

Mom's Home Schooling

Sam Jason

"I don't think he's ready yet," I said.

"Carla, you have to quit babying our son sooner or later. He just turned 18 for God's sake."

Our son, Alex, was small for his age. For any of his ages, since he started off as a premature baby. He had a whole series of medical problems all his life and was at the end of the latest bout of having to stay in bed. He'd been up and around for about three weeks, and getting stronger every day.

"Listen," Jack said, "this dance next month will be good for him. You've home schooled him all his life and now it's time for him to start getting out there. Remember, he's starting college in the Fall. "

"And, by getting out there I supposed you mean girls."

"And why not? He's a guy, and he should be getting interested in something other than those damned books you shove down his throat every day.

"I'm feeding his mind," I countered. I felt I had done my best with Alex. I knew he had always been a disappointment to his father, the star athlete. He wanted his son to be the same, but fate didn't turn out like that.

Instead of his father's height of 6'3" (or even my own 5'9"), Alex was lucky to top 5'3", in shoes. And, he had a delicate build, unlike both his parents' still-athletic bodies.

"You haven't even given him 'the talk' you know," I said, pointing in his direction.

"You really think he'll ever need the talk. I doubt if that part of him works for anything but peeing out of. And, with you smothering him all his life, I bet he doesn't even think about sex. Frankly, I don't think he'll ever be able to satisfy a woman.

Suddenly, a big ball of guilt squeezed in my stomach. What if Jack was right? What if all the good, hard work I had put in had left my son without any normal desires, or, defenseless and powerless if he did indeed ever experience them.

“So, you’re telling me you refuse to talk to your son about sex.”

“I don’t see the need. He’ll be fine. He’ll figure it out if it ever ... and I doubt it would ever ... come to that.”

Our conversation/argument gnawed at me all day. I sat there in our bedroom, brushing my long, straight black hair, and counting the strokes like I’d done it seemed every night of my life. I suddenly stopped and looked into my own dark-gray eyes in the mirror and said out loud:

“If he won’t do it, I WILL!” I wasn’t afraid I’d wake my husband, just feet away, unconscious in bed. He was snoring away as usual. He always went to bed before me and had lost interest in sex with me years ago. “Maybe it’s YOU who needs the sex talk,” I said in his general direction.

I got up and made a decision. I pulled on my robe over my big white t-shirt and tied it tight around my waist.

Although it was after 11 o’clock, I knew Alex usually read late. The light showing under his bedroom door proved I was right. I knocked.

“Come in. I’m awake,” came my son’s voice.

I slowly opened the door and peeked around it. There lay my son, my pride and joy. He looked so frail and small and still.

“Hey, Tiger,” I said. Got time to have a talk with your old Mom?”

“You’re not old, Mom. Next week you’ll be a young 40! You look like you’re still in your twenties.”

“What a flatterer! Don’t remind me about my birthday!” I had been thinking about turning the big four-O, and was slightly depressed about the thought of maybe being over the hill. Jack’s inattention certainly added to it, making me feel old and unattractive.

“What’s up, Mom? Can’t sleep?”

“No ... well, yes. I think we have to have a talk.”

“We talk all the time, don’t we, Mom?”

“Yeah, but this is different. This is THE talk, the one your father should be having with you.”

“Awww, Mom! I don’t need that talk. I already know all that stuff from the nature shows and the internet. Men and women fall in love, da, da, da, etc.”

I took a deep breath and as clinically as I could went through all the steps of reproduction as I could muster. I must have prattled on for over ten minutes. He was such a sensitive and fragile boy that I wanted this important message to get through to him with all the love and warmth that I had hoped sex would be, although it had turned out to be unsatisfying and neglectful in my case with his father.

“Do you have any questions, young man?” I asked at the end. Alex had never looked at me once during my “talk.” He looked down at his legs under the covers.

He shook his head, but I could tell something was bothering him. “Alex. It’s natural for this to be a little bit awkward ... talking to your Mom like this. But, there isn’t anything you can’t ask me. We’ve been through so much together as you’ve grown up, with all your medical procedures and recoveries and rehabilitations. Tell Mom what you’re thinking.”

“It’s just that”

He stopped and his face got red. I gave him a few seconds before I put a hand on his leg and said quietly, “It’s okay. There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. Sex is a natural and wonderful part of growing up. It’s completely normal.”

“That’s just it, Mom. I’m not normal. Every time I’ve turned around there was something wrong with me: my heart, my growth, everything. And, now I’ve got another thing. And I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Alex. Didn’t we promise each other that we’d always be honest about what was going on with your health?”

“Yeah, but this is different. This is personal, real personal. And I think something is wrong with me. Again. Only in a new way.”

“Alright. Now you have me concerned. We’ve come too far to have another health issue go unattended. I want to know what’s the matter, and I want to know this instant,” I said in my stern mother’s voice.

“You sure? Because it’s gross.”

“Now,” I said.

Alex rolled down the covers and asked again, “You sure?”

I nodded and he lifted his hips and slid his pajama bottoms down. I had seen him naked because of all the medical issues a zillion times and nothing seemed out of order.

“Well?” I asked.

“It’s my penis, Mom. It’s deformed. Gross!”

My eyes went to my son’s crotch, past the few curly strands of dark pubic hair and centered on his penis. It looked like it always had looked. Limp and shrouded in foreskin.

“Alex, there’s nothing wrong with you. It’s just being overly sensitive.”

“Mom. It’s normal now. But, when I wake up in the morning ... I mean for the past year it’s been getting worse and worse.”

Now I was getting the idea. “You mean when you have an erection? I just told you that men get erections when they get excited and women lubricate so they can have sex and create new life. It’s normal.”

“I’m not normal, Mom. You’d know if you saw it.”

“Maybe we can make an appointment with Dr. Kazik. You like him, and—“

“No way, Mom!”

“Then, I don’t know what to tell you, except it’s probably nothing to worry about.”

“Awww, forget it. Thanks for the talk. Thanks for nothing.”

He started to pull up his pajamas, and I knew I couldn’t leave him to worry needlessly about yet another medical issue.

I reached out and stopped him from tugging up the bottoms of the pajamas. “Alex, honey. Let mom see it. That way we can both be sure.”

“You mean ...?”

“Yes. Let Mom see your erected penis. That’s the only way to settle this, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, but that would be so weird. No way.”

“Think of this as a science experiment,” I said. Alex was big on science. “We’re just observing results. Just rub it a little and let Mom take a look.”

“Let’s forget it, Mom. This is way too embarrassing. I can’t.”

“Alex, lie back and close your eyes and pretend I’m not here, and we can get this over with. It’s better than worrying about something that can be cleared up.”

That must have made sense because he said, “You’ll have to be quiet so I don’t get nervous,” he said. He slid down flat and closed his eyes. Hesitantly, his right hand

drifted down to his crotch and his fingers encircled his penis. They made one or two feeble attempts and his eyes flew open. “Mom, I just can’t,” he whispered.

That’s when I made a decision. “Baby, just relax and close your eyes. Take a few deep breaths. You know deep breathing always helps relax you.”

He did. I had to take a few breaths of my own because of what I was preparing to do. “You know how I’ve given you baths and washed you while you were sick?”

“Yeah. So?”

“Just pretend at first that I’m washing you, but this time without a washcloth.”

With that, I reached out and wrapped my hand around my son’s flaccid penis. His eyes flew open and looked down. He saw his own mother’s fingers on his cock.

“Shhh ... shhh ... shhh ... relax. Let Mommy help.” Those were the words I had used so many times in the past. Alex responded by collapsing back onto the bed.

“Mom. No.”

But he made no move to stop me.

“Just let it happen, Baby. Just let nature take over,” I whispered. I started a gentle, soft, slow back and forth motion, barely making contact with the surface of my son’s penis.

“Mom, you should stop. Stop before” Alex’s voice was small and almost nonexistent.

“Shhhhh,” I whispered back while tightening my grip a bit and pulling the foreskin back, exposing the light-purple tip of his penis for the first time.

“Ahh” escaped Alex’s lips and his cock gave a little jump. It was working and that small sound and movement encouraged me to lengthen my stroke.

I expected his cock to grow; I expected it to lengthen; I expected it to get harder. What I didn’t expect was for it to thicken, and thicken, and thicken. Within a minute, it had gotten so wide that my thumb and middle finger couldn’t touch on the far side of it,

opposite my palm. And the purple head of it, now fully exposed, was size of a warped plum, even wider than the shaft I had hold of.

Another thing I didn't expect was its mesmerizing effect on me. It had been so long since I had a hard cock in my hand that I was staring at it and continuing my slow jerking motion in a dazed manner. The intense heat, its steel-like hardness, and the glint of the precum starting to bubble up from the tip all had me suspended in time. I would have remained lost there further if not for the sound of my son's voice:

"See, Mom! See!"

"What, Alex?" I asked, and had to clear my throat because of not having swallowed my saliva for the last minute. There was pained look in my son's eyes and a tortured, shamed expression on his face.

"Look! Can't you see? Look how short I am!"

When I looked back at his penis, with my hand still making small pumping motions, the first thing I noticed was that a stream of precum had dribbled down the shaft and soaked my index finger and thumb.

I took my hand away, maybe too quickly to seem natural. But, my own reactions had taken me by surprise. Another surprise was a deep, heady scent of musk that had filled the air. Involuntarily, I inhaled deeply through my nose, drinking in a potion that I hadn't experienced in so long.

"Everything about me has always been wrong, right from the time I was born. And this is just the same."

"Alex ..." I started. I looked at his fully erect penis and I had to admit it did look very short. But, wait a second. It had stuck out the top of my fist by inches. It wasn't short. It was just immensely thick, making it look short.

"Alex, you're not short."

"You're just saying that because you're my Mom and you don't want me to feel bad."

“Where’s that cloth tape of yours?” I said.

“In my top drawer.”

I got up and reached for the tape. I noticed the shiny sticky liquid coating my right hand and wiped it on my robe, making sure Alex didn’t see.

“The average length of a man’s penis is about five and a half to six inches. You can look that up. Now we’re going to do an experiment.”

I noticed that Alex’s penis had drooped during my search for the tape. “Lie back down and close your eyes again,” I said.

This time there was no hesitation. “Okay,” he said. I could have sworn there was a little smile.

I took hold of my son again and jacked him to full hardness. Unconsciously, I leaned forward got to within an inch of that gushing hole topping his cock and breathed in slow and deep. All that masculine rutting aroma washed through me.

“All right. Look,” I commanded. I held the tape to the base of his penis and extended it to the tip. “Six point five inches. See for yourself!”

“Wow!” he said. Relief was obvious. “But why does it look so short?”

“Because of this,” I said as I wrapped the tape around his still-hard cock. I looked, and I must have been silent for a beat too long, because Alex asked:

“What is it, Mom?”

I showed him the tape. “That measurement is even bigger: seven inches!”

“Is that bad, Mom?”

“Bad is the wrong word. Let’s just say it’s very unusual.”

“Unusual how?”

“Let’s say that you’re ... um ... very ... let’s say ... thick,” I said.

“Thicker than Dad?” he asked innocently.

I supposed he was just trying to get his bearings with a comparison in the real world I would know. It had been so long since I had even seen his father’s penis, let alone touch it, grasp it, measure it—that I had to think back to what it indeed felt like.

“Let’s not get into that sort of male thing, Mister,” I said, deflecting what I really was thinking, which was that Jack had a most mediocre cock. I had never measured it, but Alex, if I had to bet, beat his dad by inches in both length and girth.

“I feel better now, Mom.”

I got up and replaced the tape in the drawer. “I’m glad we cleared that up. Now you know you’re a perfectly normal young man.”

“I want to thank you, Mom. You helped me out. You helped me out a lot, as usual. You always do what’s best for me. You didn’t even hesitate. You didn’t think it was weird or anything. You did this like it was natural, like your talk before. Guys get erections. It’s natural, right?”

“I’m glad you learned something tonight, Alex. Now, good night.” I started for the door, and took on last look at Alex. He hadn’t moved. He hadn’t pulled up his pajamas. And his erection hadn’t gone down. Not one bit.

My eyes must have lingered too long on it, because I was faintly startled when Alex’s voice broke in:

“Mom, can I ask one more thing?”

“Sure, Baby, anything.”

“Well, you know how I didn’t want you to touch me at first?” I gave a slight nod and he continued. “Well, seeing you already touched me like that, would you finish me before you go?”

“Finish you?” It wasn’t a question, but more of a shock.

“Yeah, you know, help me.” He nodded toward his penis, which gave slight throbs in synch with his heartbeat.

“Alex, what we did before was an examination. An experiment. That’s all. Of course I helped you in that way. But, what you’re asking for, if I’m right in thinking what you’re asking for, would be going way over the line for a mother and her son.”

“Mom, it’s just you hand felt so good before, and now I keep thinking of it.”

“That’s not my problem, Alex. Now turn off your light and get some sleep. You’re just all worked up right now.”

“Mom, I want you to make me cum.”

With those words, a real shock went through my body. I felt a current go from my head all the way through my toes. I couldn’t believe my ears. Had my own son just asked me to give him an orgasm?

“Please, Mom, I need it. I need it bad.”

“You don’t even realize what you’re asking. Don’t you know how wrong it is.”

“I just know I want to feel your hand on me one more time tonight, Mom. I want your help here. I NEED your help here.”

“No! I’m leaving.”

“You started this. Now you want to leave me like this. All night like this. It’s not fair,” he whined.

“That’s not my fault,” I said.

“But, don’t you see—it IS your fault. All your fault!”

“I’m going. That,” and I pointed to his erection,” is a natural and normal thing that happens to men when their bodies have sexual desires. I told you that before.”

“I need your help, Mom. Bad. Really bad. You always said you’d help me no matter what. No matter WHAT! Just this one time so I can go to sleep.”

“Good night,” I said and was on the other side of the door. Just before it closed all the way, Alex said:

“Mom. You said women lubricate when they have desires. Did you lubricate?”

I thought of going to bed, but what had just happened left me in no mood to toss and turn and go over all the things that unfolded. To replay them and pick them apart trying to figure out where I went so wrong—try to get rid of this guilt that was growing in me.

And—those last words: “Did you lubricate?” I dreaded what I might find, but I had to know. I reached through my robe and under the hem of Jack’s big t-shirt I used for pajamas. I felt the crotch of my panties. “Oh no!” I said out loud.

To make absolutely sure, I shot my right hand inside my panties and traced through my thick bush of pubic hair all the way to the opening of my vagina. The hair was thoroughly soaked. I brought my hand out and rubbed my thumb against my forefinger. When I brought them apart, thick threads of goo stretched between them. My vagina was sopping.

I washed my hands like I was scrubbing for surgery, then poured myself a glass of wine and paced around the kitchen until I had finished it. I realized that I didn’t know my son as well as I had imagined. I didn’t even know if he masturbated. He was so fragile of mind and body, so prone to guilt himself. He was always figuring all his illnesses and troubles were because of things he had done. Wrongs that he was paying for.

What if he thought masturbation was another evil, another sin that would bring on even more pain and suffering.

He had to know that wasn't true. He had to feel free to satisfy himself. He had to know tonight.

Alex's light was still on, but I knocked quietly. There was no answer at first, then, "Just go away. Go away."

I didn't let that stop me. I opened the door for the second time that night. "We have to talk," I said.

"Talk, talk, talk," he said. He was sitting on the bed, covers still down, with his back propped against his pillow. The only two things that had changed were that his pajama bottoms lay on the floor, and his penis was slightly less rigid than when I left. That slight deflation didn't last long once he looked at me.

"You know we are always honest with each other, right?"

He didn't say anything, so I went on: "I put you in a bad position tonight. Without knowing, or even imagining the consequences. That's my fault. All my fault."

"So you should fix it, Mom! Fix it now. Help me."

"I can't help you like that. Like I said, that's crossing a line that is taboo. Wrong. Definitely wrong in society."

"Who would know? We've been through so much together, Mom. Haven't we? This seems like such a little thing compared to all we've gone through. All you've asked me to do. To rehab like crazy and be in pain and keep trying to push through it all the time. What about all that?"

"That was different," I said.

"All those nights when I was suffering you said you wished it was you, you said you wished you could take away some of it from me even if only for a minute. Well, now you can. You can take away this pain from me. And you can do it easy. You can do it in just a few minutes. And it won't cost you anything. No big effort. No big deal."

“But, Alex, that’s just it. There IS a cost. The special relationship between a mother and a son is precious. That would be lost.”

“Maybe for regular people, Mom. But not you and me. Not us because of what we have gone through for all these years.”

He penis never wavered while he was talking. My heart was breaking, but I had come in here to give him one message: masturbate!

“Alex. You have to take care of that,” and I pointed to his thick cock, “yourself.”

“I don’t do that, Mom. Every time I do anything, something bad happens to me, and I’m in the hospital again. So, I don’t do that. You have to help me out. You have to do it for me tonight. Just this one time. Tonight.”

“Alex, nothing bad will happen. It’s all right to masturbate. It’s a natural thing.”

“So, it’s natural,” he said. “Now you said you were going to be honest. Do YOU masturbate, Mom?”

“No,” I said before I could lie. My parents had been into religion and constantly preached about the “sins of the flesh.”

“See. You don’t and I don’t. You have to help me out, Mom. Please.”

“Tell you what ... you lie back, close your eyes.” He did. “Now give me your hand.”

I didn’t ask for permission. I took his right hand and positioned it around his big penis. I began an up-and-down motion when he pulled his hand away, leaving me with a huge handful of hot cock. He positioned his hand on the outside of mine and continued the motion. He had started giving himself a handjob—with my hand!

“Aahh!” he whispered. “That feels so good.”

I pulled away and got off the bed. “Again,” I said in an angry voice, “goodnight. Take care of that yourself. If you’re honest with yourself, you’ll know there’s nothing wrong.”

“Honest? How about being honest with me and answering my question.”

“What question,” I asked as I got to the door.

“Did you lubricate?”

After a few seconds, I said, “Yes.” My face got hot with a flush of blood.

“A lot?”

Just before I closed the door, I echoed, “A lot.”

I dropped my robe on the floor and crawled into my big, cold bed beside Jack. He was as asleep as he had ever been.

I tried to quiet my mind, but there were so many elements to this problem that I had never encountered, that I had never dreamed I would ever have to deal with.

First and foremost was my son’s obvious discomfort. And he was right. It WAS my fault. I had started it, but didn’t know how to finish it. I DID want to help him, and I did it in the best way I could: by giving him permission to masturbate. The only problem was that I was the worst person in the world to give that permission. I didn’t even give MYSELF permission to masturbate.

Even after almost five years in a sexless marriage, I still couldn’t bear to pleasure myself. After all that time, I thought all my sexual feelings had gone dead. That was before tonight.

It was disturbing enough to have my son get excited and suggest I give him an orgasm. It was another thing to be fascinated and turned on by that big cock of his. I hadn’t dreamed that the feel and aroma of a man’s penis could again awaken my body. But, here I was, lying in the dark with the vision of that thick cock in my mind and my pussy gushing like a college girl’s.

I usually kept to myself on my side of the bed, but tonight I was desperate. I sidled up to Jack and draped my leg over his body. He always slept on his back. He made some small unconscious noises, but otherwise didn't know I was there.

I rubbed his stomach. Still nothing. Then, I slid my hand under the waistband of his pajamas. Down, down, down, until I made contact with his penis.

I understand that it was completely flaccid, but, after seeing and feeling Alex's just a half hour ago, this thing felt absolutely tiny. It stayed tiny too, even after a minute of rubbing and stroking.

Finally, something must have registered with Jack: he coughed and grunted and cleared his throat. "What the hell are you doing?" he yawned.

"It's been so long," I said. "Do you think we could, yanno?"

"You know I got a big meeting tomorrow. Early. Let me get some sleep." And he turned over.

I sighed and lay on my back, my eyes closed. A few minutes went by and I thought I imagined hearing something. Then, beside me, came Alex's voice: "Mom, I really need your help."

My eyes flew open, and there was my son standing next to our bed. He was in his pajamas, but poking through the opening in the bottoms was that cock I had just been revisiting.

"Alex! Your father!" I whispered with as much emphasis as I dared.

"I need your help, Mom. Really!" He was nowhere near as quiet as I had been. "Come on, Mom. Just this once. Just tonight. I really need it. Just tonight. Now, Mom."

Jack growled and stirred and coughed. I stared at him in terror. What would he think if he saw his son with a giant erection pointed at me?

He turned over and sat up quickly. "Am I NOT getting any sleep tonight? What's going on?"

“It’s Alex,” I said softly, trying to defuse the situation.

“It’s Alex!” Jack mimicked. “It’s always Alex. Alex, I have a big meeting tomorrow. What is it now?”

Jack was staring straight at his son. When I turned back to Alex, a wave of relief passed over me—Alex had tucked his penis back into the shield of his pajamas.

“Dad, you know that talk Mom gave me tonight?”

“What talk? Ohh ... that. Can’t it wait until tomorrow? Tomorrow when I’m not here?”

“Well, Mom has to help me with something that needs to get done tonight. It’s really important. I really need her help. Honest.”

“Carla, why don’t you just go help him.”

“Jack, it’s not that easy.”

“Why not?”

“Mom started something and she has to finish, and I need her help before I can go to sleep.”

“At least **SOMEBODY** will go to sleep then. Carla, go finish what you started.”

“But, Jack!”

“Go, and help the kid! And do it quietly! Go. I don’t want to hear any more about it.”

“You don’t understand, Jack.”

“Mom, maybe if I tell Dad what happened he’d understand,” Alex said.

“God, NO! Carla, go and do whatever it takes to let me sleep through the night!”

Before I could react, Alex pulled down the covers on my side of the bed, took me by the hand, and dragged me out of the bedroom, not even letting me pick up my robe.

“Goodnight, Dad!” he called over his shoulder.

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I was struggling to keep the hem of the t-shirt below the crotch of the pink panties I wore. The t-shirt and the panties were all I had on. I was also braless for bed.

Alex closed his bedroom door behind us.

“That was pretty sneaky, Alex. I thought we had more trust than that between us.”

“I thought you might have changed your mind, that it would be best to just get this over and forget about it.”

He had almost read my mind. I wanted this to be over, and I had been debating about the right thing to do given all the circumstances. I didn’t want him to be in pain, but I also didn’t want to do something that could hurt him, hurt us emotionally. Sex is something very powerful, and could have effects that no one anticipates.

I couldn’t believe I was even considering doing this. But, trying to explain why I had my hand around my son’s hard penis earlier was something else I couldn’t see myself doing.

Alex didn’t seem to have any doubts about what was going to happen. He dropped his pajama bottoms to the floor, springing loose that huge cock of his. It hadn’t lost any of its vigor in the walk to his room.

Then he took off his top, also. I had seen my son naked hundreds of times, but this felt so strange and filled with tension. Sexual tension.

“How do you want to do this, Mom?”

“Let’s talk first, Alex. This shouldn’t be happening. I should never have allowed this to get out of hand like this.”

I don't know if Alex was even listening at this point, because he said, "Mom, I want to see you naked."

"What?"

"I want to see your body. I know it's beautiful. You keep in such good shape with all your exercises. And you have those big, beautiful boobs. 36C."

"How do YOU know my bra size, Mister?"

"Duh! By your bras that are in the hamper. The tags are right on them. Like, it's no secret. So, I'm naked here, and I thought it would really make me excited to see you naked for the first time tonight. I want you to be the first naked lady I ever see."

"THAT is NOT going to happen." I had never paraded around naked, and to tell you the truth, was kind of shy in that regard. Tonight was the first time I didn't wear at least a robe in front of my son.

I made a decision. I wanted to get this over with as soon as possible before any further developments developed.

"Get on the bed like you were before, and we'll get this done."

"Thanks, Mom," he said while stepping in for a hug, just like he had done a million times in the past. But, I had never been barely-clothed before, and he had never been naked. I tried to make it a quick motherly hug, but he pulled me close and rubbed my back. That was his usual thing.

Because he was inches shorter than me, he usually nestled his head against my chest. This time he was nestling against my boobs, which were only protected by the thin cotton fabric of the t-shirt.

While I was thinking of this, I suddenly became aware of something else. That something else was rock-hard and nudging against my panty-clad vagina. That made me break the hug and push him toward the bed.

“Lie down and close your eyes. Like before.”

“I want to watch this time. I want to see it. I want to see when I cum.”

“Fine,” I said. I was tired of arguing. “But, no talking.”

I didn’t want to sit on the bed this time. I thought the more distance between us the better. I stood on the left side of the bed, bent over and put my left hand flat on the mattress about near his thigh. I propped myself with this arm.

I took a deep breath and grasped my son’s penis for the third time that night. “Just relax, Alex,” I said as I started a slow jacking movement.

“Oh, Mom!” he said. I could see that the no talking rule probably wasn’t going to work. I should also have made a no touching rule because his left hand absentmindedly grabbed the back of my right thigh. He squeezed in a reflex.

Now, a strange thing happened. I started to become very interested in what I was doing, and very focused on the penis that was in my hand. The end of it was giving up greater and greater amounts of clear fluid.

It began with a single bead that formed on the tip. Then, that got too big to bear its own surface tension and broke into a slow stream that trickled down the side until it reached my fist. I could feel my palm become slick with the lubrication. I slid my hand more readily now, and increased my speed.

The hardness and thickness of Alex was amazing to me. And the heat of his presence burned against my fingers. My attention was so totally absorbed that I hadn’t noticed that Alex’s hand had climbed and was resting on my ass cheek. It flexed and squeezed almost in rhythm with my stroke.

I should have said something, but didn’t. At that point, to break the spell would have been a shame—for both of us.

I didn’t rush it. For all my talk of getting it done and “getting this over with,” now that it was happening, I was going to take my time. Alex was panting, and I found my breath was raspy and labored also.

I looked back at Alex's face. The front of my shirt was loosely hanging and Alex was staring. It must have fallen completely away from my body, exposing my dangling breasts to his view. They must have been swaying in rhythm with the motion of my hand.

My own son was watching his mother's tits. This would have been the most shocking occurrence of most days. But, most days also didn't include a mom who was giving her son a handjob.

"That feels so good, Mom!"

I swear the plum-sized head of his penis grew a little more. The skin was tight and purple and smooth. My face was maybe a foot from its tip. I lowered a little, closed my eyes, and inhaled a full breath. It was intoxicating.

So much so that I hadn't realized Alex had wormed his fingers into the leg opening of my panties. Before I could react, he shot his hand upward and started rubbing my naked butt.

This had to end quickly. If it didn't, my son would be soon fingering his Mom's pussy.

I increased my speed until my fist was a blur. More juices flowed, and my mouth hung open. I licked my lips at the sight before me. The head expanded just as Alex said: "Mom, use your mouth. Use your mouth on me, please!"

That broke my spell. I had never even done that for my husband, no matter how much he had begged.

I turned my head back to Alex and hoarsely said, "NO!"

That's when I saw his eyes squeeze shut. He cried out one word: "MOM!"

I felt his cock lurch in my hand, and his hips thrust up. A jet of warmth hit my left cheek and hair. I pulled back and watched spurt after spurt of white sperm shoot from my son's cock. I counted six before he collapsed and was motionless.

I should have run from the room, but took a little longer to continue jacking his penis until it deflated. There was a little sperm on Alex, but I knew most of it had hit me. After the first shot, my t-shirt had absorbed the rest.

Before he recovered enough to speak, I left his room.

I looked in the bathroom mirror. My shirt was streaked with wet lines. My hair was matted and snarled on one side with something the consistency of grease.

But, on my face, starting just above the cheekbone, was a thick line of goo about the width of a quarter. In some places it was almost transparent, in others more translucent. Where it had stopped its descent and pooled, at my jawline, it was opaque and the white color of glue. One small strand of it was threatening to stretch and drip and fall to the tile floor. I didn't need that.

Before I took a tissue and wiped it off, I said to my reflection, "You have your son's cum all over your face."

The volume of my son's ejaculation stunned me. I didn't imagine there could be so much sperm and semen accumulated in one person. And, the violence and force of his eruption both shocked ... and strangely thrilled me. My face and body had been at least two feet away from the muzzle of his firing penis. His cum would have gone much further if it hadn't hit me, its target, with such impact.

I took a long shower. I didn't even take my t-shirt and panties off until I had soaped them up completely to get rid of any "evidence."

Finally, I stripped them off and threw them to the bottom of the shower. The main event was scrubbing every bit of me. Twice. I had to try and purge not only the cum stains but also the guilt I was feeling.

My own son. How could I have let it get to that. He was just eighteen. I was a 40-year-old woman who should know better.

I heard the bathroom door open. Above the spray sound of the water, I called, "Jack?"

“It’s me, Mom.”

“Alex! Get back to your room this instant.” I backed away from the frosted glass shower door so he couldn’t get a peek at me.

“I just wanted to let you know that was the best thing that ever happened. Ever.”

“Get to bed, Alex. NOW!”

“All I wanted to do was thank you, Mom. I’m going to sleep great now.”

That would make two in the house that would get a good night’s sleep: Jack and his horny son.

“Mom ... Mom?”

I didn’t answer. I don’t know if I was angry or sad or confused or guilty—or sexually frustrated. Maybe all of the above. It didn’t make me a good conversationalist though.

“Can I take a shower with you now?”

“Go to BED!”

“Okay, but I still want to see you naked.”

“You saw enough tonight. You got what you wanted. Now leave me alone. I’ve got a lot of thinking to do.”

“Don’t beat yourself up over this, Mom. You did great. I’m happy. We still love each other, don’t we?”

I let out a big sigh. “Of course we do, Alex. Go to bed and let me sort this out.

“Good night, Mom.”

I was glad I didn't have to look him in the eye tonight. Even talking through the shower door was tough.

"Good night," I said, relieved this was over.

"Just one question," he said.

When I was silent, he asked: "Am I bigger than Dad?"

When I didn't answer, he asked again. "Mom, this is important to me. Am I bigger?"

I bit my lip and then said through the shower spray: "Yes. Alex, your penis is bigger than your father's. It's longer, and it is certainly much thicker. And, probably because of your youth, you generate a lot more sperm and semen." I don't know why I said that last part. Probably some passive-aggressive thing about his father. Jack could only make barely a stain with his orgasms. That's partly why I was so overwhelmed by Alex's volume. I still couldn't believe it.

"I'm glad I finally beat Dad at something," he said.

His father was always putting him down and ridiculing him. I guess he wanted a star athlete like he had been. We got Alex. And I was thankful for him.

"So, I would stretch you?" Alex asked.

"Stretch me?" I couldn't even comprehend at first what he meant.

"If I was inside you, it would stretch you. That's all I meant. Good night, Mom!" He sounded happy.

Inside me? Was that where tonight had led his thinking? I said out loud to myself, "Stretch me? That thing would destroy me!"

That seemed to be the longest night of my life. I was lucky if I slept two hours. I kept going over all the angles again and again, trying to make some sense of it. Trying to see how I could have handled it differently.

I would doze off and awaken thinking it didn't happen. Then the realization that it DID happen would hit me again.

I had made my own son cum. I had jerked him off. I gave him a handjob. I had been covered by his sperm. Those were the facts.

On top of that, it had let the genie out of the bottle. My pussy was throbbing all night long. The clean panties I had put on after the shower were a mess. Soaked.

I was hornier than I could ever remember. Handling that big, hard cock had dredged up all those emotions I had so carefully repressed.

I was thankful when Jack finally got up. At least I would have some routine to get my mind off this mess.

But, I was obviously off. Even inattentive Jack noticed.

“What’s the matter with you today?”

“I’ve got some things to sort out. Some problems to solve.”

“Always something. Why don’t you use some of that advice that high-priced therapist I pay for spouts at you. Weren’t you dying to try that story-writing thing. All last week that’s all you could talk about. I’m late and gotta go. Alex was still asleep when I looked in on him. Whatever you did last night musta worked. He’s still sleeping like a baby.”

Jack didn't even offer a peck on the cheek. I never got kissed, and I missed it.

Jack DID have a good idea, though. Story therapy was something I had just learned. You take a problem or a desire and you write a whole story around it, getting everything out. You essentially fulfill the desire or live through the solution to the problem and that discharges the emotions surrounding it.

I left a note for Alex to fix his own breakfast when he got up and that I was going to be busy upstairs in the study, so “do not disturb.”

I got out a long yellow legal pad and a pencil. Real old school. And, for the next three hours I wrote nonstop. At first it was hard and I didn’t know what to say, but then I got into it and the words just poured out of me.

By the end of it, I was exhausted. I’m not sure the problem was solved, but I was sure I had explored areas I never would have otherwise.

Thankfully, Alex had kept to himself. I left another note saying I was going out to do some errands.

When I got home, I went back to the study to go over what I had written. To my dismay, there was someone already there—Alex.

He had gone into my desk and was holding the pad with all my writing.

“ALEX! You snoop. Don’t you dare read that. That’s personal!”

“Mom, I didn’t know you had such a good imagination. But, I don’t think there’s much imagination in it. This is all real. This is all what you really think. This is all you really want to happen.”

“You’ve got it all wrong, Alex. This is part of therapy. This is so I can straighten out confusing thoughts in my head. Give me that right now!”

“Wouldn’t Dad find all this interesting? Wouldn’t he like to know what you think of him.”

“Alex—you wouldn’t ... you couldn’t! That would ruin our marriage.”

“It doesn’t sound like he’s been a very good husband, especially in the sex department. You haven’t had sex in five years. And it says here that until last night, it didn’t matter much. But now sex is all you can think about.”

“Stop it. You’re my son. You can’t talk to your mother like this.”

“I’m only telling you the truth. The truth you wrote about right here,” he said as he jabbed a finger onto the yellow paper.

“You shouldn’t have read that. That’s so private. I’m so embarrassed. It’s a fantasy, like a dream. Not meant to be taken literally. Your father wouldn’t understand. I was going to destroy it once I reviewed it again. I’m begging you to give that to me and never tell your father about it.”

“Sure. I’ll give it to you after I read a few passages. I want to see what you think.”

“Please don’t ... Alex”

Alex obviously had marked certain sections. He read: “I need sex. I finally admit it. Since I touched Alex’s big, hard cock, something has been burning inside me. All I can think of is touching it again and making it come alive in my hand once more. The sight of it made my pussy gush and throb.”

“Oh God, Alex—please stop.”

“Reading is good, but doing is better, Mom.” He put down the pad and dropped his pants and stripped down his underwear. “Take a good look, Mom. This is the cock you were talking about.”

My eyes couldn’t avoid it. It was already semi-hard.

“Come over and touch it, Mom, just like you say here.”

When I turned my head away, he walked over to me and took my right hand and placed it on his cock. I didn’t have enough strength to resist. The shock of all this was too much. “You like the feel of it, just like you said, don’t you?”

I couldn’t speak, but lightning went through me when I felt my son’s cock jump to instant hardness at my touch. I couldn’t help but look down at it. My hand, of its own accord, gave a little tug.

“And here’s a good line: Alex wants to see me naked, totally naked. I want him to strip my clothes off me and watch his eyes as he sees my breasts, my ass, and of course, my pussy. I want him to tell me I make him horny, that I make him want to make me feel like I made him feel last night.”

“I like that, Mom. I like it so much, guess what?”

Before I could answer, Alex stepped in front of me and stared unbuttoning my blouse. My hands went and grasped his. He said one word: “Dad.” I dropped my hands and he continued with the buttons. He pulled the blouse back and I shrugged it to the floor. Now I was standing in front of my son with only my jeans and lacy white bra on.

After devouring my bra with his eyes for a second, he tackled my jeans. When his hands touched the waist button, I just whispered, “No, please.” He unbuttoned the jeans, pulled down my zipper and slid them over my hips and onto the floor. I stepped out of them automatically.

Now I was standing with my half-naked son protected only by my bra and panties. Alex stripped off his shirt, so he stayed one step ahead of me. He was now totally naked and totally hard.

“Tell me you want me to see you naked, Mom.”

“I won’t say it. You’re forcing me to do this.”

“I’m only forcing you to do something you really want to do. You want my cock to get hard because of you, don’t you? You want me to see your tits, your ass, and your pussy. And you want me to want you. Say it! Say you want me to take off your bra and panties.”

When I was silent, he stood close to me and whispered, “Kiss me, Mom. It said there that you loved kissing. So here’s a kiss for you.”

Alex tried to kiss me on the mouth, but I turned my head. He persisted until he finally did plant his lips on mine. I held them tightly shut. Alex put his hands on my butt and pulled me close, grinding that big cock against my crotch and sliding it up to my navel and back. I tried to say, “Stop,” but that gave his tongue access to my mouth.

My son was French kissing me. After fifteen seconds or so, I relaxed my mouth, then my tongue met his. He swirled it around in my mouth, and without thinking I shot my tongue into his mouth.

“Tell me you like kissing me,” he commanded.

“That doesn’t mean anything. Kissing is nice. So what?”

“Put your hand on my cock.” I did without having to be told again or guided. I pulled and pushed it slowly, thrilling now to the feel of the raw maleness of it.

“Are you lubricating?” He kissed me for a good ten seconds before he took his lips off mine.

“Yes,” came from my freed lips.

“Tell me the truth. You want me to see you naked, don’t you? Say it.”

It suddenly didn’t seem so wrong to say the words: “I want you to see me naked.” I was surprised when I heard myself voice them out loud.

“You’d love me to take off your bra and panties, wouldn’t you?” When I didn’t speak, he repeated: “Wouldn’t you?”

“No ... yes.”

Alex reached behind me and fumbled briefly with the three hooks. They came apart and he pulled the bra straps over my shoulders and it dropped to the carpet. I watched his eyes as he looked from one breast to another. My small brown nipples were already hard.

He held me close and kissed me again, then surprised me when he dipped his head and took my right nipple into his mouth and sucked.

My head snapped back, and a groan escaped my lips. His hand slipped down and into the back of my panties, tracing my ass crack and then squeezing my buttocks.

I was lost. Lost. This was too much. Some motherly part of me said, “We can stop. We can stop now.” That’s when he stuck his thumbs in the waistband of my panties and pulled them all the way down in one smooth ride. I stepped out of them.

Alex stepped back and took in his naked—totally naked—mother for the first time.

“Mom, you’re beautiful. I love your hairy pussy. I love it. Turn around; I want to see that great ass of yours.”

I did like I was in a trance. I might have turned around several times. Alex came close again and kissed me hard. And hard was the thing wedged between us. Alex’s cock rested against the dense tangle of my pubic hair.

He kissed me and licked my lips and kissed me again before he said, “Mom, I love your mouth—I want to cum in it right now!”

That brought me back to reality, if there is any reality left when you find yourself naked with your son. “Alex, I don’t do that. I’ve never done that.”

“Let me read you something, Mom.” He picked up the pad and went to a dog-eared page. He read: “It took all my will not to lower my head onto Alex last night and take that cock into my mouth. I wish I could get him to sit on the couch and then kneel down in front of him and lower my head and lick him, suck him, and make him cum like he did last night.”

“That part really is just imagination,” I said. I could never get myself to do it for real, for your father.”

Last night and reading my story had broken some barrier in Alex. He was so much more assured, so less timid than he had ever been before.

“You might not be able to get yourself to do it, but I’ll get you to do it. Come over to the couch, Mom.”

He led me to the blue cloth couch we had in the study and stood in front of it. He put both hands on my shoulders and pushed downwards. “Kneel down, Mom.” He sat down and spread his legs so I was kneeling between them.

“I can’t,” I said, thinking of the act I had always considered too gross to perform.

“Shhh, shhh, shhh ...relax, Mom.”

He was using my own methods against me. I had said that to him a hundred times in the past to get him to calm down.

“Just kiss my knee, Mom.” I did. “Kiss my thigh, Mom.” I did. He had me leaning forward, very close to his erect and drooling penis. “Kiss the side of my cock, Mom.” I took it in my hand and bent it away from me and kissed the thick shaft down near the bottom.

Alex took the shaft of his penis away from me and said, “Close your eyes and stick out your tongue.”

“Alex, please ... no.”

“Close your eyes, Mom.” I did. “Now stick your tongue out straight.” I did.

After a moment, I felt the slightest warm wetness touch my tongue. So slight it almost could have been my imagination.

“Taste that,” he said. I pulled my tongue back into my mouth and tasted a mix of salty and sour. That heady aroma that had filled the air last night exploded in my nasal cavity. I had just had my first taste of precum. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“No,” I whispered.

“Keep your eyes closed and do it again.”

I leaned forward with my tongue out and eyes closed. This time Alex let my tongue actually touch his cock. I retreated and swirled more of his juices in my mouth.

“Open your eyes, Mom, and take hold of my cock. I want you to lick all around the head of it now.”

“Alex, I’ll do it if you promise not to cum in my mouth. I really don’t want to do that. Promise me that you’ll tell me when you’re about to cum so I can take my mouth off you. Promise?”

“Okay, Mom. You win on that one. I’ll tell you.”

Without giving it another thought, I took hold of my son’s penis and bent toward it. I started slowly and let my tongue sample the very tip and the juices there. Within a few seconds though, I was circling the entire head of it. My excitement grew with the smell, the feel, and the taste of my son’s sex organ.

Again and again, I withdrew my tongue back into my mouth to taste all of the male essence that was my son.

“Now, Mom, suck it. Suck my cock, Mom!”

I looked up to protest one more time, but knew at this point it was futile. My lips encircled my son’s cock and I pushed about an inch and a half of the bulbous head into my mouth before it became too wide for me to stretch my lips around.

“Suck!” Alex commanded. My cheeks hollowed and sunk in as I sucked.

I was, at the age of 40, finally a cocksucker.

“Oh, Mom ... that feels so good.”

My mouth was opened to its widest to fit just a portion of Alex’s cockhead. It stretched my lips to the breaking point.

Alex stroked my hair and then held the back of my head as he made gentle fucking motions with his hips. His cock slipped in and out of my mouth trying to go a bit deeper each time. Because the diameter, it couldn’t.

I took my mouth off and looked into his eyes, “Don’t forget to tell me when you’re going to cum.”

He nodded and pulled my mouth back onto him.

After another minute, he said, “Mom, I’m getting close, real close. Get ready!”

That’s when I heard from downstairs: “Carla! Carla! You up there?”

Two things happened at the same time—Alex whispered “Dad!”—and he ejaculated in my mouth!

He must have been startled by his father’s unexpected arrival, and it just happened. “Oh, Mom!” he groaned and pumped his hips while holding the back of my head.”

“Jet after steaming jet of hot, sticky, salty thick cum bathed every square inch and crevice of my mouth, filling it with sperm and semen. I couldn’t breathe for a second and tiny drops were leaking from my nose. The taste and smell were overwhelmingly powerful.

It took only a few seconds for Alex to completely orgasm into my mouth, but it seemed a lot longer.

Alex realized what he had done and pulled his still-hard cock out. My lips snapped tightly shut so I wouldn’t spew all over the carpet, leaving a telltale sign of oral sex.

“Sorry, Mom!” he whispered.

I looked at Alex with wide eyes and bulging cheeks. Here we were, mother and son—completely naked, and my husband, his dad, was downstairs looking for me.

And, I had a hot gooey mouthful of son cum.

“Carla! Don’t make me come looking for you!” Jack called from the bottom of the stairs. I knew his habits. If I didn’t answer, the next thing he would do is run up to find me.

As much as I didn't want to, as much as I had promised myself never to do so, as much as I had always been repulsed by the idea—I swallowed! Gulp after gulp of wiggling sperm swam down my throat. All that had just been in my son's testicles was residing now in his mother's stomach.

Without even clearing my slimed-drenched voice, I called: "I'll be right down!"

"I'll be in the kitchen," Jack called back.

I jumped up and got dressed faster than I ever had in my life. Alex moved much more slowly, knowing there was less urgency for him.

"Mom, it wasn't my fault."

"I know, Alex, I know."

He gave me a hug and whispered in my ear, "But, I think it was awesome that I came in your mouth, and I'm glad you swallowed my cum."

I opened my mouth to say something, but closed it. I figured my mouth had been open enough for one afternoon.

Alex handed me my yellow pad. "I never would have told Dad anything you know."

"I know," I said. Even though it hadn't felt like it at the time. Part of me knew I was willingly playing along with something I had wanted to happen.

I went downstairs, and Jack was all excited about how well his big meeting went. I neglected to tell him the details of MY big meetings with our son.

Alex drifted into the room, and his father retold all the boring details again. Finally he asked, "Did you two clear up whatever it was last night?"

I was about to gloss over everything, but Alex spoke up. "We sure did, Dad. We worked it out. She said some things that probably left a bad taste in her mouth, and I told her some stuff that was hard for her to swallow. But, in the end everything came out fine!"

Alex smiled at me. I had to admit he was a clever boy. He was having fun at my expense.

Jack, because of his business success of the day, and Alex (for obvious reasons) were in good moods for the rest of the day.

I was in a less good mood. I still had many of the same issues I had started the morning with. The Mother/Son relationship thing still was to be settled, and I was still horny as hell. The only new thing was that I had added “blowjob” to my resume.

After dinner, Jack went out for a drink with his business partners to celebrate the big new deal they had sealed earlier in the day. I was glad THEY would relive it and not have Jack tell ME all about it for the fourth time.

I figured this would be a good chance for Alex and me to talk about what had happened in the previous twenty four hours and set some new boundaries. I wanted to reset our roles.

I showered and instead of my “uniform” of t-shirt, panties, and robe, I wore my favorite blue satin pajamas I had bought for myself as a birthday gift. Jack couldn’t be bothered so he just said “get something for yourself.” They felt great—large and loose and cool to the touch, sliding over my skin as I moved. Four big blue buttons held the top together. The bottoms had a wide ribbon sewn into the waist for a belt. I tied this tight with a pretty bow.

At eight o’clock, about a half hour after Jack gave me a “don’t wait up,” I knocked on Alex’s door.

“Come in, Mom,” he said.

He was reading in bed, as usual. He looked like his normal self, and not a boy whose mother had swallowed his huge load of cum just hours before. I sat down on the edge of his bed.

“We have to talk, Alex. A lot has happened, and happened very quickly. This time last night, we were totally different people. A normal, happy family. (Well, maybe that’s a bit of a stretch!) Now things are turned all upside down with confused emotions.”

He moved to the far side of the bed and placed his second pillow next to his. Then he lay on his side and propped his head up on his hand, supported by his elbow on the bed. This was his standard “listening to Mom” pose. My usual position was stretched out on my side facing him and resting my head on a pillow.

By instinct I got in my position.

“I’m not going to try and make what has happened into something ugly. I don’t want there to be any guilt for either one of us. There were a lot of factors that contributed to us crossing over lines that should never in a million years have been reached. But, we have to face reality, and we have to go back to what we had before. I was selfish to let it all happen. I let my frustrations, my desires get in the way of my judgment. Do you understand?”

Alex leaned over and kissed me lightly on the lips.

“I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too, Alex. But, come tomorrow, we have to—“

Alex stopped me with another kiss, and then another. It was so slow and tender I couldn’t work up the strength to break it.

When he pulled back I said, “Alex, that’s enough. You have to understand how emotionally weak I am at this time. I won’t let my selfishness—

“Mom, stop it! You’re not selfish, not selfish at all. It’s me who’s selfish. Look what you’ve done for me. Last night and today. It’s been all about me, making ME cum. And what have you asked for yourself—nothing. And what have I done but grab it all from you.”

“I don’t understand, Baby.”

“Mom, I know now what you’re going through. You need someone to make you feel as good as you made me feel.”

“Alex, that’s not your concern or responsibility. Your father—“

He interrupted again: “Mom, Dad’s a fool if he doesn’t see what he has in you. He’s a fool if he doesn’t spend every second with you, kissing you and making you feel special.”

He leaned close again while I was deep in thought about what he had just said. He kissed me and I felt the tip of his tongue press against my lips. I opened my mouth and our tongues glided over each other for a while. It was only after our lips parted that I realized he was caressing my breasts through my pajamas. I had neither bra nor panties on underneath. I’m sure my hard nipples poked the surface.

Alex guided my hand to his crotch and I didn’t resist. I felt his hardness, and with the flat of my palm, pressed hard as I slid up and down.

Before I came into his room, I decided to give Alex one final gift.

I whispered into his ear, “Do you want to cum in Mommy’s mouth one last time?”

“No,” he whispered back.

“No?” I was shocked. I realized that my surprise came on two levels:

The obvious one was that an 18-year-old boy would turn down a blowjob.

The less obvious one was my own disappointment. When I had decided to give Alex a “parting gift” of oral sex, I thought I was being magnanimous. But now my mind wandered back to my stream of consciousness earlier in the afternoon following the “incident”—“I can’t believe it ... all that cum ... I swallowed it all ... it’s in my stomach right now ... my son’s cum ... I could have vomited ... no, I couldn’t ... it wasn’t that bad ... who am I kidding ... it was delicious ... yummy ... I excited my son so much I made him cum ... all in my mouth ... after I sucked that big, gorgeous cock of his ... his cum surprised me and I swallowed it so fast ... I didn’t have time to enjoy it, to savor it ... maybe I should make him cum in Mommy’s mouth one last time.”

“Mom, today was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. You tasted my cum. Tonight, Mom, it’s your turn.”

“My turn?”

“I want to taste you, Mom. I want to make YOU cum.”

“Baby, that’s not possible.”

He kissed me again, harder this time. And his free hand went to the buttons on my top. Before I could react, he had the top two undone, and slid his hand under my right breast.

“Alex ...” That was all I could get out before he lightly pinched my nipple. I sucked in air violently in one great inhalation. “Stop,” I said weakly. But by then the other two buttons were opened and Alex had spread my top wide, exposing my breasts and torso.

He kissed my neck, then lower to my collarbone, down to the tops of my breasts, and then suddenly, hungrily—he was sucking and licking and kissing my nipples.

“Aaaaahhh!” escaped from my lips. I was so lost in the moment it took a while to feel that his hand was rubbing my outer thigh.

It then went to my stomach and then lower. I realized where it was headed and grabbed his wrist.

“Alex. NO! I’m your mother.”

He looked into my eyes, said, “Mom!” and kissed me deep.

I let go of his wrist and the palm of his hand glided down the outside of my pajamas and pressed over my mat of pubic hair and below.

“Oh God!” was all I could say. So far, all the pubic contact had been on my part. This was the first time Alex had touched me ... there.

After repeating the motion twice, he reached for the bow on my bottoms. Again my hand went to his, covering it and stopping him. He looked into my eyes and pulled on of the loose ends of the bow. My hand melted away and the bow transformed into the ends of a ribbon. Alex pulled the waistband and expanded it far enough to admit his hand.

He was looking at my face the whole time and I was shaking my head “no, no, no” while I looked back into his eyes. His fingers met my pubic hair—great thick curly masses of it—and continued down. His middle finger traced the split of my labia and it finally rested on the entrance of my vagina. He rubbed back and forth and then, with that fully lubricated finger, inched it into me.

“YES!” I screamed. It had been so long since I had felt anything like that. I didn’t even know if I was still conscious.

Deeper and deeper he probed until his knuckle pressed against my entrance. Then he withdrew, only to reinsert himself.

My son was fingering his mom. And, his mom was letting him.

My breath was a quick series of “Ah, ah, ah, ah!”

His hand rose and his fingers scraped once over my clitoris.

“Right there! THERE! Rub there!” I begged.

“No, Mom,” he said quietly.

My eyes flew open, thinking this was some new trick to frustrate me. “Alex, that’s my clit. I need you to ... I need it now. Use your finger there. PLEASE!”

“Mom, I came in your mouth today, didn’t I?”

I could only nod.

“You ate my cum, right?”

Another nod.

“Tonight, Mom, I’m going to eat your pussy. I’m going to make YOU cum; I’m going to make you cum in MY mouth!”

The thought of my own son’s mouth on my most private part made me shudder. There was something very wrong with the thought of it. “Just use your finger, Alex. Please don’t use your mouth. You’re my son. You’re pure—and that’s—“

“That’s what, MOM? Dirty? Impure? Not to me it isn’t. I can’t wait to taste you. You swallowed me, now I’m going to eat YOU up. I want to make you cum harder than Dad ever did.”

He sat up and pulled my pajama bottoms toward the foot of the bed. “No. Please ... no! I whispered desperately. But I, at the same time planted my feet on the mattress and lifted my hips so he could easily pull them off. Alex threw them to the floor. Then he helped me off with my top.

I was completely naked now on my son’s bed and powerless to stop him from carrying out his plan.

“I love you, Mom,” he said, and kissed me tenderly. He was in no rush, it seemed. My body was now numb and I lost all sense of time.

Alex kissed and licked my neck, then sucked on my breasts. I groaned when he gently bit my nipples. Then, he was at my navel.

He slid his whole body over me. Lower and lower, kissing the whole way. Leaving trails of kisses in his wake.

I had clamped my legs tightly together. Probably as one last unconscious line of defense.

He kissed my hipbone and then each thigh. He gave each a tiny bite that sent shivers through me.

“Spread your legs, Mom,” he commanded.

I obeyed. I bent my knees until I had my feet squarely flat on the bed, and then parted my thighs until they formed a 90-degree angle. I knew my son was now looking at his mom's fully-exposed pussy. The idea both shocked and excited me.

Alex kissed the inside of my thighs, and then transferred his mouth to the top of my pubic hair triangle.

With his teeth, he pulled at the hairs, again and again.

I trembled and said, "Oh!"

It was when he reached the top of my slit that I first felt the flat of his tongue. I let out a low groan. In one long drag of his rough tongue, Alex parted all my pubic hair along the divide. He put his hands on my thighs just in back of my knees and pushed, lifting my hips off the bed and doubling me up.

His tongue traveled over my clitoris, down past the entrance of my vagina, and didn't stop until it rested flat against my asshole.

I let out a high-pitched shriek, a mixture of horror ... and pleasure.

He lingered there only a second, and then centered his attention on that hole that must have been issuing streams of my feminine fluids. His tongue lapped them up for a straight minute. I could hear his mouth devouring me and him swallowing.

My son was actually doing what he said: he was eating his mother's pussy!

"Oh, Mom! You taste so good!"

"Alex ... Alex!" I panted.

Then, he dropped my feet to the bed and moved up for the main event. He must have done his homework on the internet, because I didn't have to coach him where my clitoris was. He at first circled it with the tip of his tongue, making my head shake back and forth and forcing me to squeeze my eyes shut in delight and anticipation.

Finally, I whispered, “Suck it! Please suck mommy’s clitoris!” The words sounded oddly obscene, even now, even here. I wondered vaguely what I would have thought just 24 hours ago if I had even a hint I would utter those words.

Alex behaved like a good boy and did exactly what Mommy said. He sucked my clitoris. I let out an explosive:

“AAAHHH!”

He started gentle and slow, but then sucked and teased at that hard button of flesh that was giving me so much sexual pleasure. All my tensions and frustrations were melting away in wave after wave of crashing emotions and sensual pressures.

“THAT’S IT! THAT’S IT!” I screamed. “Just like that, Baby! Keep doing that to Mommy!”

All the years of sexual repression and denial were opening their vaults to concentrate their contents on what was approaching.

“CLOSE! SO CLOSE! ALEX! BABY!”

And then it happened. I thought I had known what an orgasm was. But, I had been mistaken. My hips made thrusting motions, feeding my pussy up to my son. And finally I screamed:

“I’M CUMMING! I’M CUMMING!”

Alex rode my bucking hips with his mouth, never losing contact with my clit.

“OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!” became my hoarse chant.

And then I lost consciousness, or what I perceived to be normal consciousness. I drifted in a mist of pleasure, not knowing or caring where I was or who I was.

Alex was holding me when I regained enough of my sanity to speak.

“Oh, Alex” It was all breath and almost no sound.

“I made you cum, Mom!”

He sounded so content and proud. “You sure did!” I said happily and snuggled close against his chest.

We hugged and kissed for a long time. Lovingly, not sexually. I offered meekly to make Alex cum, but, to my surprise, he said no. He said that tonight was special enough because of what he had done for me. That this was “my night.”

It WAS that! This was a night I would never, ever forget.

It must have been an hour after my thunderous orgasm that Alex turned from happy and playful to thoughtful. I could read his moods. He had something on his mind.

I kissed his lips and asked, “What’s up, Baby?”

“It’s just I’ve been thinking.”

“And?”

He kissed me, then leaned to position his mouth close to my ear, and whispered:

“Mom, I want to fuck you.”

———

You’d think at this point I would be beyond shock. After all I was lying naked in my young son’s bed. I had given him a handjob, a blowjob, and, oh yeah—he had just eaten my pussy until I had the most intense orgasm of my life. I SHOULD be beyond shock.

But, I wasn’t. A short time ago, hearing my son say “fuck” alone would have done it. That was the first time I ever heard him use the word. But, that didn’t shock me. It was that he intended the act of fucking in my direction that shocked me.

And THAT shouldn't have, given normal circumstances. If a normal couple goes through the stages of kissing, hugging, petting, mutual masturbation, oral sex—it would be normal to consider fucking was in their future somewhere.

But, strange as it may seem, I had never equated the acts my son and I committed to be on the road to “real” sex. To me, so far, it had been a little romantic even, with some masturbation thrown in. Not “real” sex in my book. My unreal, screwed up book.

Over the line, abnormal, unusual, kinky, frowned-upon—yeah. But, it had never entered my mind to “go all the way” with my son. I hadn't even thought of it. Not once.

Not until he said those words. That's why I was stunned. THAT'S the line that was etched into my morals. I didn't even have to think about THAT line because we'd never get to it.

Now, we got to it.

I bolted out of bed and gathered my pajamas. I didn't even put them on. I held them in front of me, covering me like some sort of shield.

“Alex. You have to understand, THAT can NEVER happen!”

“Why not, Mom?”

I tried to put into words all the feelings and explanations and justifications that came to me.

I ended with: “Sex is an act of union, where two people become one for an instant. A man and a woman—that's their main roles there. Our main roles are mother and son. Even with all we've done, we remained mother and son. Each lovingly helping out the other. Sex is totally different. THAT can NEVER happen!” I said that last phrase with emphasis.

“But, Mom, I WANT us to be man and woman. I want to be equal to Dad in your eyes. I want you to know that I can satisfy you and make love to you. Who loves you more than me?”

“THAT can NEVER happen!” I said. No matter what arguments he presented. I countered with those four words until they were hammered into both our brains.

“Mom, I want to be inside you and feel your body so close to me.”

“THAT can NEVER happen! Now, good night.” I made for the door.

“Mom, just promise me one thing. You always tell me to look at everything before making a big decision and not let emotions or bad information or prejudices get in the way. I want you to promise that you’ll take your own advice and think about this real hard from all sides. Then come back and give me your final decision. Okay?”

I sighed, nodded, and turned to the door and left. Giving my son one last look at my naked ass.

———

Every time there seemed to be some solution, that solution presented more problems and confusion. After the wild and intense orgasm I had experienced, I should have been ecstatic. As ecstatic as a mother should be who was given an orgasm by her son, that is.

But, now I had the additional burden of having promised to really think about Alex’s proposal. It seemed so clear to me until I DID start to analyze my quick decision.

I thought it was based on crossing the Mother/Son line. But, I found there was another major factor that weighed heavily: fear. I had identified a vague unconscious fear that now pushed its way to the front.

I was afraid of Alex’s cock. I was afraid of trying to take that monster inside of me. It had been five years since I had intercourse. What would the sudden intrusion of THAT thing into me do?

On the other hand, his cock excited me, stirred me to my depths like nothing else had ever done. When I thought of holding it in my hand, sucking on it—even having him cum in my mouth—I felt my pussy throb and ache.

If not for the pain, I WANTED to have Alex on top of me driving into me, or me riding that thing like crazy. When would I ever get another chance to experience that? Never.

I had two glasses of wine and debated with myself for an hour. At 11:30 Jack got home.

No hello, how are you? Certainly no “Did your son make you cum tonight?” Nothing except, “I told you not to wait up for me. I’m going to bed. Try not to wake me when you come up.”

I shook my head. He was my husband, and I was stuck with his behavior. This realization made my final decision even more clear. Jack was the man I had chosen, for better or for worse.

I saw Alex’s light still on and knocked. I didn’t wait for his to give me permission to enter. This would only take a minute.

He was reading, of course. I stood by his bed and folded my arms.

“Mom, have you made a decision?”

I nodded, then said: THAT can NEVER happen ...”

His face reflected the pain and disappointment he must have felt.

Then I added:

“... without a condom!” And smiled.

Alex looked bewildered and repeated “without a ...?” And then it hit him. “You mean?”

I sat on the bed, took his hand in mine, and looked into his eyes. “Alex, I want you to fuck me! I want you to fuck your mother!”

Alex had been ready to jump on me right there and then. But once I told him his Dad was home, even he thought it would be good to wait.

Luckily, the wait wouldn't be long. Jack had to leave on a two-day business trip on the next day, and that would give us all the time we needed.

"We have to buy condoms," I said.

"Do we really have to use one, Mom?"

"We certainly do. I don't want to get pregnant."

"Wouldn't you want to feel all my cum inside you. I know I would feel great if I knew part of me was living inside you, even if it's only sperm."

This made me think of the great amount of sperm and semen Alex was capable of generating. It would fill me up to the brim, more than Jack had ever mustered.

"Mister, that was the only condition I set. Take it or leave it. Condom or nothing."

We pulled into the pharmacy parking lot. I had driven us outside of town so no one we knew would see us making our uncommon purchase.

We wandered through the aisles, not wanting to ask. Finally we were standing in front of a vast and confusing array of prophylactics. There were sizes and colors and textures galore. I chose something that looked appropriate.

As I was paying, I noticed Alex was smiling. "Something amusing?" I asked.

"I was just wondering what that girl clerk would have thought if she knew those were for your son—to use on his mother!"

"I see your point," I said. And we both laughed, probably more than was necessary.

Jack's flight was at 5 p.m. Alex and I drove him to the airport, which was about an hour away.

"Take care of your mother while I'm away," Jack said, more for having something to say than really meaning it.

“Don’t worry, Dad, I will.” I had the feeling Alex DID mean it.

“You two planning anything special while I’m away?” he asked.

“Why would you ask that, Dad?” Alex sounded defensive. I was afraid Jack would become suspicious if Alex didn’t calm down.

“Just the same, usual things. Maybe we’ll probe a new area!” I wanted Alex to lighten up, so I used the double entendre to signal him to be playful, not guiltily defensive.

“Sounds deep,” Jack said with his bored voice.

“It’ll be deep, Dad—real deep!”

I laughed and I could feel my face get red.

“Alex, you’re in charge, the man of the house until I get back. Don’t screw it up!” Jack laughed. He couldn’t help taking a jab at Alex.

“Dad, I might screw it UP, but, I’ll try and stay ON TOP of things!”

Jack shook his head when Alex and I laughed.

At the airport, when I parked curbside, Jack said, “Alex, get my bag out of the trunk.”

When Alex got out, Jack asked, “What’s up with Alex?”

“What do you mean?” Now I was being defensive.

“He’s been bossing you around, getting his own way, like the other night when he got you out of bed.”

“I’ve got a feeling he won’t get me OUT of bed while you’re gone, Jack.” I couldn’t resist.

“It’s time you made that little motherfucker behave.”

“That mother ... fucker will do just that, Jack. I promise.”

“Huh?” He looked confused.

“Behave!” I said, as if to clarify.

We stopped at a restaurant on the way home. This was almost seeming like a date before a night of romance.

“Date” ... “romance”—look at the words that were coming into my mind. This was my son, and I was about to perform an act that was considered sinful by the whole world. What had happened to me?

Doubts were crowding in past my desires. Every time I looked at this, new things presented themselves to me. The conversation with Jack, and the deliciousness of our responses to him made me wonder if I was going to have sex with our son to get back at him, to punish him for his lack of attention.

“Mom, what are you thinking? You’ve been awful quiet.”

“Alex, maybe this is wrong. Not even ‘maybe’—we know it IS wrong. The whole world says so.”

“The whole world doesn’t know what we’ve been through together, do they? They don’t know how much we love each other. They don’t know how special our relationship is because of how you’ve helped me every single day of my life.”

“Alex ...”

“Mom, just listen.” He lowered his voice. “When you made me cum,” I looked around to see if anyone else in the restaurant at nearby tables could hear, then nodded for him to continue, “it was the greatest feeling. Not just because of an automatic reflex, but because it was YOU who did it. That was what made it so special. Someone I loved so much was the first woman in my life that way. And, tonight, it will be special again. I

want YOU to be the one to take my virginity. I want that to be the memory of making love for the first time. With YOU, Mom—with you.”

I could tell those words, which had flowed quickly, without hesitation, had come from deep inside Alex. They touched my heart, and scattered my doubts away. Yes, we would make love that evening. For all the right reasons—with a dash of volcanic lust thrown in.

“Alex, tonight will be beautiful. Beautiful for both of us.” I thought this was a good time to bring up something else that had been bothering me. “Alex, you’re going to have to be patient with your Mom. I haven’t done this in a lot of years. When a woman doesn’t use herself in that way for a long time, things tighten up.” It occurred to me that I might be tightening up mentally as well as physically.

“I understand, Mom. I’ll be gentle. I don’t want to hurt you. I want this to be the best thing you ever felt!”

It would be hard to top the other night for me. I never imagined an orgasm could feel that good.

“Mom?”

“Hmm?”

“Do I really have to wear the condom? I want to be inside you for real, our skins touching with no barrier between them. I could pull out when ... you know.”

“Alex, besides the risk of pregnancy, there’s something else. There’s an emotional division that makes me able to do this. For some reason, that condom will keep things straight in my mind and heart. You are my son, and fill a part of my life like nothing else ever could. Your father, for all his faults, is my man. He flooded me with his sperm, crossing that gap between human beings, making us one. And you were created, the best thing ever.”

“Why can’t I be your man?”

“And where would that leave your father?”

“Out,” he said. “Right where he is anyway. Staying busy with stuff other than you and me.”

We ate, mostly in silence, each thinking of what had been said.

When we got home, Alex asked, “What time are you coming to my room?”

“I’m not!” I giggled.

“Huh?”

“You’re coming to MY room!”

“You mean ...?”

“I put clean sheets on the bed this afternoon.”

“This is awesome! I’m going to fuck you in Dad’s bed. Right where he fucked you. And, when he goes to sleep there, it will be where I fucked you! This is awesome!”

It must have been some male dominance/territorial thing. I was only thinking it would be nice to have more room than the single bed in Alex’s room.

“You’ve got to give a girl time to prepare. Take a shower and meet me in my room in an hour.”

“I can’t wait,” he said with a big grin.

I showered too, and wondered what I was doing, what I was about to do. It seemed right at times, and then it seemed so wrong. I went from wishing it had never started to being so thankful that it had happened, and was going to happen. Then I would reverse that thinking. Again and again, all in the course of one long shower.

Then, I had another decision: should I make this clinical and businesslike or softly romantic.

I looked at the top of my bureau and saw a black bottle with a gold rectangular frame on its side bounding the words “Coco Noir, Chanel, Paris.” This was another “present” I got for myself. Unfortunately, I had never felt there was a right occasion to use it.

I picked up the perfume, sprayed it in the air, and walked my naked body through it. “Romantic it is,” I said to myself.

Exactly one hour after I had last spoken to Alex, I heard a light knock on the door.

“Mom? Ready?”

Ready? That was a good question This was a more “ready or not” situation.

“Come in, Alex.”

The door opened and Alex exclaimed, “Wow!

The light was out, but the room was illuminated by five big candles that I had strategically placed. Air currents made the flames wiggle slowly, sending soft shadows across the walls.

Alex had on a pair of clean pajamas. I had on my robe.

I had been sitting on my bed, waiting. I arose and met Alex a few feet from it. “This is it!” Alex said. I took him into my arms in maybe the last true Mom/Son hug we would ever have. After a few seconds, I echoed, “This is it.”

“Oh boy, you smell amazing, Mom.”

“Glad you noticed.” I kissed Alex lightly on the mouth. He kissed back, reflecting the same pressure and intensity that I had applied. We continued for another 30 seconds

before I darted my tongue onto his lips. Our mouths merged and our tongues fought a beautiful battle in which we were both winners.

My hands went to the buttons on his top and soon it had dropped to the floor. Alex took hold of the belt of my robe and untied it. His hands slipped the fabric over my shoulders, and my robe made a soft sound as it hit the floor.

“Oh MOM!” Alex whispered.

I was wearing a sheer black nightie with spaghetti straps. It stopped mere inches below my crotch. The material was only slightly denser than fog. Through it Alex hungrily viewed my hard nipples and dark triangle. I gave a slow twirl so he wouldn't miss my ass.

“Like it?” I asked. I didn't need any answer. His open mouth and wide eyes told me all I needed to know.

I pulled the elastic waistband of his bottoms and shimmied them over his hips. They fell away to join their other half.

We hugged again and kissed. Alex's hands roamed my back and then reached down to my butt and rubbed and squeezed. He took the hem of my nightie and pulled it up. I extended my arms so he could disrobe me in one motion. He dropped it soundlessly.

Then we embraced, both completely naked in the candlelight. My soft breasts crushed against his chest, and his hard cock sawed against the dampness of my pubic hair.

We looked into each other's eyes when he put a slight pressure on my shoulders. I knew what he wanted and dropped to my knees before him.

There in front of me was that magnificent cock. It's foreskin was completely pulled back, exposing a massive head that was even thicker than the shaft of his penis.

I took it in my right hand and milked it towards me. A viscous stream of clear goo slowly leaked in a string towards the floor. Before it had stretched even an inch, I leaned in and greedily licked it clean. Then my tongue continued its work. I swirled it around and around that purple, spongy orb.

I put my lips around it and sucked with a pulsing sensation. I tickled the hole with my tongue, drinking in the fluids I was causing.

“Oh Mom! You look so sexy and beautiful sucking my cock.”

I had to admit, it must be one exciting sight to see your own naked mother on her knees giving you a blowjob.

But, Alex was the one to stop the act. He helped me to my feet and said, “Come on, Mom. Come to bed with me.”

He led me by the hand, and I meekly, obediently followed. This was all now happening, and happening in slow motion. Our shadows distorted across the walls and ceiling. The shadows didn't know they were thrown by a mother and son about to have sex.

I had the top sheet and covers folded all the way down to the foot of the bed, leaving us a nice large surface to “work with.”

We lay facing each other, kissing and running our hands over the other's body.

“Are you sure you're okay with doing this, Mom?”

The sweet boy was thinking of me and my feelings at a time when most his age would be mad with desire and care less about their partner. “I'm sure, Alex. I'm very sure!”

Then Alex kissed and sucked my breasts and lowered his head more. It became apparent he was going to orally stimulate me the way I had just done for him.

I didn't protest. His tongue glided through my pubic hair and sucked on my vagina before making a visit to my clitoris. I arched my back and groaned when he washed it with his tongue.

The size of his penis was haunting me after having it my mouth just now. I was dreading the pain it might cause me.

“Alex, use your fingers on Mommy. I need to stretch out a little before we try ...”

Alex inserted his middle finger into my vagina. It slid in easily. “Now two,” I said. He complied and I saw stars. Waves of pleasure crashed against me. He started a quick in-and-out and my hips learned to keep up with him. I was driving myself against his invasion each time.

“Stop! Stop!” I panted.

“Mom?”

“I’m ready, I’m ready! Oh my God, I’m so ready!” I hardly recognized my own voice. It had a low growl to it.

I reached to the nightstand and got the condom I had taken out of the box. “Lie down and I’ll put this on you!” There was urgency in my voice. I ripped the package open and placed the rolled up condom on the tip of Alex’s cock.

I tried to roll it down and it ... wouldn’t go. I mean, it went a little bit, but not more than half an inch. I tried harder, and it broke.

I repeated that procedure with three of them, all with the same result: **THEY WERE TOO SMALL!**

“Mom!” In his voice, there was the same shock and disappointment I was feeling.

“Dammit!” I said. “The box said ‘WIDE.’ How can they NOT be fuckin’ wide?”

Alex had the box in his hand. He read “Wide use of condoms has contributed significantly to the decrease of unwanted pregnancies and the spread of disease.”

He pointed to how it was printed: the word “wide” was in big black letters and the rest was tiny print beneath it.

“I bought the wrong fucking condoms! We were right there and I bought the wrong ones.” I shook my head. The throbbing between my legs haven’t simmered down one bit because of my anger.

“Let’s still do it,” Alex said. His voice was quiet and matter-of-fact.

“Alex, I already gave you all the reasons we can’t ever do that.”

“Let’s still do it.”

“I could get pregnant. Don’t you understand that?”

“Let’s still do it.”

“You’re my son. With no protection, we become man and woman.”

“Let’s still do it.” He pulled me close and kissed me.

“Alex, I told you it can’t happen this way!”

He kissed me again and sucked my nipple. When he released it he said, “Let’s still do it.”

“Alex, I want to do it as much as you do. I’ve never been so horny in all my life. But one of us has to be a responsible person. Not using a condom would be life changing for me. You have to understand that. It’s not just physical, it’s psychological!”

He reached his hand down between us and stroked my pussy with a light touch. He said, “Let’s still do it,” and kissed me slow and gentle, probing the recesses of my mouth with his tongue. When he took his mouth away, I said:

“You have to promise not to cum inside of me.” My voice was barely audible, and it was as if I was listening to someone else tell me what was about to happen.

“I promise, Mom,” he said with a kiss.

I had already planned how this was going to happen. I would have the most control on top.

“All right. Lie down flat.”

“You’re going to be on top? That’s awesome. I was hoping for that the first time!”

I felt between my legs—I was a sopping mess, totally lubricated. But, to make doubly sure, I bobbed my head on Alex’s penis while putting out as much saliva onto it as possible.

Then I took a deep breath and straddled him.

“Mom, I can’t believe it!”

I positioned myself and reached back. His thick penis filled my hand. Before I made contact, I told Alex, “Baby, let me do all the work. Until it’s inside of me. You could hurt me if you get too excited.”

He nodded and I lowered my hips. My son’s cockhead made contact with the entrance of his mother’s vagina. We both said “Aahh!” at the same time.

I pressed downward and the elastic ring of my vagina was trying its best to stretch around his huge maleness.

“Ow! Ow!” I gasped.

“You okay, Mom?”

“It’s so big!” was my only answer.

I withdrew until there was barely any contact and then tried again. I got a little further, but at the price of even more pain.

I winced and said “Ouch!” in a voice that verged on crying.

Several more attempts proved just as unsuccessful. There was one bulge in his huge cockhead that was wider than anything else. It was no use.

“Alex, I can’t do it. It hurts too much!”

“You’re right, Mom. You can’t do it. How many times have I told you that while I was rehabilitating. What did you always say then?”

“That you couldn’t do it alone, but that WE could do it.”

“So why don’t we use that now. You always said that when it gets tough I have to push through, right?”

I nodded, but said, “This is different. This hurts so bad.”

“Mom, what’s the magic word?”

“Push,” I said. I always told him he had to push himself to get better, push himself through the discouragements, and push himself through the pain.

“Now we’re so close, and in this together. When you’re ready, say ‘Push’ and you drop your weight on me. I’ll push up from the bed.”

I nodded. Alex made me remember that we don’t try as hard alone as we do as a team, when someone else is pushing you. I took a series of deep breaths, closed my eyes. Alex placed his hands on my hips.

“PUSH!” I yelled.

Alex pulled my hips down hard while thrusting his cock upward. I dropped my weight onto that fleshy spike.

“GOD!” I screamed and almost lost consciousness. I was panting and sweat covered my face.

I looked down and saw my pubic hair surrounded the base of Alex’s penis.

“Oh Mom! I’m all the way inside you!”

He was right. The sperm-spewing tip of my son’s cock was within shooting distance of my unprotected fertile womb.

“Give me a second, please! Give me a second.”

“Breathe, Mom!” he said. That was something else we had learned from all the medical treatments.

I took his advice and the breathing helped. The pain subsided. The interior of my vagina had a lot less trouble accommodating that plum than my entrance did. The outside of my vagina happily surrounded his shaft now.

Every second that passed felt better and better. I moved experimentally and raised myself up a few inches, then back down.

“Mom, that feels so good. I’m inside your pussy ... I’m inside of you.”

My hands rested on the bed, and my breasts hung, swaying beneath me. He lifted his head and sucked my nipple and bit it, then sucked it.

A stab of pleasure shot through me. “Aaahh!” escaped me.

I lifted myself and came down again. Then repeated the action. The mechanical repetition became a rhythm. Alex’s instincts took over and we were soon dancing together to the age-old song of sex.

I leaned back, sitting straight up on my son and rode him, my hips undulating and my pussy grinding again and again on that magnificent huge cock.

I heard a distant voice say, “Mom! I’m fucking you!” It must have been an amazing revelation to him that this was actually happening.

“Fuck me, Alex! Fuck Mommy!”

My hips went faster, answering the call of unconscious need.

Alex’s hands went to my breasts, rubbing them, squeezing them, kneading them.

“So good, so good, so good!” I droned.

“Your pussy’s so hot, Mom! So tight!”

His eyes were closed and he looked to be in pain. I knew it was the pain of sexual desire, the lust the male beast—the need to mate—

That brought me back to the realization that he couldn’t cum in me. I had lost myself in the female counterpart of that mating haze. A woman craves sex, greedily lusts for that sperm so she can create new life.

We had only been fucking for a few minutes, but I was fearful that Alex would lose control.

But, fate is a funny thing. Suddenly my clitoris was hitting Alex’s pubic bone perfectly. It sent electric shocks through my whole body. Five years of abstinence was breaking through the dam that had held back an ocean of desire.

My body was betraying me as it demanded its prize—an earthshaking orgasm and a harvesting of sperm.

“Mom! I’m getting close!” Alex whined.

“A little more, just a little more,” I said.

“Mom, I’m not going to be able to—“

“ALEX!” I screamed, “DO IT! DO IT! I DON’T CARE! I NEED YOU TO CUM INSIDE ME! PLEASE! CUM INSIDE MOMMY”

The shock of hearing his mother shout those words must have shattered any control he had. He grasped my hips and thrust up with all his might again and again. I felt the bulb on the end of his cock expand, and he shouted one word:

“MOM!”

I felt something warm crawling toward my womb, and I knew that the same volume of sperm that I had previously jerked out of that cock was shooting into my pussy, filling it with sticky, wiggly potency.

Alex's frenzied thrusts hammered my clit with new urgency, and all of a sudden, the world disappeared and was replaced with a sea of ecstasy which engulfed and convulsed my body.

"I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING!" I cried so loud you'd think I wanted the whole world to know. And maybe I did. But the only people that mattered were Alex and I. And we certainly both knew that my son had made me cum.

We must have dozed off. When I looked at the clock, it was an hour later.

Alex was propped up on his elbow, smiling at me. I smiled back.

"I fucked you, Mom."

"And, in case you didn't notice, I fucked you!" I said.

"Right here in Dad's bed."

I knew this was important to him. "Right here where Dad sleeps. You took possession of his woman right where he sleeps, in the very center of his kingdom."

"You're full of my cum."

I looked down at the wet spot on the sheet. I was leaking. I didn't care. "I'm overflowing," I said with a laugh.

"Why did you change your mind, Mom? Why did you let me cum inside you?"

The easy answer would have been I had lost control. But, there was more than that. "Alex, I realized that I wanted to share something very special with you. That line I told you that we should never cross all of a sudden became very important for me TO cross. I wanted to treat you like a man and be treated by you like a woman."

"I kinda feel bad for Dad now," he said, looking down.

"Don't," I said, "because things will be just the same between us."

“I don’t mean that. I mean I feel bad that he doesn’t know what he’s missing, That he should have known you’re the best thing in the world, the most important thing, and that he’s missed out on something right under his nose.”

Tears welled up, and I kissed my son, my lover. All that we’d gone through had formed him into one hell of a man now. A man who had freed his woman from years of frustration and doubt in herself.

“Things are changing so fast,” he said. “In a few months I’ll be commuting to college. That’s a big step. No more home school.”

“One last home school lesson,” I said as I crawled up onto my hands and knees and pointed my ass in his direction.

“This is called the doggie position!”