

Mom's Pregnancy Secret

Sam Jason

“You're absolutely INSANE, Amy!” I said. My sister was insane.

“Think DNA,” she said, as if that made sense.

“Think sane on one hand, and INSANE on the other,” I countered.

“The DNA would be perfect. You of all people know what I'm saying is true.”

I kept putting items from the supermarket shelves into my carriage. Amy kept pulling that same carriage to a halt to make her case. Her insane case.

“How close a match would that be.” It wasn't a question, the way she said it. “Admit it. There would be no way that would ever be a concern.”

“There're lots of other concerns, Amy, and you know it.”

My sister and her husband, Bob, had come down to Florida for a week's stay. It was a combination business trip and vacation. It had started out as that, but today turned into something much more. And something—should I say—insane!

Bob and my husband, Phil, were brothers. Yes, sisters married brothers. We had known each other since forever. At least since I had become pregnant with my son, Nick, my senior year in high school, right after I turned 18.

“Nick turned 18 last month, right?” Amy asked. She knew perfectly well he had.

“That doesn't make any difference.”

“That makes a world of difference, and you know it.”

I put a gallon of bleach into the cart. And some detergent.

Amy stopped the cart again. “It’s not fair, yanno. I’m 38 years old. My time is running short.”

“We talked about other ways,” I said, “scientific ways.”

“Yeah, all the ways Bob isn’t interested in. He’s for the ‘natural’ way. And that’s what I’m talking about: the natural way.”

“It’s kind of ironic both brothers would have the same problem.”

“Really ironic, considering” She tilted her head down and gave me a grim, knowing look almost through her eyebrows.

“Amy, it’s out of the question. I won’t allow it. Talk about natural! This is the most unnatural thing I ever heard of. Let’s change the subject.”

“Let’s not,” she said. Amy was one year older than me and always thought that gave her the right to be the boss. The sad part was, I always let her. “This is Thursday. We fly back to Connecticut on Saturday. That leaves tomorrow. Perfect.”

“The schedule is the only perfect part of this, Amy. The rest is insane.”

“Bob and Phil have that golf date with clients and then go directly to wine and dine them. They’ll be gone from 2 in the afternoon to who knows when.”

My husband and Amy’s owned a golf supply business, which they had started right after Nick had been born. It had been mostly successful since the start. Never more so than right now. They had turned their boyhood passion for golf into a lucrative career.

Bob took care of business from New York City; Phil, in Florida, provided year-round golfing opportunities for clients. This present deal was so big, both of them were required. Tomorrow would tell if it was successful.

“Tomorrow? Like the day after today? I wouldn’t consider this if it was the day after ‘never!’” I said.

“Maybe you’re right,” Amy said while taking control of the carriage and slowly pushing it.”

“Huh?” I said. Amy NEVER said I’m right.

“You have Nick, after all. You’ve known the joys of being a mother for 18 years.” She put on her sad face, the one I couldn’t stand seeing.

“It’s not going to work,” I said. “And don’t say I don’t know what it’s like to try and be frustrated. Phil and I have been trying for almost as long as you to have another baby.”

“Another baby, Terry, another. As in, one more. One being a whole lot more than none.” The sad face again.

It was working. “Amy what even made you think of this?” Why was I even opening this door?

“That video you showed me when we first got down here. The one on Nick’s computer.”

I knew I made a mistake when I showed my sister that. I thought it was a mistake because it invaded Nick’s privacy. But now I knew it was a mistake for an even more serious reason. It had planted the seed of an idea that had been growing until she finally told me about it today.

“I shouldn’t have showed that to you. But, it was so shocking to me ... you know we’ve always turned to each other ...”

“Terry, it WAS shocking, but not abnormal. All boys do that ... I guess. But, making a video of it seems strange.” She made a thoughtful face, then said, “Maybe he wanted to ... or maybe he ... I don’t know why he did it. Honestly, we’re making too much out of ‘why.’ My only concern is that he was right. What he said was right. Who cares why he said it.”

Okay. The video. Phil’s computer at work had something wrong with it so he took the laptop we share at home with him. While Nick was at school, I needed to check my email so I went to his room and used his old desktop Windows computer (we had given

him a new Macbook for his 18th birthday just last month, so he hadn't been using the desktop any more).

Instead of just jumping on the internet, I got curious about a video file on the desktop screen. It was labeled "4U."

I had double clicked it and was presented with an image of my handsome muscular 18-year-old son sitting on his desk chair—NAKED. He said to the camera: "This is for you." I immediately felt a great wave of embarrassment and shut it off. I walked down the hall and then back again. I looked at the computer and then walked down the hall. Something kept drawing me back again.

I was torn. Do I give Nick his privacy, or do I, as a concerned mother, find out what is going on? Do I find out who this video is for?

I started the video again and got past the "This is for you" part. Nick began slowly rubbing his penis. He was uncircumcised, and the hood of skin covered all its head except the very tip.

"I'm thinking of you," he said. And his penis started to grow, and grow, and GROW!

That's when I chickened out. Nick was due home from school, and I didn't want to be caught watching THAT!

I ran to our home office and retrieved one of my thumb drives. A couple clicks later and I had the evil video copied to it. I shut down the computer and put the thumb drive into my purse, and then tried not to think about it.

"Tried" was the operative word. I was stunned, and I had so many questions. Who was this for? Why would thinking of that person get him so obviously excited.

I doubted I would ever find out. I didn't have the courage to look at it again. Not until Amy showed up for her visit. I hinted around about it long enough until she said we both should watch it to figure it out. I know now I should have kept it a secret, but a combination of curiosity and a motherly protective instinct made me want to explore what my son was up to.

When no one else was in the house, Sherlock and Watson plugged in the thumb drive and double clicked the familiar right-facing triangle to start the video.

“I wonder who he’s thinking about?” Amy asked when Nick’s penis amazingly swelled. “Wow! Look at the cock on that kid!” I don’t know if her voice had surprise or pride tingeing it. “He puts Bob to shame!”

I opened my mouth to say “Amy! That’s your nephew!” but instead shut up and mentally compared Phil’s cock to my son’s. There was NO comparison. Nick’s not only was longer, but also far thicker. Nick’s finger’s barely wrapped around it, and his hands were much bigger than mine.

“He got hard awfully fast,” Amy said. Apparently she was going to provide commentary all the way through.

Nick DID get hard fast. And not just hard, but super hard. Phil never got hard like that anymore.

Nick took his hand away and said, “How would your hand feel on me?”

“Maybe we should turn this off,” I said.

“No way,” Amy said. “We have to find out what this is all about.” Her eyes never left the screen.

Neither did mine.

Nick performed a slow stroke: Up, pulling all that skin, now woefully inadequate to cover his cockhead—then down, highlighting the bulbous mushroom topping his penis.

Nick looked at the camera. “I bet you’d like to lick it.” After a few more strokes he added, “Admit it, you want to put your mouth on me.”

I thought I saw a nod from Amy, but it was very slight if I did.

Nick took his hand away, and his penis swayed slightly with his heartbeat. “How would this feel going inside you?”

I reached for the pause icon and nearly lost my hand. Amy had roughly grasped my wrist. “Back off. Don’t you want to find out who your son is teasing here? Maybe you’ll be able to stop some impulsive action of his.”

“Amy, I don’t think—“

“Shh!” she scolded.

“I bet it would stretch you, but feel really good, really good in your pussy,” he said, then grabbed hold again. Now he started pumping it for real: long, deliberate strokes. Rhythmic and powerful.

Nick moaned and shut his eyes. He relaxed into it. Then he opened his eyes and whispered, “I want to show you how much I cum.” Then shut his eyes again.

“We should REALLY shut this off,” I said sternly.

“I want to see how much he cums,” Amy said, just as calm as if she were asking for another cup of coffee.

“Okay,” I said. That’s all I said.

For the next minute a mother and an aunt watched a son, who was also a nephew, stroke his penis until the head of it swelled.

Nick grunted and aimed his cock back to his abdomen. “Aaahhh! Aaaahhh! Aaahhh!” he grunted. Each time a thick, white blur shot from the end of his cock. It traveled with lightning speed in a continuous string until it hit and puddled at his solar plexus.

“For you!” he gasped and three more shots came out, each as big as the last.

When he finished, there was an area twice as big as my iPhone completely covered with sperm on his stomach. You couldn’t even see his skin through it. Its milking thickness was the color of a pearl, and the consistency of glue.

“Oh my God!” Amy said at last.

“All for you!” Nick said. “What would happen if this all got up there deep inside you?” Nick reached forward and the video ended.

Amy answered unconsciously: “I would get pregnant.”

“I’m ovulating on Friday,” Amy said.

“Good for you. I’m ovulating on Sunday. What’s that got to do with anything?” I asked.

It was two days since we had both watched Nick’s shocking video. We had chitchatted a little about it, mostly asking each other why he would make such a thing and who it could be for. I thought we had both let it mostly slip from our attention.

I was wrong. My sister had been replaying it in her mind constantly and forming a plan that would knock me over:

“I want Nicholas to get me pregnant,” she stated matter-of-factly.

“What?” I couldn’t have heard what I knew I had heard.

“Nicholas. I want him to impregnate me on Friday.”

“Like a sperm donor?” I was trying to make some normal sense out of things.

“Like if you had sex and that was the way the donation was made. Yes,” she said. She crossed her arms.

“Amy, you’re my sister. Nick is my son. You’re talking about having sex with your nephew. That’s incest. Are you nuts?”

“I’m nuts alright! I’m nuts at being 38 years old and not having a child. THAT’S making me nuts. And my husband, Bob, not being able to produce enough sperm. THAT makes me nuts. So, yeah, I’m nuts.”

“Take it easy. I know what you’re going through. Phil has the same problem. We’ve tried for years and haven’t been able to get pregnant. Brothers. Maybe they have the same problem.”

“Don’t you DARE compare yourself to ME! You HAVE a son. You’ve had a son for 18 years. A son to love and hold and care for. I haven’t. And remember—Nicholas” She left the rest unsaid.

“Shhh!” I said. “They’ll hear you.” We were in the kitchen while the three males were in the living room.

That was the first time we had the exact same argument. We had it over and over again for the next two days.

I put the groceries in the trunk. Amy sat with her arms crossed, angry again at my unwillingness to go along with her.

“I’m asking Nicholas tonight,” she stated. She was the only one who called him by his full name.

“You are NOT asking him. I’m not going to expose my son to this twisted kind of scheme you dreamed up.”

“What if he’s exposed to something else?” she said. “What about some other scheme?”

“You promised me you would never—“

“I’m talking to Nicholas tonight. I’d rather have you there. But, if you’re not ... that’s okay too. It’s going to be up to him. I’ll simply state my case. We’ll make it as uninvolved emotionally as possible. Now, Terry, do you want to be there or not?”

I swallowed hard. I had always supported Nick in any way I could. Although every fiber of my being wanted to run away and not hear another word about it, “We’ll talk to him together,” I said.

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The good thing about Florida, besides the weather, is that a beach is always close. We lived just fifteen minutes from a west coast beach whose somewhat rocky shore made for nicer walks than bathing. It was more or less secluded and ideal for long walks. Nick and I had walked it many times, especially when he needed to talk to me about something.

Tonight, in the sunset light, there were three of us walking. His Aunt Amy was with us.

“Aunt Amy, I’m glad you got to see this place,” Nick said. I can’t tell you how many times I’ve watched the waves go in and out here.”

We all paused to look at the setting sun and the reflections it made on the endless rolling in of the water.

“Nicholas,” Amy said over the gentle rhythm of the surf, “I saw your video.”

“What video?”

“The one of you masturbating,” Amy said. So she was going for the direct approach.

“What? That’s private! That’s not for you.”

“I know this could be upsetting, Nicholas—“

“Mom! Did you know Aunt Amy saw it?”

“Nick, we both saw it. I saw it first and then—“

“So you saw it too?” Nick asked. His voice seemed calmer.

I nodded, and tried to stare out into the ocean and not catch sight of my son’s face. We all remained silent for a moment.

Amy broke that silence. “You probably have wondered why your Uncle Bob and I don’t have any children. It’s not because we don’t want any; it’s because we haven’t been able

to have any. For all these years, no matter what we've tried, we haven't been able to have any."

"I kinda figured," Nick said. "And, I've heard Mom and you talking sometimes on the phone. So I figured, yanno."

Nick stood between us. I looked over at him as he faced his Aunt. They were about the same height. I was the short one, just over five feet. Amy's long hair blew back off her face in the sea breeze. My short hairdo barely moved at all.

I don't know if it was the sun or if Amy was blushing; her face was red.

"When I saw your video and heard your final question, the first thought that came to me was 'what a waste.'"

"Huh?"

"All the years, all the time, all the hope I spent," Amy said. "THAT was a waste. But, when I saw you there, when I saw what you can produce, that's when I thought it was a big waste."

"This isn't gonna be a big lecture, like some intervention thing because I don't wanna be —"

"I want you to get me pregnant," Amy interrupted.

Talk about the direct approach.

"What?" Nick's face showed either surprise or shock or horror or some emotion I had never seen.

"All that sperm you so proudly wasted in your video—that can be put to good use. That is if you agree. Nicholas, nobody's going to force you into anything. After all, this is a big thing I'm asking of you and I know it's not going to be easy to make a decision."

"Mom?" Nick looked at me for ... something ... anything.

“Nick ... I don't know what to tell you.”

“You're okay with this, Mom?” There was a little whine in his voice.

I thought of the consequences and nodded “yes.”

“You mean like artificial insemination?” Nick asked.

Amy's face really turned red, and not from the reflected sunlight either. “No, Nicholas. There's no time for that. It has to be tomorrow. That's the day. And, there's another reason. Your Uncle Bob must never know about this. He has to think the baby is his. Always. Forever he has to believe he's the father, and you look so much alike, the brother gene and everything. The baby would look like him.”

“So you're saying we're gonna have sex. You and me, to get you pregnant?”

Amy's face got a look of sudden doubt, and she said, “Yes ... unless you can't ... unless you'd be repulsed by the idea or by ... me.”

Neither of us had weighed if having sex with an older woman would be something Nick would find disgusting.

“Aunt Amy,” he said, “I always thought you and Mom were the most beautiful women on the planet. It's not that. It's just I never planned for this. When I made that video ... I just never planned for this.”

“Nick,” I said, “This wouldn't be your, you know, first time?” I didn't want my son's first lovemaking to be with his 38-year-old Aunt.

“No, Mom!” He sounded miffed that I thought he was still a virgin. “First time without a condom though.” He couldn't suppress a smile.

“So you'll think about it?” Amy asked.

“You think it would really work? Have a good chance?”

“Nicholas, all that’s been lacking is a good supply of sperm. And from what I saw, you have more than enough to get the job done.”

“Then, I don’t have to think about it. I’ll do it. Aunt Amy, you deserve to be a mother and I know you’ll be a great one. Look at how great an aunt you’ve been to me.”

I thought for a moment that a really great aunt wouldn’t be planning to have sex with her nephew for the purpose of getting pregnant.

“Aww, Nicholas,” Amy said and reached out and hugged Nick close to her. I felt a sudden pang of something as I watched them together.

She pushed him finally to arm’s length and got very businesslike. “Like I said, it has to be tomorrow; that’s the only chance we’ll have. And, it’s the day I’m ovulating, so it’s also the very best chance for me to get pregnant. I’m like clockwork. Have been for years. So tomorrow’s the day.”

“You know what ovulating means, right?” The minute I said it, I knew how lame it sounded.

Nick gave me the “Duh!” look.

Amy continued, “I know how awkward this must be for you, me being your aunt and everything. So, we’ll make this as easy and clinical as we can get. We won’t have to get completely undressed or anything, so don’t worry about that, and we’ll get it all done as quickly and simply as possible. It’ll almost be like having a procedure in a clinic.”

“Except it’s really sex, right?”

“Yeah, except that part,” Amy said.

When we got home, there was a new atmosphere, a new dynamic between us. A knowing, an understanding.

Between the three of us, that is. Of course Bob had no idea his wife was planning to get pregnant the next day. And both Bob and Phil had no idea Nick was going to donate his sperm the old fashioned way.

I caught Nick looking at Amy, and maybe it was my imagination, but looking at his aunt in a whole different way. Could he be thinking about becoming a father? Could he be having doubts? Could he be thinking just about the taboo act of having sex with his own aunt? I didn't know, and I didn't have the courage to ask. I didn't want to know the truth.

If I could have stopped this, I would have. I would have protected my son.

He didn't have my protection tonight and he wouldn't have any protection tomorrow when he entered my sister.

My sister. I wondered what she was thinking now her plan was going forward. I didn't want to discuss it with her either, but she took the option of avoidance away from me.

"What do you think?" she asked. She was looking at Nick while he set the picnic table. We were going to have a barbecue.

"Not too late to back out," I said.

"Back out? The hard part is done. Telling Nicholas and getting him to say yes was the hard part. The rest should be easy."

"Famous last words. I really wish you weren't forcing this. He's my son for God's sake."

"It's not like we're going steady or dating. Nothing long term. One and done, girl. One and done."

"And what if it works. Have you thought about that? THAT'S not one and done—that's for a whole lifetime. I become an instant aunt. AND, I become a grandmother! Have you thought about that?"

"Wow! You're right. I promise I won't call you Granny. At least not in front of Nick." Amy giggled, she actually giggled.

“I should have expected you wouldn’t take this seriously.”

“You know me, how I act when I get nervous. And I’m nervous about one thing in particular.”

“What’s that?”

“Ya think it’ll hurt? You saw how big Nicholas is. Do you think I can take it? I mean it’s so much bigger than Bob’s.”

I walked away, using my angry walk. “What?” Amy called from behind me.

Phil and Bob were attending the grill, each trying to take over and become the king of backyard cooking.

Phil said, “Chicken, hot dogs, and hamburgers. All going to be done soon!”

“Don’t burn the chicken, Dad,” Nick called out.

“Back off, Squirt!” Bob joked. “This is man’s work here!”

Bob and Phil laughed with that practiced brotherly camaraderie.

“Maybe I’m ready for man’s work. Right, Aunt Amy?”

This is one time my sister was at a loss for words. Her eyes widened with what I’m sure was guilt. My own hands sweated suddenly. I didn’t know what Nick was going to say next.

Both Bob and Phil looked at Amy and said “Well?” in unison and waited.

She said nothing, but I piped in: “Nick offered to chauffeur us around tomorrow to do some shopping while you two golf and have your meeting. That is, if you give him permission to take the afternoon off from school.

Phil said, "You're the guest in this castle, so you do the honors." He handed Bob the long barbecue tongs.

"Thank you, M'Lord!" Bob bowed. "Come here, knave." He crooked a finger of beckoning toward Nick, who got close.

We had seen this brother act before.

With an almost-touch on each shoulder Bob said, "I dub thee Sir Squirt! You are the man of the castle until we return tomorrow. What sayest thou?"

"I vow to live up to my name," he said.

The rest of the evening went without incident. But not without tension. Both Amy and I felt it, like the other shoe could drop at any moment.

But, the shoes stayed on.

I sent Nick to school with a note saying I would pick him up after his Physical Education class, which ended at 11:30.

"Where's Aunt Amy?" he asked in the car.

"She's at home, waiting."

"Okay." He sounded nervous.

"You know, you don't have to do this," I said.

"I said I'm going to do it, and I'm going to do it, Mom. So let's not talk about it."

"It's a big step, you know. Becoming a parent. Because that's what we're really talking about here. It's not just having sex or making love or whatever you call it."

"Hooking up," he said.

“Okay, it’s not just hooking up. It’s something that will affect your whole future. And, it might not even work. It’s never a sure 100 per cent thing.”

“I’m pretty sure it’s going to work, Mom. You saw my video. You know what I can do. Imagine all that inside of Aunt Amy. She’s told you a hundred times it’s not her problem, but it’s Uncle Bob who doesn’t have it in him. So, today that gets fixed. Fixed by me. And I’m a hundred percent sure it’s going to happen.”

He looked out the window, leaving me to think of my son filling my sister up to the brim with sperm.

“Another thing, even if it does work, nobody but you, Aunt Amy, and I can ever know the truth. Not your uncle or your father.”

“That’s the one part that does bother me. A kid should know who their father is.”

We pulled up at the house, and Nick got out with his backpack. I kept the car running.

“Aren’t you coming in?” Nick asked.

“I’m going to give you and your Aunt some privacy so”

“Yeah, I guess that’s best.”

“It’s Noon. I’ll be back at about three.” I didn’t wait for a reply or look at Nick’s face. I didn’t want to see it again, all innocent. I backed out of the driveway and went to the mall.

I had caught a movie, a comedy I think. I don’t remember a single word or scene in it. Then I walked both floors of the mall, vacantly staring in every window and mostly seeing my own face in the reflection. A face that looked like a woman who was failing her son.

I gave them an extra hour and got home at 4 p.m.

Nick was watching TV in the living room, alone.

“Hi,” I said.

“Hi,” he said. He didn’t offer anything, and I didn’t ask anything.

“Aunt Amy?”

“Laundry room,” Nick grunted.

I made my way down to the basement and found my sister folding sheets.

“Hi,” I said.

“Terry,” she acknowledged, without looking at me.

“Well?”

“All done,” she said, and tried to rush past me.

I didn’t know if “all done” referred to the sheets, or to “other things.”

“Is that all you’re going to say?”

“I told you ‘all done,’ and that should be enough. I have to go make the bed.”

That the sheets had needed washing, whether for real or for symbolic, cathartic reasons told me enough. “All done” meant all done.

I felt like the odd man out for the rest of my sister’s stay. Something had definitely changed. We barely spoke, and Nick seemed on the verge of being hostile. Several times I heard Amy and Nick talking for more than five minutes at a stretch, but never could tell what they were saying. They were careful about that.

Nick was cold toward me, but normal around his father and Bob.

Finally, it was time for them to leave for the airport for the return to Connecticut. Phil and Nick were driving them, leaving me to stay at home and wonder how this got so far out of control.

We were saying our goodbyes.

Bob said, “Nick told me he wants to come up and visit during one of his vacations this school year. If it’s all right with you, Terry.”

It was news to me, but I said, “That would be great, but I’ll miss him for sure. He’s never been away from home but for a few days at camp.”

“Then, it’s settled. We’ll be sure to plan it soon.”

The men packed up the car while I talked with Amy.

“I know this visit didn’t go the way it was planned,” Amy said. “I just want you to know that everything is all right. I’m sure of it.”

“What do you mean?”

The horn beeped and Bob yelled, “Let’s go. We have a plane to catch.”

“Bye, Sis. I’ll call you.” Amy kissed my cheek and ran to the car.

She crossed paths with Nick running the other way, toward me. When he got to me, he handed me something and said, “Watch this while we’re gone. Watch it all the way to the end. Then we’ll talk.” He got in the car and I heard laughter.

There was no laughter in me. None since I had watched Nick’s video.

I opened my hand: it was an SD card in its holder.

I went immediately into the house and grabbed my laptop. I inserted the SD card and clicked the icon. The opened folder had one file in it—a video. I took a deep breath and clicked it.

At first there was darkness, then light as Nick backed away from the camera. He looked behind him at the bed in the guest room, then back at the camera. He was lining it up. He seemed satisfied. He should, the picture was crystal clear and sharp. He had to be using the new Canon Vixia video camera Phil had bought for work, for taping his golf demonstrations.

Nick had on his blue pajamas.

Not a minute later Amy came into view. She wore her green satin robe. She didn't look at the camera, so I assumed Nick had set it up secretly. Sneaky of him. I would have disapproved, but the camera was the least of things happening I disapproved of.

“Okay,” Amy said. “Here we are. We talked over everything, so this shouldn't take long. I want to thank you again. You know how much I want a child, Nicholas.”

She carefully pulled down the corner of the bedspread and sheet and blanket. She was planning to get in bed and get under the covers—with her robe on. And I assumed she wanted Nick to get in bed with his pajamas on.

“Aunt Amy, this isn't going to work.”

“What? You don't want to ...? You want to call it off? That's okay, I mean, but I thought we had talked everything out.”

“I only mean it's not going to work like you said. About us being all dressed up like this. This is crazy. And under the covers? C'mon. That's making it way too hard.”

“You want to pull the covers back?” Amy asked.

Without waiting for permission, Nick dragged the spread, blanket, and top sheet all the way to the foot of the bed.

“That's better,” he said. “And, I think we should be naked.”

“Whoa! No way! I can’t do that. No way!”

“Aunt Amy, that’s the easiest way. Admit it. That’ll make everything so much easier. And what’s the big deal, anyway?”

“You’re my nephew! That’s the big deal. I’m your aunt. Being naked together isn’t right.”

“But me getting you pregnant? That’s right? That’s way more than seeing you naked. Besides, you saw me naked already on the video.”

“No way. I just couldn’t.”

“Aunt Amy, you have a great body. I always look at you and wonder what you look like with no clothes on.”

“Young boys do that, they fantasize. Let’s just do what we planned. We have to hurry.”

“There’s no hurry. Mom is going to be gone for hours. We have plenty of time.”

“I’m not taking my clothes off.” She held the lapels of her robe tight against her.

“Look,” Nick said, “I’ll get naked first.” And before she could protest, he whipped his top over his head and dropped it to the floor, displaying his muscular chest and flat toned abs. He had little chest hair.

“Oh God!” Amy said and looked away.

“Now the bottoms,” Nick proclaimed. He stretched the elastic waistband and dropped the pajama bottoms to the floor. He stepped out of them and was as naked as he had been in the video.

“I’m not looking,” Amy said.

“C’mon, Aunt Amy. Take one peek before I get hard.”

Amy somehow responded to his suggestion and took a quick look at Nick. The head of his flaccid penis was covered by a tight foreskin. Just the tip poked out.

Nick walked close to her. She had her head turned away again. He hugged her and said, "This is going to be easier if you stop being shy."

"I'm not shy, young man. It's just ... just ... not what I planned. I'm not ready for this, to see you naked."

"Well, you're not seeing much with your head turned. Wait, I'll turn around and you can take a look at me while I'm not looking at you."

Nick turned and said, "Okay, look."

The angle gave Amy a full view of his taut butt, long legs, bulging calves, and v-tapered back.

She turned her head, opened her eyes and her mouth hung open. She mouthed a silent "Oh my God!"

After a few moments, Nick turned to face her again. This time she didn't turn away. Her eyes went from his face all the way to his feet and then stopped on his crotch. They lingered there and then returned to his face.

"See. It's natural. Now it's your turn."

"My turn. No, no, no, no! You can be naked. Fine. Me ... no!"

Nick walked over to her again. "Aunt Amy, you have amazing boobs. I look at them all the time when you're around."

"You think I haven't caught you trying to stare down my blouses?" she laughed.

"That's because I want to see them. They're amazing."

Before she could react, Nick reached up and cupped each of her breasts, giving them a gentle squeeze.

“Nicholas!” she said before pulling away. “Don’t do that again.”

“But, Aunt Amy, I’m going to do it again. Your nipples are already hard.”

It was true. You could easily see the rigid nubs poking the satin of her robe.

“Admit it, you’ve wondered what I would think if I saw you naked.”

She didn’t deny it.

“Admit it. You like seeing me naked right now.”

“Only because it’s necessary.” She didn’t sound too convincing.

He reached up again and rubbed his hands over her breasts. Her hands went over his, covering them, but didn’t pull them off, not immediately. Nick allowed her to remove his hands after about fifteen seconds.

“I want to see your breasts, Aunt Amy. Just your breasts. Here, feel mine.”

Nick took Amy’s right hand and glided it over his chest. She didn’t resist and when he let go, her hand continued to rub across my son’s chest.

“I want to feel your breast too. Like you’re feeling mine.”

“No ... no.” She whispered, but didn’t stop my son’s hand from disappearing beneath her robe. She gave a little intake of breath, and I knew Nick was feeling my sister’s naked tit.

“That feels so amazing,” he said.

“No,” she said again as Nick tried to part the top of her robe.

“I want to see them,” Nick said and leaned over to kiss her cheek.

“Just for a second,” she said.

Nick pulled at the lapels of the robe and two gorgeous breasts popped into view.

“Aunt Amy. They’re so beautiful.”

And that was a true statement. Amy’s breasts were the same size as mine, but mine looked bigger because I was so much more petite.

Nick gently kneaded and rubbed Amy’s chest. She closed her eyes and sighed. That’s when her vigilance failed her. Nick’s head bent downward and sucked in her right nipple.

“AAHH!” she breathed. “Nicholas! Stop!”

But he didn’t stop. He sucked and nibbled and licked while Amy made feeble attempts to curtail his actions. He switched to the other nipple, and it had the same magic effect.

“Look what you did for me,” Nick said with pride. Apparently my sister had her own magic effect—on my son’s penis.

Amy’s eyes flew open and saw Nick’s fully erect penis. It was amazing. After seeing only Phil’s for so many years, Nick’s penis seemed like it belonged to another race. Or at least a more fully-developed race.

“I can’t believe it,” Amy gasped. “You’re huge!”

“Feel it,” Nick encouraged.

“No, no. I can’t.”

Nick took her hand and guided it to his thick shaft. Her hand seemed to float there and then encircle his hard cock.

“My God,” she said.

What was meant to be antiseptic and clinical was taking a strange turn.

“How is that going to feel inside you?” Nick asked. It was almost a taunt.

Her eyes widened but no words came from her as she pondered his question.

“You want me to take your robe off, don’t you?”

“No,” she said. The weakest “no” yet.

“You want me to see you naked now, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

Nick slowly pulled one end of the robe’s sash and the carefully-tied bow evaporated and the robe hung open. He pushed it off her shoulders and she let it drop to the floor.

There, in the spare bedroom of my home stood my totally naked son, facing his totally naked aunt, my totally naked sister.

At thirty-eight, Amy still had an amazing body. She wasn’t workout crazy, but exercised and her 140 pounds sat well on her 5’9” frame.

Seeing the athletic form of my son alongside a fit mature woman was an awesome sight. One I never thought I’d witness.

Nick walked close and hugged her. He tried to kiss her mouth, but she turned away. Apparently babymaking was not as intimate to her as a kiss on the mouth. But, he wasn’t deterred, and on the third attempt, his lips met my sister’s.

The first kisses were short, but they grew in intensity and duration. Finally, Nick was exploring Amy’s mouth with his tongue.

“Let’s get on the bed,” Amy said.

They kissed some more when they were lying next to each other. Seeing my son in bed with a woman—seeing my son NAKED in bed with a NAKED woman—was blowing my mind. That the woman was my sister took it all to a different solar system.

Nick's hands roamed over Amy's body, and her body began to press itself into his caresses. She was enjoying his touch. Finally his hand went between her legs.

She twitched and clamped her thighs shut. Another barrier she mentally put up. He persisted wordlessly and her legs parted. Amy had a completely shaved crotch, and I could see Nick's hand as it brushed over her labia. Finally he slipped his middle finger into her vagina.

"Ooohh!" Amy said.

My son was fingering his aunt. And I was watching, mesmerized.

"Aunt Amy, you're so wet," Nick said.

Amy's hips gave little thrusts to meet Nick's finger. He guided her hand to his thick and ready penis. There was no resistance. She grasped it and began a slow and gentle tug up and down.

"Am I bigger than Uncle Bob?" he asked.

"I'm not going to answer that," she said.

"Am I bigger? Simple question."

"Don't," she said. But she didn't take her hand away or stop its motion.

"Bigger?" he asked again.

"Yes," she admitted, "and lots thicker. Lots! You'll have to be gentle. I'll have to get used to this." She giggled.

"Aunt Amy ..."

"Yeah?"

"Suck my cock."

Amy took her hand away, looked at Nick and said, “ No. I can’t do that.”

“Suck my cock.”

“No. Don’t start.”

“I want to feel your mouth on my cock,” he said, returning her stare.

“I don’t do that,” she countered.

“You’ll do it for me. Look what I’m going to do for you, give you a baby. Suck my cock.”

“Don’t make this a bargaining thing, I give you this and you give me that.”

“I want to see your pretty face with my cock in your mouth. Suck my cock, Aunt Amy.”

“I can’t.”

“When you watched my video, admit it, you wondered what it would be like to suck my cock.”

Amy didn’t say anything.

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes!’ If you go all the way back to Connecticut and don’t do it, won’t you wish you had?”

“What do you want me to say? That you’re right?” Amy sounded frustrated.

“I don’t want you to say anything.” Nick scooted up while pushing his aunt’s head. The direction of his push was towards his towering cock, now with a tip glistening with precum.

She resisted, but not very much. My sister’s mouth got closer and closer to my son’s cock until it was only an inch away.

Her eyes went to his and she said, “You can never EVER tell your mother about this.” Then her tongue flicked out and tasted my son’s juices.

“Mmmm,” she savored.

Then she opened her mouth and took the entire head of his penis into its wet interior.

There was an image that would be forever burnt into my brain: my sister was giving my son a blowjob!

“Ohhh, Aunt Amy,” Nick groaned.

She continued, taking more and more of Nick’s cock into her mouth. She was into it, and Nick’s hungry eyes took in every detail as she sucked on him. Her hollow cheeks showed how much suction she was applying to his sensitive cock.

It was Nick who ended it. He said, “I gotta fuck you now. Right now!”

He guided her up and put her head on a pillow. “I can’t believe this,” Amy said.

Maybe the realization that this was actually happening finally broke through.

“Remember, Nicholas ... go slow. Easy.”

Amy bent her knees and firmly planted her feet on the bed. Nick crawled between her open thighs and said, “Aunt Amy, we’re gonna make a baby.”

“Oh my God!”

Nick took hold of his penis and brushed it up and down Amy’s hairless vaginal slit, and then fitted that huge head at the entrance of her vagina.

“Ready?” he whispered.

In answer, Amy raised her hips, welcoming the first two inches of my son’s cock into her heated depths.

“Ooohhh!” she sighed.

Nick pulled back and sank again into that 38-year-old body. This time he went half way.

“So ... BIG!” she said.

Back out to the tip and then with one more thrust, my son sank all the way to the hilt into his ovulating aunt.

My breath was coming fast and shallow. My son was fucking my sister!

Nick started slowly and gradually speeded up. Amy’s body picked up the rhythm and tilted her hips to allow greater penetration. Her hands went to Nick’s muscular butt, which flexed with every stoke. She pulled with all her might to draw him even deeper into her.

Nick had been propped up on his hands, but now fell atop Amy, mashing her big breasts between them. Amy took her hands away and circled her legs around his lower back. She locked her heels and began to punish herself with brutal collisions of her pussy with Nick’s pubic bone.

This went on for more than two minutes. My sister thrashed and writhed and grunted and moaned. I didn’t believe it. She had always told me she thought she was frigid because she got no pleasure from sex.

Obviously my son found her defrost button. And that button was probably the clitoris he was jamming himself against at a furious pace.

“Nicholas ... oh God! ... Nicholas! So good! So good!” she gasped.

Only vague animal sounds escaped my son’s lips.

“Almost! I can’t believe it!” Amy said.

Then a high-pitched shriek shattered through the bedroom, amazing in its throat-shredding volume and duration.

“I’M CUMMING! YEESS! YEEESSS! I’M CUMMING!”

For the first time in my life, I witnessed another woman's orgasm. Its force and violence would have frightened me if I didn't know it was caused by intense pleasure and not pain.

That brought an echo response from my son: he pushed himself partially up with his hands and dug his hips even tighter against his aunt. He lifted his face to the ceiling and emitted five hoarse "AAAAHHH"s. I knew with each utterance, he was delivering hot rivers of thick, potent sperm into my sister's unprotected fertile womb.

I'm ashamed to admit it, but at that moment, I felt a sharp pang of ... jealousy.

As if on cue, they both collapsed into a semi-coma.

Only their labored breathing showed any movement.

They were totally spent. Sexually satisfied and spent.

After a minute, Nick moved like he was going to roll off Amy. "No," she said, "stay inside me for a while. It'll give 'everything' a chance to find its way. Understand?"

"Yeah, Aunt Amy. You'll have a better chance of getting pregnant."

"That's right. Pregnant! I want to thank you, Nicholas. I really think we did it. I really do!"

"I made you cum," Nick said while looking into her eyes.

Amy hesitated, then admitted it. "You did, you surely did. I wasn't expecting that."

"Did I make you cum like Uncle Bob does?"

"No," she said. After noticing a look of disappointment from Nick, she added, "I think we've earned total honesty from each other at this point. Nicholas, I've never felt like this in all my life. I've never cum like this—in fact, I'm not sure I've ever had a real orgasm before today. This was a totally new experience for me."

"Really!" Nick looked so happy.

“Really! And you did it. I have to admit that the circumstances added to it.”

“What circumstances?”

“Well, for one thing, the thought of getting pregnant. But, add to that the excitement of having an 18-year-old boy make love to a woman of my age is a pretty big turn on. And, on top of that, there’s a taboo factor of being related. Did you find it exciting having sex with your aunt?”

“Now that you say it, I really did. Knowing you all these years and all the stuff we did together. Now when I think back to any of it, I’ll know that we were like this and that I came inside you. That’s really awesome. I never came so hard as I did today.”

“You really know how to flatter a girl,” she said and kissed his lips softly.

“There’s only one thing that could make me cum harder,” he said more to himself than to my sister.

“And what’s that?” she asked, smirking. She probably was waiting for some wild adolescent fantasy.

Instead, Nick said:

“You’re gonna be an amazing mom. You’re so nice and smart and you’ve been so good to me all my life. A great mom! And Uncle Bob—he deserves to be a dad and be able to have a son or daughter he can share things with like I do with Dad.”

A cloud passed over my sister’s expression. “You can get off now, but please stuff a pillow under my butt so I stay elevated and tilted for another five minutes or so. I think that will do it.”

Nick pulled his still-semihard penis from my sister’s well-used vagina. If there was any slurping sound, the camera didn’t pick it up. He tucked a pillow beneath her, then propped himself up on his elbow next to her and looked down with a big smile.

“Nobody will know I’m the dad except you, me, and Mom.”

“You can see why that’s so important, right?” Amy said.

“Sure, Aunt Amy. I know.”

“And you can see how you keep a secret like that, and keep it for a long, long time so nobody gets hurt. Right?”

Oh NO! Amy ... DON’T! My heart started to race.

“Don’t worry. I’m never going to say anything,” Nick said.

“So, you would never want our child to know you’re the father? Never?”

“Well, I guess I see where you’re going. Maybe there would be a time when the kid deserves to know the truth. That would be okay, I guess.” He looked thoughtful for a minute like he was weighing everything together and said again, “Yeah, that would be okay.”

NOOO! NOOO! I was sweating. It was like knowing a crash was going to happen and it was progressing in slow motion and all you could do is hang on.

“Like way in the future, maybe,” Amy said. “Like eighteen years in the future.”

“I would be like my mom’s age by then. Yeah, that would be okay.”

“Nicholas, after what we’ve both just shared, and after what you said about being a dad and everything, I want to be totally honest with you.”

AMY! PLEASE! DON’T!

“About what, Aunt Amy?”

“About your dad.”

“Dad?”

“About your uncle too.”

“I don’t get it. What are you talking about?”

“Nicholas, your real father is your Uncle Bob.”

———

I paced constantly and looked out the window every time I heard a car.

Finally there was a car, our car, pulling in the driveway. I tried to appear nonchalant and finished drying some dishes and putting them away.

Phil and Nick came in the kitchen door.

“The boys are back,” I said, my customary greeting.

“Father and son, right Mom!” Nick said. If I hadn’t seen the ending of that video, I probably wouldn’t have detected the edge in his voice.

“We had an interesting conversation on the way home,” Phil said.

“What?”

“Nick wanted to know the most important quality of being a father. Isn’t that something? I said ‘patience,’” Phil laughed. “But, really, I think it’s loving your family. Nothing counts more than that. Right, Nick.”

“Yeah, Dad. Thanks. You gave me a lot to think about . I would have thought honesty was up there on the list too. Don’t you think, Mom?”

“I’ve got loads of work to prepare for tomorrow. This new deal Bob and I signed is our biggest break yet. Who knew this weekend would be so full of great opportunities? Nick, whenever there’s something you want put in front of you, go after it no matter what it takes.”

“You’re working tomorrow? It’s Sunday,” I said.

“Can’t help it. Got to strike while the iron’s hot. Bet you never heard THAT one, Nick.”

“Sounds new to me, Dad. Again!”

“Alright, I’ll need a little quiet if you can manage it,” Phil said. “Nick, tomorrow you’re the man of the house. Take care of you Mom for me.

“Okay, Dad. Mom, why don’t we take a walk on the beach now. It’s a perfect night for it.”

“Good idea. Terry, get some fresh air. You look like you’ve seen a ghost. Nick, bet you haven’t heard that one!”

We didn’t talk all the way to the beach. Neither of us wanted to start, I guess. I promised myself I would be cool, rational, logical, and unemotional.

“You looked like you enjoyed yourself,” I said in a voice that had cattiness saturating it. Why would I even start with that?

“Why should you care?” Nick spat out, matching my tone.

“Because you’re my son, that’s why I should care.”

“A little late for that, isn’t it?”

“And what’s that supposed to mean?” I said, my hands on my hips.

“If you didn’t want me to be with Aunt Amy, you had plenty of chances to stop it. But you didn’t. Now, I’m really glad it happened. Glad for a lot of reasons.”

“Yeah,” I said, “I saw the reasons.”

“You don’t even know. You don’t understand.”

We were both angry: angry at each other, angry with the situation, and angry with our helplessness to figure out how to fix it (if it could be fixed).

“Maybe I don’t,” I said. I reached out and tried to put my hand on Nick’s shoulder. He pulled away, bent down, picked up a rock and heaved it into the waves.

A rock in the big ocean. You couldn’t even see the splash, let alone hear it.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” he asked.

Here we go.

“I was only eighteen. Just the same as you are now. and all of a sudden I had a lot of decisions to make I wasn’t ready for.” I figured I’d tell Nick my reasons, and try to not make them seem like excuses.

He didn’t say anything, so I continued: “This is how it all started. Your dad’s parents—“

“Which one? Phil or Bob?” Nick said with a snarl.

“Listen! You’re lucky. You have a dad who lives with you who loves you. And you have a biological father who also loves you. He just doesn’t know how much or why. You want to hear this or should we just go home?”

He waved his hand in a “go on” motion.

“Your Aunt Amy was dating Bob and introduced me to your ... Phil. We hit it off right away and I knew I loved him and he knew he loved me, almost right from the start. One weekend your grandparents were going away for a little vacation. So, the four of us partied on that Saturday night.”

“We partied way too much. Everybody was wasted. I got sick, of course. I’m too small to hold any liquor at all. I threw up and made a mess in the bathroom. I took off my clothes and was going into the shower when your Uncle ... Bob came in, literally blind drunk and kept calling ‘Amy, Amy, Amy.’ He thought I was your aunt and he forced himself on me. He passed out while he was doing it and I didn’t think he had even finished”

“It was my first time and there was blood. I cleaned him up, I cleaned the bathroom up, and I took a shower, while crying.”

“I was too ashamed and too scared to say anything. Bob didn’t even remember what happened. He was still passed out on the floor the next day. I had pulled his shorts back onto him and got out of there after my shower. If he thought anything, he thought he had been with my sister.”

“Mom ...” Nick started. I held my hand up.

“I want to get all the way through this. So I didn’t say anything and tried to act normal. I did. That is until three weeks later when I found out I was pregnant. Pregnant with you. I finally told your aunt and she went ballistic. She was going to tell Bob and break it off with him.”

“I told her that would be a mistake. She and Bob were meant to be together. You see how he treats her ... still. His one failing is his only good shot went into me and not her.”

“So she has this crazy idea: tell Phil HE’S the father, that he got me pregnant that same night he was dead drunk.”

“So you trapped Dad,” Nick said.

I shook my head and felt my eyes well up. “I trapped him. I trapped the best guy I know. The best guy next to you, that is. From the minute I was pregnant, there hasn’t been one second I haven’t thanked God for you. Sure, I couldn’t go to college, but we found a way for your dad to go. We made out. And look at us now. If this new deal goes the way they think it will, we’re going to be millionaires. I think those brothers are worth it, don’t you? Now we have everything.”

“Except another baby,” Nick said.

“Yeah, except that” I said. “At least your Aunt has a chance. I have to be happy about that.”

“You’ve got a chance too, Mom.”

“Nick, I know you’ve heard your father—and I’m going to call Phil your father from now until the universe collapses—your father and me ‘discuss’ not being able to have another child. It’s the one thing that almost tears us apart. Every time. If there was anything I could do, I would. But, like his brother, it isn’t possible.”

“Mom, you know that video I made? The one you found, the one I named ‘4U?’”

“That’s another thing we have to talk about—at the appropriate time.”

“This IS the appropriate time, Mom. I made that video for you! I waited forever for you to find it. Finally you did, but with Aunt Amy.”

“Me? Why would you do something like that?”

“Because I love you, Mom. Not just regular love.”

“Nick ...”

“I let you talk, Mom. Now you let me talk.”

I nodded.

“For a year now I’ve been looking at you different, more like a woman than a mom, but a mom too. Do you understand?”

“That’s not right, Nick.”

“I think you’re beautiful, Mom. But not only beautiful, but sexy too.”

“I don’t want to listen to this,” I said.

“Do you think I wanted to listen to that my father wasn’t my father? But I had to yesterday. At least you can hear how I feel. At least I’m being honest, which is more than you’ve been with me all my life.”

Guilt washed over me more than the waves would have if I had been neck-deep in the surf.

“All I can say is I’m sorry. If there was something I could do—“

“You can listen, Mom. I want you to listen to me.”

“Okay.”

“I look at you and you’re my mother, but I look at you and I feel something else too. I feel like it’s my need ... no, it’s my right to treat you like a woman. To give you something you don’t have to make you happy. To make you complete.”

The crux of my arguments with Phil had always been that not having another child made me feel incomplete. What I was only now identifying was that the only child I had conceived had been forced on me and I never consensually been part of procreation. Only now, at this moment, on this beach, had this dawned on me!

I was incomplete because I had never willingly conceived a baby. It had never been an act of love. The fruit of it, Nick, was—but not the act. That lack left a hole in me, one I had felt for all Nick’s life. But, only now did I know its cause. Only now did I know it could never be filled. That suddenly made me immensely sad.

“Give me something?” I idly asked, my thoughts more interior than listening to what Nick had said.

“Mom, I want to get you pregnant tomorrow!”

“NICK! You don’t know what you’re saying.”

“I do know, Mom. I know you circle on the calendar your best day to get pregnant. Tomorrow is circled. Tomorrow’s the day. Tomorrow’s the day I want to get you pregnant. I want you to have that baby you’ve always wanted.”

My mind was reeling. “No! Nick! No! You shouldn’t ... you CAN’T think of your own mother like that. It’s not right. It’s not moral!”

“Is it moral not to know who your father is your whole life? THAT’S not moral. Is it right to go the rest of your life without having another baby. The REST of your life? Is that right? This is the only chance you have, Mom. The ONLY chance to get pregnant.”

My only chance to get pregnant! That reverberated in my brain. My ONLY chance. The terrible part was that, in my heart, I knew it was true.

“We can’t talk like this, Nick. We can’t even think like this. It’s ... it’s”

He took hold of my shoulders and squared me towards him: “Mom, getting you pregnant is the most important part, but there are two other things too.”

“Don’t. We have to stop talking about this. It’s impossible. Impossible. I won’t ... we won’t. Not tomorrow, not ever.”

My negative pronouncement didn’t deter Nick.

“I told Aunt Amy I never came that hard in all my life.”

My mind flashed back to my sister and Nick lying in bed when he said that.

“And I told her there was only one other thing that could make me cum harder. Do you know what that is, Mom?”

“No, no, Nick. No!”

“That would be when I cum inside YOU, Mom! When I finally cum inside you. I’ve thought about doing it over and over. But now I really want to do it, and do it when I can get you pregnant.”

“Oh God!” I turned away from him, not able to look at his face.

“That’s number two. And there’s the last thing, Mom. I’ve heard you talking with Aunt Amy and complaining with your friends on the phone, too. I know Dad isn’t that interested in taking time to ... you know. I know it’s been a long, long time since you were satisfied. Yanno with sex.”

“This is NOT a conversation a mother and son should have!” I hoped the shame and anger showed in my voice.

“But, it’s a conversation we ARE having. You saw Aunt Amy. You saw what I did for her.”

My sister’s screams of passion flashed into my consciousness, beckoned by Nick’s words.

I started to walk away, back to the car. Nick ran in front of me and looked into my eyes.

“Mom, I know I can do that for you. I know I can make you cum.”

Nick’s words tore into me. I wanted to shred them apart and deny every aspect of them. But, after seeing my sister’s mind-shattering orgasm, I knew what he had said could be true.

“We have to go,” I said.

“You know I could force you,” Nick said.

“Force me?”

“I could threaten to tell Uncle Bob and Dad about who my real father is. I could show Aunt Amy and me in bed.”

“You wouldn’t!” A chill went all the way through me.

“No. I wouldn’t. I wouldn’t tear up the family. I never would. I want you to do this because YOU want to do it. I want you to do this because you know it’s the right thing to do for so many reasons.”

“It’s not right. No. No, it’s not right.”

“Do me one favor tonight,” Nick said. I didn’t say anything, but turned to look at him squarely. He continued: “Tonight, look at my ‘4U’ video and this time know it’s YOU I’m talking to. And watch me and Aunt Amy again, but this time picture it’s YOU I’m in

bed with! Then, tomorrow make you decision, your decision whether or not to try to have a baby with me.”

“How would your hand feel on me?”

Nick’s words whisked through my earbuds. I had promised myself I wouldn’t follow Nick’s suggestion that I watch these videos.

But, here I was—on my third time through them.

Both Nick and Phil were fast asleep in bed. I was in the home office on the couch with the computer on my lap.

I looked at Nick’s hard penis. I couldn’t believe my son had something like this. How would my hand feel on it? It certainly would feel huge! And probably hot. With all that blood flowing to it. So much bigger than Phil’s. And so much thicker.

Nick had been right about one thing: knowing that this was intended for me made every word and action seem vastly different, carrying deeper and more significant meanings.

“I bet you’d like to lick it,” his voice on the video said.

That’s absurd! Why would I, his mother, want to lick his penis? His hard penis? Sure, Amy had done it. But she was so rough. He couldn’t have enjoyed her treatment that much. I would be so much more gentle. My tongue would glide over the tip and then down the side, all the way to the base. I would

“Admit it, you want to put your mouth on me,” he said next.

That might work with other girls, but not his own mother. Sure, he looked delicious and any girl would want to please him and take control of that beautiful cock. They would want to slowly suck him in and make him groan with pleasure. They would want to taste his manhood. Take in every drop that seeped from the tip of that gorgeous cockhead. I was his mother and would never even think of giving my son a blowjob, let alone allow him to cum in my mouth.

Back to the video: “How would this feel going inside you?” His cock swayed there, an object to ponder.

How could my son even think of asking his mother this question? That would be sex. Sex between a mother and a son. Incest! There, I’ve said it. Never!

When I had watched Nick and Amy, just when he pressed himself against her vagina, I had thought “There they are, nephew and aunt” and then when he pushed into her, my thought was “There they are, man and woman.” Could it be the same with mother and son? Would there be a line where the relationship changes?

If it DID happen, I wondered if it would hurt much. Amy seemed to have no problem. But, she was bigger than me. I was much more petite, so Nick seemed even bigger when I pondered him entering me, and sliding deep inside me.

“I bet it would stretch you, but feel really good, really good in your pussy.”

Silly boy. Of course it would stretch me. It would fill me completely. Like never before. And after getting used to it—of course it would feel really good. Really good in my pussy. My underused, neglected pussy. What a silly, silly boy. How naive could he be?

And did he think I would be like my sister and automatically go into the throes of a volcanic orgasm? Was he dreaming? I wasn’t like that. It might be pleasant. MIGHT BE! Not guaranteed. I definitely wouldn’t squirm and twist and wriggle there on a bed beneath him. I wouldn’t be a mass of quivering flesh as he pounded into me. That wasn’t me. That was my sister. I would never convulse and scream like she did. Never have and never will.

“I want to show you how much I cum,” he said on the screen.

WHY? My mind shouted. Why would he want his mother to know something like that. It was absolutely ridiculous. Did he want me to know he could masturbate? Ridiculous! That he could ejaculate? Ridiculous! Why? WHY?

“For you,” he said. I knew now who he meant: ME!

Then, Nick grunted and a ridiculous volume of sperm gushed onto his abdomen. It ridiculously pooled there in a ridiculously large area. How could anyone cum that much? It was ridiculous. Why would he want his own mother to see that?

“All for you!” Nick said. “What would happen if this all got up there deep inside you?”

How STUPID! I had always thought my son was quite intelligent. But, this was the stupidest question I had ever heard. All that cum. All that hot, potent sperm. In that volume? Delivered into me with the length of Nick’s penis? That far into me? There was only one answer to that question and Nick had to be stupid to ask me. The answer was:

“I would get pregnant. Very, very pregnant,” I said at the screen before I shut it down.

I noticed where my right hand was. I had unconsciously been rubbing my crotch.

I spent a terribly restless night. All night long images of those videos haunted my mind. Nick, my sister, Nick AND my sister. One after another.

Just when I thought I had things sorted out, something little, like jealousy, would invade. I was actually jealous of my sister. Like she had taken something away from me. Outrageous.

And on a similar note: competitiveness. Amy and I had always been competitive. It was stupid and crazy, but there it was. It kept popping into my brain “What if she DOES become pregnant! Then you’re even. And she has Nick’s baby and you DON’T!” Crazy stuff like that which made no sense at all.

I needed like a month to figure it all out. I knew Nick expected something today. Crazy.

At breakfast Nick asked, “Mom, did you look at that stuff last night?”

I nodded, but didn’t say anything.

Between bites of bacon and fried eggs Phil said, “What stuff?”

“Some exercises I want Mom to try,” Nick said, covering with a little inside joke of his own. Dangerous territory if you ask me.

“Don’t forget to stretch,” Phil said. “You don’t want to get hurt.”

Nick just smiled and didn’t say anything leading or obvious.

Phil said, “I have a very good feeling about today. If all goes well, we may have reason to ‘celebrate’ tonight!” He looked at me with a big grin and then wiggled his eyebrows.

“Celebrate” was his code word for him mounting me for the 30 seconds it took for him to ejaculate (if that thin dribble could be called an ejaculation) and roll over. No foreplay, no romance—just a “celebration.” I guess I shouldn’t complain; this was really his only fault. But—it was a fault that had eaten into me and my image of myself as a viable, attractive woman. And, it left me starving for sexual satisfaction.

“Good luck,” I said. I could have been more enthusiastic.

I cleared the dishes and Phil was ready to leave. I grabbed my keys too.

“Where are you going, Mom?” Nick asked.

“Church. Did you forget it’s Sunday?”

“Your Mother’s the religious one in the family. She prays enough for the rest of us. But, Nick, why don’t you go with her,” Phil said.

“I’ll be praying, Dad, but at home.”

I knew what he was praying for.

Phil walked me out to my car. He gave me a kiss on the cheek and said, “What a week this has been. We got to visit with my brother and your sister, on Friday we set up what could be a life-changing business deal, and today is probably the most important day of all. With one more decision to be made, our lives could change forever!”

“Forever is right. Either way,” I said more to myself than to Phil.

“What?”

“I said good luck,” I lied.

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I didn't go to church; I went to the beach. I went where my prayers soared free of restrictions.

My prayers consisted mostly of looking as far into the horizon as I could and clearing my mind of all thoughts. They consisted of listening to the constant pounding of the surf and breathing in the cool sea breeze.

I was so into my prayers, I hardly noticed when a Frisbee landed in front of me. I idly picked it up and looked at it. The wind must have taken it to me.

I looked over and saw a young couple about 20 yards down the beach. From the look of the girl, this would be one of the last times they would come to the beach, just the two of them. I tossed the Frisbee back.

“Thank you!” they called.

I waved and said under my breath, “No ... thank YOU.”

I picked up a stone and threw it into the ocean. I didn't see where it landed; I was already heading for the car.

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I threw my keys in my “key dish” on the kitchen counter. That way, I always know where they are. They always make a racket, and as a secondary purpose, announce I'm home.

I poured myself a glass of lemonade and held it against my hot face. It felt good and cool. I drank almost half of it before Nick entered the kitchen.

He didn't say anything and I didn't say anything. I kicked off my sandals and finished my drink in two long pulls.

"Here we are," I said. It sounded loud after the silence.

"Here," Nick said, "us."

"On the video, you told your Aunt Amy, 'I gotta fuck you.'"

He shrugged, "Maybe I said that."

"Nick, I decided I don't want you to fuck me. I never want you to fuck me."

His mouth opened with disappointment. I placed my glass on the kitchen table and walked over to him.

I put my hand on his shoulder, looked into his eyes and said, "But, Nick ... I want you to make love to me."

His face changed as my words soaked into his consciousness.

"I want to have your baby."

"Mom," he whispered, and took me into his arms. He hugged me close and I put my head on his chest. He was so much bigger than I was; I felt like a little girl in his embrace.

"I can't believe it, I can't believe it," he said. Then, when I looked up at him, he lowered his head and gave me a tender kiss ... on the mouth. I kissed him back.

With one quick motion Nick scooped me up and carried me to his room.

When my son let me down, when my feet drifted to the floor, every doubt I had disappeared. If I conceived today, it was entirely and completely consensual. That missing piece I had been seeking forever would finally fit into my life.

We kissed again and let our hands wander over our bodies. After watching his video over and over again, I wanted to feel his hardness.

My hand brushed across the crotch of his sweatpants. I wasn't disappointed. Nick was completely erect already. A thrill of pride raced through me. Here I was, a 37-year-old woman still able to excite an 18-year-old. It had been so long since I felt this sort of sexual resilience.

"Oh my God!" I breathed. My fingers outlined the stiffness, then caressed it.

"Look what you do to me, Mom."

"This isn't going to be ... weird for you?" I asked. "I am your mother, after all."

"You're my mother, but you're also a beautiful and sexy woman. And being my mother makes it even more exciting, if you can understand that."

That must be the Oedipal thing I never comprehended. I didn't have to comprehend it to see it working here. Nick's flushed look of lust, along with his heavy breathing showed me he had one mission in mind: to plant his seed—even if it WAS into his own mother.

Nick's hands weren't idle. They explored my breasts and squeezed my ass.

He pulled my tucked top from my skirt and I raised my arms over my head. He continued the motion and soon it dropped to the floor. His mother stood before him in a lacy, almost transparent black bra. I know my nipples easily peeked through.

"Oh, Mom! You're so beautiful." He paid tribute by massaging my 34c's.

I had forgotten how good that could feel.

"Ohhhh!" I sighed. My own son was getting me horny. But, I guess I had been getting horny ever since I saw the first glimpse of that "4U" video.

Nick pulled his T-shirt over his head, exposing his tanned and taut chest. I ran my hands over its hard curves.

He reached behind me and unbuttoned my skirt before pulling down its zipper. My son was expertly undressing his mother.

My skirt fell to the floor and I stepped out of it. “Mom, what a body you have!”

I turned completely around, modeling the matching lacy cheekini panties. The bottom edges of my asscheeks were exposed by the diagonal cut of the undergarment.

I took pride in my body and my workouts kept me supple, strong, and toned. A big smile on my face showed my reaction to Nick’s admiration. I wanted him to see me; I wanted him to desire me.

Nick’s eyes were glued to my crotch. The transparency of the wispy fabric showed my dark triangle. Unlike my sister, I never had shaved my pubic hair. I had a full, dense, black bush. It was obvious.

I took hold of Nick’s sweatpants and dragged them down. He kicked them off. His white shorts bulged, his penis straining to get out and get to work.

Mother and son were now facing each other in just their underwear.

Nick’s arms surrounded me; his fingers fumbled at the clasp of my bra, and then it came free. He pulled the straps over my shoulders and I let him guide it off me in one motion.

He looked at my naked breasts for a moment before bending his head down and sucking in my left nipple. My baby was feeding at my teat once more!

But—it had never felt like THIS! A shock went through my body and my head shot back. “Oooohhh!” I gasped. My hands went to his head and mashed his face to my bosom. “Nick, oh Nick!”

He switched nipples and I got another surge.

His hands went to the waistband of my panties. He dropped to one knee and began a slow pull downward. When they started exposing my pubic hair, Nick breathed: “Mom!” He slid them to my thighs.

“Not too many boys get to pull their mother’s panties off,” I said with a grin.”

“Not too many mother’s WANT them to,” he countered. He slid them to my ankles. I stood before my boy, totally naked.

He stood up and stared with his mouth open.

“My turn,” I said. I pulled his shorts down; his cock sprung free and stood straight at attention. I knelt and slid them all the way to the floor.

Nick’s hard penis was at eye level. I grasped it with my right hand. It was huge and hot and incredibly hard. “MOM!” he groaned.

The words from the video came to me: “I bet you’d like to lick it. Admit it, you want to put your mouth on me.” I had replayed them in my head a dozen times.

“You won’t have to ask me like you did Aunt Amy,” I said, then licked the precum off the tip of my son’s cock.

“Mmmmm!” Nick murmured, his eyes fixed on my mouth.

I opened my mouth and sucked him in. I bobbed my head, my tightened lips sliding up and down his shaft.

“Mom! This is so crazy! So crazy good!”

It must have seemed crazy to look down and seeing his mother’s short-haired head consuming his cock. He probably fantasized about it in the past, but here was reality before him: his mother was giving him a blowjob!

Why was I doing this? Why had it been so easy for me to slip into this behavior?

It dawned on me I had been seduced. Seduced by Nick's words, the words I had played over and over again. They started out as shocking, but became familiar, and then a suggestion, and then almost a command. Something in me wanted to lick my son's penis. No—I HAD to lick and suck my son's penis!

And now that I was on my knees doing it, I was glad. But, a part of me did feel manipulated. A naughty plan presented itself to me, one I never would have dreamed of a week before, let alone have the courage to go through with it.

I slid my mouth off and gave one great big lick all around the head of Nick's cock. Then I stood up and walked to the bed.

I was going to turn the tables on Nick. I was going to use words to entice him.

I sat on the bed, scooted back a bit and pulled my legs up until my heels rested on the edge of the bed.

Nick stood a few feet away, maybe still dazed by the oral sex, maybe waiting to see what I was doing.

I parted my knees, exposing myself to Nick's incredulous eyes.

"I bet you want to put your mouth on me. Admit it, Nick, you want to lick me; you want to taste mommy's pussy!"

THERE! I had said it. I felt like I had regained some control, that I wasn't free falling into this any more. I knew Nick was looking at the tangle of my pubic hair, and the way my legs were spread, he could most likely see the pink, moist flesh of my open vagina, its entrance beckoning.

My pussy was a magnet, and my son's mouth iron. He fell to his knees in front of me and without a word buried his face in the dark morass of my pubic hair.

I had not been prepared for the intensity of the fruits of my teasing. "AAAHHH!" escaped from me in an explosion as Nick's tongue explored my vaginal slit.

I couldn't believe it—my son was performing cunnilingus on me. Phil had “tried” once or twice, but it “wasn't for him.” From Nick's reaction, it WAS for him. I never felt anything like it!

The sight of Nick's face buried in my bush sent a jolt through me. That my son's mouth was on my most intimate area gave me a thrill beyond compare.

That mouth drank at the entrance of my vagina. I'm sure I was flooding him with all my secretions. Then he licked upward and hit my clitoris!

“OOOHHHH!” I cried! My sight left me for a moment in a blinding light. I knew I couldn't take much of that.

“Nick ... Nick ... I'm ready,” I gasped.

If I hadn't struggled away from him and backed up on the bed, he never would have stopped.

Nick knew what “ready” meant. He crawled on the bed and parted my thighs. This was the part I had wondered about. All along so far I had still thought of him as my son. Even after all we had done. But now, as he was preparing for that ultimate step, I started to think of myself less as a mom and more as a woman, a woman who was about to be bred.

If Nick had any qualms about being his mother's breeding partner, he didn't show them. He did have one question, though:

“Mom, do you think you can cum?”

This was obviously important to him, so I gave a thoughtful and serious and truthful answer.

“Nick, I never have. Never have in the past. During intercourse, that is. And, if I ever have in other ways, it wasn't very satisfying or intense. So I don't know. I guess I've never been too in tuned with my body, or let it go, or ... something. But, that's not the most important thing. The important part is that YOU cum and help us make a baby together. So you don't worry about me.”

I pulled his face, which was slick with my juices, to me and kissed him. “Make love to me,” I whispered.

I had taken him into my hand and into my mouth. Now I was about to take Nick into my vagina. It scared me, and it thrilled me. I thought back to the image of Amy taking it in I hoped I would be as successful.

“I’m gonna make love to you, Mom. “I’m gonna”

That’s all he could utter before the huge head of his penis nudged against the tight ring of my vagina. Thank God it was well lubricated from all our foreplay.

“Uhhhggghh!” I breathed. It hurt, but not unbearably. Phil never hurt. Not even a little.

Nick pushed steadily in for about three inches. I breathed in and out rapidly to counteract the discomfort.

He withdrew and pushed forward again, even deeper. The pain decreased and I knew the worse was over.

Out again, and this last time, Nick drove it all the way home. Into the very home from which he had emerged 18 years before.

“Mom! You’re so tight. So much tighter than”

“You’re so ... big! So big, Nick. I can’t believe it!” It amazed me. I had never been so full. Not only was he thick and stretched me with his girth, but his length explored places that Phil could never reach.

My arms went around his back, and Nick started the slow dance of mating. This time mating with his ovulating mother.

Out and in, out and in. We got more and more comfortable together. The preliminaries were over! The feeling out process was done!

No longer were there conscious decisions being made; our bodies decided for us. Nick began an insistent drive to completion while my body complemented his every move by offering itself for better and deeper penetration.

“Mmmmmm! Mom!” Nick groaned periodically.

I just made noises that ranged from breathy to guttural.

Our naked bodies mashed together. Mother and son, for sure, but now more importantly—man and woman inexorably locked in the age-old act of procreation.

Nick’s thrusts got faster and each seemed to take on more animalistic force. His hips pounded harder and harder against me.

Instead of holding back to protect myself, I planted my feet and jammed my hips up to meet him with each motion. Our pubic hair met, velcroed and tore asunder again at a blurred pace.

My vagina sheathed my boy, waiting for the treasure he was sure to present.

Less certain was my own response. For sure, the passion of the moment had overtaken me and hypnotized me into the immediacy of the act. I responded to its every demand.

But, I was still consciously present and in control of everything for the long, and I must say extremely pleasurable, minutes Nick labored over me.

I began to think Nick would complete his task without my ever becoming involved more than mentally.

I was wrong. Totally and absolutely wrong.

It started as what I can only describe as a pressure. A pressure in my abdomen that radiated downward. That pressure increased and my mind had nothing to do with it anymore. Any control I had or sought to have evaporated as I was elevated to some new and celestial plateau.

“Oooooohhh!” I groaned. “Oooooohhh, Nick!” I called out. “Oooooohh, Nick, you’re ...”

He responded on with more of the same, but better than than before as measured by some undefinable standard.

Some shred of my mind knew how important it was for Nick. What his last question to me was. I somehow had to let him know. Let him know it was him. He was the cause. He had caused what was about to happen.

“Nick! Nick!” His name was pushed out of me by the violence of his weight and pounding.

“Nick! You’re going to make ...”

“Uggghhh!” I groaned. I had to tell him. I had to say it before it was too late. I had to. I had to fight to communicate the most important thing I could say right then. I had to somehow make the proclamation.

“You’re gonna ... Nick, you’re gonna make me cum! Make me cum!”

I opened my eyes and saw him looking into them. That’s when it happened: my hips shot up and locked, hoisting my son’s weight along with mine. He continued pounding while I screamed:

“I’M CUMMING! OH GOD! OH GOD! I’M CUMMING! NICK! I’M CUMMING!”

Then I roared in triumph. Long runs of high-pitched wails that attempted to announce to the world the ecstasy my son had awarded me.

I hoped Nick was aware of what he had done. What he had managed to accomplish with that magical cock of his.

But, that cock had one more mystical trick to perform. It was going to deliver the raw essence which could be transformed into life inside his mother’s crucible.

“MOM! MOM! NOW! YEAH! NOW! AAAHHH!”

He held himself motionless deep inside me and grunted and grunted again and again.

I swear I could feel his cockhead expand and I swear I could feel each gush of hot sperm my body harvested from his. I lost count of the spasms which triggered his release.

I knew I was full, full of my son's potent cum. In the afterglow of my orgasm, that thought gave me almost as much pleasure. Almost.

My son came to rest on my inert body. I was barely there. Only enough to rub my son's back and whisper things I can't remember now.

He kept saying "Mom ... Mom." That was plenty.

He didn't pull out of me for about five minutes. He had already been trained by my sister. He even got a pillow without asking and tucked it under my butt, giving my pelvis its best fertilizing tilt.

"You made me cum. Nick, you made me cum so hard—I nearly passed out." That was the first fully-conscious thing I said. I knew it was important to him and wanted him to know.

"Mom! That makes me soooo happy! I'm happy for you, and just knowing I could do that for you ... I mean ...!" He shook his head, as if in disbelief. He must have felt as fully a man as could be.

"And you?" I asked. Maybe I needed a little validation too.

"Mom! I'm telling you! I never came so much in all my life. I just kept cumming and cumming. Nothing's even close. You must be sooo full right now."

"So full," I echoed. I was full of my son's cum. Now that the excitement of the moment was in the past, now that the sexual tension of the past week had been sated by our mutual orgasms, I had a stark reality to face:

I had committed incest with my son. That had repercussions and consequences which I would have to face. For sure our relationship would change. And our relationship with Phil would change.

Nick would look at Phil differently now, not only because he knew he wasn't his father, but also because he knew he had made love to me and satisfied me. He knew he had filled a function Phil could not.

And, I was not only Phil's now. Some part of me as a woman belonged to Nick.

I decided not to taint the moment and think too much about it.

I turned to Nick and saw he was propped up next to me, staring.

"We did it, Mom! We did it. We made love, and I know it's gonna work. I know I got you pregnant. A hundred and ten percent! I'm sure!"

"At least a hundred per cent," I laughed.

That was the other "concern." What if I really WAS pregnant? I would have to deal with that. It's one thing to dream and hope about it, but it's another when the reality hits. Again—plenty of time when it happens.

We talked for a long time. About what? I don't know, but it was the best conversation I ever had because I do remember lots of loving kisses and smiles and laughter.

Then my cell phone rang. Nick said, "Don't get up, Mom. I'll grab it."

He bounded to my bag and pulled it out. "It's him," he said.

The territorial male sensed an intrusion on his property, his woman.

"Hi, Phil," I said, hoping my voice didn't sound as satisfied as my body was.

"Great news! The deal is all set. You're going to remember this day for a long, long time!"

“You never said a truer thing,” I gushed. Just not for the reason you think!

“Get ready, M’lady! Tonight we’re going to celebrate.”

“Looking forward to it, Phil.” I couldn’t have sounded more monotonously unenthused if I had been ordering a hamburger.

“See you tonight!”

“Can’t wait!”

Actually, I was looking forward to it. Phil’s “celebration” would serve a good purpose. It would be the “cause” if I did get pregnant. Today, I made love; tonight I would fuck as a cover story.

Tonight Phil’s tiny cock would dive head first into an ocean of Nick’s cum.

Sisters know things.

Like I knew it was Amy when my phone rang. She hadn’t called in three weeks, not since her visit, but I knew it was her while I was looking at the white object in my hand.

“Hi,” I said.

“Guess who’s pregnant?”

“Me,” I said.

“WHAT!”

“I said ‘me.’ I’m pregnant. I’m still holding the pregnancy test stick. I’m still looking at the blue plus sign. So ... me. I’m pregnant. That’s my first guess. My second guess is YOU!”

Sisters know things.

“Wow! Both guesses are right. I guess.”

We both laughed.

“Nicholas?” She questioned. It was another guess. A fuckin’ good one. Sisters know things!

I didn’t say anything. After a pause:

“Did he make you cum ...?” Sisters know things.

I didn’t say anything. But, another sure guess. Then she added:

“... like he did me?” I could tell from the wistful tone of her voice she had thought about that A LOT!

If I had been in a bantering mood (which I was not), I would have said: “NO! Because you came like a firefly and I came like a fireWORK!” I shut up instead.

“Well, at least I found out ahead of you. I found out an hour ago,” she said with that “nya! nya!” tone of voice.

We had always been competitive. I let my competitive nature take hold and said:

“But, I’m still one ahead of you.”