still gripping her thighs, he spread her legs open more to give him access to her clit. Once he could get his tongue to that magic button, he felt her tense up.

"Ohhhhhh, Jaaaake," she moaned. "Ohhhhh that's it. OOhhhhhh!" He kept up his assault, his tongue now a rigid rod that he stabbed into her opening over and over, more pussy juice drooling from her. He couldn't help but compare her taste to his mom's and found that he enjoyed both.

He let go of one of her legs to use his hand, massaging her clit with firm pressure. He was rewarded by more girl lube on his tongue, as she started to quiver there, bent over in front of him.

"Huuuuuhhhhhnnnnnnn" she hummed, keeping her mouth closed to stay quiet. As Jake continued to slather his tongue over her pussy, he was delighted to feel her vagina spasm as if trying to grip his tongue.

"Jake, I'm coomminnnngg." She stayed there, bent over, coming, lines of saliva and juice running down her legs. He eased up on his tongue, and sat back, instead using his other hand to plunge a finger inside of her tight opening.

"Ahhhhh, oh please, no more!" she cried. "Too sensitive, please."

Jake smiled and slowed down, eventually removing his hands from her in a slow caress. He pulled the condom off his rigid cock and stood up, pulling up his shorts. It wasn't easy or fun to cram himself back into his clothes but figured it was better this way.

Emma stood up, her robe falling back down over her butt. She turned around and leaned against the back wall. Her face was red as she stared at him. He grinned and wiped his face with his shirt. He'd have to get that stuffed away in his luggage until he got home.

"Why did you do that?" she asked. "Don't get me wrong, I loved it, but I've been dreaming of your cock, not your tongue," she said with a smile.

Jake shrugged a half shrug. "I didn't want our first time to be a quickie in a boathouse," he said.

Emma's mouth dropped as her eyes widened, "Really? That's so sweet." She moved to him and wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him. When she eventually pulled back, she said, "You're going to have to wash up before you head to bed. You taste like my pussy," she said.

Jake grinned. "I might never wash again."

He did wash up before going back to the cabin but had to rush to make sure that he wasn't missed by any camper waking up. The next day was a tough one, as he was still very horny and tired, but he noticed that Emma was very smiley and happy whenever he saw her. That was worth it.

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Sam sighed and stretched her arms up over her head. She'd almost fallen asleep by the pool. Despite the umbrella, the heat was almost too stifling to stay awake. Her glass of water was almost empty, so she forced herself to stand up and get another one from the kitchen.

It was now one week into Jake's absence and she had done her best to indulge in every pleasure, guilty or not, that she could think of. Spa day, movie day, shopping day, each one with a different friend. Today was a lazy day, Sunday, to recover from the party she'd thrown the day before.

It was a type of awakening for her, as she realized that she'd been neglecting some of her friendships after starting - it still felt strange to think it - fucking her son. So, over the last week she'd reconnected with some of them, spending a couple hours a day gabbing and catching up, culminating in last night's get-together.

It wasn't any type of big thing, she'd just invited a few friends over to sit and listen to music, but somehow they'd invited a few friends as well, and before she knew it, there were 20 people all scattered throughout the kitchen, living room and poolside. She'd been a bit alarmed at first but then shrugged and went with it.

The hardest part of the night, in fact the last week, had been her efforts to avoid tipping anyone off that she wasn't drinking. She felt a bit silly about it. There was no indication as yet that she was pregnant, and if anyone had noticed she'd have been bombarded with questions she didn't want to face yet. She wanted nothing more than to talk about her plans to have another baby, as she knew her

friends would be supportive and helpful. Some of them had mentioned wanting to have another baby as well, so she knew she wasn't alone in her desires.

In the kitchen she filled her glass with water from the fridge and drank deeply. She'd gotten a bit too hot there, so she stood in the cool kitchen and thought about why she hadn't mentioned a new baby to her friends. It felt like a betrayal of sorts. They had never been anything but supportive and open with their own plans, so to keep this to herself was admitting there was something to hide. And of course, the only thing to hide was who the father would be.

Bill was on board with being labelled the father, so really there was nothing to keep her back from proclaiming her plans to the world if she wanted. Her friends had no reason not to believe it. Yet it felt dishonest in a funny way. She was keeping her relationship with Jake a secret, and could never divulge it, but hesitated to tell the lie that anyone except her son would be impregnating her. Like it wasn't fair to him.

Sam gave her head a shake. This was supposed to be a lazy day, not a deep thoughts day. She'd figure out what to tell people when she didn't have a choice. After all, she wasn't there yet. She had a sudden revelation come to her. It had been 4 weeks since her last period, so she should have started her next one today. She mentally tabulated how she felt, and there were none of the signs of an impending period. She hummed in satisfaction, happy at the thought she might be on her way to bringing new, wonderful, life into the world.

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Jake collapsed on his bunk and groaned. He had a precious 10 minutes of quiet time in the cabin waiting for his campers to finish brushing their teeth before lights out. It was a moment that occurred once each day, and he enjoyed it immensely. This was the

final night of camp and he was looking forward to going home tomorrow. To see his mom, of course, he missed her immensely, but also so he could empty his balls, which surely had to be a deep blue by now.

Two nights after his tryst in the boathouse with Emma, she had walked past his table at dinner and whispered 'midnight' before walking away. Jake had been very glad he was seated, so that his instant-hard cock wasn't visible. It took some time to go down because every time he thought about meeting Emma it would pop back up to full strength. It took an argument amongst the campers to distract him enough to make it go away.

Come that night, however, his meetup with Emma was cancelled when one of his campers was sick in their bed and he had to take them to the nurse. He called in another counsellor to help clean up the puke and by the time it was done and the other campers settled down again, it was past midnight. He did go check the boathouse but she wasn't there, so he went to bed. The next day he'd tried to apologize but she cut him off, saying she understood.

Somehow, they hadn't had a chance to get together the entire next week. Between sleeping under the stars with their campers one night, to further illness, so just plain exhaustion, they hadn't even really exchanged more than a few words.

Just as Jake felt himself drifting off, the quiet was broken by his campers entering the cabin. He groaned inwardly and stood up to make sure they got into bed, but was surprised when they went fairly easily. It seemed that two weeks had finally sapped them of their energy, just when it was time to go home. He wasn't going to complain.

Usually, he'd hang out in front of the cabin with the other male counsellors waiting for the campers to drop off to sleep, but today

he just lay back down on his bunk and closed his eyes. He was ready for the camping experience to end.

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Sam hummed to herself as she flitted around the kitchen, getting ready for Jake's return. He had just texted to say he was on the way and would be home in 30 minutes, so she was preparing a surprise. She wasn't sure what kinds of food they provided to them at the camp. It was surely nutritious, but it probably wasn't very tasty. Or sweet.

A careful perusal of the tray in front of her showed the entire feast was ready to go, so she wrapped it up and put it in the fridge for later. She then went up to their room and opened the window to let any fresh breeze in. She changed the bedding, putting on some light silk sheets she'd bought just for this day. Then came her last surprise. A black teddy with sheer panties and top. She wrapped herself in a black silk robe and walked downstairs. He should be home any minute.

Just as she got down, she was rewarded by the front door opening.

"Mom?" she heard her son shout from the front door.

Sam wanted to run down the hall to him, but decided that might ruin the sultry, sexy look she'd been going for. Instead, she walked to him, taking every detail in as she approached. His face was tanned with dirt smudges, his hair messy. His eyes were wide as he looked at her, his lips parted as if she was a mirage in a desert. She giggled at his expression, then took in the rest of him. His t-shirt was wrinkled and dirty, as were his shorts. The shorts that had a distinct lump in the middle of them.

"God, Mom, you are a vision. You wouldn't believe how hard it's been the past two weeks."

"Actually, I would. I can see it from here." She kept walking towards him, hips swaying, breasts bobbing in the barely containing teddy. He stood there and watched her come, not moving until she was within arm's reach.

As she got close enough, he reached out with his arms, pulling her into his chest, almost too tightly. He moaned in her ear as she felt his cock push into her belly.

"Fuck, Mom, you feel so good."

Sam felt a thrill spread throughout her body at his touch and his words. She hugged him close, filling her nostrils with his scent. Body odour, sweat and man, a heady mixture. Her already primed pussy started to flow as she absorbed it all. His hard muscles, his arms gripping her, the rod now pulling away from her. Away?

"Don't let go, Jake. I want to hold you for a bit."

"I can't, Mom. It's too painful."

She let him retreat and looked down at his groin. "Too painful? Did Emma wear it down to a nub?" Sam kept her voice light, teasing, but felt a flash of jealousy as well.

"No, the opposite. I haven't had the privacy to be able to relieve myself the whole time."

"So, you haven't...for two weeks?" That was a long time for him.

He shook his head and bent at the waist, grimacing. "In fact, I think I need to come just to make the pain go away. If you're busy I can go to the bedroom..." he trailed off, looking at her hopefully.

She laughed and said, "Oh no, I'm not busy, and it's been two weeks for me too. Let's go have a quickie and then you can get cleaned up

and we can take our time. That is, if you're up to it? I got some treats."

Jake's face lit up and grabbed her arm, dragging her to the stairs and up to their room. Inside he ripped his clothes off, revealing his Man Cock. Two weeks without it had made it fade in her memory. The sight of the powerful organ pulsing at his groin, thrusting to the sky, his heavy balls dangling below it made her pelvis ache.

Regretting the lack of a sexy strip, Sam tore off her robe and teddy, getting naked almost as fast as her son had. She was happy to see his eyes widen at the sight of the lingerie but it didn't last long as soon they were both on the bed, her on her back, legs spread. He leaned over her, his cock homing in on her entrance until she felt his cockhead brush against her labia. He poked at her once, twice, until he hit the honey pot. They both moaned in unison as he speared her center, his fleshy tip spreading her lips, opening her vagina, stretching her. Her juices coated him as he pushed, lubricating his slow intrusion.

"Mom..."

"Come on, baby, you can do it," she encouraged him, hoping that he would at least get to full penetration before he came. "Fill me up, son."

"Mom!" he said again, pushing hard into her, and she gasped as his full length plunged into her, his pelvis mashing into her clit. He settled his weight onto her and pushed once before he screamed, "GGAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Sam could feel him pulse, jerk, convulse as he ejaculated two weeks' worth of semen into her womb. Now he was fucking her, plunging in and out as he apparently tried to push each jet of cum further into her body. The sight of this virile young man, her son, lunging into her with all of his strength, eyes clenched, face contorted in a primal grimace thrilled her, made her feel like the sexiest woman that ever

lived. A wave of love spread throughout her and she stroked his arms tenderly. This was the father of her child, no doubt about it.

Eventually Jake collapsed on her, burying his face in her neck. She could feel his spend dripping down her ass crack. There must have been gallons of the stuff. She smiled at the thought and stroked his back as he recovered. He was still hard inside of her, and she flexed her inner muscles, gripping him, causing another gush of fluids to run out of her vagina, drenching the silk sheets.

He stirred, murmuring into her ear, "Keep doing that."

She did, flexing her kegels over and over, milking his cock. He made a noise deep in his chest, a non-verbal growl that reverberated. She felt him kiss her neck lightly, sending a thrill up into her scalp. He kissed her there some more, his mouth opening, tongue flicking over her skin.

"Oh fuck, Jake, you make me so horny. I've missed you so much."

He didn't respond, just continuing the kissing, moving up her neck to her chin and then to her mouth. They kissed urgently, tongues caressing, lips sucking. This entire time he hadn't pulled out, or gone soft, and now he started to move within her again. The feel of his perfect cock pulling out sent a charge through her, and it was multiplied when he pushed back in. The feel of him there, his cock massaging her inner walls, rubbing against her engorged lips as he fucked her, ramped up her pleasure, sending her closer to her own orgasm.

He lifted his head, pushing up on his arms. A determined look was on his face as he moved within her, sweat now popping up on his forehead as he moved faster and faster. It was heaven for her. All of it, from the look and feel of him on her, to the feel of him in her, was sending her higher and higher.

"Jake, oh honey, fuck me, fuck me, I'm almost there, fuck me hard," she panted. She was moving in time with his thrusts, pushing down as he fucked into her. Her breasts rolled over her chest, nipples hard and jutting to the ceiling, practically begging to be handled, sucked, anything. Her mouth was agape now, small gasps the only sound to escape her.

It was her turn to grimace as she felt her climax approach and crest, a monstrous spasm over her entire body. Her vagina clasped his cock but he managed to pull out anyways and then push in again, forcing his way inside of her orgasm-clenched sheath. The feel of him pushing his way in caused another wave of pleasure to radiate from her pussy, intensifying her whole-body climax. He did it again and again, and amazingly she could feel him coming again, another gush of baby-making fluids spewing forth into her hungry womb.

Together they twitched through the rest of their consensual consummation, sweaty limbs entwined, chests heaving, mouths panting. Sam lay with Jake between her legs, feeling his presence on her, and in her, reveling in the experience. She wanted this moment to never end, but of course it did.

Jake pulled his cock out of her, tenderly, and rolled onto his side next to her. "You would not believe how much I needed that," he said.

"Oh, I think I can guess. I'm happy to help you out. You helped me too," she said.

He glanced at her with an exhausted half smile. "I am all over helping you again, but I'll need some time to recover."

"We've got the rest of the day to help each other out. Let's just rest for now."

She pulled his head towards her until it rested on her chest, and they lay there cuddling. After a minute she felt him roll to her breast and take her nipple in his mouth, sucking lightly. A gentle suckling

that sent a tingle through her as the warmth and feel of his tongue registered.

"You used to do that a lot," she said. "I can't wait to have your son or daughter do it as well." A thought occurred to her then. She turned it over in her mind a few times and then said, "Do you think you'll want to... you know, have some too?"

He pulled his mouth off of her with a pop and craned his neck to look up at her. "Have some? You mean your breast milk?" he asked.

She nodded. "Bill was never interested in it when you were nursing, I'm not sure if that's something guys like."

He appeared to contemplate it, before returning his mouth to her hard nipple. He sucked more forcefully, milking the nipple, and she grunted in response to the increased pressure. He'd have to be careful, or she wouldn't let him have the rest he wanted. He released her nipple.

"I think the answer is yes, I would like to drink your milk," he said, before latching on again.

"You need to be careful. I'm feeling like I could go another..." She paused because she could feel something poking her hip. "Is that what I think it is?"

He nodded there, his mouth milking her, and then rolled over between her legs again.

"Oh fuck, baby, do you need to fuck Mommy again?"

He answered with a single thrust and she cried out.

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It took Jake a couple days to really recover from the camp counsellor experience. He needed to catch up on sleep, and to fully empty his balls into his mother, before he felt normal again. Thankfully she was all too happy to help him. When she got home from work on Monday, he practically tackled her at the door, directing her to the living room where they fucked with her bent over the couch.

They spent the rest of the evening naked in bed, using the tray of food that she'd prepared the day before. Strawberries, chocolate, whip cream, pudding, the whole works. Jake felt a bit over-sweetened by the time the tray was done, but he was also sure that his balls were back to their pre-camp levels. He grinned at the thought of shriveled raisins in his ball sack.

The next day, Jake slept in till noon and woke feeling great, if a bit sticky. He rolled out of bed and took a nice, long shower. He miraculously didn't respond to soaping himself up, probably a first for him. A few laps in the pool, and then he was laying out in the sun, pondering where he could apply for a job.

Just as the sun was about to send him back to sleep out on the pool deck, he heard the doorbell. Figuring it could be Rusty, he yelled, "It's open!" He heard the door open in the house and lay back down, closing his eyes. He heard footsteps approaching, and just when he realized that they were too light to be Rusty's, he opened his eyes to see Emma standing above him.

"Hey," he said. She had her hair back in the same ponytail she wore at camp, and was wearing a tight white t-shirt and shorts that did nothing to hide her figure.

"Hey, back. Are you avoiding me?" she asked.

The question caught him off guard. "What do you mean? Did you message me?" he asked back, flustered by her bluntness.

"No, but you haven't messaged me, either." She stepped away and sat down on one of the other lounge chairs.

"So, neither of us have messaged, but I'm avoiding you?"

Her mouth twitched up on one side. "You're the boy, you're supposed to message me first. I don't want to seem easy."

"Oh right, you did mention that before. I haven't done much; I've been recuperating from that hell camp you dragged me to." He felt on firmer footing now, he could see she was teasing him.

"It's only a hell camp for the boys. The girls are all sweetness and honey. I'm thinking of signing up for another two weeks."

"Yeah? Let me know how that goes. I'm joining the army to get a safer assignment. At least there we get guns and can protect ourselves."

Emma snorted and leaned back on her lounge. A few minutes of silence, she said quietly, "So you're not avoiding me?"

"Not at all. I've been catching up with my Mom and sleeping a lot. This is the first day I've felt normal. What are you up to today?"

She shrugged and said, "I'm just going door to door, canvassing to see who has a hot stud sitting by their pool that I can drool over."

"Yeah? How many have you found so far?" he asked, pleased by the compliment.

"None. Still looking." She looked up, as if sunning herself.

"Hey!" he laughed, and looked for something to throw at her. Unfortunately, there was nothing nearby, so he stood up and walked over to her chair, looking down at her menacingly.

She turned her head and looked at his face, then further down to his crotch, and raised an eyebrow. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Yes, you can," he said, and pulled down his swim trunks, letting his cock hang loose. It was limp, but having it bare near her was causing it to react in jerks and leaps, filling with blood.

Emma stared at it for a while, watching it fill out, teeth toying with her bottom lip. When it had expanded to its full length and girth, she cleared her throat. "That's very nice, what am I supposed to do with it?"

Jake was out of his depth now. He'd just wanted to shock her, but she hadn't reacted one bit. "Whatever you want, I guess." he said, feeling quite lame.

"Whatever I want? So, what if I did this?" she said, and sat up. She put two fingers on his cock and brought it down to her mouth, and stuck the head between her lips. She swirled her tongue around the head and lifted off, and said, "That'd be okay? If I did that?"

Jake grunted out a 'yes' as she popped his head back in her mouth. He had hoped to have some fun, but this surprised even him.

"I thought you didn't want to seem easy," he said, and immediately regretted his words. You don't tell the girl with your dick in her mouth that she was easy. Thankfully she just winked at him and continued to pleasure his tool.

After a minute of increasing suction and tongue action she pulled off of him and said, "Sorry, but I have to go. I just stopped by on my way to register for the next camp."

He gaped down at her. Both because she was leaving him there completely hard, and because she was serious about another camp.

"I can't believe it," he said.

She cocked her head and said, "Which part? That I'm leaving you hanging, or the camp?"

"Both! Mostly the hanging, but also the camp."

She shrugged. "I have fun there, so yes I'm going again. As for this..."

She dove down onto his cock again, sucking hard and bobbing up and down, one hand massaging his base. It felt so good he was tensing up for an orgasm within a minute. She really was a great cocksucker. Soon he was shooting his load into her mouth, her throat working as she swallowed his seed. When he was done, she gave one final suck, working the remnants of his semen out of him. He walked back to the lounge chair on shaky legs.

"Fuck, you can come over any time," he said.

"Ha, you wish. Although I will be here tomorrow. The next camp starts Monday, so we can hang together the rest of the week, okay?" She said this last bit less confidently, as if he might say no.

"I'd love it," he said.

"You're not saying that because you think I'm easy, right? Because I'm not."

He shook his head solemnly. "I do not think that at all. I like spending time with you."

"Great! See you tomorrow," and then she was heading back through the house. He heard the door close behind her and he was alone again, with lighter balls.

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Sam pulled into the driveway at home, her heartbeat echoing through her chest. She'd picked up the nerve to buy a home pregnancy test while at lunch and couldn't wait to use it, so she'd come home early. She hoped that Jake was home so he could be there when she got the results.

As she jumped out of her car, she grabbed the tester box and scanned the instructions as she walked. She wasn't paying attention and so didn't notice the front door open in front of her, only looking up when she bumped into Emma.

"Oh sorry! I wasn't looking where I was going..." she said, noting with a pang of envy how good the girl looked in just a t-shirt and shorts.

"No worries," Emma said with a smile. "I just popped in to say hi to Jake. We made plans to hang out this week before I head back to camp."

"Oh wow, more camp? You must really like it. I'm sure Jake will be happy with your company." Sam did her best to say this with a straight face.

"Yes, I'm sure we'll have fun," Emma said. "Also, I love your pool." At that point Emma saw the box in Sam's hand. "Is that... a pregnancy test?" she asked, her eyebrows curving up, and looking directly into Sam's face.

Sam could feel her face heat up. "Uh, yeah, I was just going to... that is, I bought it to check... well, to see if I, you know, because I'm late, and it's usually on time, so I wanted to be sure...." she trailed off, looking down at the box.

The two women stood there a moment in silence before Emma said, "You're pregnant with Jake's baby?"

Sam's mind wheeled at her words. Hearing it out loud exposed the situation as real for the first time. What had been just internal conjecture was now presented to her as fact. It was dizzying, and she could almost see her future spooling out in front of her, hammering the reality home.

She looked up at Emma and said, "I hope so?"

More silence, as they stared at each other. Emma opened her mouth a few times to say something, but stopped each time. Sam started to worry, as she realized that this would be a new idea for her, something that she might not do as well with as she had the relationship with Jake.

Finally, Emma did manage to say, "Can I be with you when you do the test?"

Sam hadn't expected that. Not in a million years. She'd imagined a private moment between her and Jake, not a spectator event.

"Well. I mean, I hadn't thought... why would you want to?" she asked, perplexed.

Emma said. "Well, It's a big deal, right? Like, if it's positive, it's a life-changer for you both. I'd like to be there with you. I hope that's okay. Also, I've never been close with anyone going through a pregnancy, and I'm definitely going to be having kids at some point, so it'd be helpful. Please?"

Sam could only nod, feeling the special moment slipping away.

Emma clenched her fists and cheered a little 'yay!'. Then she stopped. "Wait, I forgot, I have to go register for the next camp before it closes. I can't delay it. Ummm, do you mind waiting for me to get back? I'll be super quick, I promise!"

Again, Sam nodded.

"Great! I'll be back in a jiff!" and she was off, running down to her car on the street.

Sam watched as Emma pulled away, and then walked into the house, her mind whirling. Walking to the kitchen, she plopped the test box on the table and walked out to the pool area. Jake was there, and he sat up as she approached.

"Hey Mom, you're home early. Did you run into Emma?"

Sam nodded, "Yeah we spoke. She'll be back here in a bit."

Jake looked confused. "Oh? I thought she was coming back tomorrow."

Sam shrugged. "Well, she asked if she could watch, and I said yes. Why did I say yes?"

Jake's mouth dropped open. "You said she could watch? Watch what? Us, like, you know, in bed?"

The predictable direction of his thoughts could only make her laugh, which lightened her mood considerably. He had a knack for doing that, she realized. "No, not that, silly. Although I'm not sure she'd say no if it came up. No, I brought home a pregnancy test, and she saw it. She wants to be there when I take it."

Jake's face cleared up and then exploded into wonder. "You think you might actually be? Wait, was it that time before I went to camp, like you said?"

Sam laughed at his enthusiasm, and said, "Yeah I think I am, and yeah that was probably it. I'm late by over a week."

"Wow! That is - Wow! Holy cow, that's great! Woohoo!" he cried, standing up and coming to her to wrap her in a hug.

The hug made her feel even better, and coupled with his enthusiasm, Sam was back to the same giddy feeling she'd had before running into Emma. Who cares if she was there too, they'd still be able to see the results together.

As they stood there hugging, Sam noticed Jake's gun digging into her hip. Wait, that's - she pulled back to see a large lump in his swimsuit.

"The thought that you knocked your mom up has got you excited?" she asked.

"Well, yeah!"

"Which part? The knocking up part, or the pregnancy part?"

"Both! I love that we did it, and I can't wait to see you fill out. I just know you'll be a sexy pregnant woman. Plus, these will get even bigger, yeah?" he asked, weighing her breasts appreciatively.

"Men! It's all you ever think about. Yes, they will get bigger, just like my belly will." She paused and said, "You're sure me getting bigger won't be a problem? I know it's too late to back out now, but some guys don't like it when their partner balloons out."

Jake shook his head. "I've seen some pics online; pregnant bodies are sexy. You're going to have to fight me off."

"OOhhhh, I'm pretty sure you're going to be the one fighting me off. I got really horny when I was pregnant with you. Your Dad couldn't keep up."

"Is that a challenge?"

"If you like, but you'll lose, believe me."

Jake hummed under his breath. "We'll see. Even if I lose, I'll still win," he said with a leer.

Sam smiled and hugged her son close again. "I'm glad you're happy, it makes me happy too."

They waited by the pool for Emma to get back, cuddling together on one of the loungers. Jake peppered her with questions about the stages of pregnancy. Eventually he ran out of questions and they lay in silence. She felt happy here; content to sit in silence and bask in her lover's presence. Later she would take him to bed, after Emma left, and continue cuddling. Something about being this close to the father of her baby was so peaceful. She thought that naked cuddling would be even better.

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Jake held his mother, mind swirling. He was going to be a dad? He knew that was the reality, but it didn't feel real. It felt like it was something that happened to other people. Grown up people.

He'd gone along with his mom's plans because it was such a turn on to think of knocking her up. Putting his seed in her and making life. Now that it was his future, how sure was he that he was ready for it? He was glad he was able to put on a good face for her, not ruin the moment or anything, but he was definitely scared. He might have made a huge mistake. Even with the experience his mom had at this whole business, he was afraid he'd screw it up somehow.

An hour later the doorbell rang, and they stood up to welcome Emma into their private ceremony to see if they had succeeded in the ultimate taboo.

When they opened the door, she was standing there, out of breath, prettily gasping on their doorstep.

"I'm not too late, am I? I went as fast as I could."

"We waited, you didn't need to go that fast," his Mom said,

"Okay, thank you so much," she said, entering and closing the door.  
"Are you ready? I'm so excited."

His Mom seemed more subdued with Emma here, but he couldn't resist her enthusiasm. He grinned and looked at his Mom, who held up the box in her hand.

"Let's go upstairs," she said.

They all trooped up the bathroom in single file, before stopping at the door. Jake and Emma held back and waited while Sam went in to pee on the stick behind the closed door. In a moment she came back out, holding the stick in her hand gingerly.

"Now we wait."

The wait felt fairly long, but eventually his Mom checked her phone and declared that it was time. She brought up the stick and together all three of them examined the readout, and there bold and plain were two lines.

"Is that -" Jake said, while Emma started jumping up and down.  
"Positive?" he finished.

His Mom looked at him with a gleam in her eye and a happy smile, and nodded. "We made a baby," she said. They grabbed each other in a wild hug, tight and firm, kissing over and over.

They barely noticed when Emma joined the hug, saying, "Oh, you two are the cutest! You make me so happy!"

The three stood like that for a minute before separating. "What now?" he asked, breathlessly.

His Mom laughed, "What now? Now we wait nine months and see what happens."

What an anticlimax. "Oh right, I guess. Don't we need to make appointments or go to classes or something?"

"In due time. For now, I'll just schedule an appointment in a couple weeks to have it confirmed."

Emma said, "Now you get to pamper your Mom. I mean, really lay it on."

"Oh, no you don't!" his Mom said. "No way, I need my freedom as long as I can until I have no choice. When the baby comes is the time for pampering."

Jake and Emma laughed, but his Mom didn't, and he realized she was serious. "Well, okay. What do you want to do then?"

He could see a sort of feral, primal look come into his Mom's eyes as her gaze flicked between the two teenagers. "I need Emma to say goodbye, that she'll see you tomorrow. Then I need you to go get into bed. I do have a type of pampering you can perform."

Emma gasped audibly at how brazen his Mom's words were and then said, "See you tomorrow, Jake," before retreating down stairs. They heard the door close and then they were rushing to the bedroom, peeling off clothes.

It was probably Jake's imagination, but as he followed his Mom to their room, watching her wide hips sway, he thought she looked healthier. Fuller. As each piece of clothing was discarded and he saw more of her, he decided that she looked better than she ever had. Her generous thighs tapered down to slim ankles. Her perfectly proportioned torso and arms above her waist. She turned to him and he took in the large nipples perched on her breasts, waving to him

as she moved. His mouth watered as he imagined suckling on them, and so he did, relishing in her gasp as he took her in.

He grabbed her ass, ready to direct her onto the bed when she stopped him. "Nope. When I get bigger I'm going to be on top because of my belly, so let's practice."

He let her nipple go, saliva coating the large, fleshy nub, and fell onto his back on the bed. He watched as she climbed up after him, straddling his body, settling her ass on his thighs.

Jake stared with wonder at the naked beauty on him, large breasts jutting from her chest down to her soft belly and then to the slit between her legs. Her labia were swollen with need, shiny with desire. She scooted forward on her knees, bringing her pussy up against the underside of his rampant cock. He could feel her warmth as she slowly dragged her drooling slit along his shaft, coating him in her juices.

He imagined her belly large, breasts pendulant, sitting on him like this, and felt his cock surge with the thought. "Fuck, you're sexy Mom," he said.

She smiled in response and leaned over, bringing her tits close to his face. He leaned up and latched onto a nipple, sucking hard. "Will you drink my milk while we fuck, baby?" she whispered in his ear.

The image overtook his senses and he groaned, grabbing for her hips, trying to lift her and penetrate her. She fought him off, taking charge. "When I'm bigger I'll be calling the shots, so just lay back," she said, firmly. She leaned over him further, rising on her knees. He could feel his cock dragging through her lips before springing free behind her rump.

He had no control, and so could only wait while his Mom lowered herself onto him, spearing herself on his cock. She lifted up and lowered again, his cock stabbing further inside of her vagina, her

juice lubing him up. After a series of thrusts, he was firmly buried inside of her, her ass on his legs.

Now they started making love. She rode him slowly, her breasts swaying over his head, as he tried to capture her nipples in his lips. He occasionally caught one and could suck before she pulled away, fucking down on him. The motion was incredible. Her slick lips drooled on his cock as they rutted, skin slapping on skin, moans and groans filling the room.

Jake let his hands roam over her hips, her breasts, her sides, happy to be able to use his hands for something other than holding himself up. He tried to imagine what she would feel like when bigger, but couldn't picture it, so just settled for how she was now. She felt so good, so soft, he couldn't get enough of her.

Above him, his Mom was breathing harder now, and starting to slow down. She smiled from atop him and leaned down onto his chest to rest. He took the opportunity to kiss her, tongue slipping over hers, saliva and sweat mingled. It was distracting but couldn't fully take his mind off the feel of her pussy on him, her vagina clutching and rolling up and down his cock.

Now their sweat was intermingling as their chests and bellies rubbed. Jake took her ass in both hands and helped her as she rode him, pulling and pushing, the sweat helping lube up their motion. He could feel his orgasm approaching and tried to speed his Mom up, but she kept the same rhythm, maddeningly steady.

"Mom, uhhh, go faster," he moaned.

She shook her head and lifted up enough so he could see her face again. Then she lifted up higher and her nipples were in his face, so he took one between his lips.

"That's it, son. Harder," she murmured, looking down on him.

He did, and she cried out. She started to speed up, crashing down on him faster, so he gave one final hard suck and let her go. He watched her bounce on him, breasts bobbing, face flushed and glowing, covered in sweat. She was beautiful, and the moment overwhelmed him, sending him over the edge, his cock spurting into her already bred womb. The womb carrying his baby. The thought intensified his feelings, so that he cried out, and she joined him in a chorus of climaxes.

"AAAAHHHHhhhhh!"

"OOOOHHHHhhhhh!"

"Fuuuuuuuckinjesusmomyoureamazing!"

He could feel her spend drenching his balls, dripping down his ass crack. He would never get tired of this feeling, seeing his Mom scream out her passion and love while he was buried in her.

As she slowed down, she collapsed back on his chest and they lay there, panting, sweating, cuddling. Slick and hot, satisfied and satiated. He wrapped her in his arms, juices still dripping down him, out of her.

They stayed there like that for some time, the only sound was of her giggling when his softened cock eventually slipped out of her, spilling more juice.

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The next day, Sam went about her work day in a kind of fog. Not a bad fog, but just a distracted haze, as her attention was mostly on the baby inside of her, the future she had planned, and the probable future she had planned for Jake.

Now that she was pregnant, there was a certain reduction in her urgency to keep him by her side. Yes, she would always want him physically, but other instincts had kicked in. His career, his love prospects. It was unrealistic to think she could retain his affection forever, or so she insisted to herself. The best she could hope for

was that he would stick around long enough to get the new little one potty trained before moving out into the wider world.

The thought of him leaving saddened her, but it was entirely balanced by the thought of having a new child to rear, who would surely take up all of her time.

The end of the work day arrived, and she stopped on the way home to pick up a quick dinner for her and Jake. Bill was still entirely sporadic in his time at home, even to the point where she wasn't sure the last time he'd even been home. He would have to make some kind of effort to be around, to keep up the pretense that he was the father of her baby.

Arriving at home, she found Emma's car parked on the street. She smiled to see it. Emma was strange, but in a good way. Perhaps Jake and her had a future?

Once she'd dropped the food off in the kitchen, Sam went upstairs to quickly get changed. She could see Emma and Jake in the pool, so she wanted to join them. As she picked out a swimsuit, she was ashamed to realize she was analyzing each suit for its appeal to Jake. As if she was in competition with the younger woman outside. Shaking her head at the silliness, she picked out a two piece that she knew drew his eyes, and headed downstairs.

Just as she opened the door to the patio, she was confused to see that only Emma was in the pool, sitting with her back to the house, against the side. She was sure she'd seen both of them as she passed by the glass doors.

She looked around and said, "Hi Emma."

Emma turned her head to look at her, and smiled her dazzlingly bright smile. "Hi Sam."

"Where's Jake? I thought I just saw him out with you?"

"Oh, he's, ohhhhhmmmmmm, he's just busyyyYYYYYYY!!" she screamed as she threw her head back.

Sam was in shock for all of three second before it became clear when Jake popped up from under the water, a triumphant look on his face.

"I knew I could do it!" he yelled. His face dropped when he saw her standing there. "Mom!?!"

"Your Mom's home," said Emma, unnecessarily. She didn't seem fazed in the least at being caught.

Sam took the initiative to keep things cool. This sort of thing could play into her long-term plans. "Hey Jake. Good to see you're entertaining your guest."

"Ummm, yeah. I - "

"Don't be like that. It's fine. Do you want to stay for dinner, Emma? Jake, I know you've already eaten."

Her son slowly sank underwater, while Emma broke into a fit of giggles. "I'd love to stay, Sam, thank you."

"Excellent. You and I should talk later, okay?" She looked pointedly at Jake, and smiled gently to let the girl know she wasn't mad. Emma nodded.

Sam went back inside and put the food away, humming to herself.

Later on, after dinner and the dishes were done, Sam sent Jake out for some dessert, to give her time to talk to Emma alone.

They sat out on the patio and Sam went on the attack. "What are your intentions towards my son?" she asked, looking the younger woman directly in the eye.

"My intentions?"

"Yes, your intentions. What do you want? What are your goals? What's your endgame?"

Emma chewed on her lip for a bit and said, "I like Jake. He's a good person, he is kind and thoughtful. I like you as well. I don't want to break you two up, I just want to experience your love for each other. Vicariously, I guess."

"Experience our love? And what about love for yourself? Aren't you left out in the cold with that arrangement? Or are you just in it for the sex?"

Emma blushed bright red, and said, "It's not that, I'm not as slut you know. We haven't even had sex. I... I don't know about me. I guess I'll find myself someone to love when it happens. For now I just hope you let me continue to hang around. I feel at peace here, with you two."

"Well I'm glad you feel at peace with us. What about Jake in particular?"

"Jake? But I thought you two were... together?"

"You do? You're awfully free with my partner, if you thought that," she said, with a gentle smile and a wink to soften the words.

"I don't know why I do those things. I'm not -"

"You're not a slut, yes, we've established that," Sam interrupted. "Look, I'm not dumb, I know that long term isn't very realistic with my son and I. He will surely stick around for a while, but our age gap is too large. He needs women his own age." She cocked an eyebrow at Emma for emphasis. "I'm not mad that you and he have fun, because I think it'd be good for him if you two ended up together."

"You do?"

Sam nodded. "You're probably the only person who will accept us as we are. You're also very lovely and a kind person yourself. Jake would be very lucky to end up with you."

"Thanks," Emma said quietly, as if she didn't get many compliments. "Do you think Jake would want to have a baby with me? One day?"

The question startled Sam, but then she considered Emma's fascination with the pregnancy test, and her devotion to going to the camp as a counselor. Clearly, she was destined to care for children.

It felt wrong to put words in her son's mouth, but felt she had to reassure this suddenly vulnerable woman. "I see no reason why not. He seems genuinely excited about our little one. And I'm sure you'll be an excellent mother yourself."

"Thanks," she said again, looking down. "What should I do, then? Keep hanging out? Ask Jake on a date?"

"I think you should hang out here as much as you like, and keep doing what you're doing. I'll let Jake know that he should feel free to spend as much time as he likes with you."

A sudden suspicion hit her mind. A suspicion about Emma's home life.

"Would you... like to maybe move in here for the summer? When you're not at summer camp? We have an extra room, or will soon, I'm sure."

"OH, would that be okay? Oh, I'd really like that. A lot! Thank you so much, this will be so much fun, I - Oh, wait, will Jake be okay with it?"

"It's not his house, and in any case, having two attentive women around to keep him company surely won't be a burden." She put the 'attentive' in air quotes, and Emma laughed.

"Okay. I'll grab my stuff and move in soon."

"Why wait? Get Jake to go with you and grab your stuff tonight."

Sam was not surprised to see tears well up in Emma's eyes as she nodded.

"Good, it's settled."

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Jake got home with the dessert to see a red-eyed Emma and a smiling Mom sitting by the pool. He carefully handed out the ice cream treats, wondering what was going on.

"Thank you, baby. Can you do me another favour and take Emma to get her stuff? She's moving in with us for the summer."

Jake looked at his Mom and then Emma and back again. Emma seemed to be waiting for his reaction, while his Mom was giving him a warning look.

"Of course! Sounds good, let's go!" he said, and turned on his heel. He could hear Emma whisper something to his Mom behind him, but didn't listen closely. Whatever was going on would come clear, he was sure.

In the car, Emma directed him for about ten minutes before they pulled up at an apartment building. She didn't say much the entire ride, and he didn't ask. As he stopped by the curb, she jumped out quickly. He tried to follow but she was too fast.

"Hey, do you want a hand getting your stuff?" he called.

She shook her head as she ran, her hair flowing behind her. He was distracted by the sight of her butt as she ran, then got back in the car to wait. Something odd was going on.

Twenty minutes later he started to get concerned. Thirty minutes in he thought about messaging her. Finally, he saw Emma coming out of the lobby, carrying two suitcases and two large handbags. He jumped out to help her.

"Did you get everything? Should I go back for the kitchen sink?" Immediately he knew the joke had backfired when he saw her face. She'd been crying again, but her face was set firm.

"I'm never coming back here again, so if you and your Mom kick me out, it's going to be awkward."

"Ah," he said, and helped her load the bags before jumping in the driver's seat.

"I don't know what is going on, but you're welcome as long as you need," he said, glancing at her.

She was sitting with her hair covering her face, like she'd done before in the pool. She lifted her head up angrily and wiped her face. "Thanks Jake. I know I've pushed myself into your lives, but you're not stuck with me. I just need some time to find my own space."

"No, seriously. It's fine. I know my Mom feels the same... we like you, Emma. I like you." Jake felt like a massive tool saying that, but he didn't know how else to say it, and wanted to get the sentiment across. He knew he'd said it before, but this felt all new. Her silence was deafening.

As they drove home, Jake contemplated the various cars, trucks and buildings he could drive into, wondering if he could arrange it so that Emma survived and he would be released from his embarrassment.

Just as they were pulling up at his house, he heard her quietly say, "I like you too, Jake."

This also felt like a new admission, but he wasn't sure what to do or say next, so he just jumped out and started grabbing her bags. Weighed down, walking up to their door, he was jerked out of his introspection on the situation when Emma stopped in front of him. She stepped up close and cupped his face in her hands. Her gaze flickered around his face and then she amazed him with the most sensual, intense kiss he'd ever had. Later he would reflect on how she'd managed to do that after the kisses he'd already shared with his mother, but at this moment it was all he could do to keep hold of the bags.

The kiss carried on, his pulse pounding, until she pulled back and looked him directly in the eye. "I like you, Jake." He nodded and half-grinned in what he hoped was an attractive way.

She smirked, so he wasn't sure if he'd succeeded, and turned and opened the door for him, calling out, "We're back!"

In the house, Jake struggled to navigate the hallway while weighed down, so he dropped the bags where he was. He wasn't even sure where Emma would sleep, but of course this was all so sudden.

He followed Emma down the hall to the kitchen and was surprised to see his Dad sitting at the table with his Mom. They looked over, clearly mid-conversation.

His Mom said, "Jake, can you help Emma get settled in your old room? She can sleep there."

Where would his Dad sleep? "Sure, Mom. Come on, Emma, I'll show you where everything is."

They grabbed her bags and trooped up the stairs, Jake's mind dwelling on what his parents were talking about. It seemed serious.

Once they got to his room and dumped the bags in the middle of the floor, it seemed a lot smaller than he remembered. Staying with his Mom in the big bedroom had changed his perceptions. He started moving stuff around, trying to declutter a bit. It didn't seem to help.

Emma giggled at his attempts, and sat down on his bed. She tested it, bouncing on it a couple times. "Bed seems alright. Mattress has a lot of life in it. Your Mom and you use this a lot?"

Jake knew she was trying to fluster him. "Not anymore. We sleep in her bed." He sat down on the bed next to her.

"So, who was that downstairs?"

"My Dad."

"Where's he sleeping, if you're in his bed?"

"He sleeps here, or somewhere else. At his girlfriends? I'm not sure."

"So, we're kicking him out of this bed for me? Out of the house?"

Jake shrugged. "I'm not sure. Maybe that's what they're talking about right now."

"That... doesn't seem fair. I've never asked, how does he feel about all of this?" She gestured with her hand to indicate the entire situation with his Mom.

"He seems fine with it. He had said he wanted to keep living with us, keep up the family life we had, but lately he's just been gone. It's been weird, I thought that I would miss him around, but I've been so distracted by you and Mom that I didn't really notice. That... actually makes me sad."

Emma nodded. "I guess this would be pretty odd to be around. You and your Mom, I mean." She seemed to realize what she'd said and

blurted out, "It's fine though! I love it, you two are so good together."

Jake smiled reassuringly. "It's okay, I know it's odd. We know it's odd. It's not something either of us planned, it sort of happened. But when it did, it was incredible."

"That's awesome," she said. "I think that's what drew me to you two. How close you are. I hope to have that one day too. Especially what your Mom has."

He furrowed his brow. "Especially her? Oh, you mean being pregnant? You want to be a mom one day?"

Emma nodded. "I love kids. I'm going to have a whole bunch one day."

"How many is a whole bunch? 4? 5?"

"More than 2, but fewer than 7. Anywhere in there is fine."

Seven kids sounded like an awful lot to him. "Do you have a plan? When are you going to start?"

"With high school done I was going to get work as a nanny. I can't afford college, so I wanted to just spend time with children until I can have my own."

"I guess the first step is finding someone to be with, eh? It'd be hell raising kids alone."

"Yeah, it wouldn't be easy. I'm on the lookout for a partner, for sure. Someone kind, who makes me feel safe. Easy on the eyes, likes to swim." Emma was staring at him now, in a trance almost. "With sandy blonde hair, blue eyes, thinks he's being charming when he's not. Someone with a fantastic cock." She licked her lips at this last description, leaning forward.

Jake's heartbeat was thumping in his ears. His vision narrowed to just the beauty on the bed next to him. Her fine hair drifting around her face, framing her green eyes, the light freckles scattered across her nose. Her plump lips glistened, slightly open to expose the tip of her tongue.

"Jake?" she said, softly.

"Mmhmm?" he murmured, leaning closer to her in turn.

"I like you," she said, and closed the distance between them, planting a kiss on his lips.

He returned the kiss energetically, his focus narrowing to encompass the two of them. Somehow despite their oral activities, he had yet to see her fully naked, and he wanted that now. He pulled at the bottom of her shirt, lifting it up. She got the hint and helped him to raise it until they had to break the kiss long enough to lift over her head. He took the opportunity to check out her breasts, encased in a white bra. Emma reached behind her and unsnapped the garment, the cups falling away from her chest, exposing a few inches of her breasts.

"You haven't seen me naked, have you?" she asked.

He shook his head mutely. She smiled and slowly let her bra straps fall down her arms, exposing more and more of her. First the creamy white slopes, and the deep valley between them, followed by two pink circles the size of silver dollars, and then dime-sized lumps a deeper shade of pink. Her areola was contracted, raised, small bumps surrounding the hard nipples.

"They're perfect," he said.

She smiled in response. "I'm glad you like them."

Jake watched as she rubbed the sides, pushing them together, massaging the marks from her bra away. He reached forward tentatively, joining his hands to hers. As they both rubbed their hands over her skin, Emma purred deep in her chest.

"They're very sensitive right now," she said.

"Can I?" he asked, leaning forward. She nodded, smiling.

He kissed first her right breast, next to her nipple, then the left. He placed gentle kisses all around, feeling her crinkled areola respond. When he'd kissed all around, he used the tip of his tongue to swab her nipple, flicking it lightly. He was pleased to hear a throaty hum come from her, so he continued. His other hand was still massaging her other breast, roaming over the fleshy, smooth and soft mammary.

He could have kept this up for hours, and wasn't sure if she would mind, but eventually he could feel her hands at his fly, undoing his zipper. He half-heartedly straightened up to allow her easier access, hands still on her tits. One thumb rolled over a nipple and she stopped, closing her eyes with a soft sigh.

"You have to stop for a minute, so I can take these off," she complained, jiggling his button.

Jake sighed. How had he never noticed how great her tits were? He leaned back and let her continue. His button popped open, and she started pulling his shorts down in jerks. As the combo of his shorts and underwear slowly moved down his pelvis, his hard cock was revealed bit by bit. When it became obvious that she needed help, he lifted his hips and suddenly he was naked from the waist down.

"It's perfect," she said, as she took him in her hand and ran her fingers all over him.

Now it was his turn to be distracted at the feel of her handling his cock. He watched as she fondled him for a bit before leaning over and placing her mouth on his head.

Jake was only going to let this go on for a second, but the feel of her magical mouth and tongue massaging his member was too wonderful. She dipped lower on him, then lower still. He was sure she'd have to stop, but then she went lower again, and her lips were buried in his trimmed pubes. The feel of her throat and tongue and lips all over him was so intense he could feel his orgasm approaching quickly.

Emma gave him a sideways glance and then pulled off slowly, leaving his saliva coated cock glistening like a monument to great oral sex.

"I've got a better use for that," she said. She stood up and quickly dropped her own shorts, leaving her naked.

Once again, Jake was presented with the beauty of her waist expanding to wide hips. Her mons covered with light brown hair, and her pussy perched between her legs. Just like in the boathouse, her labia were spread open, wet and puffy with desire. She lay down on the bed next to him, while he stripped off his shirt, leaving them both naked.

He couldn't keep his hands off of her. His Mom had smooth skin, but somehow an 18-year-old girl's skin was smoother. Firmer. As he was pawing at her, she was pulling at him, drawing him on top of her. She spread her legs, placing them on his outer thighs and pulling him closer.

"Please be gentle. I've never, you know..."

It was like a splash of cold water on his brain. He pushed up and stared down at her. "You're a virgin?? How is that possible? You

wanted me to fuck you in the boathouse, was that going to be your first time?"

She half shrugged, looking vulnerable beneath him. "I was hoping that if you did it quickly, it wouldn't be a big deal. I was hoping to just get it out of the way, you know? When you're popular, everyone assumes you're having sex all the time." She pulled at him, urging him on.

When he didn't move with her, she said, "Don't you want to?"

Jake did. He did want to, but this felt too big somehow. Like it should be more special. "Are you sure?"

"More than anything. Put your dick in me, Jake. Put your lovely, big, thick penis in my vagina." She said it low, slow and sultry, pulling on his arms. "I want you to fuck me, and make me scream, and make me come, okay? I broke my own hymen, so you won't hurt me."

Her words kick-started his hunger for her. He looked down at her, with her legs splayed beneath him, her breasts spread out over her chest but still impressive. With a careful look at her face, he reached down and aimed his cock towards her slit. He was so hard that it almost hurt to push his cock downwards.

"I'm ready," she whispered.

He pushed his head between her labia, spreading her natural lubrication over the spongy tip. Emma flinched when he touched her, so he stopped and looked up.

"Please," she said.

This time when he brushed his cock against her she didn't move, instead a low groan came from her. Encouraged, Jake pushed his cock lower, until his head lodged into her opening. He pushed a bit, watching her face for reaction. Her eyes were open, watching him

back, and she nodded for him to continue. He pushed tentatively, afraid to hurt her, but her entrance resisted him, and she groaned louder. As his cockhead spread her open, Emma's eyes closed and her mouth opened. With a final firm push, his head popped into her entrance and he froze. He'd never felt anything so wet and so tight.

Emma lay there, panting quickly. Her hand had raised in a 'stop' gesture. After a bit, she seemed to relax.

"More," she said.

So he gave her more, pushing in slowly, ready to stop. It was like inserting his cock into a vice. He could see her mouth gape open as he delved deeper into her depths. He pulled out a bit and then pushed in again, soliciting another cry from her, lodging himself almost half his length.

Now Jake was starting to worry she'd be heard, so he leaned over her, stopping up her mouth with a kiss. "More," she murmured into his mouth. He pushed more and this time her cry was stifled. One final push and he was buried all the way in her smothering, moist, hot vagina, mashing against her clit.

His kiss wasn't firm enough, and she pulled away to cry out her loudest yet. "Fuck me, Jake! Fuuuuuuuck meeeeeee!!!" she yelled, and so he did.

He started by pulling almost all the way out, and then thrusting in, penetrating her in one smooth motion. "Harder," she moaned, so he did it again, more forcefully. "Harder!" she ordered, and he did. Now he was plunging in and out in a steady pounding, the moisture of her juices spreading, pelvises thumping, skin smacking.

Emma was letting out a series of cries now, each time he buried himself inside of her. She was still tight, but so wet that he was perfectly lubed. The whole experience, a different pussy, a different feel from his Mom, had Jake approaching his climax fast.

He said, "I'm going to come, I have to pull out." He was stopped when Emma wrapped her legs around his back. "Emma," he groaned. "I can't hold it."

She said something that sounded like 'good', before she tensed up there on his bed, under him. Tensed up all over, her belly, her face, and her vagina. She had him in a death hold now, and after one final show he was coming. He couldn't hold it, and he bathed her vagina in his semen, shot after shot pushing out, mingling with her fluids. It was a cocktail made for breeding, which was perhaps what she had intended? In any case, Jake was helpless to do anything except empty himself in her, shuddering and quivering. He fell on her, unable to hold himself up, and was cushioned by her tits.

He felt her hug him tight, planting kisses over his forehead and cheeks, ending at his mouth. "Oh, thank you, Jake. Thank you so much. That was so good, exactly what I wanted for my first time."

They lay there, recovering, until Jake rolled away. He tried to shimmy as close as he could to her side, facing her. "Why didn't you let me pull out? That's how babies are made, you know."

She looked at him and rolled her eyes. "I know. I just - I was so close, you know? I wanted to be able to climax my first time, and you felt so fucking good. Like, really good. I promise from now on we'll use condoms. I didn't exactly plan it this time, like I did at camp."

"Well. I can't really blame you; it did feel fantastic. We just have to be careful."

Emma nodded. "I really, really liked it, though. When can we do it again?" A thought seemed to occur to her. "Do you think your Mom is okay to share you?"

Jake laughed. "Well, maybe. It was her idea to have you move in, and she's said that whatever we get up to is fine. I'm not sure

fucking was what she had in mind, but if you don't hog me, it's probably okay."

"No promises," Emma whispered, before leaning over for a kiss.

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Sam sat at the kitchen table, the sound of lovemaking coming from upstairs having dropped off. Bill had left before it started, thankfully. He had dropped by to pick up some clothes, and to announce he'd be moving closer to his girlfriend. He had an apartment near her place now, and she was leaving her husband.

It's not like Sam was terribly upset, it was clear that their marriage was over, but it still was the end of a long partnership. It was worth feeling sad for a bit. Of course, she hadn't had much time to be sad after he left. When the first cry came from Jake's room, she'd known right away what it was.

She'd crept upstairs and watched her son fuck another woman for a minute before retreating to examine her feelings. That was her Man Cock, attached to her lover, her baby's Daddy. Strangely, with Emma that possessiveness transmuted into pride. Pride that he was such a capable lover. Pride that he had somehow landed someone so lovely who wanted to be with him.

As she sat there at the table, the scene playing over in her head, she felt the stirring of desire. It was okay if Emma wanted to be a part of their lives, and she was happy to have her stay with them. But the girl was going to be fine with sharing, and that was that.

Pondering how much time he might need to recover, Sam headed upstairs, undressing as she went.

"My turn!" she called down the hall as she turned to her bedroom. She smiled at the laughter that chased her down the hallway.



## Sam and Jake Pt. 08

The days before Emma went back to camp passed relatively uneventfully, if you considered living with two horny teenagers fucking at any opportunity to be uneventful. Sam hadn't really come to a decision on that yet. Regardless, she was happy they were happy.

Their rampant rutting had caused a few awkward encounters. She'd walked in on them mid-fuck in the kitchen after work and it had taken them a good thirty seconds to notice she was standing there. She hadn't meant to stare, but the sight of them in full flight - hands clutching, lips locked, hips slapping - was hypnotic, and incredibly sexy. She'd excused herself and went to change out of her work clothes, and by the time she was back downstairs they were clothed, red-faced and sweaty, in the living room.

The other memorable encounter was a poolside blowjob. This time only Jake noticed her presence, and he just looked over at her, eyes half closed in ecstasy. Sam got a side profile of Emma's technique. Seeing the girl's lips wrapped around Jake's cock, head bobbing, cheeks concave, only told half the story. The other half was in Jake's moans and twitches with each mouth-fuck. The girl was talented.

Sam did her best to just go on with her normal routine. Jake still slept with her at night, and he did not slouch in his duty to service her one bit. She could tell his loads weren't as big, but that just meant less cleanup. It was to be expected, he was getting a real workout with two women demanding his attention.

Things were going swimmingly between the three of them, and by the time the weekend came along, it was like they'd been living together for years.

Saturday afternoon things got interesting.

Sam found some free time and so put on her swimsuit to get some pool time in. Jake and Emma were out there already, splashing and flirting. Sam was sure they'd disappear at some point to get naked and she could have some quiet time. As she exited the house, the two stopped their horseplay and swam to the edge in unison.

"Hi, Sam," Emma called.

"Hi, are you two having fun?" Sam asked, rhetorically. She put her book and water bottle down on a side table.

"Of course!"

"That's nice," she said, arranging a pillow on a lounge chair. She could hear splashing as someone got out of the water.

"I'm just going to grab...something," Emma said, walking by.

As Sam turned to lay down on the chair, she jumped. Jake was standing right behind her.

"Oh! I didn't hear you," she said.

"Sorry, didn't mean to startle you," he said, as he leaned in close, planting a kiss on her lips.

A rather intense kiss.

When he let up, Sam smiled at him, and said, "MMmmm, that was nice. Do I get some daytime love, for a change?"

His answer wasn't verbal, as he stepped in closer, pressing his body against hers, and putting his hands on her hips. Sam felt herself respond to his touch, tingles spreading across her pelvis. He leaned in for another kiss. As their tongues met, Sam felt the hard lump in his swimsuit press against her mons. Did Emma cut him off, or something?

Suddenly feeling the effects of having her near naked, glistening wet son come on to her so aggressively, Sam purred deep in her throat and wrapped her arms around his neck. He'd have to be careful, or she'd strip him bare and ride him right there in the open.

She put her cheek next to his. A tasty nub of flesh was dangling in reach, so she flicked her tongue out to capture it, sucking his lobe in her mouth. He groaned, and she whispered into his ear, "Careful, tiger. I'm not up for a tease, today. If you start something, you better finish it."

"He will," said a voice from behind her.

A second set of hands joined his, caressing as they moved to her front below her breasts, and suddenly Sam was sandwiched between the two teenagers. Sam pulled her head away from Jake but couldn't fully separate, as he still held her. She turned her head to look at Emma, who was grinning behind her. The girl stepped up even closer, until Sam could feel two soft lumps press into her back.

"What do you think is going to happen here?" Sam asked them.

"We thought you could use some fun, Mom," came her son's voice in her ear. "Just relax, we'll take care of you. You are pregnant, after all. You need to take it easy."

At the words 'take care of you', Sam felt one of the hands on her chest start to drift lower, lightly brushing her belly as it descended. She gulped as the full impact of what they were proposing hit her.

"I'm not sure -" she started, but was stopped by her son pressing his lips on hers. He captured her bottom lip between his, sucking it lightly, his tongue flickering across it. At the same time, she heard a quiet 'sshhhhhh' from behind.

Emma's voice drifted in her ear, "There's nothing to worry about, we'll do all the work."

Sam really did like her. She was a nice girl, thoughtful and giving. Just as the drifting hand was about to run out of room, Jake pulled his groin away, and the hand encountered Sam's bikini bottom.

The mother was caught. In front of her was her son, kissing her, distracting her while Emma's hand was digging into her bikini, tickling and worming closer to the wetter-by-the-second pussy contained within. Now Emma's other hand was pulling her top up, releasing her breasts, and then cupping one of the weighty orbs. The temptation was too much for Jake, as he let go of her hip and cupped the other tit.

Sam had never felt this before. So many hands roaming over her, overwhelming her ability to track them all. A mouth on hers, and another one nipping at her neck. Now one hand was tracing her labia, and another one was squeezing her breast, one was pulling down her bikini while one pulling on her nipple.

She stood there, hands limp on Jake's shoulders, eyes closed, body twitching as each new sensation registered in her brain. The soft, warm body pressed up against her back. The tickling of Emma brushing across her now naked ass. The fingers deftly delving between her lips, brushing across her clit.

Jake was now kissing down her chin, along her jaw, down her neck. His tongue sent chills up the back of her head.

"Ohhhh, you two are bad," she moaned.

Jake took her hand from his shoulder, pulling it down to his middle, where she found his Man Cock in his suit, hot, hard and straining towards her. She caressed it with her fingers, the now-familiar shape sending Pavlovian signals to her pussy. The pussy that was now producing a river of fluid, drenching her lips, and the fingers between them. The fingers that were dancing between her entrance and her clit, spreading her lubrication, sending delightful waves of pleasure throughout her groin.

Jake had kissed his way down to the upper slope of a breast, little licks and nips punctuating his progress. When he arrived at her nipple, he drew it into his mouth, the warm, wet pressure of his suckling sending signals to her body that weren't motherly.

"Ohhhh, soon, baby, soon," she murmured to him. She caressed his head as he sucked at her teat.

There were too many things going on at once to pay attention to, but the loss of the warmth against her back stood out among them. Emma's hand left her pussy, and then it was pulling at her hips, turning her to the side. Sam opened her eyes and watched as the young woman, maintaining eye contact, took her other nipple in her mouth. The sight of the two teenagers nursing at her, coupled with their hot, tight mouths and tongues working her nipples, sent warm tingles down throughout her body.

"You darlings, this is wonderful," she murmured.

A hand was back caressing her labia, but now she had no idea whose it was. Another hand was caressing her butt, squeezing her ass cheek, before trailing down and slipping into her crack. She had two hands working from both sides.

Sam felt her knees go weak as a finger rimmed her asshole from behind while another plundered the entrance of her vagina. Then both fingers met in the middle, her juices aiding in their traversal of her perineum. Seconds later the fingers parted and returned to their respective holes. Sam gasped as she felt the rear finger, now much wetter, penetrate her rosebud.

The pregnant mother, naked in her backyard, cried out as she was finger fucked simultaneously front and rear. The in and out action of Jake and Emma's fingers in her holes had her squatting obscenely, trying to force them both in as far as they could go. Her mouth opened, saliva gathering with her arousal, and she let out a series of grunts with each penetration.

"Uh-uh-uh-ug-ugh-uh..." came her cries, each one more urgent as she felt her orgasm approach.

It was after one particularly strong pull on her nipple by Jake that she felt it arrive. The added surge of pain and pleasure from her tit sent her to the verge.

"Suck hard, Emma!" she urged, and felt the answering sharp tug as the girl complied.

It was enough. Sam let out all of her breath in one go.

"Aaaaaaaahhhhh," she sighed, as she came.

The fingers continued to plunge in and out, but she stopped moving as it took all of her energy not to fall down. Her belly clenched in waves, as strong convulsions overtook her. The finger in her pussy was caressed as her inner muscles contracted, while the finger in her ass was gripped hard. It was a delicious orgasm, delivered by an experience she'd never had before. As she quivered and shook, groaning and moaning, her benefactors slowly extracted themselves from her. First her nipples were released, leaving the glistening wet, hard buds aching for more. Then their fingers slowly withdrew, leaving tingling trails on her flesh behind.

As Sam came down from her bliss, she became aware of the looks on Jake and Emma's faces. She laughed weakly to see them both so smugly proud.

"I need to sit down," she said, her actions following her words. She looked up at the two. "What was that all about?"

They shared a look, then Jake said, "We thought an Orgasm Ambush would brighten your day."

"Well, it did. Thank you," she said. She glanced down at Jake's crotch to see the sizable tent in his swimsuit. "I suppose I should

return the favour?"

"Well, actually, the favour I want is a bit different," Jake said. A flush spread across his face, and he looked nervous for some reason.

"Oh? What's that?" Sam asked, looking between the two.

"Well, you'll have me full time once Emma goes to camp on Monday. We were hoping I could sleep with her the next two nights."

Sam felt a pang of jealousy in her heart, but tried her best to keep it from her face. This was what she had assumed would happen, it was normal, inevitable really. That didn't stop how she felt, but there was no reason to make Jake feel guilty.

"Of course, go ahead!" she said.

"Yeah? You're not mad or anything?" he asked, his face lighting up.

The look of delight he gave Emma sent another dagger in Sam's chest. Stop it, she thought. You're pregnant with his child, you have a part of him that will never go away.

While struggling with her inner self, Sam watched Emma step closer to Jake, her fingers down at her side entwining with his. A casual, familiar gesture that spoke volumes about the depth of their affection. That actually helped, as it showed Sam she wasn't losing him to a physical fling, but something more. The two as yet unsatisfied youth walked to the house, hand in hand. The sounds of their passion drifted out of the open door minutes later.

Emma left on Monday, after two days of her and Jake being exclusive. He then returned to Sam's bed, and for a week she enjoyed his sole attention. She took full advantage of her access, and found that he was happy to leap into action at the slightest provocation.

When Emma got back, Jake started to split his time evenly all times of the day. The three of them spent a large chunk of their day naked, and it wasn't unusual for Jake to be sporting a hardon at various times. Quite often one of the women was happy to make use of it.

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Jake woke and immediately winced. His cock hurt. He thought back to the previous day. His mom and Emma had ambushed him when he got home from job hunting, and had taken turns fucking him until he exploded deep in his mom's womb. An already occupied womb. Then Emma had given him a blowjob by the pool, and then in bed she'd ridden him for what felt like hours.

The thought was small at first, but persistent. It sneakily grew in his mind until it couldn't be ignored. The thought was maybe, just maybe, he needed to take a break. Take a few days off from all this fucking, to recuperate. He eventually pondered it seriously, despite his initial teenage response being incredulity. He rolled over and winced in pain again, and decided he didn't have a choice. Since Emma had gotten home from camp a week ago, he'd been going at it hard.

He rolled over to tell Emma, asleep next to him. The sheet had drifted off her torso as she lay on her back, and her breasts were on full display. The sight was enough to send a twitch through his cock, resulting in pain and a whisper of pleasure. He reached out and gently cupped a breast with one hand, the mammary more than enough to fill his palm. Her nipple grew under his palm, and Emma moaned in her sleep. Feeling like his break idea was a bit premature, Jake squeezed her breast more, eliciting a bigger moan.

Emma opened her eyes and smiled to see him next to her, but then pulled away suddenly, a cry coming from her.

"What's wrong?" he said, alarmed.

"That hurt!" she said, cradling her recently groped breast. A tentative squeeze of her own brought a grimace of pain. "What the hell!"

"Is it a bruise?" Jake asked.

"No, it's not a bruise." she responded. "They're just very tender."

"Is that normal? Is, you know, your period coming?"

"No... well, wait, yes I guess it is." Emma went quiet as she counted the days since her last period. "Actually, it should have started a couple days ago. It's not a big deal, I'm not that regular."

"Buuuut, there was that one time we didn't use a condom. Do you think you could be...?"

Emma's eyes went wide, her face paled. "Oh no, I hope not. I can't yet! I don't have a job; I don't have a husband! I'm living on your Mom's good will! Oh, she's going to hate me!"

Jake's rush of emotions at the thought she might be pregnant was blown away at the sight of Emma's eyes welling up with tears. He instinctively rolled towards her to embrace her, and she clutched onto him, hugging him close.

"Oh Jake, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean for this to happen!" she cried in his ear.

"It's fine, don't worry about it," came out of his mouth, but his brain was very much worried about it. His teenage girlfriend getting pregnant was so much different from his mom. They stayed like that for a while, until she pulled back.

"Hugging close hurts my boobs," she whispered.

"Sorry," he said. "I'll tell my Mom. She'll help."

"Do you think she would? I feel like she might be mad."

"Why would she be mad?" The idea seemed ridiculous.

"Because I'm stealing her thunder by having a baby. And I'm just a teenager. And her baby's father is the father of my baby."

The reality of being the father to two babies washed over Jake then, and he felt a bit dizzy. He rolled onto his back and stared up at the ceiling. He was soooo not ready for this. His mom was fine, he would just do what she told him, she knew it all. His teenage girlfriend having his baby was such a different story. They'd need his mom's help for sure.

He looked over at Emma, who was still watching him with tear-filled eyes. "I guess the first thing is to take a test," he said. "I guess we better go tell my Mom."

He rolled up out of bed, naked as a jaybird, and turned to wait for Emma to join him. She did, grabbing hold of his hand with both of hers. They made their way to his sometime bedroom where his mom was sleeping.

He rapped lightly on the door jamb and walked in with Emma. She was hanging back slightly, still holding his hand. He nudged her with his elbow, and said, "Hey, it'll be fine, you'll see."

His mom was rubbing her eyes, sitting up and blearily looking at the two naked people in her room.

"What's up?" she croaked.

"Emma's needs to take a pregnancy test," Jake said, not wanting to beat around the bush. He felt Emma squeeze down hard on his hand.

His mom blinked a couple times, and then said, "Oh. Okay."

Pure silence in the room. Emma let up on Jake's hand.

"Anything else?" his mom asked.

"Um, no."

"Okay, well go get one then, let me know when it's ready."

Jake threw some clothes on and drove to a pharmacy, avoiding the clerk's accusing eyes as she rang up the test. The drive home felt like it took 3 seconds. Once home, he handed the box to Emma, and went into the washroom with her.

"Oh, I guess I'll leave you to pee in peace," he said, sheepishly.

"Um, yeah, good idea."

He left, closing the door behind him.

His mom was up now, dressed in a robe. "I thought you two were being careful?" she said.

"We are! The only time we weren't was the first time..."

"It only takes the one."

"What are we going to do?" Jake said, cursing the whiny tone in his voice.

"Let's just see what the result is. You have options."

Jake felt a wave of déjà vu as Emma came out of the ensuite holding the pregnancy test. They'd been in this exact same position just weeks ago. As they waited for the result to show up, no one talked or even looked at each other.

The result was a clear two lines, just like his mom's. For some reason there was none of the joy that came with her result.

"I'm assuming that abortion and adoption aren't in the picture?" his mom asked Emma.

Emma just shook her head, eyes filling with tears again. "I will never abandon my child to adoption," she said, low and fierce. "The house you picked me up from was my adopted mother's. She is a hateful creature and made my life a living hell. The best thing anyone ever did for me was when you let me move in here."

Jake took one side and his mom took the other, as they hugged Emma close.

No words were needed, and none said. They stayed like that until Emma took a deep breath in, fighting sobs.

"Thank you both, I'm okay. This is all a lot to take in right now. I won't be a burden, I can find somewhere to go if you won't have me." Emma said this to Jake's mom.

"Don't be silly. How could I kick out the mother of my son's baby? We'll support each other... and, I'd have to kick myself out." This last was said with a shake of the head and a smile.

Once the tears and hugs subsided, his mom took control.

"Okay! Go get ready, you two are getting your lives in gear, starting now. Jake, you're going to college, young man. If you think you can raise two kids on a grocery worker's pay you are wrong. Emma, you need a job. Babies are expensive. Off you go!"

"I'm not a grocery worker," Jake protested.

"You can't even get a job as a grocery worker! Off to school for you. Your Dad and I put money away years ago, so the most you need is a part time job for the weekends."

And so it went. As his mom dictated, so they did. Emma found a job nannying, it turned out her experience as a camp counsellor was enough to get work caring for two youngsters.

Jake went to school and worked part time as a grocery store stocker.

The months passed, and Sam and Emma grew. And grew. And grew. As their pregnancies advanced, their energy decreased, to the point where the only thing they wanted was a comfortable position on the couch and Jake to bring them snacks. The best part of both women going through their pregnancies together was the shared experience. Having someone to talk to, who knew how the other felt, who sympathized like no other, was a welcome benefit for both women.

Jake took pleasure in the changes he saw in both of their bodies. Their breasts grew first one, then two cup sizes, nipples darkened and grew. They got softer, plumper, in pleasing ways. He was in awe of their beauty and made sure to tell them as often as he could.

Both babies were due within a couple weeks of each other, and changes had to happen in the house as well. Jake's room was rearranged to become a nursery, with a single bed. Jake slept in the master bedroom with Emma or his mom, while the other slept alone in the nursery. It was an okay arrangement, and would continue after the babies were born, as the solo woman could nurse both babies at night, letting the other mom get some sleep.

Soon the due date came for Sam's baby. And then it went. And another day came and went. And another. She was getting...antsy, Jake thought. To put it politely. The Doctor was unconcerned, as sometimes babies did this. It would come on its own time, but that wasn't quite the news Sam wanted.

"Look, what will it take to get this thing out of me?" she demanded of the Doctor.

The woman shrugged and said, "I don't think it's necessary to artificially induce yet. You can try some natural methods."

"Yeah? Like what? Jake didn't hang around like this, he popped out right on time."

Jake blushed. He was there to support her as a son, because he couldn't claim to be the father.

The Doctor smiled. "There's a few things. Exercise. Sexual intercourse. Nipple stimulation. Castor Oil." At this last, the Doctor grinned. No one liked Castor Oil.

His mom looked over at Jake thoughtfully. "Exercise, hm? I could try that. Thank you, Doctor."

"Of course. We'll see you in a few days to see how you're doing, if things don't move along naturally."

The drive home was quiet. Jake was nervous to say anything because with his mom's hormones going crazy, she was prone to sharp criticism if he said the wrong thing. He'd learned there were plenty of wrong things he could say.

When they got home, his mom grabbed his hand and pulled him to the stairs, waddling as she went. When they got to their room, she said, "Strip." She was pulling her large maternity clothes off, exposing her large belly and engorged vein-covered breasts.

Jake followed suit, his cock growing at seeing her naked, as it had been a while since the last time. He stood and watched as she carefully lay down on the bed on her side facing away from him. She gestured for him to join her, and he did.

He took in the details of his mother, naked and heavily pregnant, her breasts sagging down to the bed. She hadn't gained much weight but it all went to the right places. He lay down behind her, stretching

out and placing his body up against her back, his now rigid cock pushing into her plump butt.

Jake was confused. Apart from hugs and kisses, she hadn't been interested in sex for a couple weeks. This naked spooning was new. He wrapped his upper arm over her side and around her large belly. He was careful not to squeeze. She sighed and squirmed back into him, pushing her butt back into his cock. He groaned at the feel of her soft flesh pressing into him.

"The Doctor said nipple stimulation could induce naturally," she said quietly, and took his hand from her belly and placed it on her large nipples.

Jake reveled in the feel of her. She had started producing milk a few days ago, and now her breasts were full, ready for the little one to arrive. She'd needed to pump already. He stroked the slopes of her tits, rolling his fingers around her areola. She growled and so he went to the task at hand. Taking her nipple in his fingers, he pulled on it lightly, extending it. He let it snap back and then pulled on the nub rhythmically, simulating a handjob. He felt his mom sigh and relax back into him.

As Jake played with his mother's nipple, fingers wet as she leaked a little, he felt her reach back between them and grab hold of his cock, still hard and straining. He moaned as she rolled his head between her extended fingers, rubbing the oozing precum around his purple crown.

"Fuck that feels good, Mom," he said, and kissed her bare neck. He smiled at the goosebumps rising on her skin, and kissed more.

"Fuck me," she said, pushing down on his cock to move it between her legs.

Jake had to rein himself in. After two weeks of no sex, he didn't want to go too fast and hurt her. He went slow, pushing his pelvis

forward, feeling his glans run over her wet labia. She put her hand between her legs and popped his head into her, holding him in place while he pushed.

"Uggghhhh," she moaned as he filled her. He echoed the sentiment, feeling her wet, hot vagina surround the top of his cock. From this position he couldn't go in very far, but it was enough to get them both worked up.

"You're forgetting your other job," she said.

"What? Oh," he said, and resumed playing with her nipple.

Now it was an exercise in multitasking as he slowly fucked his mom while pulling on her tit. Pull out too far and he'd pop out. Go too fast and she'd complain. Get too involved in his cock inside of her, and he'd forget to tug on her nipple. Jake wasn't going to complain though. Emma had stopped wanting sex due to discomfort the same time his mom had, and he wasn't going to turn anything down.

Slowly the pressure in his groin grew, incrementally, slowly, agonizingly, until he was ready to burst.

"Can I?" he gasped.

"Yes!" she cried out, and Jake pushed in hard, moving his hand to her hip, trying to bury as much of himself into her as he could before exploding, shooting blast after blast of his seed into his mom. His cock pulsed over and over, his sensitive head rubbing against her insides.

As his cock finished its job, Jake relaxed and let his mom's hip go. He moved his hand back to her nipple to keep going, but she batted it away.

"It's okay, if that didn't do the job, we'll try again later. I just want to nap for now."

Reluctantly pulling out, Jake moved back until he was disengaged. He got up and got dressed, leaving her to sleep in peace. If that was what was needed to induce his mom, he was up for the job.

They fucked like that for a few more days until finally her water broke, and they were off to the hospital to have baby number one. Emma was very close by now and to the surprise of no one, joined Sam a few hours later.

Jake's daughter, Jenny, was born exactly five minutes before his son, Will. It was an overwhelming day for him, and he spent most of it in a daze. Running between the two rooms, father of both children but only able to acknowledge one, he performed as best as he could. Bill showed up to help Sam in her labour, acting as the father as he promised he would, but Jake wasn't going to abandon his mom.

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Sam was amazed. Her son had been born six weeks ago, and she felt much better than she remembered when Jake was a newborn. Of course, it was due to having two mothers to care for two babies, able to spell each other when they needed a nap or a break. They were both excellent milk producers, each able to feed both of Jake's children in one go, one baby on each breast. She felt like a cow when she did it, but it was effective.

Jake did his best to help, but he was going to school and working. His time at home was filled with babies, so really, he didn't have much alone time. It would get better, Sam knew, and she made sure to tell both teenagers. As tired as they were now, it would end.

At the end of her pregnancy, Sam had started to feel bad for her son. He had been cut off for a couple weeks prior to her efforts to induce. She felt worse for him now, after six weeks. Sure, he was tired all of the time, but he was also just naturally horny. He must be crawling up the walls by now.

Finding herself in a rare moment of free time one evening, Sam went looking for Jake. It had been a while since the last feeding time, and her breasts were getting uncomfortably full. Emma was due to take baby duty tonight, so the next time Sam could relieve the pressure would be tomorrow, and she'd be bursting at the seams.

She found Jake in the nursery, leaning over one of the cribs. Emma was asleep in the single bed already. She watched as he kissed little Will's head and then stood up and turned around.

"Come with me," she said, gesturing for him to follow.

He did, and they went to the master bedroom. "I hope you can help me, before it gets too bad," she said, turning to him.

Sam giggled when she saw him staring at her chest.

He looked up, smiled and said, "I can't help it, they're so big."

"I know, that's what I need help with," she said, and took off her shirt, leaving her in just a nursing bra. She went to the bed and sat down, patting next to her. "Come lay down, babe."

His face lit up as he figured it out. He lay down, putting his head on her lap. She could only see half his head below her bust. She opened one flap of her bra, allowing her full breast to tumble out, the veins standing out on her white skin. The flattened nipple slowly expanded.

"Here, drink up," she said, feeding her teat into his mouth. She gasped as he latched on. His mouth was bigger and took more of her flesh in before he started to suckle. The feeling of her milk letting down was exquisite, relieving the pressure. She watched her son gulp and swallow, taking in her sweet nectar.

After so many years, she was here again, feeding her eldest child her own milk. A warm, comforting feeling swept over her, filling her with a sense of belonging, of rightness. She wanted this moment to never end.

As her first breast drained, Sam looked down at Jake's body and smiled to see the lump in his pants. She should have known he'd be turned on by this. She herself wasn't so much aroused by it as fulfilled. Content she was able to provide for her entire family with her body.

The pressure eventually gone from her one breast, Sam pulled her chest away from Jake, laughing as her nipple emerged with a pop, milk trickling from the corner of his mouth.

"The other one is still full," she said, and he happily moved over to it, but she had a thought and stopped him before he could latch on.

"Hang on, let's try something," she told him, pushing his head up off her lap.

"I can see you have an issue that needs dealing with," she said, nodding to his groin.

Jake smiled and got undressed, his cock springing forth in record time.

"Go lay down," she said.

He did so, and she stripped off her clothes. Now naked, one glistening breast swaying, she crept up the bed and straddled his legs. Staring down at her son, his rampant cock full and bobbing between her legs, she smiled in anticipation. It had been six weeks for her, too.

"Oh, I didn't realize how much I need this," she said.

"Me too, Mom. I didn't want to pressure you, but it's been hard."

"I get it. Let's take care of it together."

She shuffled forward on her knees, until she was hovering over his erection. Holding him in place, she sat down slowly, putting him between her lips. The kiss of his purple head on her entrance had her tingling all over, and she followed it up by sitting down more, letting him spread her open. As she took him in, they both groaned, happy to be back in the seat of their love.

When Sam had fully encompassed her son's cock with her vagina, their pelvic bones pressed together, she leaned forward.

"Here," she said, pressing her full breast against his mouth.

He eagerly latched on, and now part of her body was in his, as he was in hers. His hands were on both breasts, cradling them gingerly. The same familiar feeling of her milk flowing came over her, and she sat there, happily grinding her hips back and forth in a slow motion so as not to disturb his suckling.

As her son drank down another boobful of milk, Sam felt the same sense of peace and contentment come over her. Combined with the feel of her son's cock deep inside of her, it led to a rush of warmth flowing throughout her body. It was an intense glow, as if she was full of fire in her entire body. She sped up her rocking motion, rolling her clit against his shaft, feeling the tension building.

"Oh fuck, baby, oh you're going to make Mommy come," she moaned loudly, and started rolling faster.

He let go of his latch, milk spraying across his face and chest and running down her chest. Now he took over, his hands grabbing her hips, and he started to fuck up into her. The buildup of her orgasm increased again.

"Fuck me, Jake. Fuck your Mommy. Fuck me hard, I need it," she gasped.

This did it for both of them. The dirty taboo words triggered them to come simultaneously, him roaring out his love as his cock poured out his essence. She poured her own come out, adding to the mix, soaking them both in her love. Milk squirted out of both nipples, streaming down her chest to her belly.

Mother and son grunted and groaned through their paroxysms, clenching and squeezing as waves of sated lust spread from groin to heart to brain. Sam fell forward, her chest meeting his with a 'splat'. They lay there, panting and cuddling, milk and sweat cooling on their bodies.

"Fuck, I love you, Mom," he said.

"I love you too, baby,"

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Jake woke up the next day after finally getting to fuck his mom again, and realized he was happy. The thought of his family, together in the house, living in harmony, filled him with a sense of peace. He was tired most of the time, but at least they didn't want for anything.

Getting up, he left his sleeping mom in bed to get all the rest she could. She would be on the next baby shift, and while their sleep had settled into a rhythm, the nights were still long with regular feedings every few hours.

He went to check in on the nursery and see if Emma needed anything. He found her sitting in the one chair, one baby plugged into a boob. He went to check on the other and couldn't help but smile at Jenny, the bundle of cuteness.

"How was the night?" he whispered.

Emma shrugged. "The usual. I think they might be purposely timing their wakeups so I am awake most of the night."

"Can I get you anything?"

"Not now, just take this one and let me get some sleep."

Jake took Will from her, the plump, red nipple covered in milk popping from his mouth. Emma covered up and then went to the bed.

"Why don't you go in the big bed? I don't have to work today, so you two sleep. If they need to feed, I'll wake Mom."

Emma smiled at him, and her beauty shone forth, despite being worn out and tired. "Thanks, hon." She kissed him, her tongue flickering across his lips briefly, and then retreated from the room. Jake wondered if Emma might be ready to break her dry spell as well.

Will and Jenny managed to sleep for a few hours before waking up. Jake changed them and then went to get his mom to feed them. The smile she sent his way was full of promise borne from the night before.

"I doubt they're going to leave anything behind, but you're welcome to the dregs when they're done," she said, with a smile.

Jake felt his cock twitch at the thought and nodded quickly, a smile and twinkle in his eye. It didn't matter if she had only dust left, he'd be taking advantage.

Emma slept until the afternoon, and joined Sam and Jake after a shower. "I feel one hundred times better. I never knew how much I loved sleep," she said, grabbing a coffee.

Jake and his mom had not had much alone time between the two babies, but they had done some fondling and kissing. He was geared up and felt like maybe Emma might be interested in some fun. He wasn't sure how to approach the question, though.

His mom took it out of his hands, saying, "I'm good here, if you two want to have some private time?"

Jake looked at Emma, who looked back and said, "Oh God, yes please."

She grabbed him by the hand and pulled him upstairs to the master bedroom. A quick disrobing led to the two naked teenagers embraced in the middle of the room. Jake's cock throbbed between them, his arousal plain in the precum being painted across Emma's belly. She was doing painting of her own, as her nipples were leaking and spreading milk all over his chest. He found it incredibly sexy. Gently cupping her milk-filled mammaries, he felt her milk cover his palms.

"They're so full," he said.

She nodded and said, "I'll need to drain them soon."

He grinned a cheeky grin and said, "I can help."

Emma looked confused for a second before saying, "You would do that?"

He nodded. "Mom needed help last night..." he trailed off.

"I'm not sure...what if there's not enough for the babies?"

"She was full again this morning, I don't think it's a problem."

"Well, just to be sure, only take enough to make me feel better, okay?"

He nodded and lowered his mouth to her chest. Her already perky breasts practically stood up under their own power, they were so full. He caressed her globes, and licked around the areola, collecting her leaking milk on his tongue. Finally, he drew one nipple between his lips and latched on, sucking urgently.

"Oh!" cried Emma, and she wrapped her arms around his head, holding him in place as he suckled at her.

Her milk was very similar to his mother's, sweet and plentiful. After a few sucks her milk started to flow faster and soon he was guzzling large mouthfuls. He heard her sigh and then start rubbing his head, running her hands through his hair. Jake started massaging her breast, urging more milk to come out, when she pulled his head away.

"Just a bit, right?"

He laughed and said, "Sorry, I got carried away. I'll swap."

The same performance on the second breast. The same gasp, the same relaxation, the same caressing of his head.

Emma said, "Oh Jake, this is lovely. It makes me feel so close to you. I guess that's the hormones running through me." Looking down at his cock, she smiled and continued, "You don't hate it, do you?"

Jake finished taking the top off her milk supply in the second breast and stood up. "Are you kidding, I love it! Do you want to...?" He looked at the bed.

"Jake, it's been a while, please be gentle. I don't know if it'll work the same after pushing a baby out of it."

"It didn't seem to be a problem for Mom, but yeah we'll take our time. Actually, she got on top, do you want to try?"

As he spoke, Jake was running his hands over the changed curves he found in front of him. She was plumper in the hips and bust and legs, but the rest of her was hardly changed. He found the difference quite attractive, and told her so.

"Thank you, hon. I think I want you to be on top. I don't want to look down there."

"Down... you haven't looked at yourself since the birth?"

"I'm afraid it's been ruined. I heard that happens sometimes."

"I think you heard wrong, but I can check for you," he said, with a leer.

Emma laughed and nodded. "Okay, you can do the inspection," she said, and walked to the bed. She lay down on it in the center and kept her legs closed.

Jake shook his head. Emma was still gorgeous; he was sure she had nothing to worry about. To show her, he approached from the foot of the bed and grabbed her ankles, pulling them apart. She resisted briefly, but then relented. As her legs peeled apart, Jake kept an eye on the treasure emerging.

"Hmmm, at first inspection, nothing appears out of place."

Emma giggled, her chest quaking from the motion.

Jake leaned in closer, until he was inches away from her vulva. He breathed on it deliberately, letting her feel the light caress of air. "No change yet. You know what? I think this requires a taste test."

He followed up his words with actions, driving the tip of his tongue between her labia and wiggled it around. Emma gasped and her legs twitched.

"Taste test is good, no change."

"Jake..." she sighed.

He spread her labia apart, exposing her inner lips, which were starting to moisten. "Oh!" he cried.

"What!? What is it?" Emma cried.

"It's so beautiful," he replied.

"You jerk! I thought something was wrong," she yelled.

Jake laughed, and said, "There's nothing wrong with you, you're perfect. It's okay to be nervous, but really the only test I can think of now is to give it a test run. But first..."

He leaned down and spent some time just playing with her perfect pussy with his tongue and fingers. He could tell she was still nervous and felt like extra time was needed to really get her motor going. After several minutes of gentle manipulation, he detected a trickle of her juice coming from her vagina. Encouraged, he kept it up, smiling as she started to moan and writhe on the bed.

When he felt she was ready, he crawled up her body, kissing along her belly and breasts until he arrived at her mouth. They kissed hard, saliva flowing between them, tongues wrestling. When he pulled up to arrange himself between her legs, she said, "Yep, taste test is good."

They shared a laugh while he drew his legs up under hers, putting his cock into position to enter her.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Fuck me, Jake," she said, pulling his face down for another kiss.

As they necked, he pushed slowly, feeling her open up around his head. She grunted in his mouth as he entered, so he paused in his pushing, but she reached down to his ass.

"Fuck me!" she said into his mouth, so he pushed the rest of the way into her.

Her molten core cradled his shaft in its silken heat, sending a wave of warmth to his pelvis.

"Fuck, you're amazing. Final test passed with flying colours!" he groaned.

Emma grinned up at him, and hunched her hips, encouraging him to get going, so he did. He commenced a long, slow fuck, his long shaft running the entirety of her vagina. Each thrust into her was matched with a low 'uh' from her lips when his balls smacked into her ass. His tempo was deliberate and steady, and with just one round of sex after six weeks without, he could feel his climax approaching fast. Too fast.

"Oh, baby, I'm going to come. I need to stop."

"Nope, keep going. Just come for me. Come inside me, baby. Do it. Fill me up again. I want another of your babies."

The words combined with the feel of her soaked love cave caressing his cock sent him over the edge, and he emptied himself into her, the reams of semen plastering her walls. It was too much. He was too sensitive and had to stop moving, or go mad. Emma whined underneath him, fucking herself onto him, urging him to keep going.

"I'm almost there!" she yelled, so Jake dug deep and started fucking her again, plunging his over-stimulated cock in and out of her now full vagina, the slippery jizz coating his shaft spreading all over her vulva.

"Aahhh...that's....ITTT!!!" Emma shouted, and she submerged into her own climax, her newly motherly vagina clenched around his cock as she quivered and quaked through her spend. Now her milk was leaking from her nipples, as his mom's had done, so he leaned over and latched on, drinking the spillage.

The added stimulation to her nipple sent Emma over again, a new round of convulsions gripping his sunk tool inside of her. More milk jetted from her other nipple, so Jake swapped to it. For a time, he relished in swapping back and forth, lapping up more and more heavenly sustenance. After a bit, the leaking stopped, Emma stopped orgasming and Jake's cock fell from her with a light flop.

Jake fell over to her side, cuddling up next to her. They lay together, sated, and happy. Emma looked over at him and said, "You really like it, don't you? The milk?"

He nodded and looked back. "Something about it really turns me on. Also it tastes great, and it's good for me."

She laughed and said, "Too bad they'll dry up when I wean the kids. Only one way to keep your wife's breasts producing milk. More babies!"

"Wife?"

She nodded. "Not now, but you will marry me one day. I know it."

"Let's get through this kid before we go that far," he replied, but was surprised he didn't hate the idea of marrying Emma. Well, marrying anyone at all.

"Deal," she said, and rolled over to put her head on his chest. Her milky breasts pushed up against his side, her leg lifted over his to graze his cock, and her wet crotch pressed firmly against his hip.

"Keep it up and you're going to get the second kid a lot faster than you realize," he growled.

Emma giggled and started to toy with his nipple.

"That's it!" he said, rolling towards her. He was met with gales of laughter, feigned struggles and then spread legs, followed by sighs and then moans as he plundered her depths once again.

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The three of them ended up having several more children in the next several years. Emma and Jake got married when he finished college, and no one batted an eye at their three children.

It was harder to explain Sam's second child, as Bill was definitely out of the picture by then. She blamed it on a one-night stand, but several people noted how Jake and Emma never moved out, even after the wedding.

The timing of the children happened to result in there being at least one woman in the house producing milk for many years, much to Jake's delight.