

Impregnating Mom

Sam Jason

Family:

Father: Arthur Zosyx, Insurance Manager, age: 48

5'4", 238 lb.

balding, poor personal hygiene, sedentary

penis: 4.2" long, 1" diameter

volume of ejaculation: 0.4 cc (average= 4.0 cc)

Mother: Amanda (Mandy) Zosyx, school volunteer, age: 42

5'9", 135 lb, 38D-26-36

athletic, dark brown hair (short wavy cut), active, sexually frustrated

Son: Shawn, going into senior year (HS), age: barely 18

4'10", 98 lb.

thin, frail, very intelligent, persuasive

penis: 9.4" long, 2.4" diameter

volume of ejaculation: 12.7 cc

Time of year--Summer vacation

"I'll never agree to a sperm donor," Arthur said.

"But, it's been 10 years of trying," I said. "If I don't get pregnant soon, it's never going to happen. Shawn will never have a brother or sister. The doctors have said you have too low a sperm count."

"I bet it's your fault. You just aren't fertile any more. I know I do my part every month when we have sex. You and your date circled on the calendar when you supposedly ovulate."

"I just think you should consider the option to have me get pregnant by artificial means. It wouldn't mean you're any less of a man, Arthur, and we'd have another child."

"No way! Not in a million years. I'm not going to have another man's sperm in you. You're my woman, and that's the end of it. And don't try anything behind my back, because I know everyone in the local medical community and know where all the money is, so you can't pay for it."

"I wish you wouldn't be so unreasonable, Arthur." I started crying. But, my husband ignored me, walked out the door, and went to work.

I sat there at the kitchen table, sobbing, until my son Shawn came in.

"Mom, don't be sad. I heard everything, again for the millionth time. You know Dad's not going to change his mind."

He reached around me and gave me a hug. I wiped my eyes and hugged him back, feeling how thin and delicate he was, my just-turned-18-year-old beautiful boy. My pride and joy. I didn't know what I would do if I didn't have him.

"I'm sorry you had to hear that again. The same old thing. I guess I have to start facing the truth. You'll never have a brother or a sister."

"Isn't there any other way, to get pregnant, I mean?"

"No, Shawn. The doctors have said I'm fine, but your Dad can't produce what's needed any more." I thought of the pitiful few drops that my husband produced when I last gave him a quick handjob when he was too tired for sex.

"Well, how about somebody else's sperm? We learned all about that when that lady that had all the babies was in the news."

"Your father won't allow it. And it's too expensive."

"How much do you really want another baby, Mom?"

"Oh, Shawn, I want one with all my heart. I would do anything to know another little life is growing inside me. It would fulfill me completely. That's why it's hurting so much."

"Then, why don't you, you know, fool around just once and get pregnant on that day you mark off on the calendar? Just once. Dad would never know."

"SHAWN! What would make you say such a thing. I've never cheated on your father and I never will! And if I did, your father would know the baby looked nothing like him. That's a totally stupid idea."

"Aw, Mom, it wouldn't be like you were doing anything wrong for the wrong reasons. You'd be doing something right for the right reasons. Just for that once and that's it so you have another child for the rest of your life. That seems like a good deal for me."

I couldn't believe I was having this conversation with my own teenage son. He was encouraging me to have a one-night stand with some guy just to have a baby. As crazy as that sounded, it did have some logic to it, but I could never stand the thought of being intimate with some strange man, no matter what the motivation. That would never, ever happen. I needed to have some affection, some love for the man I allowed into my body.

"Subject closed, mister. We're out of ideas on that subject." Shawn sat down and looked thoughtful. I wiped my eyes and tried not to cry any more in front of him. I would hide the pain from now on. That's when Shawn spoke again.

"What about me, Mom?"

"What about you?" I asked. I thought he was talking about also wanting a brother or sister.

"You said Dad would know if the baby didn't look like him."

"Yes, young man. That's called genetics. A baby looks like both his parents.

"Well, everybody says I look a lot like both you and Dad."

"Yeah. So?" I wasn't liking where this seemed to be heading, but still wasn't sure I could believe what I was beginning to suspect."

"So, if you used my sperm, Dad would never know. The baby would look like both of you. Problem solved!"

I was speechless. My son, my young son had just suggested getting his own mother pregnant. It was so unexpected and preposterous that I couldn't even give words to the protest my mind was thinking. I just sat there with my mouth open.

Shawn continued: "Dad would think it's his. He would be happy thinking he's the big man, and you'd be happy that you're pregnant. And, I'd be happy you two weren't fighting all the time and I had something to do with making things better."

"Making things better? Do you even realize what you're saying? Listen to yourself. You're talking about being a sperm donor for your own mother. And, if you weren't listening, it costs a lot of money to have that one. Your father would know all about it, and know about who the donor was. Some plan."

"Dad doesn't have to know," he said.

"Shawn, you're talking nonsense. There's no way he wouldn't find out. So, thanks for the brilliant idea, but no thanks."

"There's one way he would never find out," Shawn said.

"Oh, and what's that?"

Shawn got up, and before leaving the kitchen, looked into my eyes, and said, "We could, you know, make love."

I didn't know what to say. I thought I had been shocked before, but this was a whole different level of surprise. My son, my flesh and blood had proposed having sex. My face got red with shame at just the thought of it.

"Think about it, Mom," he said, and touched my arm as he passed by.

I pulled away from his hand as if it was an electric wire and yelled, "You go to your room and stay there. I don't want to even look at you."

I spent two uncomfortable hours thinking about the horrid thing my son had cooked up in his misguided brain. How could he even contemplate such an idea? And, even if he did have some wild hormone-driven fantasy, how could he tell his mother?

I finally justified his actions by factoring in his age and his goal of stopping the fighting, the drama that had been escalating.

I took my mind off it by doing the wash and folding the clothes. I had heard Shawn's TV in his room, but as I approached with his clothes, I just heard his voice. More accurately, I heard him making soft noises.

His bedroom door was open about an inch, and I peeked in before knocking and entering with his clean clothes. I had a clear view of Shawn. He was lying on his bed without his shirt on, and his running shorts were pulled down to his knees.

His right hand was wrapped around his penis, and he slowly stroked it up and down, up and down. I should have quietly left and given him his privacy, but I was stunned. Shawn was a frail boy, under 100 pounds and not even 5 feet tall. But, in his small hand was the biggest penis I had ever seen. It must have been over 9 inches long, and probably as thick as my wrist. Even bigger was its purplish head.

The tip of it glistened with lubricating fluid.

His father's penis wasn't half the size of this shaft.

He was mumbling something. I shifted my head and traded my eye for my ear at the opening. He said:

"Think. Think about it. Think about it, Mom."

Then I looked again, and he increased the speed of his fist. It became a blur as his hips began to buck. I was watching my son masturbate, and it was pretty evident that he was thinking about me!

A soft "Aaaahhhh!" escaped his lips and the black hole at the top of his penis turned white with sperm. Shawn had angled his thick cock so it was pointing towards his face,

and that first gush sent a solid stream of thick goo all the way to his neck with tremendous velocity and force. This repeated.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!" I counted to myself. That's how many times he spurted volumes of semen and sperm onto his neck, chest and stomach. It looked like he had spilled a small glass of milk onto himself.

He gave one last hard pull and squeeze while whispering, "Mom."

I was both disgusted and confused by what I was feeling. I should have immediately left when I saw what was happening. I was ashamed and embarrassed, but had other thoughts swimming in my head, too.

Shawn slowly took a wad of tissues and mopped up the mess. These he tossed into his basket.

That's when I silently backed away and went to my bedroom.

I sat on my bed and stared silently at the wall. I heard myself whisper, "All that sperm." I couldn't believe how much Shawn had ejaculated. It was ten times what his father could manage. I thought "That WOULD get me pregnant!" How could it fail to get the job done at the right time of month? That would fill any woman to the brim, soaking her eggs for sure.

On shaky legs, I stood and went to the kitchen. I made Shawn a sandwich for lunch.

"Shawn, lunch is ready," I called.

He appeared and looked timid, probably afraid I was still upset.

"You're not still mad, Mom?"

"No, Shawn. I overreacted, and now I'm thinking you were just trying to help and didn't know how wrong it was to suggest something like that. You're usually so smart, I forget you're still a little boy." I reached out and brushed his hair off his forehead.

He pulled away, saying, "Awww, Mom. I'm not a little boy. Someday you'll see that!"

"Okay, okay! You're a young man. How's that? Eat your lunch while I put away your clean clothes. And, promise you'll trust your parents to solve their own problems."

"I'll promise," He said, "if you promise to think about what I said." Then, he sat down and started eating.

His words forced my mind back to him talking about "making love," making love to his mother. Then I thought of my "little boy" comment and then the image of his huge cock flashed before me. He certainly was NOT a little boy in many ways.

I put his clothes away, and glanced at the wastepaper basket in the corner. I listened and heard Shawn still at the kitchen table. I bent down and reached into the basket and pulled out a sopping mess of a tissue. I held it up to my nose and inhaled the strong, pungent stench of a boy's cum.

Several days passed, and I thought that was the last of the incidents on that day. Things had been a little uncomfortable with Shawn, but now everything was back to normal. I had put out of my mind the sights and sounds that went on in his bedroom.

I looked at the calendar on the refrigerator. There, on Thursday the 14th was a big red circle. That's the day I guessed was ovulating this month. Just like every month for the past ten years, I was hoping this was to be my lucky day.

A voice came from behind me: "There's the big day again. Have you thought about what I said?"

I turned to see my son standing there. I looked down at him and sighed. Here I was, his mother, almost a foot taller and almost 25 years older, having to have this insane conversation again.

"Shawn, you have to stop this. You're too young to realize how wrong what you're suggesting is. If you don't stop, I'll tell your father, and then you'll really be in trouble."

"You won't tell him, Mom. I know you. And I know him. He'd find some way to blame you and fly off the handle and you wouldn't want that."

I hated to admit it, but that's just what would happen with Arthur. He was so unreasonable at times

"Just because I won't tell him doesn't mean you have any right to keep pestering me. Case closed. Understand?" I thought that would end the subject, but I was mistaken.

"I know you watched me the other day, Mom."

"Watched you? What are you talking about?"

"You know. I heard you there at the door when I was jerking off. I know you saw me cum."

"Shawn ... Shawn, that was an accident. I was bringing your clothes, and..."

"Mom, it's okay. I'm glad you watched me. That will prove that I can do what I said, that I'm not little boy like you think. Did you see how much I can cum, Mom?"

"Young man, I will not even talk about this. I made a mistake by invading your privacy. I was shocked. That's all. That's why it took me a few moments to recover. I didn't want to embarrass either of us by saying anything."

"But, you saw my cum, right? You saw how much of it there was. And that was the second time that day. When I save up a few days, it's even more."

I couldn't believe he was taking to me this way. And, I couldn't believe he could ejaculate an even greater amount.

He reached past me and tapped his finger on the calendar. "Just think what would happen if all that cum got inside you on this day. What would happen, Mom?"

I refused to answer. Why was he tormenting me this way, making me think about his cum? Making me think about it inside of me?

"Say it, Mom. Say what you know would be true. Tell me what would happen if I came inside you on the 14th."

"Stop it, Shawn. I won't play your little game any more." I was too shocked at all this to be as angry as I should be. I was embarrassed that I got caught like some voyeur watching my son masturbate, and I was ashamed at standing here talking about sex with my own son.

"Say it, Mom. Tell me what you know would happen if I fucked you on the 14th of this month."

Hearing the word "fuck" coming out of my little boy's mouth shattered my mind. Unconsciously, four words came out of my mouth: "I would get pregnant," I whispered.

"And, that's exactly what you've been praying for as long as I can remember. So, that's what should happen, Mom. Just think about it."

Shawn left the kitchen without waiting for my reply or reaction. He left me alone with my jumbled and confused thoughts. Thoughts that caused a mixture of anger and shame.

I always think best in the shower, so I gave myself the luxury of a long extra-hot soak in the streams of water. When I got done, I used my towel to wipe the steam off the full-length mirror. Here I was, 42 years old and still trying to have a baby. I looked at my body in the mirror, and had to admit I didn't look my age. My 135 pounds were muscular and trimly proportioned on my 5'9" frame. My 38D breasts were large and more relaxed than they used to be, but nobody could accuse them of being one bit saggy. My nipples, hard from toweling off, were pink and centered in darker areoles about the diameter of a poker chip.

Even I had to admit I looked hot still.

"For what?" I said out loud. All that exercise and diet. Arthur, my fat and flabby husband, thought that fishing, his only hobby, was exercise. He got out of breath walking to the car. Which was another reason that sex was a chore to him. He just wanted to get it over as fast as possible and turn over and go to sleep. That, and his tiny penis probably were the reasons I never had an orgasm with him.

I dressed and left the shower no wiser, unfortunately. Shawn was in the living room, watching TV.

"I've got a plan, Mom!" he said cheerily.

"I don't want to hear about any plan, young man."

"Tonight at dinner, I'm going to talk to Dad. I may need your help."

"Shawn, if this has anything to do with what we talked about in the kitchen, you'll be in big trouble. I definitely will not be a participant in this subject any longer. My answer is 'NO!' to any of your schemes."

That didn't seem to deter him, and he said, "We'll see."

"What a day I had today. I'm exhausted," Arthur said. He wasn't exhausted enough to stop stuffing food into his mouth, gobbling down twice as much as Shawn and I ate put together. He said the exact same thing every night.

"You deserve a rest, Dad," Shawn said.

"See," Arthur said. "Even Shawn sees that I need a little relaxation. But, work keeps me tied down and so busy. And all the stress...."

Shawn interrupted before Arthur could go on one his rants about work. "Dad, don't you have a branch office in Littlemore, about four hours away from here?"

"Yeah, Littlemore. Another pain in the ass. That's something else that's hanging over my head. I need to get out there and do an audit of their paperwork."

"Well, Dad, why don't you go up there next week on Tuesday?"

"Huh? If I didn't know any better, I'd think you're trying to get rid of your dear ol' dad. What's really going on?"

I looked at Shawn, shocked that he had tried such a stupid trick. It served him right, and now he had stuck his foot in his mouth. I was going to enjoy seeing his little plans all fall apart.

Instead of looking guilty, Shawn pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket and asked, "Isn't Lake Mirrorside right there?" He handed the clipping to my husband, who read it then whistled.

"Mandy, guess what? There's a big fishing derby up there. This could work out great. I could drive up there early on Tuesday, fish all day, do what has to get done on Wednesday in the office, and spend the rest of the time fishing. Then, I could drive back home on Thursday, for 'you know what'--if I'm not too tired"

I was stunned. Shawn was playing on his father's love for fishing. It was brilliant. But, I had an idea of my own.

"Sounds great," I said. "What about I come with you? We could spend some relaxing time together." I gave Shawn a smug look, knowing I had just thwarted his scheme.

"Yeah, that's a great idea. You hate long drives, you hate fishing, and you hate when I go to work. So you know what? Stay here with your son and spend some quality time with him. Right Shawn?"

"Quality time," Shawn said as he looked directly into my eyes. I turned my head away, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of my realization that he had indeed gotten his father out of the picture for a few days.

"Shawn, while I'm gone, remember, you're the man of the house. Promise me you'll take good care of your mother."

"Relax, Dad. I'll take extra special care of her while you're gone."

The next four days were one mental battle after another with Shawn. It seemed we didn't ever have a conversation that wasn't tainted by his perversion.

"Only four days to go, Mom. Then you and I can be alone."

"Shawn, alone or not, nothing is going to happen. So, just get it out of your mind? Your father and I will find a way to have a baby--ourselves, thank you, with no help needed from an overheated teenage boy who doesn't even know the damage he could do."

"What damage? It's a few minutes together that we'll forget all about when you finally get pregnant and I can have a brother or sister and you can finally have that second kid that you've always wanted. That seems like it's worth it."

I had to admit, when he put it that way, that a brief time could give me all that joy and fulfillment I'd been craving--but, it was just him putting a good spin on a crazy notion. The guilt would be unbearable. He didn't realize that.

"Shawn, you're my son, and that would be called a very bad word: incest. Not only is it looked on as a sin by all religions, but it's also against the law. Would you like it if your picture was in the paper with that kind of stigma, for the rest of your life?"

"Mom, I think of lots worse things that people do and do right out in the open that ruin people's lives, and religions and the government, and the police look the other way."

"You just don't get it. There's no talking to you. Enough."

"I think it would be more of a sin or a crime if a little baby couldn't get to know you and love you like I do. That would be a crime. You're a great mother and you showed me that every day. That's why I want to do this for you. But, you don't see that part because your mind is closed."

"You know how much I love you, darling. C'mere and give mommy a hug."

Shawn walked over to me and wrapped his arms around me, and I pulled him close to my chest. His head rested right between my boobs.

"I keep thinking of how happy we'll all be with a baby in the house. You, me, and Dad. He'll be so proud. You know how he always wants to be the big shot and think he's never wrong."

I rested my cheek against the top of his head and said, "Shawn, if it were just that easy, but it isn't. Sometimes you think doing something wrong is justified, but it always turns itself around and becomes messy. Do you understand?"

I took his face in my hands and looked into his eyes, and put my forehead on his. What he did next took me by surprise: he raised up on his tiptoes and kissed me full on the lips. Not hard, and not quick, but a full kiss. Once I got over the shock, I pulled my head back, and pulled away from him.

As he loosened his embrace, he let his hands drag over my ass, giving a little squeeze.

"Four days, Mom. Four days to think about it and realize that we have an opportunity that may never come again and you'll be sorry you missed. Besides, I have a plan of how we'd do it so that even you will have to admit will cause the least amount of trouble. Promise you'll think about it."

Sunday night. Arthur would be leaving on Tuesday morning, and it had been a constant barrage of reasons and explanations from Shawn. He was relentless, and without my strong doubts, fears, and guilt, he might have started wearing me down. The one thing that he had convinced me of was that I was never going to have another baby. I knew that I had been holding a false hope with Arthur, and now Shawn's reasoning had killed that.

It left a void inside me. I would have to learn to live with that. I resolved that the circle around the 14th would be the last one I would ever draw on a calendar. I had done it for 10 years, done it 120 times. And, as I looked at it, I looked with eyes without hope, with eyes deadened by logic and fact.

"Looking forward to the big day, Mom?" Shawn asked behind me.

I looked away from the calendar, and said, "Just the opposite. You persuaded me that I should never try again. So, maybe you did some good after all. You got me to realize what a foolish dreamer I've been for so long."

"The only part you were foolish about was counting on Dad."

"Shhh! He'll hear you."

"Dad? No way. You know how he sleeps. He's out for the night. That gives me and you another chance to talk a little."

"No more, Shawn. We've been over and over this, and I've had enough. What I can't understand is how you could even think of doing this with your own mother. I mean, how could you even get 'interested' in me."

"You mean excited? Mom, you have to be kidding. You're one of the most beautiful women around. No kidding. All the guys at school go crazy when you walk by. Now THAT'S embarrassing for me. You should hear the comments they make."

"I think your imagination is just working overtime now."

"No it's not. Not one bit. Look at you. You've got such a great body."

"SHAWN! Don't you dare talk to your mother like that."

"I can't help it, Mom. I'm only telling the truth. Your tits are perfect, and your round ass is just too cute when you wear those jeans of yours."

"I'm not going to stand here and listen to any more of this. Either go watch TV or go to bed. NOW!"

That tone in my voice used to send Shawn scurrying. But, he didn't scurry. In fact, he took a step toward me and said, "I'd love to see you naked, Mom. I'd love to see you without these clothes, without your underwear. Just naked. To see these tits, your nipples."

With that he reached to cup my breasts, but I stopped him by grabbing hold of his wrists.

"Stop it! You're crossing the line, and I won't let that happen. I still think you're fooling yourself if you think you could perform sexually with your own mother. You'd just embarrass yourself!" I hissed the last words at him, trying to get him to feel some shame.

This time, it was his turn to grab MY wrist. In one swift motion, he took my right hand and thrust it past the loose elastic waistband of his running shorts. My hand came into contact with a rock-hard shaft of flesh. It was red hot and wet with precum. I tried to pull back, but he held me there while looking into my eyes.

"Does THAT feel like I'm embarrassed?"

Shawn let go of my hand, and I realized my fingers had involuntarily tried to encircle his penis. It was so thick, they didn't meet on the far side. He took hold of my wrist once more and pulled it gently up and down. My tightened fingers pulled the skin of his cock up towards the head and then down towards the base.

As if from a dream, I recoiled, and yelled at him: "GET OUT OF HERE!"

"Okay, Mom. For now. But, just think what this could do," he pointed to the huge bulge in his shorts, "to deliver my cum deep inside you where it needs to go to get you pregnant."

"Get out," I hoarsely whispered.

When he left, I looked down at my open palm. It was glistening with my son's juices.

Here it was--Monday. Arthur would be leaving tomorrow and I would be left with a showdown with my son. And, if I had to admit it, a showdown with myself. When this whole thing started just last week, it was all so clear to me. I would have still had my dream of someday having a baby through normal methods. But Shawn had come up with so many arguments for going behind Arthur's back and using his sperm to accomplish the deed.

It almost sounded reasonable when I thought about it all together. But, as easy a solution that might be, it was also so wrong I knew I could never go through with it. After all, he was my son, and not even old enough to know his own mind. He was still a child.

A child except in one major department. His huge cock. I couldn't believe he had forced me to touch it yesterday. I HOPE he forced me, because it was all hazy about what had actually happened. My fingers did actually tighten on it and jack it back and forth a little. But, I reasoned to myself, that's just a reflex and I shouldn't feel guilty about it.

"I'm still a woman, after all, and I was just responding," I said out loud to myself. I was finishing showering. I put on a fresh pair of white panties and a lacy bra. Over these I wrapped myself in my green robe and tied the belt tight.

All my thinking made me even more confused. The way my son was acting--was he trying to be helpful and solve the very real problem of my pregnancy, or was he merely a horny teen who saw an opportunity? I didn't know.

And my own shameful behavior. Had I been sexually unsatisfied for so long that the sight of a penis could make me act inappropriately with my own son. Maybe if Shawn had a normal penis all this wouldn't even be a question now. But, when I saw all that sperm of his, and how forcefully it shot out, and the density and volume of it, I think something in my body--the part that really wanted to have a baby--responded and craved it in a primal way that I still couldn't shake.

I think Shawn sensed that somehow. That he knew he had something that I needed desperately. Somehow he knew that on a basic male level. He felt the female want and need inside me to mate and bear a baby because of that mating.

He was using that against me, and I had to try with all my might to last these next few days, to do the right thing.

"Mandy! Do me a favor!" Arthur called from the bedroom.

I wished he would have done ME a favor and gotten me pregnant in the last ten years. Then all this would not be an issue.

"What do you want?" I called back.

"Go ask Shawn where my tackle box is. He used it last, and I want to pack it in the trunk of the car tonight. I have to leave early, you know."

I had been avoiding Shawn as much as possible. I couldn't even look him in the eye today, and talked as little as I could. Whenever I did look at him, my eyes couldn't help but go to his crotch, thinking of that thick monster that could be activated by thoughts of his own mother. He, on the other hand, acted as if nothing had happened. All he did was keep reminding me that it would be so simple for me to get pregnant with his help.

My bare feet made no sound as I approached Shawn's room. He had taken his shower before me, and I surmised he was already dressed. I knocked on the door.

"Shawn, your father needs his tackle box," I said.

"Come on in, Mom. It's not locked."

I sighed and rested my head against the closed door. I had entered his room a thousand times in the past without the slightest thought, but here I was, hesitant--maybe even afraid--to confront my son. I put my hand on the doorknob, turned it, and entered.

Shawn was standing in front of his mirror, brushing his hair back. He had his shower towel tied around his waist.

"You finished your shower too, I see," he said.

"Give me your father's fishing stuff and I'll leave you to finish dressing."

"It's in here someplace, Mom. I have to remember where. And, I can finish dressing while we look."

With that, he brought his hand to the top of the towel and pulled it off. He threw it on the bed, and stood there grinning at me--completely naked.

"Shawn! I'm leaving!" I tried to get to the door, but he got there first and pressed his naked back against it. I tried to reach around him and grab at the doorknob, but his hand was grabbing too--he hooked his fingers in the belt of my robe and undid it in one quick motion.

Before I could react, he opened it wide and looked at my scantily-clad body. My bra was semi-transparent, so I knew he could see my nipples. My panties were sheer white, putting the dark triangle of my pubic hair on display for his prying eyes.

"Very nice, Mom. You have an even better body than I imagined. I was hoping you were naked, though. We could fix that, you know."

Shawn then tried to wiggle his fingers into the waistband of my panties. I knew if I didn't stop him right there, they would be at my ankles in seconds. I grabbed his wrist--hard so he knew I meant business.

"No way you're going to see me naked, Shawn. No way."

"I figured you were a prude like that, so that's why I made my plan that I told you about." He let go of my panties, and stepped closer, so his face was only inches from mine.

"What plan?"

"My plan to deliver that big load of sperm right up to your eggs that are all ready for it. I figured you wouldn't want to be naked. No--that would be too normal and make you feel you're really doing something wrong. So I want you to be wearing your nightgown and robe, the one you're wearing right here, and have all the lights off. I come in the room in the dark, climb on top of you, do my part, and then I read that you should elevate your feet and hips for a few hours to let the sperm really have a chance to work before you let any drip out. I'll help you with that and then leave. Then we'll never talk about it again. That's my plan. All in the dark and all finished in just a few minutes. So simple."

I had to admit, it did sound simple and really quite antiseptic when you came down to it. It wasn't even like real sex, the way he was explaining it. Almost like a medical procedure.

Suddenly, I was aware of a pressure at the entrance of my vagina. While Shawn had been talking, he had gotten a massive erection that had found its way between my legs as we stood facing each other. All that separated a son's cock from his mother's vagina was the thin layer of fabric that made up the crotch of the panties.

I pulled away and retied my robe.

"Where's the damned tackle box, Shawn?"

"Right there, under the bed. The silver thing."

I looked and saw it tucked about two feet in. I went over and knelt down, reached in and pulled it out. When I went to stand up, Shawn was standing right in front of me, his enormous erect cock just inches from my face as I knelt.

I had seen it erect that one time through the crack of the door. That hadn't prepared me for the sight that was before me. It was long and thick and hard and shiny with that precum that he seemed to have in endless supply. Shawn was circumcised and the head of his penis was smooth and light purple, except for the rim of the mushroom-shaped flair--that was dark purple. It looked incredibly hard, and my mind went back to the feel of it. It throbbed gently up and down with his heartbeat.

It was beautiful while inducing a vague fear in me.

I had my left hand on the top of the bed, steadying my kneeling form. Shawn reached for it and guided it to his testicles. I seemed to be in a trance. Everything was in slow motion. He turned my palm up and made me cup and weigh his balls. They felt unnaturally heavy.

"I haven't jerked off since you saw me last week. All that's for you. All that sperm in my balls will be inside you tomorrow. That's going to finally make that baby."

"It's not going to happen, Shawn. There's no way on earth I'm going to allow that to happen with my own son, no matter how much I want a baby! No way, Shawn!"

"Don't you wonder what this will feel like deep inside you, Mom?"

He took my other hand and guided it to his shaft. My fingers automatically curved around it. I thought he would move my hand, but he let go of it completely. As if on its own, my hand gently, slowly, almost imperceptibly moved away from me and then reversed and came back. Then again. And again. My fingers tightened slightly, and the

squeeze sent a gooey string of precum dripping from the large, black hole that tipped Shawn's cock.

Before it could stretch and fall to the floor, Arthur's voice yelled from the other side of the house: "You find it?"

"Mom's got it!" Shawn yelled back.

It was as if I had awoken from a dream. I let go of those sperm-bloated balls and released my hold on his shaft with the other hand. I tried to push myself up to a standing position, but Shawn had his hand on my shoulder, making it impossible.

He said, "Here," and stepped forward. He took his right hand, grabbed his cock, and before I knew what was happening, he painted my closed lips with the juice I had just squeezed off the tip of his cock.

"Shawn!" I yelled while turning my head.

He helped me stand, put the handle of the tackle box into my hand, and put his arm around me as he guided me to the door. I turned to say something, say something about how this should have never have happened and that it was wrong, but he spoke first.

He stepped back, pointed to his cock, and said, "This is what's waiting for you tomorrow when we fuck!"

I was in a daze. I walked back to our bedroom, and just before handing Arthur the tackle box, licked my lips.

I awoke to the sounds of Arthur in the bathroom. I looked at the clock; it was 5 a.m. Early--then I realized he was leaving on his fishing trip. And, I realized this was the day Shawn had been waiting for.

Well, he was going to be a very disappointed boy. After today, all this drama would be a thing of the past and we could get on with our family life in a normal manner.

I reached to the nightstand out of habit and grabbed the oral thermometer. I took my temperature and looked at the reading: 99.5 degrees. What? That's almost a whole degree above normal. That meant Oh, no. It couldn't be. Not today.

I reached into my panties and inserted my middle finger deep into my vagina, close as I could to my cervix. I pulled it out and looked at the cervical mucous. I rubbed it between my fingers: it was smooth and clear, just like egg whites.

"Oh no," I said out loud, "I'm ...I'm ovulating. Of all days today--I'm ovulating! If Shawn fucked me today--with all that sperm--I'd get pregnant for sure."

Suddenly, I was shocked by what I had just said. That son of mine had my thinking all scrambled. I had to remember that there simply was no possibility that I would have sex with my own son. No possibility. It was just so wrong. That was incest. One of the strongest taboos in all societies. Shawn would have to learn that today.

There are some lines that can't be crossed.

I had to admit that he had done a lot in the past week to prove his case. He had laid out all the facts about why he was the only chance I had to have another child. He was probably right there. I was now resolved that Shawn would be my only. That was just how it had to be. I was 42 years old, and I would live out my life with one wonderful son. Period. I could get used to that, I guessed.

I was amazed at how Shawn's persuasiveness had almost seduced me. His cock had some hypnotic power, for sure. It was probably being so unsatisfied for so long sexually. I craved some affection, some closeness, some passion. All things that I hadn't felt in years (or maybe never). Shawn had asked me to imagine what his penis would feel like inside me.

"I'll never know," I whispered to myself.

Arthur came out of the bathroom and said, "I'm heading for the kitchen for a quick bite to eat. Why don't you get up and say goodbye?" He rushed out of the bedroom without waiting for an answer.

I got up and stumbled to the toilet. I pulled my panties down and sat to pee. Looking down, I noticed something I had never seen before: the inner crotch panel of my white panties was a light tan color. I ran my finger along the wide stain. It flaked up, layer after layer. I sat there puzzling about what this could be. Then it came to me:

"I got my panties wet last night. This is dried lubrication. Shawn--he must have got me horny. My own son must have gotten my vagina wet."

I sat there for a minute, ashamed of myself. It was one thing for a teenager with raging hormones to want to ejaculate at anything that moves. It's another for a mature woman to have her body ready itself for sex with her own son.

Arthur sat at the counter, having a cup of coffee and one of those toaster things. Shawn was up too. Arthur must have roused him for the "big sendoff."

"Shawn's telling me that you two have big plans while I'm gone," Arthur said.

A shock went through me. All the horrid shameful things that had transpired flashed before my mind. If Arthur ever found out about anything

"Yeah, Mom. Tell Dad how we're going to build something together." Shawn laughed, enjoying the inside joke he was thought he was sharing.

Thinking quickly, I said, "Errr, yeah, we're going to finally arrange all those loose photos into an album."

"Wow!" Arthur said. "I've been wanting to do that for years. I guess it took my son to do something his Dad couldn't!"

"Something you couldn't get done, Dad. I'm going to really enjoy seeing the look on your face when you see my handiwork."

Shawn looked straight into my eyes when he said this. His dad, of course, was clueless that his son's handiwork meant impregnating his wife.

Arthur finished and before leaving told Shawn, "You're the man of the house. Take good care of your Mom. Promise."

"Dad, you can count on me. I'll give her everything she wants most!"

Of course, Shawn knew what I wanted most was another child.

"Good, good," Arthur said. "See you on Thursday. You know what day THAT is, Mandy!"

He was wrong though. Thursday wasn't my day to ovulate as the calendar guessed. Today was.

"Now we're finally alone, Mom. I almost laughed when Dad talked about Thursday. Like that was going to be any different than all the other days he couldn't get the job done."

I sat there, sad and disappointed that what Shawn said was true. I absentmindedly said: "He was wrong, though."

"Wrong about what?" Shawn asked.

"Your father thought Thursday was my day to ovulate. I just found out this morning that it's today."

As soon as I said it, I knew I had made a mistake.

"Today? That's great! There's no way now I won't make you pregnant. Let's fuck right now!"

"I told you before, young man--it's not going to happen."

"Awww, Mom! Why not. It's all perfect, like fate is telling you that this is the right thing to do. Dad's away, your body's ready, I'm ready with a gigantic load of cum I've saved up just for you! Give me one reason this won't work."

"The reason is obvious. A man and a woman should be in love and married before they have a child. That's how I was bought up. End of subject."

"Mom, when it comes to loving you, there's nobody in the whole world that loves you more than me--including Dad. Admit it."

"Shawn, you don't understand. I know you love me, but that's a special love that a mother has with her son. That's very different from the feelings a man has for his woman, feelings that lead to making love together and having children."

"You've seen my feelings for you. I've never had such hardons, and I've never cum so hard as when I think about you, Mom."

"Shawn, young boys are like that. It changes when they get older. Women are different."

"Yeah, real different. Tell me how you felt when you touched my cock. Tell me how you feel when you think about it going deep inside you. I saw your face, how you looked at it. Look me in the eye and tell me you weren't horny too."

I thought of my own love juices that had caked my panties overnight and lied: "Of course I wasn't horny."

"You like that I have a big cock, though, right? In gym, in the locker room while changing, I look around and I've got the biggest cock by far. You like that, right?"

"No, some women prefer something smaller," I lied again.

"So--I'm bigger than Dad?"

I almost laughed at the comparison. Shawn was twice the size of his father.

"I won't get drawn into making comparisons between you and your father. He's a good man who works hard and provides for us."

"I'll take that as a yes to my question. I'm bigger than Dad. That's probably why he can't get you pregnant. It's just not reaching the target. Admit it, I would reach the target."

I was silent.

"Admit it, Mom!"

"Yes, Shawn, you would reach the target. But, the target is going to be out of reach. Get it?" I hoped that would be the end of the subject.

But Shawn kept going. "I'm thick too. Did you notice?"

How could I NOT notice--he had that cock I couldn't even fit my hand around. I kept silent.

"I bet I would stretch you like you've never felt before. How's that going to feel, Mom?"

Suddenly, I knew what that vague fear I had last night meant. Shawn was right. He was big--he was huge. Too big for my unstretched vagina. Arthur's penis barely registered--I could hardly feel when he was inside me. But, Shawn ... Shawn would tear me apart. I couldn't imagine accommodating something so huge. Maybe if I used that as an excuse, it could make Shawn back off.

"Shawn, I'm going to be honest with you. You're too big for me. That would only give me tremendous amounts of pain. You asked me to imagine that. I did, and it would be impossible to fit your penis inside me without tons of lubrication--then it would still be agonizing."

"Okay, Mom. Wouldn't want to hurt you. Let's go buy some photo albums so we can get that done for Dad. I'll get dressed."

He got up, kissed me on the cheek like he'd done a thousand times, and headed for his room. Just like that, it was over. I wasn't surprised I felt relieved; I was surprised I felt disappointed.

Later in the day, we drove to the nearby strip mall. It had a department store where we could get the albums and a few other items I had on a list. I loved making lists for important things. It clarified my mind. And right now, I needed a clear mind. In the mall was also where I got my nails done. I needed to stop there and make an appointment for next week.

For some reason the place was packed. We even had trouble finding a parking space. It didn't seem to bother Shawn, though. He sat there patiently as I searched for a space. I looked over at him and wondered if all that had gone on was a dream, or a nightmare, depending how you looked on it. He looked so small and young and innocent. Just like he appeared to be until last week when his whole crazy idea of getting me pregnant was started.

The aisles of the department store were crowded with shoppers. As we made our way through the aisles, I heard Shawn say, "Mom, I guess we don't need these, EVER!"

I looked, and he was holding a big box of condoms. He laughed, but I was shocked, and we got some strange looks from some nearby shoppers. I quickly tried to deflect any reference to conception ... or contraception, by complaining about the crowd.

"Did you see the lines? We'll never get out of here."

"Mom, why don't we slit up? Give me the list and I'll do the shopping. You go to your nail place and make your appointment. I hate hanging around there anyway, and it always takes a ton of time."

"Are you sure?" That sounded like a great idea to me. My little boy WAS growing up. And this time in just the right way.

"Sure. Give me the list and some money and I'll meet you at the car. I'll use the spare car key Dad gave me to open it up."

"You won't drive away just to show how grown up you've become?" I kidded and laughed.

It turned out to be an excellent idea, because there was also a long line at the nail salon. Some older women, but lots of young mothers too. There were toddlers exploring every shiny item and there were infants in strollers and mothers' arms. One was crying right in front of me while the frazzled mother tried to make her appointment.

"Let me," I offered, and put my arms out to take the baby from her.

"Oh, that would be such a help," the new mom said. "I just don't seem to have enough hands sometimes since little Tina came along." She handed me her baby, and I held it close to me.

I started the mother's sway back and forth that always soothes a child. She stopped crying immediately. I kissed the top of Tina's head, then put my cheek against it.

"Wow!" the mom said. "You sure have the magic touch. You must have lots of kids."

"Just the one. One boy. His name is Shawn and he's 18. More grown up every day."

"Tell Shawn he's got a great mother and that he's a lucky boy," she said. She was done at the counter and held her hands out for her child. I took one long last look before I gave up the little bundle.

I made my appointment and headed to the car. Shawn was there, listening to his iPod that he knew how to hook up to the speakers.

"Turn that down, young man," I said over the blasting volume. "Did you have enough money to get everything?"

"Plenty. I even had enough to get us a surprise!"

"What's the surprise?" I asked, thinking it was some snack or a DVD in the \$5 bin.

"You'll see when we get home," he smiled.

Shawn carried the bags into the house and put everything away. Then he stood in front of me with something behind his back.

"Close your eyes and hold out your hands," he said.

I did as instructed, and was rewarded with a small cardboard package.

"Okay, open your eyes, Mom!"

I looked down and saw a white box with light-blue writing. In big letters it said "Pre-Seed." In smaller letter underneath, it said "fertility-friendly lubricant."

"Shawn--what IS this?" My mind was again a jumble.

"This morning when you said you would need lubricant because I was so big, it made me do some research."

"Shawn, we're not going to need this. I thought we had this straightened out."

"Mom, most of the lubricants hurt the sperm. This one doesn't. So you can use this and it'll make it easy for me to get inside you without hurting you, and the stuff won't hurt your chances of getting pregnant tonight. It comes with applicators for the inside, and you rub some on the outside so everything slides nice and easy."

"Shawn, this isn't going to happen. I told you that. I know you thought that hurting me physically was the last obstacle, but--"

"Mom, I put the stuff in the car today and then walked over to the nail place. I saw you helping that lady with her baby. Mom, think how it will be when you have your own baby again. Think how much you'll love it and take care of it. Think how lucky that baby will be to have you as a Mom. And how lucky I'll be to finally have a brother or sister in the family."

I didn't say anything, but thought over his words. He got up and headed towards his room.

He turned back to me just before he left the room and said, "Mom, today's the day, and we don't want to lose this chance, this last chance ... do we?"

I plopped myself down at the kitchen table and stared into space. How could he be so right about something that was absolutely, incredibly wrong? My mind was whirling.

I fumbled open the Pre-Seed package and read all the instructions several times. I checked out the applicators and it sounded pretty easy. I even checked online for reviews, and it seemed Shawn had picked the perfect product that everybody loved.

I thought of Shawn's words and I thought of that little, warm gift of life I had held earlier.

"Gift of life," I said out loud. Those words started ringing through my mind. I grabbed a piece of paper and a pen, and did what I did whenever I was confused or trying to clarify my thinking: I made a list.

"Shawn, turn off the TV."

He was lying on the couch. Had been for hours while I agonized over our situation. It was starting to get dark, and the task of the photo albums never came up again.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking. About everything. Although everything in me says "no" and that it's a terrible idea, there have been just so many things happening that point exactly in the opposite direction to 'yes.' Do you know what I'm saying, Shawn?"

"Maybe, Mom. If what you're saying is you're thinking about letting me make you pregnant tonight."

"Yes, I'm thinking about it. Thinking about it seriously for the first time, like it could be a real possibility. You have to realize, this would be a big step. A big step for both of us. I would become a mother, but I've been a mother for a long time and I'm used to it. The other side of things is that you could become a father. Are you ready for something like that. Can you even imagine what that would feel like?"

"I thought about it, but won't know what it feels like until the baby's born. Until our baby's born and I know it's all real. But, if something good happens when somebody's loved, then I don't know who could love a baby more than you. And the only person I love in this whole world is you, Mom, and I think I would feel the same for someone we both made together."

I was speechless. I thought he would have no clue and would shrug or say "I dunno" or something. I thought I was going to give him a dose of reality. Instead, he showed a maturity beyond his years.

I brought up the piece of paper with my list written on it.

"A list, Mom. Really?"

He knew me too well.

"Remember, I still hadn't made up my mind, but IF, and I do mean IF this is going to happen, these are the conditions. If you whine or argue or don't follow these to the letter--the answer is 'no.' Understood?"

Shawn looked kind of dazed himself. Maybe he never dreamed his plan could really work. I read him the list:

"One--lights are off. We do this totally in the dark. It will be hard enough to process what's going on without looking at the face of my son or having him look at me."

"Two--I will be wearing my nightgown, which I will pull up just enough. You will be wearing your pajama tops. The only contact our bodies will have is where it counts to conceive. And, remember--conception is the only reason we're doing this."

"Three--no talking. I don't want to hear your voice until you're ready to ejaculate. I need to know that moment to hold myself in the best position."

"Four--when you do ejaculate, you stop any long thrusts and press yourself as deep inside me as you can. We have to try to get as much sperm near my cervix as possible. The cervix is--"

"Mom, I've seen the diagrams. The cervix sits above the vagina and is the entrance to the womb where the sperm meets the egg."

If he hadn't been so right, I would have scolded him for interrupting.

"Five--when you've finished ejaculating, you don't pull out for two minutes. This plugs me up for that time and doesn't give the sperm a quick chance to drip out. We need as much as possible to remain within me."

"Six--when you do pull out, you do it slowly and gently. And, speaking of gently, when you first enter my vagina, you do it very slowly, just a little bit, and then pull out to the

tip of your penis, and then in a little more, then out--until finally, you're totally inside me. I'll use that lubricant you bought. It says I put it in 15 minutes before intercourse, so that's when this process begins. You know you've got a big penis, and I've never experienced something like that, so we have to go easy or you'll really hurt me. And, who knows if that will lessen the chances of this working."

"Seven--after you've pulled out, you get the pillows I'll have ready, and you tuck them under my bottom so I'm tilted up. That way all the sperm will be headed in the right direction. I have to wait in that position for about 20 minutes."

"Eight--when you finish with the pillows, you leave. Not a word said. You just leave."

"Nine--after tonight, we never talk of this again. Ever. If I get pregnant, we all say it's dad's baby. We have to always make him think it's his--forever. You never even talk to me about this in private. I want to concentrate on the baby and not that my own son got his mother pregnant."

"Ten--this is a one-time deal. I can't ever go through this turmoil again."

I waited and looked at Shawn. He raised his hand. I had to laugh. "What? Questions?"

"Just two: when will you know for sure we're going to do this--for sure? And, my other question is: when do we fuck ... I mean make a baby?"

"I'll make up my mind and tell you at dinner. If it's 'yes,' I'll put in the lubricant at 8:45. At nine o'clock, come to my bedroom."

I spent the next hours in a mental battle like I've never experienced before. I never had so many doubts and reversals of thought. One minute I thought I had an answer, and the next I had a perfectly sound answer in the opposite direction. It was maddening.

Finally, I made dinner and called Shawn. We ate mostly in silence. I cleared the dishes, and Shawn at last said: "Well?"

I was at the sink. I dried my hands, looked him in the eye, and said, "See you at nine o'clock!"

You screwed the applicator onto the tube containing the lubricant. The applicator had marks on it to show how much was in there. I used a little more than was recommended to be sure. Then I rubbed some on my vaginal slit, coating my labia.

I slipped my nightgown over my head. It reached almost to the floor, covering everything from neck to ankles. I looked at the clock: 8:55.

I sat on my bed with the nightstand light on and started chanting, "What am I doing? What am I doing? What am I doing?"

Doubts and fears at the actuality of having sex with my own son suddenly overwhelmed me. I was stunned at what I had been contemplating and ashamed at what I had already put my son through. I had led him on when I thought I could go through with this. But now I knew I couldn't.

My bedroom door quietly opened, and there stood Shawn in his blue pajamas. Behind him, the whole house was in darkness.

"Mom, why is the light on?"

"Shawn. Come here, baby. Your Mom is just a foolish woman with some high hopes that weren't realistic."

Shawn walked over to me and stood close above me while I sat on the bed.

"Don't tell me you changed your mind?"

"I'm afraid I have. I had to. It would be so wrong to make you do this. Wrong for both of us. Wrong for your father, too. To deceive him. I can't do it, Shawn."

"Mom, you thought this all out. You know in your heart that it's the right thing, that you deserve a baby after waiting and trying all those years. You know what a good home you'll give it, the love and caring it will get. And as for Dad, he'll be the proudest guy in town. We've come this far, and now we're this close."

"Shawn, don't confuse me again. I've thought this through a million times."

"Maybe thinking isn't what we need right now, Mom."

And with those words, my son let his pajama bottoms fall to the floor. He stepped out of them and moved towards me. His already-erect penis was at the level of my neck.

"Shawn, stop it. That isn't going to work this time." I turned my head away and closed my eyes. I felt Shawn's small hand brush over my hair several times, smoothing it and somehow soothing me.

"Mom, look. Look at what you do for me. Look at my cock. It's ready right here, right now to deliver all that cum right to your eggs. It's only a foot away and a few minutes from getting done what you've wanted for over ten years. Look at it." He whispered the last words.

My eyes opened and I turned my head toward that magnetic force. The nightstand light showed veins bulging on his penis, flowing hot blood to engorge it to that awesome length and thickness and hardness.

"I need you to go, Shawn."

Instead, he took my right hand and guided it to his cock. It felt even hotter than it had before. I looked at it in my hand and knew it would never fit inside me. It would split me in two.

"I need you to go, Shawn," I said again, my voice fainter than the last time.

But, my hand tightened on the long shaft of my son's penis. I pulled toward me and then away from me. I gave it several slow unconscious strokes. The precum started flowing. That lubricant started its copious production. As my eyes focused on it, I felt Shawn's hand go to the back of my head and gently pull my face toward the juicy tip of his penis. I remembered what he had done, brushing my lips, and resisted, shaking my head in a "no" gesture.

"No, Shawn, I'm your Mother. Besides, I've never done that--even for your father.

But, his hand was steady, pulling me ever closer. This time, when I felt the contact of the gooey, spongy tip of his penis touch me, my lips slightly parted and the tip of my tongue flicked out, capturing sour and salty taste of my son's fluids.

He took his hand from my head, and I angled his cock up towards my mouth. I licked all the juice off the end, then swirled my tongue around the whole purple head. I swallowed hard, ingesting what he had offered to me. But, then, with one last push of willpower, I let go of my grip, and implored one more time:

"Shawn, I need you to go! Right now!"

"No, Mom," he said. "You don't need me to go. You need me to fuck you. Right here! Right now! Say it, Mom. Say it!"

He turned off the light, and put his hands on either side of my face and tilted it towards his.

In the darkness, I whispered, "Shawn, I need you to fuck me. Right here, right now!"

He let go of my face and guided me back onto the bed. I positioned myself, lifted my butt and raised up my nightgown to my hips. I put my feet flat on the mattress and tilted my knees to the sides.

Shawn climbed between my legs and got close. I reached between us and found that beautiful boycock. I guided him slowly forward until the tip of his cock met my thick, dark pubic hair. I pulled it up and down my vaginal slit three times to coat as much of the shaft with lubricant as possible. Then I positioned him at the tight entrance of my vagina.

"Forward, Shawn. Easy," I whispered.

Obediently, hips gave a slight nudge. The elastic ring of my vagina stretched and admitted maybe half the head.

"Aaahhh ..." escaped my lips. I put my hands on his slim hips and pushed him back a little, then pulled him forward slowly. The whole head of my son's penis penetrated me. I pushed back yet again and then forward until the head and an inch slipped inside.

"Ohhh ... so big, Shawn. So thick. I don't know ... I don't know."

Shawn must have sensed that I was having second thoughts, because he now took control. He started his own pace and rhythm of introducing more and more of himself inside me. If I had been in control, I would have given it up as an impossible task.

"Shawn, it's too much--I can't take it! Too thick"

He broke one of the rules by saying, "Relax, Mom, relax--we're halfway there."

Halfway? His penis was already exploring regions his father never had reached.

"Easy ... go easy," I whispered. Then, I tried to take Shawn's advise and relax. I breathed deeply and tilted my hips up at him.

Relentlessly now, he plunged deeper on every slow thrust. A strange thing happened after about the fifth repetition: the pain started to subside and be replaced by a strange pressure deep within me.

Finally, I felt Shawn's sparse pubic hair intertwining with mine.

"I'm all the way in you, Mom. All the way. How does it feel?"

"Shhh, baby. No talking," I whispered. I didn't have the words to tell him what an explosion of sensations and emotions were cascading over me at the moment. To think that I had that monster cock all the way inside my tight, underused vagina boggled my mind.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Mom. I'm going to fuck you."

"Do it, baby, do it now. Remember to tell me when you cum." I'm lucky under the circumstances to have remembered to tell him that. It was easy to forget at this point that the whole purpose here was for him to fuck a baby into me.

Shawn pulled almost all the way out, leaving just the tip in. Then he thrust home--hard.

"Aggghhh!" I screamed.

Again and again Shawn fucked that wonderful cock in and out of his mother. I kept making noises in his ear that no son should probably hear.

"Ohhh, Mom!" his hoarse voice groaned. "I'm gonna cum."

"Deep, Shawn, go deep and stay there while you cum, baby!"

I took my feet off the mattress and wound them around my son's waist. I hooked my ankles together and raised my hips towards his and tightened as hard as I could, holding him as deeply inside my vagina as possible. I swear I could feel the head of his penis hitting my cervical opening.

"Oohhhhhh! I'm cumming. Ahhhh! Ahhhh!" he panted!

"Give it to me, Shawn! Cum inside mommy! Cum hard!" I urged in the vague direction of the ceiling.

He did as he was told and stayed deep inside me. His only movement were tight little jerks of his hips. Probably timed with his cries of "ahhh!" He yelled that twelve times. And I knew that twelve thick streams of sperm were filling me as I had never been filled before.

He collapsed on top of my body. Compared to his father. He had no weight at all.

I rubbed his back and hugged him close. After about two minutes, he stirred. He pulled his shrinking penis from me. There was a little vacuum-breaking sound when he fully emerged.

Without talking, he took the pillows I had laid out and tucked them under my bum and legs like I guided him to do.

"Mom?" he said.

"No talking, Shawn. Now go."

He picked up his pajama bottoms and left, a virgin no more. I had taken that; I had taken my own son's virginity.

I lay there in the darkness for a long time, more than a half hour, before I felt the need to pee. I switched on the bathroom light, peed, and wiped myself. I looked at the toilet tissue--a gooey mess of lubricant, cum, and my own juices.

As I washed my hands, I looked at the woman staring back at me. I was a woman changed. Who I was now, I didn't know, but I would never be the same. I talked to that woman and said:

"Your son just fucked you. You're full of his seed."

Shawn was already up and in the kitchen the next morning.

"Hi, Mom," he said when I walked in.

I didn't know what he would be like today, the morning after.

"I made my own breakfast," he said.

Everything seemed normal. But, how normal could that be from now on. My son had intercourse with me, his own mother. For all I knew, he could have mated with me, giving me his child.

"Sleep well?" I asked my usual daily question.

"The best, and you know why? Because of what we did last night."

"Shawn, we agreed we'd never talk about THAT. Now keep your promise."

"Okay, but it's awesome that when I look at you this morning, I know you're full of my cum. That's awesome. Some of me is still inside you swimming around, alive. Didn't you think about that?"

Of course I had thought about that very thing. The fact that I did have seed inside me was one thing. That could have been done artificially with the same end effect. The thing that nagged at me, gave me twinges of guilt and shame, was how it got there. It was delivered from the end of a massive cock. And that cock happened to belong to my young son. After a week of planning, conniving, scheming, cajoling, persuading, and seducing--Shawn had succeeded in fucking his mother.

"I'm only thinking that we did what had to be done. And now we'll wait to see what happens. All the rest, like I said, is never to be spoken of again."

Shawn shrugged, and went back to eating his cereal. I breathed a little easier.

Then he asked, "When will we know, know if it worked?"

I really didn't want to get into it, but he probably deserved an answer since he was the other half of the pregnancy equation. "When a woman misses her period, then she knows she's pregnant. I have the most regular periods of any woman I know. It comes on the dot. That means in two weeks. There are some pregnancy tests you can buy that say you can tell even earlier than that. But, I'll know in two weeks for sure if it worked."

"Cool. It probably worked for sure. Especially with all the extra stuff we did to keep all my cum inside you."

"Shawn, no more talk of that process or your sperm or cum or anything. That's in the past now and that's where it should stay."

"Yeah, I know. But, I was thinking, after all that work, we should make sure."

"Make sure?"

"Yeah. Dad's not coming home until tomorrow. We should do it again tonight to give us a better chance. Like a guarantee. Double our chances."

"I should have known better. I knew you wouldn't follow the rules. You know how hard it was for me to do that last night. I'm lucky I've made it through this sane so far. So, don't you dare push it."

"See, Mom. We look at it different. You think it would be hard to repeat, but I think it would be easy."

"Oh, and why is that?" I asked.

"Because we did all the hard stuff already. We got the lubricant and you learned how to use it. You know it works great. So there's one big thing out of the way. You thought up all the rules. That took lots of time and energy. You were afraid I was too big for you and I would hurt you. Well, you were able to get through the whole thing fine. So you don't have to be afraid of that any more."

What he was saying made a lot of sense. I hated to admit that. But, I had made my mind up. "The answer is a big 'NO!' So quit with giving your little speech."

"The biggest part, Mom, is that we already did it. We did it and here we are. I still love you and you still love me. Nothing exploded and made things super weird or anything. And, if we do it again tonight, there's nothing new that we haven't experienced already. We just give ourselves a better shot at what this is all about, getting you pregnant."

I was silent, staring into space. A second dose of sperm couldn't hurt, and it very well might help, depending on how fast my egg traveled down my fallopian tubes to my womb.

"Dad's not home, and it would be a shame to miss this opportunity that's just staring us in the face. Come on, Mom. We've already done it. Doing it again can only be a good thing and help you."

I felt I had to come up with some reason not to repeat the drama of last night. "It wouldn't help. Look on your internet and see that the experts say to do it every other day."

"Yeah, I read all about that. And that's because some guys don't have enough sperm. They have to save up forever to get a drop or two. Dad's probably like that."

"I won't have you talking about your father. He--"

"Mom, you see how much I cum. I can make a huge mess three or four times a day, believe me. Tonight would NOT be a problem that way."

"And, have you made a mess today, or last night. Did you jerk off already today?" I thought that would set him back on his heels a little.

"No. And you know, I thought I would have wanted to, kinda thinking about you and me. But, when I think about it, I don't get horny, I just feel satisfied. Does that sound weird?"

My heart melted. I wanted to go over and hug and kiss my son, just like I had before last night. To squeeze my little boy close to me. But, this situation required a more controlled response. A more mature one.

"The same rules?" I said.

"Huh?"

"If we do this again, the same rules will apply--agreed?"

"Sure, Mom. You saw I did pretty good last night considering. It's pretty hard to remember all the stuff I can't do while I'm in a situation that doesn't let me think too much."

I had to admit it--Shawn did perform well. He did great. Now I hoped it would go as well tonight.

"Then, I'll expect you at the same time tonight."

We had a curiously normal day together. We got the photo albums done, did errands, had our meals--all without a mention of our previous night, or what was planned for that evening.

About mid-afternoon, Arthur called:

"This office stuff drives me crazy. You know what I mean?" he complained. He was always complaining.

"How was the fishing?" I hoped that would get him in a better mood.

"Didn't catch a thing. well, nothing big enough to enter into the fishing derby. But, any day on the water is a good day, right?"

"Yeah, right," I said.

"Shawn behaving himself?"

"He's fine," I said. Of course I left out the part where he had fucked me, stretching me way beyond his dad's dick was capable. I also left out that I had licked his cock before having it shoot me full of sperm.

"Sometimes I don't know about that kid, if he'll ever start growing up."

"I think he's becoming a fine young man, Arthur. Don't be so hard on him." I laughed to myself when I heard I had said "hard on." That had a whole new meaning when I thought of Shawn. That massive thing between his legs. In fact, that massive thing between MY legs when we fucked.

"Just don't make him a momma's boy."

I didn't know if trying to get his mother pregnant helped or hurt that. I just said, "Don't worry, he's turning out to be a smart, well-adjusted, level-headed boy."

"I'll take your word for it, because I'm not seeing it. I wonder if he'll ever be able to do the things I do."

I knew Shawn was already better at one thing--fucking. A strange thing for a mother to know.

"Okay, gotta go," he finished. I'll be home tomorrow. You know what tomorrow is? The big day. For some reason, I think this is it, Mandy. I just got that feeling."

"That's great, Arthur. You know I'm not usually optimistic after all these years, but I have a special feeling about this month too." I was definitely telling the truth!

"See you tomorrow. Be all ready for me when I get there, and I'll do that thing you love so much, and deliver the goods. I'll call when I'm an hour away so you can get Shawn out of the house while we do our thing."

"See you tomorrow, Arthur." He was sooo delusional.

I sat on my bed, nightgown on. I was surprised at how calm I was compared to the previous night. Maybe Shawn was right and all the hard work had been done. Even applying the lubrication had gone quicker and easier. He was certainly correct about increasing our chances of getting pregnant.

I had said "our chances." That's the first time I had really unconsciously included Shawn. After all, he would become a father. It would be "our" baby. Being mom and son wouldn't change that.

Precisely at 9 o'clock, my bedroom door swung open. Just as the night before, there was no light behind Shawn. "Hi, Mom," he said, as calmly as if he were walking to the refrigerator for a soda instead of walking over to his mother to spew gobs of potent sperm into her womb.

He dropped his pajama bottoms again, then asked, "Do you mind if I take off the top too? Last night the collar was cutting into my neck.

I thought for a second and didn't see how that was going to change the world. "Yeah, that's fine." He pulled it over his head, and there stood before me my short, thin son-- all 100 pounds of him. From what I was seeing of his penis as it rose to its full throbbing peak, 10 pounds of that had to be in his cock.

I reached for the light, but Shawn said, "Mom, please. Like last night," and walked closer. I sighed, but didn't need any coaching.

I cupped his balls in one hand and grasped his cock with the other. I smiled up at him, jiggled his balls a little and asked, "Where is the contents of these going?"

"Deep in your pussy, Mom. Where it belongs."

I jacked his penis gently and slowly. He responded with that clear, super-slippery fluid that I was becoming accustomed to seeing. He stepped forward, aiming at my face. I knew what he wanted, so I relented without having him beg. My tongue played with the tip of his cock, this time almost greedy to taste and gather what it was offering. I cleaned the entire head, like the night before, and then Shawn said, "Mom, please, suck it."

"I told you, Shawn. I don't do that."

"Please, Mom. Just a little."

The look in his eyes was full of hope and desire. It made me wish I could feel that too. I opened my mouth wide. I couldn't believe how thick it was. After the first half of his cock's head threaded into my mouth, my lips were painfully stretching wide as I got to the shaft. Shawn put a hand to the back of my head and guided himself deeper into my mouth. He didn't use force, but gentle insistence. His cock hit the back of my throat by the time I got halfway.

I knew I would gag if went any further, so I pulled back and released the head. I licked at the new juices there.

"Suck it, Mom," Shawn whispered.

I returned about 3 inches of his cock to my mouth and sucked until my cheeks hollowed. Then I bobbed my head three or four times. I thought to myself, "Shawn got me to give him a blowjob!"

But, it was Shawn who stopped me. He pulled out of my mouth and said, "I don't want to waste anything outside your pussy." He then shut off the light, urged me onto the bed to assume my position, and then climbed on the bed himself.

I had again hiked up my nightgown, but Shawn said in the darkness, "Come on, Mom ... take off your nightgown. I want to see you naked. I want us to be naked together."

For some reason, that nightgown seemed to represent my final shred of dignity, my final covering of this act in decency. I couldn't take it off.

"No, Shawn. It's like this or not at all. That's final." There must have been something in my voice that told him he was on the delicate balance of fucking or not fucking. He chose "fucking."

He positioned himself between my legs, and this time he swiped up and down along my vaginal slit himself, thoroughly saturating his whole length with lubricant. I could tell already he was much more confident than the night before.

"Ready, Mom?"

"Yes. Go easy."

Shawn stretched a new set of lips with his marvelous cock. My pussy lips. The tip and head and shaft flowed in much smoother and easier than the night before. There was hardly any discomfort tonight.

I gave one long "Aaaahhhh!" when he hit bottom. He stayed there for a few beats, and then pulled out, and back in. All in slow motion. Then he started to rhythmically thrust. Unlike the night before, when my hips were still, tonight, my hips unconsciously tilted and my butt raised off the bed to meet my son.

I realized that not only was he fucking me, but--I was fucking him. My body was fucking him.

"Oh, Mom, this is so great," he whispered in my ear.

"Shawn, I said no talking."

"I wanted you to know, if this is the last time we ever do this, how beautiful I think this is. That's all."

Beautiful. That's the word he used to describe it. Tears flowed out of my eyes and ran into my ears, feeling cold.

Now consciously I started to thrust my hips up at him. I was going to give him a great fuck. He responded and his speed and intensity increased until he cried out: "MOM! MOM! I'M CUMMING!"

He remembered to thrust deep and stay there. I again raised my legs and this time grabbed his butt and pulled hard to give him that extra penetration. I could feel his cockhead swell with each ejaculation. I bet there was even more tonight than last night.

Then it was over and he rested on top of me. "So good, so good," he whispered.

He waited dutifully and then pulled out, careful not to spill a drop. He expertly positioned the pillows under me, and as he was ready to leave asked, "Mom, did you cum too because--"

"No, Shawn. I didn't cum. That would mean that I was having sexual desires, and that's not what this is all about. It's about something biological for me. It's about trying to have a baby."

He turned and left, and I could sense a disappointment in him, like he didn't completely get the job done because I hadn't been satisfied. He probably mistook my movements for orgasm. Little did he know that I had never had a real orgasm. Arthur sure never could fulfill me, and masturbation hit all my guilt buttons because of the way I had been raised, so that was out of the question.

Right now I was kind of happy. A different mood from last night. I was happy that I was full of a fluid that could fulfill me in another way. As an expectant mother.

As I drifted off to an exhausted sleep, I whispered to no one in particular, "I'll probably never have an orgasm."

Morning came, and with it came a different problem I hadn't foreseen: jealousy. Shawn seemed fine until I mentioned the phone call from his dad. I shouldn't have mentioned that his dad wanted to have sex as soon as he got home because "this" was the day.

"You can say no to him you know," Shawn said.

"He's my husband, and husbands expect to have sex with their wives. You should know that."

"Well, do you like having sex with him?" Shawn asked.

"I'm not going to discuss my sex life with my son," I stated.

"So, you'll have sex with your son, but a discussion about it is out of the question. Do you know how crazy that sounds, Mom?"

It's then it dawned on me that Shawn was feeling possessive. After the last two nights of having a "woman" to himself--notwithstanding that the woman in question was his own mother--all of a sudden he was losing her to another man. That man happened to be his dad.

I would try a different angle. "Shawn, think of this as part of your plan."

"What plan is that, Mom?"

"The plan to get me pregnant and make dad believe it's his baby. He thinks today is the day because I had guessed about it and circled it on the calendar. All the indicators, though, proved that the real day was Tuesday, two days ago. That when you and I made love for the first time. That's when you gave me that wonderful gift you had saved up for me. That's the night you filled me up with your sperm."

"And again last night," Shawn said. A little bit of the anger and frustration had drained out of his voice.

"And again last night. Like you said then--it was beautiful."

"So if dad has sex with you today ...?"

"He'll think it's his baby if I'm pregnant. If we don't have sex and I'm pregnant, what do you suppose he'll think?"

"That you're fooling around, I guess," he said.

"There would be lots of trouble for me. The family would never survive that. The funny part is, you know I would never do that to your father with another man. I could only have done it with you, Shawn. Done it with someone I love and respect. And--look at all the convincing it took for even you to get to this point."

"Yeah, I guess. But, it doesn't mean I have to like it. Is there any chance that dad could get you pregnant today?"

"Shawn, I can't say that it definitely couldn't happen, but let's look at the facts. Your father hasn't been able to do it in the ten years we've been trying, no matter how hard I tried with every method possible. Add to that that he's trying on the wrong day. And on top of that, I'm so filled to the top with your sperm, which has had a 48 hour head start--that he could never catch up."

"Yeah. I guess that makes sense. I just wish I knew you were pregnant right now before he got home. "

"I do too. I can't wait to find out, believe me, but it'll be weeks before we know."

"Another thing," Shawn said.

"What's that," I asked as I walked over to hug him. I rubbed his head as he rested it on my chest.

"Does Dad make you cum?"

"Shawn, I told you--"

"Mom, this is important to me. Please."

I sighed. I should have known that sexual relations complicate things, especially a situation like the relationship between a mother and her son. Things--functions, responsibilities, roles--they were all getting jumbled up because of what we had done. I decided that honesty here was my best course of action.

"Shawn, your father doesn't make me cum. I have never had an orgasm with him. In fact, I don't think I've ever really had an orgasm. I think growing up in such a strict home made me think that was bad or a sign of weakness, or something."

"Does he at least get you horny a little?"

"No, Shawn, your father doesn't excite me in that way at all. But, he's a good man and it's my duty to try and please him. Now, that's enough questions."

"Just one more. Did I get you horny at all?" He took his head off my bosom and looked me straight in the eyes.

I knew it was important to be honest with him, and in my heart, I knew I had to also be honest with myself.

"That part of me has been dead for so long, I don't really know what it feels like. But, whenever I saw your penis this week, from the first time I saw you jerking off, something inside me quivered and vibrated in a way I couldn't explain, even to myself."

"My cock did that?"

"Uh-huh. And when I touched it, felt how hard and big it was, a tingle went through my body. Time seemed to stop and I wanted to just keep touching it no matter what. You got me to put my mouth on it, something last week I never would have guessed I'd ever do to ANYBODY in a hundred years."

"So you're saying I got you horny?"

"I guess I'm saying it, admitting it to myself for the first time." I hugged him close again.

Then my cell phone rang. It was Arthur.

"I'm on my way," he said. "About an hour away. I want you ready the minute I come in the door, so have Shawn visit some of his friends or go to a movie or something. I don't want him hanging around when his dad is taking care of his lady, if you know what I mean."

"I understand," was all I said and hung up.

"Dad?" Shawn guessed, probably from the look on my face.

"Yes. He'll be home in an hour, and he wants you gone by then so there are no interruptions with his big plans. I have to take a quick shower. Here's some money. Walk downtown and see that movie you've been talking about."

Shawn took the money, looked at it a moment, and said, "Okay. I'll wait until you're done your shower to say goodbye to you."

"Shawn, it's not like we'll never see each other again. Come on, don't make a big deal about this. It's just something that needs taking care of."

"I know, Mom, but it's still kind of hard to go through. I'll be in my room when you're done."

He turned and walked away.

The hot shower felt good on my skin. I kept my head under the spray for a long time. If only it could rinse away all my doubts, weaknesses, sadness, and fears as easily as it washed my outer self.

I dried off and put on my dark silk robe. Arthur liked that one.

I didn't bother with my slippers and walked barefoot to Shawn's room. I knocked softly.

"Shawn?"

"Come on in, Mom."

He was still in his running shorts and T-shirt.

"Shawn, you're not dressed. Your father will be home in a half hour, so you'd better get going."

"I know, I know. I had to look some stuff up on the internet. Something I needed to know."

"You and that internet. Always surprising me with something you've learned."

"You know, Mom, it's not fair."

"What's not fair."

"That I had a whole bunch of rules to follow, which, you have to admit, I did. And, Dad gets to have no rules whatsoever."

"Your dad is a grown man."

"And I was doing something grown men do too, trying to make a baby. Remember that. And you set a bunch of rules down."

"I thought it best to put some limits on things, Shawn. It all worked out, didn't it?"

"You know what rule hurt the most, the one that bothers me most?"

I didn't know what to tell him except to ask, "Which one, baby?"

"The nightgown. That you had to wear the nightgown. And, it had to be in the dark. So like we were strangers. I never got to see your body. I never got to see you naked. Dad's going to see you and just take it for granted today. And yet I've never in my whole life seen you naked and we just spent the last two days trying to make a baby."

"Shawn"

"Even you have to admit it's not fair." With that, he walked over to me and put his hands on the tie to my robe.

"Shawn. NO! Your father will be home soon. We don't have time for this now."

"Let me see your body, Mom." He tried to tug at my sash, but I held my hands tight on it.

"Shawn, I'm not wearing anything under here."

"Good. I've felt that great body under me and against me, but you never let me see it. I want to see it now. Now before I leave. Now before Dad gets to see it for the millionth time and not appreciate it."

His hands kept tugging. His words drained the will from my hands to hold on any longer, and I dropped them to my side, giving Shawn his opportunity. He slowly loosened the belt, and I felt the front of my robe open, exposing my breasts and pubic area to my son's sight.

"Oh, Mom," he said. "You're so beautiful."

My eyes were shut. Somehow, even after all we'd both shared recently, this embarrassed me. For some reason, I didn't want to see my own son's eyes devour me.

He got close and pulled the robe open further, peeled it up over my shoulders. "No, Shawn, please don't," I whispered, knowing that it wouldn't help.

He continued and then let the robe fall off me, all the way to the floor. I stood in front of my son, completely naked for the first time.

He spent a moment there, I felt him breathing heavier, My eyes still closed. Then he circled around me and stopped. I knew he was looking at my ass. He stepped forward from behind and put his hands on my shoulders with a light touch. He glided his hands down my arms while kissing the back of my neck. His hands stroked my waist and then reached in front of me to my stomach, rubbing my abdominals, then higher to my ribs. They went higher still until they reached my breasts.

"Shawn ... the time."

But, time was standing still for my son. He cupped my heavy breasts and ran his fingers over them. My sensitive nipples sprang erect under his touch. And speaking of erect, I could feel his hardness prodding my naked butt crack through his shorts.

"Thirty-eight D. I saw that on your bra. Your tits are awesome, Mom. He gave them another squeeze before his right hand drifted down to my stomach, down, down, down, inching toward my thick pubic bush.

"No, Shawn, not that too." But I didn't stop him like I knew I should.

His small fingers combed through my pubic hair, lightly. He reached all the way between my legs and then pulled his hand back, his middle finger lingering at the entrance of my vagina and then parting my labia as he traced all the way to the top of my triangle. He kissed my back again and then grasped my arms and turned me slowly around to face him. My eyes closed, I didn't have any hint of what he was about to do.

Without warning, he lowered his head and sucked my right nipple into his mouth.

"No, Shawn!" I said hoarsely as my eyes flew open. The sight of my son nursing at my breast made me loudly gasp. "Aaaahhh!" came the involuntary response. Unlike my husband, who was so rough with my breasts it bordered on brutality, Shawn's touch and tongue were light and inviting. His young tongue swirled around my nipple again and again. Then he sucked, easy at first, then harder. My hands went to his shoulders to steady myself, and my eyes closed again as I shot my face towards the ceiling and arching my back. This forced my chest forward, further feeding my breast to my hungry son.

He switched to the other nipple and repeated his actions. "Oooohhh!" I whispered.

"This has to stop, Shawn. Your father can't catch me in your room--naked!"

But Shawn either wasn't listening, or didn't care. He backed me up until I felt the edge of his bed against the back of my knees. He pushed, and I sat on the bed. I looked up at him, and was surprised when he knelt down on the floor between my knees.

"I want to see your pussy, Mom. I want to see it up close," he said, while keeping eye contact.

"Shawn. This has to stop right here. You have to realize how embarrassing that would be for me. NO!"

"Just for a few seconds, Mom. Lie back and put your arm over your eyes. Just for a few seconds."

He pushed on my shoulders, and my body reclined until I felt the bedspread on my back. Like he suggested, I closed my eyes, turned my head to the side, and draped my right arm across my face.

Shawn said, "Scoot back a little, Mom, and put your feet flat on the bed."

I did as told, knowing the next thing he would do is push my knees wide to give him an unobstructed view of his mother's most intimate area. A view at the place he had emerged from just those few years earlier.

As expected, I felt the palms of his hands push at my knees, spreading them. The bed sagged as he leaned forward to get his full view. Again to be expected.

What I didn't expect, what I couldn't have predicted in a thousand guesses was his next action.

Shawn suddenly hooked his arms under my thighs, holding them in his complete control. At the same moment, he dove his face into my pussy.

"NOOOOOO! I screamed as I struggled. But Shawn's angle and grip were too perfect for me to escape.

For the first time in my life, a mouth was on my pussy. Arthur had never even suggested doing that, maybe because I wouldn't give him the pleasure of oral sex.

Shawn's tongue started at the entrance of my vagina and traced its circumference before penetrating it as far as he could.

"NOOOO!" I screamed again.

Then Shawn began a journey up. Up, up, up went his soft, yet firm tongue. Up until it hit a bump, a protrusion, a little knot of flesh.

My son had found my clitoris.

How he even knew about this, I couldn't guess. But, know about it he did. He started digging at it with the pointed tip of his tongue. Then he licked across it, back and forth while making his tongue flat against it.

My hips bucked, and I groaned a low note in my throat. I tried to sit up, and couldn't. I tried to reach his head, but it was too tightly wedged between my thighs to dislodge. I looked and saw his mouth framed by the thick tight curls of my pubic hair. I struggled in vain.

But, it was when he pressed his lips around that now-engorged button and sucked that all my defenses faded. My hands released his head, my body rested on the bed, and my only movements were tiny twitches of my hips. Just little gyrations in rhythm with the motion of his tongue and the varying pressure of the suction he applied.

"No, no, no ..." I kept whispering. But I knew that was useless.

He kept going, and I swear he was reading my effervescing resistance and my body motions. He was taking me from fighting to accepting to desiring.

He sucked my clitoris into his mouth and held it there, then released it, only to tongue it hard. He kept changing the order until he had read my body perfectly. He started sucking harder and shaking his head from side to side.

"This ... this can't be happening," I breathed. "Oh, Shawn ... Shawn! Just like that. Just like that. Right there, right there," I chanted.

Then, my mind went completely blank and I took in a huge supply of air into my lungs and held it. My hips came off the bed and remained there supporting my son's head.

"YEESSSSSS!" I screamed. "AAAGGGHHHH! SHAWN ... SHAWN ... I'M CUMMING!"

I must have thrashed and screamed for over thirty seconds. Shawn never let go until I fell to the bed, silent and exhausted--almost comatose.

I barely was conscious enough to hear Shawn get up and shuck off his clothes. I knew what was going to happen now. He was going to fuck me, here with the lights on and no rules whatsoever, he was going to fuck his naked mother! He was going to mark his territory with his sperm and semen. He was going to claim me as his woman and his woman alone.

And I was going to let him.

I felt the bed sag, and he climbed up until he straddled my face. I opened my eyes to see his beautiful cock about to probe my mouth. He didn't need to encourage me. I grabbed it roughly and stroked it back and forth before plunging it into my mouth, lifting my head to meet it, to let it invade me as far as it could. I sucked hard while running my fist along his shaft in a blur.

But, my son had other plans, plans that apparently included depositing one more huge load into his mother.

He disengaged and backed up until he was even with my crotch. He shifted his knees inside mine and rubbed his cock against my slit. It was then I was hit by a sudden fear.

"Shawn, I didn't use the lubrication!"

"Mom, I just drank about a pint of your own lubrication. You were squirting. Relax, this is going to be our best fuck yet."

Without preliminaries, without easing in and out, without any hesitation, my son pushed into me and buried his huge, thick cock all the way to the base in one huge and brutal stroke.

"AAAAIIIIIIIIII!" I shrieked--in pleasure!

Shawn took my legs and draped them over his shoulders. I was so much bigger than him that my knees bent over his shoulders so that my calves rested against his back. Shawn then leaned all his weight forward, pinning my thighs to my chest and tipping my hips up toward his cock, and giving it the greatest angle of penetration.

"Oooooohh!" I gasped. "Sooo deep, Shawn, so deep inside me."

Fucking his mom twice in the last two days must have given my son some tips on technique as well as stamina. Instead of a flurry of thrusts and then cumming, Shawn slowed down and proceeded to fuck his mom properly. Each push into me was a torment of pleasurable invasion and each withdrawal left me with wanting its return. That gorgeous cock did its work.

My hips kept pace with my son's and I met each of his plunges with a vaulting of my pussy toward him.

"Oh, Shawn," I said as I looked at his sweaty face. He leaned it to me and kissed me, sending his tongue deep into my mouth. My tongue returned the motion. After all this fucking, this was the first man-woman and not mother-son kiss we ever had. It was delicious.

We must have fucked like that for ten minutes. My groans and sighs and moans echoed through the house. The night before, I had felt a vague pressure inside me that had never matured into anything. This time, that same pressure was growing and growing.

Suddenly, my body spasmed--hard. I stiffened and felt like everything stopped. My breath was trapped within me until it exploded out in garbled words at the top of my lungs:

"I'M CUMMMINNG! OOOHHHH! YOU'RE MAKING MOMMY CUM!"

My vagina must have clamped onto Shawn hard, because that was his signal to shoot all that glorious sperm deep inside me. This time he didn't stay stationary like on our previous encounters. He picked up his pace and shot gob after thick gob all along my vaginal tract.

He collapsed on top of me, and we remained there half-asleep until we heard the door and "Mandy!"

It was his father's voice. He was home.

"COMING!" I called out to him and got up, throwing my robe around me.

"You said that a couple of times today," Shawn joked.

Arthur greeted me with, "You ready?" That was it. And I knew what he meant: our monthly futile try at getting pregnant. Other than that, he had no interest in sex any more, and like Shawn had perceived, didn't appreciate my body or pay any attention to it.

"Just have to go to the bathroom," I said.

"I TOLD you to be ready. Sheesh! Okay, I'll get in bed."

"Don't you want to shower?" He had smelled of sweat and vaguely of fish.

"I just showered Tuesday, remember? You sure Shawn is gone? I don't want him to hear you making noises."

"Don't worry," I said. There was never any noise coming out of me when we had sex. But, I added, "He went to a movie and will be gone for a few hours." Actually, Shawn was still in his room and would sneak out while I kept his Dad busy.

I sat on the toilet and wadded up a pile of toilet paper, then swiped my soggy pussy. Between my own juices and Shawn's sperm, I was a mess. I cleaned as best I could.

Arthur lay on his back, naked, his big pot belly bulging upwards. I wanted to run from the room, but, as I had told Shawn, this was the last part of the plan, and a vital one. I took off my robe and got on the bed. Arthur's stench was stronger with his clothes off.

"You gaining a little weight?" he asked.

"Uhh ... not the last time I weighed myself--135 as usual. That's good for someone as tall as I am." Leave it to Arthur to know exactly the right thing to say.

"Why don't you go down on me for a change? Just to start things off," he said.

"Arthur, not again. You know that would turn me off completely. I simply don't do that." Not unless you have a beautiful 9 inch cock.

"Okay. I'll get myself ready then, as usual." He then stroked his tiny dick to an erection. After seeing Shawn's, Arthur's looked abnormally shrunken and thin. "Let me check the oil."

Fingering me to see if I was dry, which I always was, is what he termed "checking the oil." He got a surprise this time.

"Oh my God! You're soaked. You must be really craving what daddy has here." He pointed to his crotch.

"A girl has needs," I said. At least this was true.

"Okay, get on your back and we'll get this over with." That was as romantic as he ever got.

"Tell you what," I said. Why don't I get on top this time?"

"I thought you said that wasn't good for having a baby?"

"I just read a new study that says with some woman in some situations, it can help." That was a big lie I knew he would swallow whole. I had been on top with him just once, and although I didn't tell him, never wanted to do it again in that position because he could barely penetrate me. Today, that was the exact experience I wanted: minimum penetration from my husband.

"Well, climb aboard."

I straddled Arthur and guided his little dick with my thumb and forefinger into my vagina. It was so small I couldn't even feel it.

"Ohh! You know what daddy likes. Now, move that fat ass of yours and make your lover cum."

His words made me want to jump up and drive far away. Instead, I moved my hips and tried to get this over with as soon as possible. Arthur had his eyes closed and was motionless, making me do all the work.

I heard a slight noise and looked toward the door. It had been tightly closed, but now was open a little. Through that space peered Shawn. He was watching his father fuck me. I shook my head at him and waved him off. This was so degrading and embarrassing--to let him see how his father treated me during our "intimate" moments. But, Shawn remained, watching.

"Wow, are you juicy today. I'm getting soaked," Arthur said.

I know it wasn't right, but I took a perverse pleasure knowing Arthur's little penis was getting washed by his son's gooey sperm.

Arthur gave a little squeak, and I knew it was over. I climbed off and made for the door.

"Don't you have to lie down or something?" he asked. That's what I had done for 10 years. Today, that's the last thing I wanted to do: let Arthur's cum make its way any farther into me.

"Just closing this door. A draft must have blown it open. Then I'm taking a hot shower. That article said it helps. Something else new," I lied.

I went to the door and whispered, "Get away! I didn't want you to see that!"

Shawn replied in just as low a whisper, "When you're done your shower, come to my room."

I almost scalded myself, using water as hot as I could stand it to sterilize my body. I reached down and soaped between my legs again and again, sticking my fingers inside and trying to flush out any vestige of Arthur's puny DNA.

I dried off and put on my green robe this time. Arthur was asleep. He would be unconscious for hours. So predictable.

I opened Shawn's door without knocking so I wouldn't make any noise. He was sitting at his desk, waiting. Naked and waiting. He got up and without a word, disrobed me.

This time I didn't resist a second.

He looked into my eyes and then kissed me hard and deep. I responded. As he broke the kiss, he put his hands on my shoulder and applied pressure.

I obediently fell to my knees, grasped his cock and guided it to my mouth. I sucked and bobbed my head and moaned when I was rewarded by the taste of his precum.

"Come on, Mom. I want you on top of me."

He held out his hand and helped me up. Seeing me straddle his father must have sent frustrated signals to his brain. He had to now reclaim his male dominance.

Shawn lay there, his massive erection rising straight toward the ceiling ... waiting. It didn't have to wait long, because without a word, I straddled his narrow hips with my long legs, took hold of his penis, and guided it to the entrance of my vagina. I let go, steadied myself by leaning forward and putting my hands on the bed, and then sank all the way to the base of my son's hot, thick cock.

"Nnnnnnaaaaaa!" I moaned, feeling myself slide, stretch, and be filled.

"Oh, Mom, you're so beautiful," Shawn said as he thrust his hips up, lifting us both. He leaned up and captured my nipple with his lips, sucking and biting gently. An electric shock went through my entire body, and my head shot backwards. A sharp cry escaped my lips.

"Shhh. Dad will hear," Shawn warned.

"I almost want him to hear," I whispered. "I almost want him to see how a man really satisfies a woman." But, my husband would never know that while he slept just a few feet away, his wife was driving herself onto his son's cock.

Then, we started our lovemaking in earnest. I began riding my son with ever-increasing intensity. My buttocks were dropping on my son and clenching hard as I squeezed against his crotch. Our pubic hair met, and entwined, and ground together before parting once more.

"Ohh," I said. "I'm getting close. So close Shawn. You're going to make me cum. You're going to make your mother cum hard." I then realized there was no way I wouldn't shriek my ecstasy at the top of my lungs when Shawn's cock drove me into an orgasm.

I eased myself off Shawn. "Mom!" he said.

I got on all fours next to him, then arched downward so my face and chest were resting on the bed, leaving my butt high in the air.

"Behind me, Shawn, so I can cum into the pillow." That way my cries would be muffled.

Mother and son were going to fuck doggie style. I was my son's bitch now, and we both knew it. He didn't need any instruction or coaching. The one delay was when he viewed my asshole for the first time. He paused to lean down and run his tongue around it and penetrate its super-tight ring with the tip of it. "Ooohh!" I gasped at the strange new sensation. Then he straightened up behind me and shot his cock into my exposed pussy."

"Aaaayyyy!" I screamed into the pillow.

Shawn was driven mad by the new position, the new sight of his mother on her knees offering herself before him. He pistoned himself in and out of me. I raised up onto my hands, and my heavy breasts hung low and swayed with each thrust.

"Harder! Fuck mommy harder. Please! Make mommy cum!" I pleaded.

Then, it happened again. For the third time today--for the third time in my life, I orgasmed. I buried my face in the pillow and wept with the intensity of the moment. My son, whose sperm was gushing into me in response to my own spasming pussy, had taken full possession of my body. I yelled myself hoarse into that pillow.

Then, sperm-filled and semen-soaked, I collapsed into a deep sleep.

Arthur was a man of routine and few surprises. But, he had one surprise when I finally awoke him when I returned from Shawn's room after my own nap. Because of the mess

he had cleared up in Littlemore, he got, as a bonus, an all-expense-paid vacation at the seashore in Montclaimton, one of the poshest resorts around.

The real surprise was that we had to leave that night. He gave Shawn the option to come along, but it was only one room and he would have to use a cot. So, he opted to stay home.

Arthur paid absolutely no attention to me the whole time. He fished. I shopped and swam and tanned myself to perfection.

Shawn called three or four times a day to make sure nothing "funny" was going on. I assured him nothing was, and that was the truth.

When we got home two weeks later, Shawn barely said hello to his father, while lavishing hugs and kisses on his Mom.

Arthur announced, "I'm bushed after all that fresh air and that long drive. I'll be happy to get back to the office tomorrow." He jerked his thumb in my direction and said to Shawn, "Then, your mother will be YOUR problem!" and laughed. "Mandy, come unpack this stuff."

I got close to Shawn and whispered, "I'll see you in your room when I'm done unpacking."

It took me about ten minutes to put things away and get dirty clothes in the laundry. By the time I left my bedroom, Arthur was again unconscious. "Sweet dreams," I said to the inert form.

I didn't bother knocking on Shawn's door. He stood to meet me and started to speak, but I put my forefinger to his lips to silence him and pushed him until the back of his knees rested against the bed. I dropped to my knees and undid the buckle of his belt. Then I unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans and pulled them and his undershorts down to his ankles with one quick tug.

"Mom," he gasped.

My son's penis sprang to its full glory. I pushed him to a sitting position on the bed and grasped his thick, hot shaft with my right hand. I squeezed until his juices started flowing, then tongued the head of his penis slowly, tasting his goodness.

Shawn's hand went to the back of my head and silently told me what I already knew he wanted. I opened my mouth and took the head of his cock in. I sucked it slowly, licking occasionally. My mouth then took as much of him inside as I could manage. I had to open my mouth as wide as I could to fit his incredible thickness.

I bobbed my head while sucking hard. Then I started quick jerks up and down with my fist. I could imagine the sight Shawn had of the top of his mom's head as she gave him a ferocious blowjob.

After about 45 seconds, Shawn growled, "Mom, you better take your mouth off, I'm going to--"

But, I didn't take my mouth away. What I did was back my mouth off until I only had the head of his penis in my mouth and then increased the speed of my hand. That did it.

"Aaaahh! I'm cumming, Mom!" Shawn groaned. "I'm cumming in your mouth!"

Warm, salty goo hit the back of my throat. It coated my teeth and palate before I could react. I had planned to spit, but there was too much volume. I started swallowing my son's cum. The first cum I had ever tasted. The first cum I ever ingested.

Stream after surprising stream continued to feed me and I fought to swallow fast enough. Finally, the streams turned to dribbles, and Shawn's ejaculations were at the ebb.

When I took my mouth off and licked my lips, Shawn knew where his sperm had gone.

"Mom, I can't believe you swallowed my cum!"

I had to clear my throat several times before I could speak. I pulled a plastic indicator from the back pocket of my jeans and held it up so Shawn could see the two dark positive lines on it. He was the first one I showed this to.

I smiled up at him and said, "I just wanted to do something special for the father of our baby!"