

Mom's Insemination Mixup

Sam Jason

Dad said, "Your mom lost the baby."

I looked at him and said, "No" Then, I cried.

It was three months after the fender bender that had sent Mom to the hospital with abdominal pains. Those pains turned out to be a miscarriage of a pregnancy that had lasted only two months.

"We're going to try again," Mom said. She seemed so happy standing in the kitchen.

"Try what again, Mom."

"To get pregnant, of course. I'm turning forty soon, and your dad's in his mid fifties. We have very little time left to have another child. It was a miracle I got pregnant this year, and I hope there's a little of that magic left!"

Mom had always wanted another child after me, but here it was 18 years after I had been born, and I still had no brother or sister. They weren't able to conceive.

Finally, after lots of visits for Dad at the fertility clinic and tries with artificial insemination, there was success.

"Your father is going to the clinic tomorrow to do 'his part.' I ovulate the day after, so that's when the insemination will happen."

I should have been happy, but I wasn't. I should have encouraged Mom, but I couldn't.

All I felt was guilt. Maybe fear, too.

“Scott, you took it so hard when I lost the baby. I thought you’d be over the moon to hear the news.”

“Mom, I”

“What is it Mr. Gloomypants!”

She sounded so cheerful. I never wanted to do anything that would cause her any pain or heartache. Here she was a tall, beautiful blonde who looked like she was still in her twenties, and all she wanted was to have another baby so she could show it the same love she had given me all my life.

“Nothing, Mom. It’s just”

“Scott. I know when something’s bothering you. Now, tell Mom what it is.”

“It’s just I don’t want you to be disappointed if ... you know.”

“Scott, all those years that your dad and I couldn’t conceive—I never needed any pregnancy test to know it hadn’t happened. Something deep inside me told me right from the start. But, this last time, by the time I got home from being inseminated—I knew! You can’t imagine how I felt. I knew!”

“That was then, Mom.”

“And what’s changed? That was only four months ago, just a couple days after your 18th birthday. You brought Dad luck when you drove him to the clinic.”

The guilt really kicked in now. I had to make a decision, probably the second biggest decision of my life: should I tell Mom?

“I don’t want you to get your hope’s up, Mom. It’s probably not going to happen again. If it does, great, but I really don’t think it’s going to happen.” I couldn’t even look at her when I said that.

“Scott, this isn’t like you. Come here. Come to Mom.” She held her arms wide and I melted into them, as usual. I put my arms around her while she held me close. She felt warm as she gave a little motherly rocking motion.

Then she pushed me to arms’ length and asked, “What is it? What aren’t you telling me?”

“Nothing, Mom.”

“Scott, I know when you’re lying. I always do. Tell me. There’s nothing so bad that we can’t work it out together, just like we always have.”

“Not this time, Mom. This is a deal-breaker.”

“Okay, now you’re scaring me.”

“I wouldn’t even know how to tell you,” I muttered. That could have been the truest thing I ever said.

“Let’s narrow it down then,” Mom said. This is how she made things easier—usually.

“Mom, it won’t work like that this time.”

“Yes it will. Watch! Is it about school?”

“No.”

“Is it about college? You didn’t do anything to screw up your scholarship did you? Your father will absolutely kill you if you did!”

“No, I still have my scholarship.” That wouldn’t stop Dad from killing me though.

“Is it about money. We do what we can for you, and you have that part-time job.”

“Not money either, Mom. Let’s forget it.”

“Not in your life, Buster. This is called narrowing it down. Let’s see. Is it about girls?”

“Ahh ...”

“I see. It’s about girls. Remember, Scott, you can tell Mom anything. Nothing is so complicated or embarrassing that you can’t confide in your old Mom.”

“Not about this, Mom.”

Mom stepped forward and hugged me again. “Scott, you got a girl in trouble right? You got some girl pregnant.”

“Kinda,” I said, not knowing how to go on from there.

“There’s no ‘kinda’ to it. Is she your so-called girlfriend, Carrie? I knew she was too fast for you. I could see it in—“

“No, Mom, not her.”

Mom looked into my eyes and said, “Give me her mother’s phone number and we’ll start to straighten this all out. I’m with you on this, Scott. You don’t have to worry alone any more.”

Mom”

“Her mother’s number. NOW!” Mom had quick-drawn her phone from her back pocket.

I dictated 10 digits and Mom punched them in one-by-one, then held the phone to her ear. She indicated she put on her speakerphone and the ringing was audible. A voice said, “Hello?”

“Hello, this is Scott’s mother, Mrs.—“

“Lisa?” came my grandmother’s voice. “Is this some joke I should know?”

“MOM?” my mother said. “Let me call you back later!”

My mother hung up and gave me the angry eyes. “Quit fooling around. I want the mother’s number of the girl you knocked up.

I shrugged. “This is the hard part, Mom. I GAVE you the number.”

“You’re not making any sense, Scott.”

“DON’T YOU GET IT! IT’S YOU!” I shouted, the tension had breaking me into fear and anger. Then, much more softly, “It’s you, Mom.”

“I don’t understand,” Mom said.

“At the clinic that day. When I brought Dad. I switched his sperm for mine.”

Mom’s face got long and pale and her mouth tried to work, but didn’t. She reached out for the back of a chair, and missed once or twice while she fumbled. I pulled the chair out for her and she sat down.

“I can’t believe what I’m hearing,” she said only a little louder than the refrigerator motor.

I pulled another chair opposite her. I wanted to get all of this out as fast as I could now.

“Mom, Dad did his thing and we were checking out of the clinic, and he said he forgot his coat so I went back into the room and saw the two containers they gave him and I couldn’t help seeing that the one he used had maybe a little drop in it and not enough to do the job so I took the other cup and filled it with my cum and screwed the lid on and then wiped Dad’s out with a tissue so they’d think Dad used only one cup and that would be the one they used for you!”

I think I said it all in one breath, but I was pretty much unconscious right then.

Mom might have been unconscious too for all she was saying. She sat there without blinking, and maybe without breathing either. I shut up and waited. She waited too, until she said:

“I don’t believe you. This can’t be true.”

This time I pulled out MY phone, fiddled for a moment to find the video file, and did something I never in a million years thought I'd show my own mother—me masturbating!

I turned the phone screen to her and hit the play triangle.

The video showed a hand vigorously pumping an erect cock, and aiming it at a plastic cup with a printed sticker on its side. It didn't take long until long streams of sperm were hitting the bullseye and doing their best to fill the small container. I voiced a little "Ah!" with each squirt. We unconsciously counted silently together, our lips moving in unison. We got to eight.

The disembodied hand released the still-hard cock and screwed on the container's lid. Then it picked it up and focused the camera on the printed sticker. It had my dad's name and his personal identifying info.

My voice said, "Today is Wednesday, January twenty third, and I'm at the Claxxton Clinic.

Mom still hadn't moved or said a word.

"Mom? Mom?"

It started with a whisper, but built quickly into hysteria: "Oh my God ... oh my God ... oh my GOD ... OH MY GOD ... OH MY GOD!"

"MOM! MOM!"

"YOU GOT ME PREGNANT! YOU GOT ME PREGNANT!"

"MOM! I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I never wanted you to know. I never thought we'd have to."

"That baby I was carrying. That baby! I was carrying MY SON'S BABY!" Her words filled the house, every corner of it.

She started to get up, and I was afraid of what she would do, so I put my hands on her shoulders to hold her down.

That's when she slapped me, hard. Hard on the face. The sound wasn't as loud as her words, but they didn't carry the same sting. The slap knocked me back in my chair, and my eyes blurred with tears. Not so much the slap, but it acted like a switch that let the tears of my emotions out.

That same slap brought Mom to a weird and eerie calm, as if it were electricity that came through that thunderbolt of a slap and left all discharged behind it.

"Are you all right?" she asked with her sane voice.

"I'm okay," I said, rubbing my face and not looking at her.

"Who's seen that?" She pointed to my phone.

"Nobody. That's the first time even I watched it."

"Why would you record that filth? Why would you keep it?"

"I figured, like it was important. Like if I ever had to prove something a hundred years from now."

"Prove that it was yours?" Mom not so much asked as reasoned. She was looking far away when she spoke.

"Yeah. I guess."

"Scott? Why? Why?"

"I wanted you and Dad to be happy. To have another baby that you wanted for so long. And I thought everything was going to be great. Dad was so proud and you were singing all the time you were ..."

"Pregnant," Mom finished.

“I didn’t want you to be disappointed again. Like always after you tried. You get so depressed for so long, Mom. When I saw Dad’s cup ... it all happened before I could think.”

“That’s just it. You didn’t think! You didn’t think of all the consequences, the implications ... the morality of it all.”

“You saw what Dad left there. Mom. I made a decision. I can see it was wrong now. Now that everything’s gone bad. So bad.”

“Your father can never, never see that. It would destroy him as a man. Do you understand?”

“Yeah, Mom. Of course I understand. I know Dad. That’s why I thought I did good when I saw how happy he was. He’s happy right now thinking it’s going to work again. He’s sure it’s going to work by some miracle again because of what was taken away from you by the accident.”

Mom thought over my words for a long time and I didn’t interrupt her. Finally she said, “Give me your phone and go to your room until I tell you to come out. I need to process this.”

I handed over the phone and said, “I’m sorry, Mom.” I was sure it wasn’t the last time I would say that in the next couple of days.

Sitting in my room for the next hour and a half would have seemed like forever usually, unless I was watching sports or playing a video game. But, I sat and thought the whole time, not even moving.

I thought about Mom and her having my child inside her. I thought about Dad thinking it was HIS child inside her. I thought what would happen if Mom couldn’t hide this from him. I thought about poor Dad—how he would feel if he knew his son thought he was so weak a man that he had stepped in to make his woman pregnant.

“Scott! Scott!”

I opened my door a crack and called, “Yeah, Mom!”

“Come sit with me in the kitchen.” She sounded almost normal.

“How’s the face?” She put her hand on my chin and pulled until the bright pink of my cheek showed flat to her view.

“I’m all right. It doesn’t hurt.” I lied.

“Then, I mustn’t hit as hard as I once did,” she said.

She sat with her arms folded and looked at me for a long time. My phone sat on the kitchen table between us.

Since you went to your room, I looked at this from a lot of angles. Some of those angles are disgusting, disturbing. Absolutely shameful. They made me sick, and they made me mad.

“I know, Mom. I can see that now and I don’t know what got into me to make me go crazy that day and do what I did in the spur of the moment. I second guessed myself a hundred times, but while you were pregnant, I thought I had done the right thing.”

“Scott, you had a choice in front of you, and being young and impetuous, you plunged ahead without all the facts and acted.” This was the mother I knew every day, calm and rational. That’s why her blowup earlier was even more scary.

“Mom, I would know never to do anything like that ever again.” I thought that assurance would open the door to forgiveness sometime in the distant future, if ever.

“But, that’s where you’re wrong,” she said. Her tone got quiet.

“Wrong? I don’t understand.”

“Your statement that you’d never do ‘anything’ like that again. That’s wrong. Wrong because tomorrow, you’re going to do something EXACTLY like that.”

“What?”

Mom leaned toward me, and whispered as if she didn't want anyone in the world to know what she was about to say next: "Tomorrow, you're going to drive your father to the clinic again. You're going to find a way back into his room. And—you're going to replace his sperm with yours ... again."

My mouth must have been open because Mom put her forefinger under my chin and applied pressure until I shut my mouth.

"Do you understand?"

One word came to my mind: "No."

Mom took a breath, and looked as if explaining was going to be a chore. "When you first told me what you had done, I was in shock. The idea that you had done something so bold, so wild, so unpredictable was something that tore me from reality. I was a blank. Then I was furious. I felt violated. You had taken the most intimate decision possible for a woman away from me: choosing the father of my child."

"I'm sorry, Mom. It's just—" Mom held up her hand.

"That's how I looked at it at first. Then, I looked at it from the long view of our failures—your father's and mine. All the years we went childless. They were all because of him." She looked at me as if considering sharing a confidence. Then she decided. "Your father is much older than me. At first, when we were younger, it didn't seem so pronounced. But, as years went by, let's say his vigor has waned. He's lost total interest in the bedroom."

"Mom!" I definitely hadn't signed up for this.

"This is important for you to know. I want to give you the choice you didn't give me. And I'm presenting the facts as they exist. Your Dad, the doctors said, has a very low sperm count. They said the last time was ... what did they call it? A happy anomaly. It had worked and we both thanked God it had."

"Now you know the truth, and you hate me for it."

“I don’t hate you. I didn’t think twice about the anomaly or miracle or accident or luck, or anything. When I heard I was pregnant, that was the happiest moment of my life—since YOU were born.”

She leaned in and kissed my cheek, the hurt one.

“Sitting out here thinking, and watching that damned video again, made me think that since I’ve already been impregnated with my son’s baby, why not do it again? I know now there was no miracle and there would be no future miracle with your father alone. I would never have another baby.”

Mom made her hard and determined face, gritted her teeth together, and growled out: “AND, I WANT another baby!”

“Do I get a say in this? Do I get a chance to think it over?”

“You get all the way until tomorrow when you drive your father to the clinic, ejaculate into the spare cup, and make the switch. Do you understand what you’re going to do? Have you made a decision yet, or do I have to explain it another way?”

“No, Mom, I think I’m good. But, it was only luck that it happened the last time. What if I can’t—“

You’re going to drive your father to the clinic, ejaculate, and make the switch. Drive, ejaculate, switch. What’s the plan?”

“Drive, ejaculate, switch.” Mom didn’t look like she wanted any variations in the plan, either.

“Good. And one thing you’re NOT going to do from now till then: you’re not going to jerk off. Understand? You think I don’t see those tissues in your basket. Pull-eeze!”

“Mom! My room is private!”

“My uterus is private, but it got invaded by your sperm. And, stay away from your slut friend, Carrie. I never liked her and I won’t have you being tempted to lose that load until this is over. Capisce?”

“Carrie’s my girlfriend, Mom. You shouldn’t talk about her like that.”

“I’m glad you’re going to separate colleges. In a few months I won’t have to worry about her any more.”

Our argument about Carrie would have continued, but Dad came in the kitchen door, smiling.

“Talking about me?” he asked.

Mom and I looked at each other. If he were looking for it, he would have seen we looked guilty. But, we shouldn’t have because that was what he said any time he came into the house.

“You’re early,” Mom said.

“Yeah, a client canceled this afternoon, so I called the clinic and moved up the appointment. Went in, boom! A day early. All done! And, they recalculated your cycle and said tomorrow’s your best day, so I moved you up.”

Dad was happy. Mom was not. I was relieved.

This meant I didn’t have to try some fertilization espionage that most likely would have gone totally wrong and gotten me into trouble I couldn’t talk my way out of. The first time I did it was a crime of opportunity. This time, the opportunity was completely missing.

When Dad left the kitchen, Mom said, “New plan. YOU take me to the clinic tomorrow and somehow make the switch before they inseminate me.”

“Mom. That’s crazy. What do you think I’m going to do, steal a lab coat and a clipboard and wander around until I find exactly Dad’s jar—like in the movies? They’re going to keep an eye on me in the waiting room and that’s as far as I’ll get.”

“We’ll make it work,” she said. “You just remember—no jerking off, and stay away from Carrie tonight.”

“We already have a date, Mom. What do you want me to do, tell her ‘I can’t see you tonight because my mom needs me to save my cum in case I have to inseminate her at the clinic?’”

“Sounds good to me. Just keep it in your pants tonight. Did I tell you I don’t like her?”

———

“I don’t think your mother likes me,” Carrie said.

“It’s just your imagination,” I said.

We finished our burgers and fries from the drive-through. Carrie got that look, the look I usually liked.

“My parents are at a fundraiser all evening, leaving my big comfy room all unguarded for once.” She had whispered that in my ear and nibbled it when she finished.

Usually, I would have had my hands all over her, even in a well-lit parking lot with families parked on either side of us. Not tonight. My mother’s voice and face haunted me.

“Why don’t we see that new movie you’ve been talking about?”

“Since when would you rather see a movie than see my underwear?” She sounded a combination of hurt and surprised.

“I don’t want to get caught by your parents.”

“That never stopped you before.”

“And tomorrow my Mom—“

“Your Mom, your Mom! I know it’s because your Dad can’t deliver the goods, but this gets old hearing about all her troubles.”

“Carrie, she did lose a baby you know.” I wanted to say “our baby,” but didn’t, for obvious reasons.

“That was months ago,” Carrie said, and I saw her in a totally different light.

And I saw me in a different light.

“I’m bringing you home.”

“It’s the pimple, right?”

“What?”

Carrie looked in the rearview mirror and pointed to her forehead. “This! This pimple! It’s gross and you are grossed out tonight by it! Admit it.”

“It’s the pimple,” I said and drove her home.

Dad surprised us again. Two times in two days. I had been ready to steal that lab coat, put on dark rimmed glasses to look older, find an empty container and save the day by jerking off into it just in time for the doctor to take my still-hot cum and deliver it to my mom’s waiting egg.

That is to say, I was about to drive Mom to the clinic and see if an opportunity presented itself.

That’s when Dad walked in again. “Talking about me?”

I said “DAD!” and Mom said “Mark!” at the same time. Then in unison, “What are YOU doing home?”

“I live here. When I’m not working, that is. But, seriously, I thought I should be taking you to the clinic and then we’ll go out to celebrate!” Dad looked at me and added, “Just the lovebirds, Skipper!”

I wondered for the thousandth time if he thought I liked being called “Skipper.”

“Really, Mark, Scott can bring me. You don’t have to bother.”

“Wouldn’t hear of it. This is the big day. I’ve got a very good feeling!”

That was one out of three who had a good feeling.

I’ll never forget Mom’s face as she left with Dad. It had that same look as when she found out she had lost the baby.

“Good luck, Mom,” I said before she closed the door. But, I felt that all the luck was going to be of the other kind.

Their appointment had been at 4:30. They got home about eight o’clock.

As soon as I heard the door, I left my room. Mom had said she knew it if had worked in the past. I looked for that knowledge in her face. All I saw was sorrow. I didn’t even ask the question, or any question.

“Your Dad drank a whole carafe of wine at Bertello’s Restaurant. He ordered it before remembering a pregnant woman can’t drink. I drove us home.”

“Well—it’s a celebration!” Dad’s face, on the other hand was smiling, and red from the alcohol. “This is a special night we’ll remember. The night a new life was conceived!”

Dad looked so happy. Mom stared at me and must have seen her own disappointment reflected. “I’m going to put your father to bed before he falls down or goes to sleep out here and I have to lug him in there.”

“No lugging,” Dad sang. “Not until nine months from now!”

Mom took him by the arm and guided him toward their bedroom. When she passed me, she said in a low voice: “New plan.”

I was playing a video game on the living room TV when Mom came in and sat next to me.

“Put on a news channel or something with people talking. And put it up loud so we can talk without Dad hearing us. You know, even drunk, he has rabbit ears.”

There was a special panel of experts talking about some bill that shouldn’t be passed by congress. I thought that would be all right.

“Scott, you know how I said I could tell?” When I nodded, Mom continued. “It didn’t work. I can feel it.”

“Let’s wait and see before—“

“I know, Scott. I know. This was my last chance. Our last chance. If not today, then never. Do you understand how that makes me feel?”

“Bad. But what could we do. Dad messed it up.”

“Yeah, Dad messed it up. He’s a good man. And a great father. But, he’s messed this up—getting me pregnant—for years. And I had to just sit by patiently while it happened and put my best face on. I’m tired of that.”

“You can’t be sure, Mom.” She looked at me. She was on the verge of losing it about this, and I was on the verge of being the one it got lost on. “Mom, I’d do anything to fix things, but it’s impossible now.”

“I’m glad you said that, Scott.”

“That it’s impossible?”

“No, that you’d do anything to fix this. Because I’m going to do just that—ask you to fix it.”

“That’s crazy, Mom. The clinic is closed. What are we supposed to do, break in and do another procedure ourselves?”

“Nope,” Mom said. “No breaking in required. Unless the door of your room is stuck.”

“I’m not following.”

“Scott,” Mom said, “I want us, you and me, to have sex tonight.”

“Mom! ... No! ... What?”

“I want you to impregnate me tonight. The only way is to have sex. I’ve already been pregnant by you once, so for me that’s a big hurdle already overcome. I admit it’ll be a little awkward for both of us.”

“AWKWARD!”

“Shh! Your father!” Mom whispered.

“I can’t. I couldn’t! I won’t!”

“You said you’d do anything. Did you see how happy your father was? And don’t tell me it’s about the idea of having a child. You already let that genie out of the bottle when you swapped your sperm the last time. You would have let me come to full term without ever knowing who the real father was. Admit it.”

I shrugged. This was way too complicated for me to think about it in a logical manner.

“The clinic said tonight is the night I ovulate. This is our chance, our best chance. This was the last time we could use the clinic on our insurance. This is it, Scott. I can’t force you, but I can beg you. This is your mother pleading with you to give me another chance to be a Mom to another little life. Please, Scott, please ... will you do it?”

I stopped staring at my sneakers, looked Mom in the eyes, and nodded “yes.”

There was no big reaction like I expected. Mom was in her businesslike mode. She said, “Good. I’m going to take a shower. You take one too and I’ll meet you in your room in a half hour.”

I asked the back of her head as she was leaving: “Mom ... what if I can’t ... you know ...?”

“Leave the details to me.” She hadn’t even turned around.

I sat there for a minute stunned. While some guy in a gray suit and tie on TV said, “Both sides of the aisle finally have to ...”

I said quietly, “I’m going to fuck my mother.”

“Come in,” I said. I had showered and changed the gross sheets on my bed. I didn’t need to have Mom doing a sheet inspection too.

Mom silently slipped into the room and made an effort not to let the door creak or clunk shut.

“Remember, no noise. We don’t want your father to wake up and come looking for me.”

I had some clean pajamas. Mom had on her nightgown and robe.

“Let me set the rules, Scott. We know why we’re doing this. We can be all done in a few minutes. Then, you have to give me another five minutes of lying still on my back so ... just so things will work to the maximum effectiveness.”

I surmised she needed to let the sperm get where it was going to without draining out.

“Okay. But I still don’t—“

“No negativity. All positivity. Understand?”

Mom drew back the bedspread and blanket, leaving the light blue sheet only.

“This is going to be as medical, as clinical as possible. We’ll do the business with as little touching as possible. Remember, the main object is to get your sperm into my vagina. Period. No kissing, no hugging, no talking. I’ll keep my robe on, hike up my nightgown, and get under the sheet. You take your bottoms off, get on top of me, do what nature has taught you, and then get off. Understand?”

That was going to be her command word I guessed: understand.

“By the way, as much as I’ve told you not to, this isn’t your first time, is it?”

I shook my head “no.” “First time without a rubber,” I said.

“Then it’ll feel different. Don’t be afraid to get it over quickly, if you get my meaning. I only ask that when you do climax, do it as deeply as you can so that we have the maximum chance of success. Understand?”

Another nod.

“Here we go,” she said and climbed into my bed, pulled the sheet over her and I could see her hike up the robe so that her lower body was free and unobstructed.

“Mom?”

Mom only pointed to the bed, about where her vagina was. I got the point, and dropped my pajama bottoms. Mom didn’t look in my direction. I sat on the bed and closed my eyes. Then I lifted the sheet and crawled on top of Mom.

She bent her knees up and planted her feet flat on the bed. Then she reached down between us and I felt her hand on my penis. My limp, uninflated penis.

“Get yourself hard,” Mom commanded.

“I’m trying,” I said. “But, I can’t. What if I can’t?”

“Don’t do that! Don’t get upset. That will put pressure on you and make it worse. Believe me, I know from experience. Lie on your back.”

I obeyed and Mom wrapped her fingers around my flaccid dick. “Close your eyes and don’t think of anything. Just breath in and out. That’s your job. I’ll take care of the rest.”

Mom jacked me gently up and down, up and down. After a minute or so, I said, “I can’t, Mom!”

“Don’t give up ... yet,” Mom said. I felt her lean forward, and then felt something wet. Mom had covered my whole penis with her mouth.

“Mom!” I groaned as she applied sucking pressure for the first time.

This got a reaction, and soon I was on my way to a real hardon. Mom bobbed her head as I got bigger and the base of my cock emerged from her mouth. She took her mouth off and went back to jacking me with her hand. Just before she let go, Mom leaned her head in one last time and licked all around the head of my cock, and made her tongue drag over the tip.

“Okay,” is all she said as she lay again on her back.

I got in position, felt her hand take my cock, and then use it to brush up and down against something warm, hairy, and wet.

“Push, but go easy.”

I pushed, and for the first time in my life, entered a pussy without a condom on. That it was my mother’s didn’t seem to matter at the moment.

I felt more resistance than I did with Carrie. Unbelievably, Mom was tighter than my girlfriend!”

“Easy,” Mom whispered. “You’re bigger ...” Mom seemed to reconsider what she was going to say, and finished with, “... slow.”

I went easy, a few inches easy, and then backed out to the tip. Then, on this second trip into my mom’s depths, I sunk all the way home, not stopping until my pubic hair entangled with hers.

Mom let out a continuous “Oooohhhhh!” the whole way. It was louder than she intended, I’m sure.

Her eyes were squeezed shut and she had an exaggerated smile that I suppose you would call a grimace on her face. I withdrew and pushed forward again, then again, slow and steady. Mom’s head looked left and then right, keeping up a cyclic motion. Her hips met mine with increasing force. I had thought she would remain motionless.

I was wrong. Within thirty seconds of my entering her, Mom’s feet had reached up to entwine across my butt and her arms circled me and pulled me close to her.

I increased my speed and Mom said, “That’s it ... that’s it!” Again louder than regular conversation. That’s when it got louder still: “So deep! So deep!”

Mom’s body writhed and contorted under me. “Mom! Shhh! Dad!” I whispered.

“Close! I’m close!” she was starting to wail a gasp of “AAAHHH! AAAHHH!” Then her body stiffened, her eyes flew open, and she whimpered softly: “I’m cumming! I’m cumming!” To be followed by the start of a sonic boom shriek.

It had barely begun when I covered her mouth with mine to stop the sound that would have echoed through the neighborhood, no doubt bringing Dad running.

Mom’s tongue went crazy in my mouth, rivaling the twisting and dancing movements of her body. My reaction to Mom’s response was for my own body to go crazy.

I thrust with all my might as fast as I could. My own tongue probed, and tasted my Mom’s saliva.

Deep into Mom’s mouth, I grunted, “MMMMMMMMMMMM!” That was the same time I let loose a gusher of sperm inside her. Again and again I came with all the strength I had in my 18-year-old body. As deep as I could.

She went limp. I continued to pump for another thirty seconds and fell silent on top of her.

Our mouths had disengaged, but I rested my cock still inside her wet confines. The only sound now was our rapid breathing, which grew silent after a bit.

She pushed at my right shoulder, and I rolled off her. We didn't say anything for a few minutes.

"I told you no kissing," she said.

"Mom! I didn't want Dad to hear." I thought that explained everything.

"Hear what?"

"You screaming. You were in the middle of a scream."

"Why would I scream, knowing that we had to stay quiet ... scream?" Mom asked.

"Mom, I'm sure you didn't mean to, but when you started cumming—"

"Are you insane? What are you talking about? I was lying there, trying to be as still and quiet as I could until you finished."

I sat up and looked at her. "Mom! You had your legs wrapped around me. You were practically vibrating under me. When you had your orgasm, I had to—"

"I had no such thing! Why are you trying to make it seem like I enjoyed this. Do you think I actually got sexually excited by what happened? I did this for one purpose only. To create a child."

I was totally confused. But not for long.

"Lisa! Where are you?" Dad's voice drifted up the hallway, and sounded like it was coming this way. "Lisa?"

Mom calmly got up, straightened and retied her robe, and called back, "In here talking to Scott."

She threw the sheet over me—the me with the naked bottom half with the vagina-soggy penis. Blanket and spread followed.

Dad knocked and came in. “Talking about me?”

“I was clearing up some misconceptions Scott had,” Mom said.

“Conceptions are important,” I countered. “I hope I ‘conceive’ of the right thing in the future.” I liked playing with that word tonight.

Mom gave me a look. Dad was clueless.

“Come to bed,” he said. “You should be resting.” Then he patted Mom’s stomach proudly.

“I got a good feeling about today, Dad!”

“So do I, son.”

“I’ll talk with you in the morning,” Mom ended with. Dad put his arm around her, around his woman, around his woman filled with his son’s cum.

I sat staring at the wall. “Mom’s crazy in bed,” I said to the wall.

“Off to the conference,” Dad said the next morning. Mom had cooked him an early breakfast because he had to travel two hours to Sacramento for a big meeting. “You two hold down the fort. It’ll be late.”

Mom was already dressed. She volunteered three times a week down at the hospital.

We didn’t talk while she cooked me some eggs and toast. I didn’t want to be the first one to bring up the night before. Maybe she didn’t either.

“I thought it was alcohol,” Mom said.

“What about alcohol?”

“In college, I couldn’t ever remember what I had done with my boyfriend until the next day. I thought it was because I had been drinking.”

“And ...?”

“I know now that it was sex and not alcohol. So that’s cleared up. Sex is what short circuits my short term memory.”

“So this morning you remember?”

“I remember every detail now about last night.”

“Is that good or bad?”

“I have to be off to the hospital. What are your plans today?” Mom asked. She picked her car keys off the counter.

“Swimming over at Carrie’s.”

“Have a good time,” she said. Nothing about not liking Carrie for once.

Carrie wore bright blue and yellow polka dots. They were painted on a bikini, or a two-piece. I didn’t know the difference.

“You didn’t catch the ball,” she said.

“I didn’t see it coming.”

The red beach ball found its way back into her hands, and she made a playful gesture as if she was going to wham me with it. I didn’t react.

“You’re no fun today. It’s a beautiful day and you’re wasting it sitting there in that chair. Let’s swim, let’s play badminton, let’s go up to my room!”

Any one of those, especially the last one would have made me come alive. Not today. I was still reliving and rehearsing the night before. Now I was replaying each detail: how Mom looked, how she smelled, how she felt, the sound of her voice. There weren't enough hours today to process everything that we shared.

And there really wasn't enough of my attention to spend it on Carrie. All of a sudden, she seemed like a kid to me. A spoiled kid who demanded every single bit of my undivided attention. Today it was divided and it was long division. A long way from Carrie.

"Oh my goodness," she said. "My top came loose." I looked up to see she had it swinging from her hand. Her nice, little tits stood straight out in the sun. She had no tan lines. I would have been all over that on any other day.

Today, it made me think back to feeling Mom's big 36D's crushed against my chest as I pumped sperm into her. In fact, everything somehow reminded me of pumping sperm into her. Except when something reminded me of Mom sucking my cock.

"If you're just going to sit there, why don't you go sit at home, with your mother?"

"What do you mean by that?" My eyes must have darkened.

"Nothing! I was just talking. Why are you so touchy today?"

Carrie tiptoed over with her small bare feet and sat in my lap, shaking her bottom just that little bit girls do when they want to nest on a guy's cock. She kissed my nose, and then my lips. I kissed back.

But, it wasn't the same. It was never going to be the same after kissing Mom. I tried for another minute.

"I'd better get going," I said. "I got some stuff I gotta get done."

"We didn't even swim. We didn't even fuck. You're going to look back when you're at that dopey school in the fall and wish you could relive today."

“Could be, Carrie. Could be.” I left.

Mom’s car was in the driveway when I pulled in.

“Scott!” Mom called when she heard the kitchen door.

“Yeah, Mom. I’m home.”

“You’re home early,” she shouted. It sounded like she was in her bedroom.

“Carrie was being a pain, and I didn’t feel like putting up with her stuff today. You’re home early yourself,” I yelled up the hall.

“It seemed like nothing went right today, and you wouldn’t believe how idiotic people were acting. I did what needed to be done and left. I thought I’d come home and get some laundry done.”

“You don’t have to yell,” I said as I entered her room.

She laughed. It was good to see a smile on her beautiful face again. “I thought you were still in the hinterlands of the house.” Mom was bent over the bed, smoothing out the fitted bottom sheet. She had on a loose blue pullover top and a flowing skirt that went to her knees. It had big white and blue flowers on it.

“Changing the bed again?” I always made a big deal when she did because it was an obsession with her.

“You’d do well to take a hint and follow by example.”

“Especially after last night,” I said without thinking. It was my usual way of joking, but as a slight frown crowded itself onto Mom’s lips, I knew I had made a mistake.

“About that ... I suppose we should talk.”

“Mom, we really don’t have to. I’m okay, you’re okay. Let’s move on.”

“And yet, here you are. Here I am. Both of us not acting normal. Both having trouble coping today with our so-called ‘normal’ lives.”

I didn’t say anything. She had given me space to get out what I was feeling. If I knew what I was feeling, maybe I would have talked.

Mom filled her lungs with air and said, “I guess I’ll begin. Last night was, in my eyes, necessary. It was my last chance. I can never tell you how grateful I am to you for ... let’s call it ‘helping.’ But, in the light of day, I have to admit feeling guilty, feeling I forced you to do something that no son should ever have to do.”

I said, “Mom—“ But she held up her hand to stop me.

“Scott, my beautiful son, my adorable, precious son. You know how much I love you, and I know how much you love me. Everything was so clear to me just a few days ago. Our roles—you, me, and your dad. Then, you told me what you had done at the clinic, and it all became blurred.”

I nodded, but couldn’t think of one word I could say that would make this any easier on Mom or me.

“You got me pregnant by artificial insemination. A mother pregnant with her son’s child. But, the accident ... that changed everything. We lost something. We lost it as a family. Me as a mother, your dad, thinking he was to become a father for the second time, and you, the real father of my ... of our baby. No wonder you took it so hard. You lost a child too, not just an embryo that was to be a brother or a sister.”

“Mom, I only wanted to make things better.”

“And, you had made them better. Look at how happy we all were.”

Mom sat on the bed, like all of a sudden she was exhausted.

“When you told me what you had done, all my hopes vanished. My mind couldn’t deal with the reality of not having another child. If I hadn’t already been forced to come to

grips with the idea of carrying my son's child, I never would have forced you to do what we did last night."

"You didn't force me, Mom."

"It may seem like that now, but in the future, you may have a different view."

I sat next to her and took her hand in both of mine. "Mom, I'm glad we tried together last night."

Mom leaned and put her forehead against my and rocked back and forth. She usually did this when we were sharing things that needed time and understanding to express.

"I appreciate the, Scott. But, there's something else. Another side of what happened that I can't deny, I can't run away from, and I won't be able to ever forget: that's the way my body betrayed me."

"Betrayed you? How?"

"I should have been calm, clinical, and detached. In control. I wasn't. My body responded in a way it hasn't in a very long time. So much so that my conscious mind denied it until the whole experience came crashing onto me this morning when I awoke. Maybe sleeping gave my unconscious time to process my unspeakable behavior. Scott, I'm so ashamed today, and I feel so guilty."

"Mom, you shouldn't."

"It's bad enough to make you do what we did, but for your own mother to get sexually excited, to react, to actually climax ... that's totally unacceptable, and I can only ask for forgiveness from you, from your dad, whom I feel I've now physically and emotionally betrayed, and from God, who must see this act as the unholy of deeds."

Mom was deeply religious, something that my grandparents had strictly enforced. Part of that was making her feel guilty about every "sin" she committed.

Suddenly, I found words I wanted to say: "Mom, I'm glad we made love. I'm glad my sperm is inside you right now as we sit here. And, Mom, I'm glad I made you cum."

“Scott, don’t talk like that. Please.”

“Mom, you had your say. Do you want me to be honest? Do you want me to open up to you? Or do you want me to shut up and keep it to myself.”

“Of course I want you to be honest. It’s that these things are so hard for me to hear. Be gentle with me, I’m begging you.”

“I admit that when we started last night, I didn’t know if I could do it. You saw that, and you took care of it.” Mom’s face got red when she must have flashed back to sucking my cock to get me hard. “I began as a son and his mother, but that didn’t last long. As soon as we started, as soon as I was inside of you, I saw you as a beautiful woman, a woman who wanted a baby. My body responded too, Mom. It wanted to make that baby by cumming inside you. But, it also wanted to make you happy, I wanted to make you cum too. When you did, it was the greatest feeling of my life. I wouldn’t want to trade that for anything. And it wasn’t just a guy ‘ego’ thing either. It was that I was doing the right thing with the right person.”

“Scott, my darling son.” Mom hugged me close, and tight.

“When Dad said they calculated last night was the night, I knew it was important to us all as a family.”

“This clinic isn’t always a hundred percent. My counting since my last period still says today is the day. When I got up, though—“

An idea shot into my brain before Mom could finish her thought. “Mom, why not?”

“Why not what?”

“Why not make sure?”

When Mom just gave me that head-tilted puzzled look, I said, “Dad’s gone until late tonight. Here we are alone. You calculate today’s the day. It’s only logical that we make sure.”

“Make sure by ... “

“Doing it again. So that there’s a better chance.”

“No! Definitely not! I started to say ... when I got up this morning—“

“It makes sense, Mom! Look at all we’ve been through. You were already pregnant, we’ve already made love. This wouldn’t be doing anything we haven’t done except like an insurance policy to protect what we were trying to do.”

Mom looked confused. “Scott knowing what I know now, it wouldn’t—“

“Is that the pile for dirty laundry?” I asked, pointing to the sheets and clothes on the floor. Mom nodded, again looking confused. I stripped off my shirt and threw it into the pile. “That needs washing,” I said. I dropped my pants and kicked them into the pile. “Those too.”

“Scott—stop it!” Mom was laughing when she said it.

She stopped laughing when I dropped my shorts and my erection sprang to attention. Now naked, I said, “And those.”

I walked over to her and pulled her up into a standing position. Her eyes didn’t meet mine until I reached out and pulled her close. They had been concentrated on my hard cock.

“Mom, you know we should do this.”

“No, Scott, I know we **SHOULDN’T** do this. The trouble is ... you have it sounding like it’s logical and needed.”

“Look at how ready I am today. Look at what just thinking about you has done.” I took Mom’s hand and guided it to my penis. She pulled back a little and then held my cock with a firm grip.

“Scott ... don’t do this.”

“You said your body betrayed you last night. Why not let go and let your body guide you today? Let it happen.”

“Scott, I’m your mother.”

“And we’re trying to have a baby, and what I’m wanting us to do is the very thing—the only thing—that will make a baby.”

Before she could speak, I kissed her full on the mouth. She turned her head, but when I left my lips on her cheek, Mom turned back and returned with a closed-lipped kiss.

She had her eyes closed. I kissed small kisses several times, and then touched her lips with my tongue. She puckered shut, and then opened her mouth. I went slow and I think she moaned softly.

She pushed me to arms’ length and said, “Go out in the hall until I call you. I’ll put on my robe like last night.”

“No, Mom. This time I want to see you naked. I want to see that beautiful body you keep in such good shape.”

“In the daylight? Here? With the sun streaming in the windows? HERE?”

“Yeah, Mom. Here. Me naked, and you naked. Here.” I kissed her again, and again.

“Your top, Mom. It’s ready for the wash.”

“Scott, I don’t know ... I don’t know if ...”

I took the bottom of her pullover and skinned it up to her armpits, leaned in and gave her another kiss, and she raised her arms up so I could pull it over her head. I threw it into the pile while Mom lifted her hands to cover the lacy blue bra that strained to hold her 36D breasts.

“I can’t believe this,” she said.

“Now your skirt.” It had an elastic waistband. I stretched it around her hips and let it fall to the floor. Mom wasn’t making eye contact.

My eyes were on her muscular calves and thighs. And her matching blue briefs.

My mother was standing in front of her naked son in only bra and panties.

I stepped forward and reached around her. “Scott, I don’t know ...”

“I do, Mom,” I said as I unhooked the first of three. “You look so beautiful.” The second hook parted. “I can’t wait to see your breasts.” The last hook was freed.

I stepped back, but Mom held the bra tight against her chest.

“Let it go, Mom.

She did and gave me my first look at two magnificent breasts, capped with tight, hard, dark nipples centered in light brown circles.

“Oh Mom!”

“Scott ... honey ...?” It was a plea or a question or something. I figured it was a look for approval of some kind.

“They’re so beautiful, Mom.”

She smiled and seemed relieved.

“Do you want to take your panties off, or do you want me ...?”

“I ... I can’t.”

I slowly stepped in, put my hands on her waistband, and glided a pair of panties off my mom and onto the floor.

“Does Carrie shave?” Mom asked.

I nodded, then added, “That makes her look even younger than she acts. Mom, you’re a woman. A full-grown, natural woman. I love it.” I was referring to the thick, lush, tangled triangle between my mother’s legs. It wasn’t as light as the blonde hair on Mom’s head. It was about the color of tender toast.

I reached and ran my fingers through Mom’s pubic hair. A light touch that never got to the skin under the jungle. Mom gasped.

I kissed her again, then repeated until we were both out of breath. I hugged her tight and whispered in her ear, “Let’s make love, Mom.”

“Make love to me, Scott.” Her voice was a dream.

We guided and propped each other up all the way to the bed. Then magically, I was in my father’s bed with my naked mother. I kissed her face, rubbed my hands over her body ... again and again.

Her breasts occupied my hands, then my mouth. Sucking and biting, one to the other. “Oh my God!” Mom sang.

“Mom, I want you to record in your mind every second of this. Not for later, not for tomorrow, but for forever. I want you to know what’s happening and be as awake as you’ve ever been. Enjoy this with me now.”

“Scott, I can’t believe we’re about to do this. I’ll try. I’ll try, my beautiful boy.

I eased Mom onto her back and positioned myself between those long legs. I lowered my body onto hers and looked into her blue eyes. She tried to reach down between us, but I shook my head “no.” I could already feel the drooling tip of my penis stuck someplace warm.

In one slow, steady, glorious stroke, I eased into my own mother’s thoroughly-drenched vagina. I didn’t stop until our pubic bones kissed.

Her eyes had gone wide. Was it surprise? wonder? pleasure?

“Scott! I’m awake! I’m here with you! I’m totally here with you! Do it! Do it! I can feel every inch of you.”

“Mom! You’re so tight and so hot. I love being inside you.”

My hips went into repeat mode: slowly out, all the way to the tip, then all the way back into the heated, lubricated depths of my mother’s pussy. Only the speed varied. That increased in harmony with Mom’s own hips.”

“Scott ... oh Scott,” she whispered. “This is heaven! I don’t deserve to feel this good!”

“You deserve it, Mom!” I thought of the last months. Her losing the baby. What it took for her to come to a decision to get pregnant again by her own son. All the pressure and agony and all the back and forth doubt to reach that decision. I wanted nothing more than to give her something that would in some way erase the pain and doubt of the past.

“Feels so good, Scott,” Mom whispered.

Whispered? Mom was whispering. Not shouting.

“Mom! Don’t hold back! Let it all loose.”

“That was the other me, the one that took over in the past. I don’t know if I can ...”

“Do you want me to make you cum? Do you want me to cum inside you, Mom?”

“Yes! Please! Yes!” Again a whisper.

“Then tell me,” I ground harder against her, and sped up.

“Yes, Scott, yes! YES! YES! CUM INSIDE ME! SHOOT YOUR CUM INSIDE ME!” It was a shout that rang across the room.

Her hips bucked upwards, lifting me off the bed. Mom was totally arched, supported by her shoulders and feet. Mom held that for a few seconds and dropped flat, only to wrap her legs around me and lock her feet on my butt.

That's when she got serious, and went crazy underneath me.

“AAHHH! AAHHH! SCOTT! HARDER! PLEASE! PLEASE!”

You should always obey your Mom. My reward for obeying was her piercing scream and the words:

“I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING!” Tears streamed down the sides of her face as it all let go in all ways at once in my Mom's body.

I drove deep, my body stiffened, and my own barrier broke. Broke and flooded my mom with all the sperm and semen that I had in my body. I transferred strings of hot, glue-like cum as far up her as I could. I kept pumping long after every drop had squeezed out of me.

We held each other for a long time after that. Kissing. Talking. The kind of talk where you say things that make no sense, but make all the sense in the world.

The shadows had moved quite a bit. That was the only way my mind registered that a long time had passed.

My hands rubbed over Mom. Her hands glided over me, finally resting on and taking hold of my penis. She massaged it to its full length again. I figured she wanted one last blast of baby-making fluids before Dad got home.

I was about to lay her flat again when she surprised me. She laid ME flat on the bed and straddled me. Mom's big breasts dangled and swayed, begging for my mouth.

“Mom, isn't this the wrong position to make a baby?”

“Yes. When the woman's on top, the sperm isn't as likely to penetrate as deeply.”

“Then, shouldn't—“

Mom put a finger to my lips to stop me. “Remember when I told you that twice in my life I knew immediately when I became pregnant?”

“Yeah.”

Mom let out a long, breathy “AAhhhh!” as she sank her cum-soaked pussy onto my cock. She rocked her hips and rode me as she said in a pleasure-tortured voice:

“I had that same feeling for the third time this morning when I woke up ... Daddy!”