

The Supplement

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Summary:

1. Son's mail order pills pulls mom out of her shell.
2. What's in these pills?

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The Supplement Pt. 01

Josh closed the browser on his computer, silencing the woman still screaming out her joy. Looking down at his belly, he examined his shrinking dick and the small streaks of cum on his belly. Compared to the glazing the woman in the video had just gotten, it was nothing. Less than nothing. It didn't help that his dick didn't measure up either.

He knew comparing himself to porn stars was the way to madness, but how could he help it? He'd measured his dick at its hardest, and according to the internet, he was perfectly average. Great.

The one joy of having small loads was the quick cleanup, as he demonstrated with one tissue, but Josh was sure he wouldn't mind having to wipe himself more than once.

Curious, he opened his browser again, and a quick google search later, he was scrolling through results on how to increase his semen volume. Several minutes into his research, it appeared the stupid internet didn't have an easy way for him to start producing porn star loads. Just some recommendations about jerking off less and drinking more water. Hadn't science made a pill, or anything?

Disappointed, Josh moved from his desk to his bed, pulling his underwear back on. Laying in bed, waiting for sleep, he contemplated the advice he'd found.

'Jerk off less'. Ha, as if.

'Drink water'. Check, he'd do that starting tomorrow.

'Don't smoke'. He didn't.

'Stay in shape'. He was in fine shape for an 18-year-old. Not skinny, not a jock.

It seemed for whatever reason, he was destined to produce little piddles of cum. Still annoyed the internet had failed him, Josh counted sheep until sleep claimed him.

The next morning, he woke up with a new determination to jack off less, to see what it did for his load size. He was also going to drink as much water as he could.

Joining his parents in the kitchen, but not looking their way, he popped some bread in the toaster and went looking for their biggest water bottle. Finding a 2-liter one in the back of the cupboard, he filled it up at the tap and put some ice cubes in to keep it somewhat chilled. He hated warm water.

The toast wasn't done yet, so he turned to his phone, scanning through his Reddit feed.

"Ahem," he heard and looked up. His mom was at the table, staring at him.

"Yes? Can I help you?" he asked, keeping his face neutral.

"You certainly can. You can come give me a kiss, you brat," said his mom, her eyes twinkling.

He grinned. He'd known that ignoring her would get her going, as she insisted on a kiss every morning. "Okay, I suppose so," he said and walked over to plant a smooch on her cheek.

His mom, Jean, was generally ranked in the middle of the pack amongst his friends' moms. Tommy's mom was ranked at the top, as she was a model, followed closely by Allan's mom, as she had big tits. Then came his mom, followed by Jeff and Mark's mom. Josh couldn't vote for his mom, (because he'd be biased?) but as he'd

had it explained to him, she was third because while she was cuter than Allan's mom, she had smallish tits and dressed like she was going to church every day. They didn't talk about Jeff and Mark's moms.

As Josh leaned over to kiss his mom, he smelled her shampoo, which was nicely fragrant without being too strong. A stray hair tickled his face as he bussed her cheek. "Looks like you have a straggler," he said, pointing at the loose lock.

"Thanks," she said with a smile, tucking it behind her ear. "I'll fix it before I leave."

His mom usually kept her long, brown hair pulled back in a simple ponytail, which had once prompted Tommy to compare her to Lara Croft. The other guys had pointed out her lack in the bust department, and the comparison never came up again.

"Anything planned for after school?" his dad asked from across the table.

"No, I think I'm going to just get my paper done. It's due next week but I'm almost finished. If I get it done now I can hang out at Allan's on Saturday."

"Don't forget the lawn needs to be mowed this weekend," his dad said, glancing up from his tablet.

"Yeah, I'll do it Sunday."

"See that you do, I'll be gone all weekend for work, so I won't be around to remind you."

His mom's face fell. "Again? I thought you were going to tell them no more weekends. What if we had plans?"

Josh's dad, Chuck, said, "We don't have plans. If we did, I'd have told them to find someone else. You know this all leads towards a promotion, right? More money?"

Jean sighed and nodded. "I just don't know when it's going to finally happen. You've been promising me for two years."

"Well, I'm pushing as hard as I can. Maybe by this time next year..."

"Yeah, you said that last year."

Josh had heard this argument many times, so he went to butter his toast, tuning his parents out. He scarfed it down with a large glass of water and left for school.

His day was spent drinking water and fighting to remind himself not to jerk off later. He wasn't helped by the girls in his class wearing less clothing as summer got closer. One girl - Jenny - wore shorts that looked painted on, which drove him crazy, and he was thankful the one class he had with her wasn't scheduled for today.

Jenny had a killer butt, everyone agreed, but her best feature was her rack, a fact that wasn't lost on her. She had gone without a bra at least five times he'd counted this year, and each occasion was chiseled into the bedrock of his memory.

Stop it, he chided himself. This wasn't going to help with the plan of not jerking off.

While eating lunch with his friends, Tommy asked him what the huge water bottle was for. Josh jokingly explained it was to help his 'huge gains', which had prompted a half-hour conversation about whether taking steroids makes your dick small, and if it did, shouldn't there be another substance that did the opposite? The agreed-upon answer was yes, but scientists hadn't found it yet. Some kind of anti-steroid.

At home that night, after Josh had finished his paper, he went browsing for some PC parts. It was while he was on one site he finally noticed an ad from three previous sites. It was for some kind of supplement, which he would normally ignore, but this ad eventually penetrated his defenses with the words 'huge' and 'load'.

'You want huge load? Try scientific proven formula to show lover your care!'

It wasn't very grammatically correct. The words were around a picture of a white lake. Not very subtle, either. He moved on.

The next thing he found was an ad in his email for 'Huge loads!'

What.

Josh groaned as he realized he must not have done the search last night in incognito mode, and now he was being targeted for the ads. Remembering the lack of concrete solutions for increasing semen in his research, he wondered how anyone could be taken in by that stuff.

Thinking back to what the guy in the video had been able to produce, he wondered: How did he get such an impressive output? He must have a secret. There must be a way to get it done, but no one was talking about it. What if these miracle drugs did work?

The last question prompted him to click on one of the ads. A normal website opened, with testimonials for the power of the product. 'Glazed donut!' 'Filled her up!' 'I lost weight!'

It was so patently ridiculous Josh couldn't help but laugh. Clicking the back button, he didn't leave the site, instead, a popup said, 'Wait! 50% off if you buy now!' The price listed was only \$20.

He wavered. He hemmed. He hawed. Finally, he caved and clicked the button to take him to the checkout page, a purchase of 1 bottle

of pills for \$20 with free shipping. He clicked buy with the Paypal account his parents had set up for him and went to bed, being sure not to jerk off.

The next day dawned, and Josh woke feeling silly for falling for an obvious scam. Chalking it up to a bad call and being horny after one day of not jerking off, he forgot all about it.

To his surprise, the following day he was surprised to see a package on the front step for him. It was in a small brown box, discreetly labeled as 'health supplements'. Thankful he got home before either of his parents, Josh took the box to his room and opened it. Inside was a bottle of pills, a second large bottle, and a note.

The note read: 'Thank for buying max load pills. For more joy in life, give free bottle of extra clean wash to wife. She prepare each day for more love.'

He looked at the large bottle and it was just labeled 'Wash'. He opened it and sniffed it, getting a noseful of a strong berry smell. Ugh. Way too strong for him, and he didn't have a wife or even a girlfriend. Josh put the bottle on his desk and examined the pill bottle closer. It was labeled 'Max Load', with the words 'once daily' below them.

Okay. Seemed straightforward. Josh popped the lid open and got the same scent of berry the bottle had, but stronger. He popped one of the pills into his mouth, noting it tasted like a children's vitamin. Suddenly sure he had been scammed, as expected, he looked at the bottle of 'wash'. Maybe his mom would use it?

He went to the bathroom and placed the wash bottle into the shower. Just as he came out of the bathroom, he heard the front door close.

"Josh, I'm home!" came the voice of his mom.

He went to greet her with a hug, another part of their routine she insisted on. After a brief clutch, she let him go and said, "How was school? One less day before grad?"

"Fine. Yep, almost there. How was work?" he asked, watching her slip her shoes off and put on slippers. She was wearing her regular work clothes: slacks and a loose blouse which did nothing to show her figure. Normal mom stuff. No wonder his friends didn't rate her higher.

"Oh, fine. Same old. Any plans tonight? I was thinking we could order pizza and watch a movie."

"No plans. Where's Dad?" They only ordered pizza when he was going to be absent, as he hated it.

"He has to work late."

"Is this in place of working this weekend?"

His mom shrugged. Josh could tell she was fighting it, but there was an undercurrent of sadness in her voice. She was tired of playing second fiddle to his work.

Mother and son chatted while they waited for the pizza, and picked out a movie to watch. Josh did his best to keep her spirits up and take her mind off of his dad. By the time they were full of pizza and halfway through a comedy, he felt like she was back to her old self, laughing and smiling. Josh was happy to see it, as he hated when she was sad.

After the movie, they headed to their rooms, not discussing the fact his dad wasn't home yet.

The next day, Josh was on the fence about taking another of the fake pills. He hadn't felt any kind of a change, but it had only been one day. Maybe it was better to at least try them for a week? There

were 29 pills left in the bottle, so it was only a month's supply anyways. Shrugging, he took another pill.

He had successfully avoided jerking off last night, three nights running, and had downed even more water. His friends were getting used to seeing the bottle with him but still hadn't gotten a straight answer from him for why he was drinking so much water. He wouldn't tell them. The last thing he needed was to be told they all came buckets of cum, or for them to suggest a cum measuring contest.

Figuring three days of abstinence was enough to see a change, and being almost constantly horny, he could try the effect of the pills. He dropped his pants and fell back onto his bed, feeling his dick get hard in anticipation.

Josh thought back to Jenny and her tight shirt while playing with his dick. Somehow she had managed to get away with wearing one that showed her belly, even though it was against the rules. Josh didn't mind one bit and thanked his lucky stars they had shared a class that day. As his excitement grew, he took himself fully in hand, stroking while imagining kissing Jenny. He was primed. Just as he was speeding up, an image of him spurting everywhere popped into his brain. The porn actors always had a woman's face or tits to jerk off onto, but he didn't. He didn't want to make a mess on his bed.

Jumping up, he opened his door and listened to make sure his mom hadn't come home yet. Hearing silence, he trotted to the washroom, jumping into the shower stall. He grabbed his still hard cock and gave it a few more strokes. He felt harder and more sensitive. As he approached his climax, a pressure built in his groin, bigger than any he'd felt before.

Josh groaned out loud as he pumped, his knees going weak. He put a hand on the shower wall and faced it, eyes closed and mouth open. For the first time in his life, Josh felt as if his cock was too

hard, he was too close to orgasm. Powering through, he gave one final pump, and then he was shooting his cum at the shower wall. What would normally be a few spurts was five or six full ones, painting the shower wall. The air was filled with the same berry smell as the pills, and it seemed to enhance his pleasure.

He wasn't up to the porn star amount yet, but it had only been a few days and he could already see an improvement. Maybe the pills did work? Or maybe it was his abstinence.

Drained, Josh felt weak and decided to lay down for a bit. He quickly washed his spunk from the shower wall and stumbled from the bathroom to his room and collapsed on his bed, sleep taking him instantly.

Jean grabbed her purse and lunch box from the passenger car seat and made her way to the house. She'd had a good day, not too busy, some nice gossip time with coworkers. Even a long lunch with her boss, discussing her performance.

A good day which had been ruined by the text she'd just gotten from Chuck, telling her he was working late again. Damn him. If he had a whisper of libido she'd accuse him of cheating on her, but she knew his last thought at any time was of sex. Knew it quite well.

Trying to push thoughts of her husband to the back of her head, she focused on spending time with Josh again. More pizza? Or Chinese? There was that new superhero show she might be able to tempt him with.

Coming into the house, she yelled out her customary, "I'm home!" No answering cry came back, indicating an empty house. Maybe Josh was out visiting friends? She'd hoped he was home, as he was great at making her forget her woes, and she felt like she'd need his help tonight. Maybe she would text him to come home?

Figuring it could wait, Jean went to change into comfier clothes. As she did, she lamented the fact it had been months since she'd undressed for any reason except changing or showering. Chuck had no time for her anymore. Didn't she deserve to be desired? Lusted after? Knowing the answer was 'yes', she watched in the mirror as her naked body came into view. First, her loose blouse, deliberately chosen to hide her figure, and then her bra. The restrictive garment let loose with a snap, releasing her breasts. She was proud of their heft and lack of sagging, despite her age. She groaned as she smoothed her hands over the sensitive flesh, rubbing away the pressure lines from her bra. It had been too long since anyone but she had done this. Damn Chuck!

They had started their marriage on a fairly even footing in terms of their sexual desires, even if it was very vanilla sex, but lately his had faded while hers swelled. She made use of vibrators and dildos, but they weren't the same thing as a flesh and blood cock, were they? A flesh and blood body, holding, thrusting, kissing - stop it, she ordered herself.

Jean knew if she let herself, her lust would grow until she was craving to be fucked. The last time it had happened, Chuck had grudgingly given in to her demands, saying it was the last time he'd be pressured to perform.

Jean snorted at the thought. His performance had been pathetic and unsatisfying. Still, the thought had her body prepping itself for sex, blood flowing to engorge her nipples and labia. She pushed at her crotch, trying to satisfy her hungry vagina long enough to get to bedtime, but it just made her hornier.

Josh would probably be home soon but for now, she was alone. She looked at her bed, contemplating bringing out one of her toys. Then she imagined Josh barging in on her, and she shook her head. It was only faintly possible, but she'd be mortified if it happened. Thinking

of someplace more sacrosanct, Jean made her way to the bathroom, bringing her comfy clothes with her.

If he heard her showering, he'd never barge in, and she would have the privacy to satisfy her needs alone, yet again. Stripping the rest of her clothes off while the water warmed, she shivered as her nipples contracted. They were as big as pencil ends, and her areola coned and pebbly as well. She tweaked one, shivering at the pressure.

When the water was warm enough, she jumped under the flow, getting her tits wet, and her pussy wetter. A shiver of anticipation ran through her as she brushed one wet hand up her bare labia. She enjoyed being smooth down there, as it looked cleaner and felt sexier than having hair. One finger slipped between her lips, the warm, slick moisture coating her digit.

Jean breathed in deeply as tingling spread to her pelvis, and she clenched her inner muscles. She needed to be fucked! As she pushed one finger into her vagina, she breathed in again, through her nose, and detected a strange berry-like, artificial scent.

Mystified, Jean paused in her ministrations and tried to imagine what it could be. She was sure they didn't have anything that matched the smell in the house. Looking around, she spotted a strange bottle labeled 'wash'.

Opening it up, she got a waft of the same berry smell as what was in the air. The smell went right to her head, making her feel... good. Energized. She took another deep whiff and looked at the bottle closer. Just a generic no-name brand body wash.

Jean was fond of trying new shower products, so she poured a generous pool of the wash into her hand. It was milky white, and the smell intensified as she brought her hand to her upper chest. Her mouth flooded with saliva at the smell, a normal indicator of extreme arousal. Or hungry, she allowed.

Careful to stay out of the spray of the shower, Jean spread the wash over her body, moving down to her tits. When she ran her hand over her nipples, she gasped aloud. The cool liquid caused them to start tingling, and they hardened even more. The smell was in her brain as she took large breaths to feel the energizing effect over and over.

Whatever this stuff was, they had a hit on their hands, she thought. She covered her stomach next, down to her pussy. When a finger skimmed across her full outer labia, she groaned out loud. How did it know to make only the good parts react? It wasn't heat or a burn, it was an actual lightning bolt of tingling shivers sent to her core.

Jean was never really vocal during sex. She knew it happened for some people, but mostly it seemed to be a porno thing. When her finger slipped between her lips, stroking across her clit, she couldn't help it. "OHhhhhhMMmmmmmm..." she moaned, mouth open.

Her legs trembled, and she almost fell over in the shower at how good the wash felt on her body. She put her hand out to steady herself, and rolled the 'wash' finger over her clit, strumming it to get as much pleasure as she could. Within moments, her inner tension had wound up to the breaking point.

"Ohh fuck! OHhhhhnnnnnggg!!!" She couldn't help it, it felt too good, and her orgasm was too strong to stay silent. Hot water beat on her back as she rubbed her clit, moaning and twitching.

The orgasm drove all other thoughts away, letting her wallow in the pleasure. This had been her easiest orgasm in years. Jean pulled at one nipple, stretching the rubbery skin out to feel the jolt of pleasure she loved. The berry smell filled her nose as she stood in place, water cascading over her body, which quivered with each contraction of her vagina. When she was eventually able to stand up straight, she went straight to the bottle of wash, looking everywhere for a list of ingredients, or a manufacturer logo. Nothing.

Perplexed by the mystery wash but feeling like a million bucks, Jean finished her shower and stepped out on weak legs to grab her towel. As she dried herself, she hummed and sashayed in place. Even she would acknowledge the goofy grin on her face if she saw it.

When she went to put her bra on, she looked in the mirror. Her nipples were still standing out, hard as rocks. For years she had been concealing her bust, downplaying her figure, preferring to avoid the attention she inevitably drew. For some reason the thought of binding herself and hiding her firm, full tits just made her sad. She decided against putting her bra back on. Let her girls have some breathing room for once. When she slipped a soft t-shirt on, she shivered at the rare feeling of cotton rubbing over her sensitive nipples.

Another check in the mirror showed her nipples were busting through her shirt. She hadn't dressed like this in two decades. A feeling of being naughty crept over her, but she was in the comfort of her own home; it was allowed.

As she left the bathroom, she almost ran into Josh as he came out of his bedroom.

"Oh! You're home. I thought I was here alone," she stammered, suddenly self-conscious of her nipples, her confidence draining rapidly.

"I was just napping...um, had a long day I guess." Josh looked a bit sheepish, but she just chalked it up to teenager stuff.

"Napping at your age! You'll be an old man in no time," she teased, hoping to distract from the fact she felt naked in her thin shirt..

"Ha, ha." He looked her up and down, and said, "Why are you showering now?"

"Oh, I just felt gross, I wanted to, um, freshen up. Chinese tonight?"

"No Dad again, eh?"

"No," she said, a wave of sadness ruining her high from the shower. Powering through it, she said, "Do you want to try out that new show you mentioned?"

"Yeah, sure. I'm feeling like a quiet night is a good thing."

"Okay, I'll order and give you a shout when it's here," she said, with a smile.

As Josh turned to leave, he suddenly stopped and walked over to her. "You didn't get your hug," he said, arms open.

She hugged him briefly, hyper-aware of her breasts pushing into his chest. When they separated she quickly turned and hurried away. Despite the shock of running into him, Josh hadn't otherwise made her feel like she shouldn't be dressed as she was. She smiled as she walked to order dinner.

Josh retreated to his room and sat at his desk, still amazed at how much his orgasm had taken out of him. He loved how much he had shot, but knew the short break had helped. He didn't want to take a break each time, he liked doing it daily.

He searched around a bit to see if anyone had ever hurt themselves from coming too much - in incognito mode - but didn't find anything. Feeling good about his performance but thinking there was more to come, he waited in his room until he heard his mom call out for him to join her at dinner

Once again, he focused on making sure her mind was off of his dad's absence, and on being happy and having fun. Thankfully, it wasn't an issue this time as she seemed to be in a good mood as soon as the show started. Unfortunately, the show was CW quality,

and he wasn't sure he'd watch any more of it, but if it kept his mom happy he'd put up with it.

There was one thing that helped him get through the crappy show even more than his mom's happiness. She wasn't wearing a bra. At first, he tried to ignore it, but eventually it became too obvious to ignore. Her tits jiggled in her shirt with each movement and even more when she laughed. They were also much bigger than he had ever suspected. They weren't 'implant' huge, but they were a damn sight more impressive than he'd suspected. With tits like hers, she might jump up to the number two spot in the rankings. He wasn't even sure why she wore a bra; they didn't need the support.

When the show ended, he gave his mom a hug goodnight, trying his best not to think of the lovely pillows pressed against his chest.

In bed, he felt like jerking off, maybe with some mental images from the evening as inspiration, but decided to hold off. Despite having come hours ago, he could still feel the after-effects in a warm glow centered at his dick. Sleep came quickly.

The next day was pill three, and at school, Josh was distracted easily. When he'd woken up, his dick had been quite sensitive, and now each shift in position in his underwear sent a flicker of pleasure to his brain. He managed to get through the day without calling attention to the fact he was staring at all the girls and even some of the teachers, but it was close.

Racing home after school, Josh stripped down in his room and fell onto his bed, hand already wrapped around his dick as it strained for the ceiling. Just as he could feel his dick readying to expel the load in his balls, he remembered the amount he'd painted the shower wall the day before and decided it would be a good place to test his load each day. He sprang up to trot down the hall and stepped into the stall.

His hardon hadn't flagged at all, and it only took two more pumps of his cock before he was shooting at the wall. Blast after blast, coating the tiles in his man juice, he was sure it was more than the previous day.

Half of his brain was proud he was getting results, while the other half just wallowed in the high of his coming. He stroked the last of his cum out, noticing once again the scintillating scent filling the air. It was a curious side effect, he thought.

Josh had never tasted his semen and had never been tempted, but now found himself staring at the white cream on his hand, wondering if the smell matched the taste. With a half laugh, he stepped out of the shower and rinsed his hand under the tap. Tasting his own cum!

Feeling great, he headed back to his room. The shower was a great place to jerk off, and if he was quick, he'd be able to finish before his mom came home. As if summoned, he heard the front door open and close, so he darted the rest of the way and got to his room undetected, heart beating at the close call.

"I'm home," came his mom's call.

He popped his door open and called back, "I'll be out in a bit!" He hoped she wouldn't wonder what he was up to.

"Don't rush, I'm just going to jump in the shower," he heard her say as she walked by his room.

Josh slumped in relief and went to put his clothes on. The window of opportunity wasn't going to last long, as he knew his mom was changing shifts again and would insist on running him to school each day and picking him up after.

Jean's day had been uneventful, but still memorable. The mysterious body wash had done a number on her senses, as she'd spent the day hyper-aware of her clothing brushing against her skin. The tingling had finally faded the night before when she went to bed, but even today the memory was still there. Plus she kept catching the scent of it throughout the day as if she was wearing it as perfume.

That prompted her to decide to shower after work, to try and remove the rest of it, because the smell was keeping her at a low-level simmer of arousal. Coupled with the sensitivity, she'd even been tempted to rub herself in the washroom during work hours. Talk about unprofessional.

Grabbing a change of clothes for after her shower, Jean went to the bathroom and stripped out of her conservative work outfit. After spending the previous evening unencumbered, putting the restrictive bra back on this morning had been a real downer.

Once the water was hot enough, Jean stepped in, and immediately the berry smell - was it strawberry? - hit her senses, stronger than ever. Her nipples reacted, trying to find the source themselves, extending from her tit-flesh. An ache formed in her belly, fire spreading to her loins. After one day of using the wash, she was reacting like this?

Not one to pass up a good come, she went to grab the wash bottle but stopped when she saw the wall. It was covered in the wash! Josh! Why was he so messy? When she saw how much there was, she decided to save the stuff in the bottle and use what was on the wall instead.

She dragged her hand through the splashes and streams running down the slick tiles and spread the white substance over her chest. The same tingling lightning hit her nipples, and her pussy clenched again. Going back for more, she used both hands to gather up more wash and spread it over her body, sighing loudly as each new wave

of tension built in her pussy. The tingle was back, even stronger, and the smell was once again spiking in her brain.

Another orgasm could never hurt, so she jilled herself to completion once again, using the wash as lube. It might have been her imagination, but this time it seemed like there was heat added to the tingling.

Once her orgasm was done, she tried her best to wash off the smell but didn't think she'd been fully successful.

As she dressed, surrounded by another post-orgasm glow, she left her bra off again. When she came out of the bathroom, hair pulled back into a ponytail, she noticed when she walked her breasts wobbled more than normal. Maybe a bra would be necessary to prevent chafing, she mused.

Coming into the kitchen, she saw Josh at the table eating some cereal. "You're going to ruin your dinner," she said, automatically.

He raised his eyebrows and between bites, said, "Do I ever not eat dinner?"

Jean laughed. "I suppose not." She went to the fridge to see what they had to make, instead of ordering in again. She had to pass by her son as she did, and was surprised to realize she must be hungrier than she thought, as a puddle of drool formed in her mouth. The shower wash must still be in effect, as she could feel heat spread over her breasts.

Making some dinner prep, Jean said, "What are you up to this weekend? Your dad won't be here, so it's just us."

"I'm going to hang with Allan tomorrow. Sunday is the lawn. What about you?"

Jean thought about it. What was she going to do? Tonight was for staying in, but then there were two more days of basically being single. Should she call some friends to come over? Just hang out outside?

"I'm not sure," she said. "Maybe call Linda or Mary and have some drinks tomorrow night. Tonight I'm just going to watch TV. Do you want to join me? We can watch more of the silly hero show."

"Ummm, sure."

"Great! Dinner will be in an hour or so, I'll call you."

"Sure," he said, walking up behind her. He gave her a hug from behind and the smell of a vaguely familiar berry scent wafted in her nose. Immediately she felt an ache form in her groin. The darn wash was playing havoc with her body's reactions. Maybe she needed to lay off of it for a bit, she thought. Josh's arms were around her middle and when he pulled away his upper arm brushed against the underside of her tits. Heat formed, tingling radiating from her nipples. Damn the body wash!

Jean spent the next hour cooking, trying to ignore the signals from her body. It had been awoken and now wanted relief. When the sauce for the noodles was simmering, she went to her room to put on a bra. It was better this way. She didn't have time to get herself off, and removing the sensation of her nipples rubbing on cloth would stop the constant hum of pleasure.

As she hooked a bra on and put her arms through the straps, she was alarmed to discover she was being squished more than normal. It was downright uncomfortable! Sighing, she adjusted the garment, letting the straps out to give her girls more room. She didn't usually have to adjust. Maybe she was gaining weight?

Putting the idea out of her head, Jean went back to her cooking.

Dinner was soon ready, but Jean was alarmed to discover the bra didn't alleviate her horny mood. When Josh joined her to eat, she found her pelvis tightening and heat forming.

She wasn't sure if it was the freedom she'd felt the night before, or her ease at going braless around Josh, but she was suddenly filled with the desire to take her bra off and be comfortable again. She stood up and went to her room, leaving Josh at the table. A quick strip and a snap, and she let out a sigh of relief as her breasts expanded into their natural shape.

"I must be starving," she said, rejoining Josh. "My mouth is watering."

"I'm hungry too. See? I didn't ruin dinner."

"Yeah, yeah. I bet you won't have your normal two helpings."

"We'll see," he said with a smile, eyes flicking briefly.

Jean did her best not to react, but it was a close thing. Her son had just checked her out! It had been quick, but she was practiced in spotting men's roving attention, and his eyes had definitely moved to her chest. It was why she normally wore clothes to hide her figure, why she wore a bra to squish her breasts. The less there was to see, the less they looked.

Jean had a hard time sorting out her feelings after seeing Josh look at her chest. She should be feeling uncomfortable, ashamed even, and yet she didn't. Was it different with him, or had she changed her outlook on people checking her out? There was a definite sense of new pride in her body the last couple days.

Jean sat up straighter and ignored the furtive looks Josh sent her way.

When they were done, Jean set up the show while Josh took care of the dishes. He joined her on the couch and they watched an episode. Jean did her best not to check to see if he was watching the show or her and soon forgot all about it. She was just happy to be relaxed and laughing.

After the show, Josh gave her another hug, a lingering one, which she didn't mind. She knew her nipples were fully on display in the thin t-shirt, but she didn't care. Letting loose like this was refreshing!

In bed soon after, Jean drifted to sleep with the scent of berries lingering in her nose.

Josh woke up feeling great. He jumped out of bed and took another pill, wondering if he should wait a full 24 hours before jerking off again. For maximum effects. He decided to wait, knowing it would feel great later. It was almost 11 in the morning, so he put on some clothes and called Allan to arrange their day.

The arrangements were soon made, and he went to grab some cereal, wondering if his mom was around. He was unsure about leaving her alone all weekend, with how sad she'd been. A secret part of him wanted to see if she was going to go braless again, but he didn't think about it too much.

In the kitchen, he found a note on the table from her telling him she was having friends over later. It was signed with a heart, something she used to do when making him lunches as a kid. It made him feel better to see, and her having company over was also a good sign. Josh's day brightened up, knowing his mom was in a good mood.

He spent the day with friends, not thinking about his parents or school or chores, just carefree and happy. It was a good day.

By the time he was headed home, he was thinking of jumping in the shower to jerk off and spend the evening playing games. He didn't want to cramp his mom's get-together.

At home again, it was almost four in the afternoon. "Hey," he called out as he walked through the front door. "I'm home!"

No answer, and looking around it didn't look like his mom had been home at all. Happy he was alone, he went to the bathroom and shucked his clothes off. He felt like since he'd started taking the pills he was ready to come faster than normal. If he had a girlfriend it would be a problem, but for trips to the communal shower, his hair-trigger was a blessing.

Stepping into the dry shower, he started to stroke himself lazily, just enjoying the smooth steel of his cock. He liked his cock, he decided. Like, if he was one to like cocks, he thought he had a good one.

Josh imagined Jenny in the shower with him, on her knees, holding her tits up to wrap around his shaft, taking the place of his hand. He closed his eyes and thrust his hips forward, stroking faster. Within seconds, he was ready to blow, and let fly on the wall for the third day in a row. The berry fragrance filled the air as he painted the tiles with his berry spunk.

There was more than usual, as stream after stream arced from his tip. Each load felt huge as it jetted up his urethra. When his ejaculation slowed, he was left with his spunk oozing down his hand, coating his fingers. He shuddered. The best orgasm yet.

When he was done twitching on shaky legs, Josh stepped out of the stall to wash his hands at the sink. He didn't want an actual shower but had to wash his hands after getting them drenched. He dressed and went to his room, forgetting once again to clean the shower.

Jean got home feeling tired, but looking forward to the evening. She'd gone out for some shopping after inviting both Mary and Linda over. On the way home, she'd picked up some hors d'oeuvres and wine.

Her friends weren't coming over until 5:30, she had an hour to get ready. She tidied up a bit, got the food ready on a platter and covered it, and put it in the fridge. Preparations complete, she went to have a quick shower.

When she undressed in the bathroom, pushing her panties over her wide hips to float down her legs, Jean was aware of her nudity in a whole new way. Soft, sensitive skin. Tingling nipples. Unable to resist, she tweaked one, pulling it out. Stop it, she said silently. This is just a shower. No body wash, either, she warned herself. Just in and out.

Starting up the water, she untied her ponytail, letting her fine brown hair float around her shoulders, feeling it tickle her skin. A few seconds later she stepped under the flow and immediately her nose was full of the berry scent filling the stall. She looked at the wash bottle but it was closed. Where was the smell coming from? She looked around and spotted a sheen on the wall about belly high. Josh was wasting more of the wash! Putting her finger out, she picked up a dollop of the goo.

She'd told herself no to using the wash, but she didn't want it to go to waste. Her nipples and labia reacted as she gave in to temptation, igniting into a warm fire. She had time before Mary and Linda arrived.

As she massaged and slid her hands over her body, she noticed the wash was drying up, becoming sticky on her skin and hands, so she gathered more from the tiles. The slipperiness and the spreading berry smell made Jean weak in the knees, waves of tingling heat spreading throughout her frame.

Something was different about getting the wash from the tiles, as her body keyed up in record time, and soon Jean was coming.

"Mmmmmyeahhhh," she crooned, her hand frigging frantically at her puss. Juices streamed from her entrance, adding to the lubrication before dripping down her thighs. She'd take a break from the wash tomorrow, but today, she just needed it.

In one final act of lust, Jean scraped the last of the wash from the wall on one finger, before putting it up to her nose. She took a big sniff, the smell spiking her senses. The goo spread to her upper lip, and before she knew it, it had dripped into her open mouth. Expecting it to taste like soap, she went to spit it out but stopped at the reality. It was a combination of sweet and sour and was vaguely familiar.

Jean rolled the flavour on her tongue, trying to place it, but couldn't. It had been a while since she'd tasted it, she was sure, but it was like no berry or soap she'd ever experienced. The taste seemed to enhance the smell, so she swallowed it.

Between her orgasm and the sweet treat, Jean was feeling a bit goofy; lightheaded under the hot water. She quickly washed with normal soap and stepped out to wrap a towel around her torso. Confident Josh wasn't home, she stepped out of the bathroom and ran right into him. Again.

"Oh!" she cried, stepping back quickly. "Darn it, we need to stop meeting like this," she said with a laugh, clutching her towel tightly to her chest. She tried to ignore the flash of pleasure she'd gotten at the feel of his solid mass pressed against her for a brief instant.

Josh smiled back, his hands raised to steady her. His gaze flickered down and back up, taking in her situation, and wordlessly stepped aside for her. She hurried past, to her room.

It was only once she closed the door behind her did she remember her towel wasn't very long. Josh might have gotten a look at her cheeks peeking out from the bottom of her towel as she rushed by! Her entire body flushed - in shame? - knowing she might have exposed herself to her son. The other reactions - warmth in her pussy, tingling nipples - she attributed to her recent orgasm in the shower. She needed to be more careful. Sexual frustration was no excuse for letting her guard down around her son.

Dressing quickly in comfy but presentable clothes, Jean made sure to wear a bra, despite how it pinched, as her friends would expect it. She greeted them when they showed up, right on time, bottles of wine in hand. Mary was a willowy woman, tall, but far too thin in Jean's opinion. Linda was a heavy-set woman who made up for a plain face by wearing low-cut shirts to show off her impressive cleavage. The three of them had been friends for decades.

The night progressed well, the usual topic being the local gossip. When they'd gotten a few glasses in, Mary casually hinted she had info on an affair one of the local wives was having.

"Who?" Jean asked, her face lit up with curiosity.

"Mrs. Johnson," asserted Mary, smugly taking a sip of her drink.

"What? How do you know?" Linda asked. "She never leaves the house without her husband."

"True..." said Mary, hinting they were on the right track.

Linda looked at Jean. Jean looked back, and together they made the connection.

"She's having an affair in her house??" Jean exclaimed.

"Who is it?" Linda begged.

"How often would you say their lawn needs tending?" Mary prompted. "However much it is, their landscaper is there at least twice as much."

Jean leaned back against the couch back, trying to remember who Mrs. Johnson had for a landscaper. "You mean the tall guy? With the nice butt?"

Linda said, "No, can't be him, he's sleeping with Mrs. Garrett the next road over."

"Actually it is him, and yes he is sleeping with Mrs. Garrett. In fact, he's sleeping with several ladies in the area."

"Get out!" cried Linda.

Jean felt a flash of envy rip through her at the thought of all of those women getting railed by the hunky gardener. She wasn't getting any. While she contemplated the injustice, Mary and Linda compared notes of who else was taking advantage of the extra services.

It wasn't fair, she decided. Not only did she not have a regular lover, but she also didn't need the services of a gardener, as Josh took care of it all. She guffawed, and her friends stopped their chatter to look at her.

"Remind me to never let Josh become a landscaper," she said with a cheeky smile. All three ladies roared their laughter.

The evening ended around 11 pm, and as Jean was saying goodnight to her guests, she noted she'd been able to ignore the temptation of her body and the lingering effects of the shower wash. The gathering had been good for more than just socializing.

Josh had stayed in his room. As she passed by his door, she stopped and knocked.

"Are you awake?" she said to the door. If he was, he'd hear her.

"Yeah, Mom," came his answer.

She opened the door and peeked her head in. He was in bed, reading by the light of his lamp. "I just wanted to say goodnight," she said.

"Night, Mom. Did you have fun?"

"I did." Jean was a little tipsy, and so the next words just tumbled from her mouth. "Don't become a landscaper, okay?" She giggled at her joke, while Josh just stared at her.

"Okay," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing, it was just a silly joke from earlier. You had to be there." Despite feeling silly, there was no way Jean was going to explain it. "Sorry for running into you earlier in a state of undress."

Why was she bringing it up?

Josh shrugged, and said, "Don't worry about it, I'd forgotten it happened."

"That's good. I didn't think you were home, or I'd have put more clothes on."

"It's fine, Mom."

"Okay, have a good sleep."

Jean left her son in his room and went to bed suffused with a glow of contented happiness. The night with her friends had been just what she needed, and she didn't even miss her husband.

The relief she felt when she took off her bra made her gasp out loud. She'd been wearing bras which constricted and hid her form

for years, but this was entirely too uncomfortable. She had to face the fact her breasts had grown, and look at buying some bigger clothes to accommodate.

Deciding to think about it tomorrow, Jean got into bed and fell asleep almost immediately.

Josh heard his parent's door close and sighed with relief. He'd been jerking off when his mom knocked and scrambled to quickly hide what he was doing. He'd done his best to seem normal, but her apology about the towel thing earlier had almost broken him. He'd downplayed it, but the incident hadn't left his head since it happened, and in fact, it had inspired the hardon he'd been playing with when she knocked.

Talk about an awful coincidence. He was already feeling guilty about touching himself while thinking of her in just the towel, and then 'knock-knock!'.

Now alone again, his hardon reduced to nothing from the shock of her intrusion, Josh decided to just go to sleep. As he was waiting for sleep to take him, the image of his mom coming out of the bathroom returned. Her long legs led up to a tantalizing shadow hiding just at the junction where they met. The creamy smooth skin of her shoulders and arms. The expanse of her cleavage bulged up from the top of the towel.

She was a vision of loveliness, and any straight guy would have sat up and taken notice if they'd run into her as Josh had. The initial almost-collision had come with a waft of berry-scented air as she emerged from the bathroom, which had hit him like a spike in the brain. He'd been incapable of doing anything but stepping aside and watching her retreat.

As she scampered away to her room, the towel had lifted and he'd seen a flash of her cute butt cheeks.

Since then, Josh had been tortured by alternating arousal and guilt. Arousal won every time, but he hadn't taken the step of actually jerking off to her memory. Yet.

Sunday morning dawned bright, with sun seeping around his curtains. Josh woke up with a raging hardon, not an uncommon occurrence, but one he enjoyed. Yawning and stretching one hand out, his other hand dipped under his covers to wrap around his dick. Velvet granite met his fingers, which he lazily stroked and fondled.

The thought had been circling the outskirts of his brain for a while, and finally, it came to land. It seemed like wishful thinking, but the last couple of days he'd felt like his dick was bigger than usual. He'd never measured himself, but he was quite familiar with his size based on touch, and it felt different.

Laughing at himself for his dreaming, Josh got up and went to the bathroom to pee. He had promised his dad he would mow the lawn today, so he wanted to get it out of the way fast, to have the rest of the day to himself.

He threw on some old jeans and a t-shirt and went to tackle the annoying chore. Their lawn wasn't very big, but it had some interesting features and trees which made mowing the grass an adventure.

An hour later, chore complete, Josh finished putting the mower away and went to shower. He was looking forward to getting clean, but he just wanted to jerk off. The aborted session last night, with the morning wood earlier, had him raring to go.

Anticipation grew as he shucked off his clothes and turned the water on. He couldn't help but examine himself in the mirror as he waited for the water to heat up. He looked the same as he always did, but

for one difference: his dick had to be bigger. There was no way it wasn't.

Josh's privacy was shattered when the sound of knocking once again interrupted him.

"Josh! I need to pee! I'm coming in!" came the frantic sound of his mom's voice.

The door opened and his mom came in in a rush, running past him to the toilet. Josh frantically covered his dick with his hands, shouting, "Mom! I'm naked!"

"I'm sorry! I thought you were in the shower!" she exclaimed as she plopped down on the toilet seat. The sound of her peeing soon followed, along with a relieved sigh from his mom.

"I was waiting for the water to warm up," Josh explained, exasperated.

Even the shock of being burst in on wasn't enough to distract him from seeing what his mom was wearing. It was a simple nightie, but it was only mid-thigh in length and did nothing to hide her assets up top, which swayed in the thin covering with each movement. He spotted nubs on the crest of her breasts. She'd had to pull her nightie up around her hips to sit down, and so he could see the entirety of her legs and lap. No panties?

Cheeks burning, Josh's mouth dropped open in horror as he felt himself grow under his hands. Not now! Of all the times for a boner, naked in the bathroom with his mom was the worst. Turning away from her, he tried to conceal his state, as his dick grew and grew. In no time he was fully engorged and feeling ridiculous trying to cover his length with his hands. It was obvious what he was hiding.

His mom finished peeing and wiping with some toilet paper before standing up. Business done, she headed to the door and finally

seemed to take notice of the situation she'd barged in on. "Oh! I'm so sorry, Josh. I didn't...um, I didn't mean to intrude but I had to go bad. I was going to be quick..."

She trailed off, as she came around to his front and could see what he was failing to conceal. To his immense surprise, given what he knew about his conservative mom, she raised an eyebrow and quirked a smile at him.

She said, "Sorry to interrupt your private time." Despite her demeanour, her cheeks coloured.

"I was just taking a shower," Josh said defensively.

"Mmhmm. I'm familiar with those kinds of showers. Make sure you clean up after yourself."

Josh suddenly flashed back to the instances over the last several days where he'd jerked off in the shower...and forgotten to clean up. He felt his cheeks burn even more.

His mom noticed, her eyes narrowing. "You do clean up...after...right?"

"I, um, don't do it often. I'll make sure to clean up," he said, not believing he was having this conversation.

His mom was still in the bathroom with him, the proximity of her wearing only the thin cloth over her naked body causing his dick to grow harder than ever. His hands still covered it, and even his touch was sending pleasurable warmth up and down his length. To his horror, precum started to leak from his slit, and the smell of berries filled the air.

"Mom -" he started, wanting to get her to leave, but stopped when he saw her breath in deeply, her chest expanding delightfully.

"That smell," she said. She stepped to one side of him and looked in the shower. "You didn't have time to use the wash. Where is it coming from?"

The wash? Oh, the bottle he'd gotten with the pills. She was using it? As this train of thought was churning through Josh's head, his mom was sniffing around the room, hunting for the source of the scent. She was smelling his arousal. Josh backed away from her, only stopping when he ran into the clothes hamper, but she pursued, still sniffing the air.

"Is that you?" she asked, putting her head close to his and taking a large breath in.

His mom was so close Josh could feel the warmth of her body radiating on his neck. Her scent filled his nostrils and he groaned. Trying to get away, he made to step around the hamper but clipped the leg and lost his balance. Instinct kicked in, and Josh splayed his hands out to catch himself on the hamper behind him.

Despite it not being a secret, the removal of his hands also removed any doubt he was hard. The berry scent got stronger as his precum was exposed to the open air, and Josh froze in horror as he waited for his mom to freak out.

She didn't. She looked down at the rigid tool straining between their bodies, a bubble of pre-cum oozing from the slit. Josh's pose was ridiculous. Body bent back, hands behind him, cock lewdly pointing at the ceiling. She inhaled again while staring at him, then bent over, putting her head near his dick, and took a small sniff before standing back up. Josh watched in amazement as his mom transformed.

Her eyes seemed to glaze over as she stared at his dick, and her mouth worked as if dealing with an excess of saliva. Her nipples hardened in her nightie, forming tents. She clenched her legs together, feet thumping together. He could see her fists clenched at her sides like she was fighting to keep them still.

"Mom? Are you okay?"

His mom's eyes cleared and she looked at his face quickly before returning to his leaking cock. She nodded.

"Have you been jerking off in the shower the last several days?" she asked.

Hesitantly, feeling a mix of shame and curiosity, Josh nodded.

"On the wall?"

Another nod.

"Oh," she said.

Amazed, Josh watched as she lifted one hand and dipped her finger lightly in his stream of precum. Even the small touch was enough to cause him to clench in response, his cock bobbing. She put the now wet finger inside the neck of her nightie, grabbing one of her breasts. Upon contact, his mom shuddered and moaned, eyes clenched shut.

"Yep, that's the stuff," she said.

"Mom, this is..." Josh started.

"Weird?" she finished. "Yeah, well have some sympathy, I just found out I've been massaging my son's semen onto my body.

Jean watched as her son tried to stand up, his face slack with shock, but she put her hand on his chest to keep him where he was. Her mind raced, still struggling with the situation. Somehow her son's stuff sent her to heaven. Her body was tingling, just from the brief application of his precum, but she needed more.

Different scenarios flashed through her head, but the fact was, he was there, ready, rampant. She felt desirable in a way she hadn't in a long time. Seeing this young man react to her, even if it was her son, had torn away the years of conservatism, exposing the passionate woman she'd always been.

"Shhhhh," she said. "Just stay there."

Mother and son watched as she slowly gripped his head in her fingers, gathering precum on them.

Josh groaned at her touch.

It seemed important, despite his reaction, she got permission.

"Is this okay?" she asked, her slick fingers encircling his glans.

Josh just jerked a nod once, his eyes on where her hand was on his penis.

It happened fast. As Jean rolled her now sticky fingers around his head, he came. Ream after ream of potent man sauce spurted from his slit. Each pulse ejected into her palm, deflecting onto her nightie.

Jean just stood there as she was covered in his stuff. When he finally stopped coming, they were both a mess as it had dripped down his shaft and legs.

"Sorry," Josh muttered, unable to take his eyes from the glaze caked on his mother's nightie.

"It's okay, I wanted you to," she said. With those words, she ran her hands through his load and repeated the excursion inside her nightie, this time pulling her arm inside her sleeve. She shuddered again when she reached her breast, a stronger reaction than the first time. His actual semen created a fire in her.

"I've grown to like it, you see," she growled, as she massaged her breast.

She felt alive.

Josh looked at her face and saw his mother, but also a woman. Her always cute face was flushed red, enhancing her beauty. Her lips were full and parted, her wet tongue peeking between them. Her eyes opened and she met his gaze intently for a few seconds before looking down at his now drooping dick.

"We need to get cleaned up," she said. "Starting with this, as it is drenched."

It was a quick motion, divesting herself of her nightie, but for Josh, he saw it all in slow motion. She bent over slightly and grabbed the back of the garment behind her neck and pulled it over her head. As the hem rose, he saw his mother revealed section by section.

First, her legs, which he'd seen before, but this time the treasure at their meeting point as well. She was bare there, her nether lips plump and rosy. Next came her waist as it narrowed from her hips and then her belly, delightfully healthy and moist where his semen had seeped through her gown. Then came the part he never thought he'd see but wanted to see most of all: her chest.

Two plump globes of white underboob turned into melon-sized breasts topped with cherry coloured nipples. They were hard and surrounded by two inches of crinkly areola. Josh couldn't take his eyes off of them even after she finished tossing her wet shift into the laundry hamper. The movement of her throw caused them to shift back and forth. Josh felt drool form, wanting to feel those rubbery nubs between his lips.

His cock stirred.

The bathroom was full of steam now, as the shower was still running. Josh's mom stepped in, under the flow, beckoning him to join her. He hesitated, still unsure what was going on.

His mom turned to look at him and ducked her head out of the water. "Come on in. We'll sort this out after, don't worry."

Taking a deep breath, he stepped into the shower with his mom. It was big enough for the two of them without needing to be pressed together, but only one of them got sprayed at a time. For now it was his mother so Josh just watched as she slicked her wet hands up and down her body.

This was surreal.

When she turned away from him, Josh couldn't help himself. He reached out a hand, gliding it over her wet back. She flinched but then relaxed into his touch. Her skin was so soft, so smooth. He ran his hand down to the dip of her waist and the swell of her hip. It was just natural to keep going until he reached her butt, gliding along the swell of her rear until he could cup her cheek.

His mom stopped moving, head down, just letting the water flow over her as he explored. Unable to resist, he stepped forward and reached around her torso. It wasn't unlike any of the hugs he'd given her in his life, except they were naked. He lifted his palms until they contacted her tits and he cupped them, squeezing gently.

"Oh Josh," his mom said, softly, at his touch. She leaned back into his chest, her butt grazing his dick, which was recovering. He tentatively pushed into her and she pushed back. Within moments he was fully hard again.

Hands still full of her tits, Josh kissed her neck as he kneaded and played, thumbs rolling over her nipples.

She sighed, and reached behind her, between them, to take his dick in hand. "You can't fuck me," she blurted out suddenly.

Josh didn't know how to respond. It was such an unlikely thing for her to say, and for him to hear.

"Um, okay," he managed, hard cock throbbing in her hand.

The mom Josh thought he knew was gone. In her place was a sexy goddess, full of curves and tits, in his arms, telling him he couldn't fuck her. He sighed.

"Any other rules?" he asked, needing to say something.

She shook her head. "Just hold me."

He did, taking full advantage of his access to her body, but avoiding her pussy. That felt a step too far, even given the last few minutes. At one point he felt her hand down there, rubbing away, until she gasped and convulsed in his arms, under the spray of the water. She turned around after, and pushed him back, giving her space to grab hold of his dick.

Seeing her like this, wet and sexy, mouth agape, the tip of her tongue poking out as she stroked his cock, Josh's heart thumped in his chest. Mom or not, she was a vision of sex, far more attractive than any of his friends' moms. Too bad he could never tell them.

She stepped close, intent on his dick, pulling him to her until his head was pressed against her belly button. Stroking him slowly, she swayed back and forth, letting her soft skin rub against his sensitive underside. It ramped his coil up to the max until he was spurting again, this time on her naked skin.

His mom cooed her satisfaction as he sprayed his man juice. She used her hand to aim, getting his second load of the day all over her tits, while her other hand massaging his spunk into her nipples. The

smell of berries filled the steamy shower, and his mom cried out as she pulled at her rubbery nips.

When he finished coming, his mom stepped into him, hugging him close, squishing his dick and her breasts between them. He hugged back, and they stood there for a time, enjoying the closeness.

Questions started to swarm his brain, but he clamped down, not wanting this moment to be ruined.

"Okay, let's wash up and get out before the water gets cold," she said eventually, pulling away from him.

He nodded, and they put her words to action, washing his semen from their bodies. At one point Josh worked up his nerve and made to help her wash her pussy, but she batted his hand away, saying 'bad'.

He was right, it was off-limits. An extension of the rule? Still feeling like he was coming out a massive winner, he went back to her tits, soaping them up.

She moaned at his touch, and said, "If you don't stop that, we're never getting out of here."

Reluctantly, he let go of her long enough for her to rinse off and step out of the shower.

The process of drying off and going to their rooms to dress seemed to break the spell, as Josh felt an awkward pall fall over the house. Did he pursue her? Was it over? Did they talk about it? She'd mentioned questions earlier, but did she still want to ask?

Josh didn't know what to do, so he went to the kitchen where his mom joined him, sitting at the table.

"Well," she started. "That was unexpected."

Josh nodded. "I'd say that was an understatement," he said.

She giggled and leaned back in her chair. She was dressed in a blouse and slacks, a normal outfit for her as far back as Josh could remember, except now she was braless. The very recent memory of what she looked like naked flooded into Josh's brain. He could see her notice where he was looking. "Where did that come from?" he asked.

"I don't know how to explain it. I wasn't always so...repressed, I guess you'd say. Before I met your father I was much freer with my attitudes and thoughts. Lately, the old me has returned, and I am liking it. A lot.

"Your dad has been neglecting certain husbandly duties, and so I'm also feeling the urge to express myself there as well. When I started to use the wonderful new body wash on the shower wall...," she paused to give him a pointed stare. "...it was like nothing I'd ever felt. It made me feel like a million bucks. It made me want to feel good again.

"Which brings us to you. I've smelled semen before; it doesn't smell like yours does, or feel like yours does. What is going on with you?"

There was nothing for Josh to do but come clean. He told her about the pills and what they'd done to his semen.

"Huh! That's a new one," she said when he'd finished. "There must be more than just the volume supplement in there, to have it affect me."

"I guess so. I can stop taking them if you want."

"But where would I get my supply of body wash?" she teased.

Josh flushed for probably the fifth time in as many minutes. This was all so weird. "You want me to keep doing it on the shower wall?"

He watched as his mom stood up from the chair and walked over to him. She hugged him, pulling him in close. Josh relaxed into the embrace after a bit, returning the hug.

"No, baby," she murmured into his ear. "I want you to keep doing it on *me*."

Josh felt himself expand in his pants at her words, but it wasn't just her words. It was everything. Her soft body pressed against his, her arms around him, her warm breath tickling his ear.

"Is that okay?" she asked, again in his ear.

Josh nodded, pulling his waist away from her. Despite what they'd done, he still felt awkward about being open about his attraction to her, especially in their kitchen.

She felt him retreat and held on. "I don't mean to embarrass you, but are you reacting to me? Below?"

Josh nodded once, fire in his cheeks.

"Mmmmm. You have no idea how that makes me feel. It's been so long since someone showed their appreciation for me. It's a huge compliment, so instead of trying to hide it, why not make me aware of it?"

Josh pushed forward until the bulge in his pants was pressed against her.

His mom sighed and hugged him harder. "Part of me is afraid I'm going to wake up and find out this is just a dream. Part of me is sure this is a bad idea. You're my son!"

"Yeah, it's weird for me too. Really weird. When we went to our rooms, you know, after, I felt awkward."

"Oh yeah, me too. I thought I was going to freak out when I was getting dressed, and I thought about just staying there forever. I forced myself to come in here to talk to you." She paused and then said, "Are we going to be okay? If this is going to ruin us, then we need to stop."

Josh thought about it for a bit, trying to separate the question from his lust and his desire to see his mom naked again. "I think we'll be okay. We can put some more rules into place, beyond your one rule."

The way he said the final two words caught her notice. She pulled back and looked him in the eye. "You're wondering where the bombshell came from," she stated.

He nodded.

She tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear and moved back to her chair. Josh missed her warmth immediately.

She sighed and said, "We got messy outside of the shower, and it felt natural to get cleaned up together. When you touched me, it felt good, I started to relax under your hands. I didn't think we'd go as far as...you know...but I needed to tell you so the boundary was set. I've had the rule forever, but in hindsight it's a great rule for us to have anyways, being mother and son.

"I had a friend who got pregnant at 18, and it caused a bunch of problems for her. Family, school, etc, and then the guy left her. I decided back then I'd only ever have intercourse with someone I was happy to get pregnant by. Your dad is the only person I've done it with, and everyone before him knew of the rule. And now you do."

"You don't have sex with someone unless it's for making a baby?"

"Kinda. If I'm okay with getting pregnant by a man, I'll have sex with him. It's always a possibility, right? No matter how safe you are.

With this rule, I ensure I'm safe, and it makes the act very special, knowing what could result. It's not like I expected to get pregnant every time I had sex with your dad. He and I were active for years after you were born, but only one pregnancy."

"Did you want more kids?" Josh was surprised to realize the topic had never come up before.

"I *do* want more kids. Things are difficult with your dad and I right now, but I am still holding out hope. Anyways, enough about that, it's between your dad and me. Let's talk about you and me. We got sidetracked there a bit. We were going to discuss the rules."

"Rule one, no sex," he reiterated.

"Rule two, no talking about it outside of the house, and not around your dad."

"Okay. What about being affectionate? Is that allowed?"

"Affectionate how?" she asked, curious.

Josh felt heat crawl up his neck. The words were reluctant to form. He cleared his throat. "I dunno. Touching. Cuddling. Kissing."

"You want to kiss me?" she asked, surprised.

The heat spread to his face. "I dunno. Maybe. Just feels like what you do when you're intimate."

The word must have not been what she wanted to hear, because his mom's face went through a few contortions. "Intimate. Yes, I guess it's an apt word, though I had been avoiding thinking in those terms. Just being silly, I guess." She searched his face, and then said, "Do you want to kiss me?"

Josh wasn't sure. He'd kissed his mom many times in his life, but never in the context of intimacy. It might be weird, but he stepped closer to her anyway. She stood up and they met in the middle.

Leaning forward, he went most of the way to her, watching her mouth as he approached. Her lips were together, with a faint sheen of moisture like she'd just licked them. When he stopped with an inch of her, she closed the gap, and their closed lips met.

It was fine. He pulled back and looked at her. "How was that? Did it gross you out?"

She shook her head, a small smile lingering as her eyes flicked around Josh's face. She reached out and grabbed his hands.

He leaned in again, and the kiss lasted longer this time. He softened his lips, and she responded. He had to take a breath in through his nose, and he got a lungful of her scent. The same scent she'd had for years, but this time it went to his head. Josh pulled her close.

His mom opened her lips, and he felt her tongue slip out to lightly tease his lips. He moaned and responded with his tongue. She tasted good. He opened his mouth wider, and she echoed the move, and they were chasing tongues. She surprised him by capturing his bottom lip in her teeth and tugging playfully before letting him go.

Josh showed his appreciation by stepping close to push his bulge into her middle. She groaned and pushed back. Josh noticed his mom's mouth was a lot wetter than his own, and he delighted in feeling it on his tongue.

With a final nip at his lips, his mom pulled away, and they stared at each other, breathing hard.

"Kissing is allowed," she said, cheeks rosy. "But you can't fuck me."

There was the rule again. He hadn't been thinking it, but his cock said otherwise, as it tried to escape his pants. Who was she reminding? He nodded his agreement and smiled. He pulled her in for another kiss.

Eventually, they separated, her stating she had things she wanted to get done. Josh agreed, but only because he needed to jerk off, and she didn't seem inclined to give him another handjob.

To his surprise, she said, "If you can hold off relieving yourself, I'll get you off later, before your dad gets home."

"Not now?" he said, more than a little plaintively.

"If I don't put my foot down, we'll never get anything done. Remember, we need to maintain a normal life too. I've got some chores and shopping to do. You may like what I come home with, my personal landscaper."

Curiosity piqued, Josh agreed, and they went their separate ways.

Jean was an emotional mess when she left the house. The most passion she'd had in years, and it was with her son instead of her husband. A big part of her loved what they did, but guilt tainted the enjoyment.

The shower, the talk, the kissing, it all fell under the same umbrella of crazy Jean's life had become in the last few hours. She hadn't had to think about her rule in over 20 years, and yet the shower was the closest she'd come to breaking it. It wasn't truly close, she was fully in control, but she hadn't had to tell anyone about it in so long she almost forgot she had to. A young man like Josh would be fully capable of going all the way without thinking of the consequences, it was up to her to keep it in mind like she had since she was 18.

She was still gooey in her panties from the feel of his cock pressing against her while they were making out in the kitchen. The feel of him against her, pressing, displaying his arousal, had gotten to her head, and she'd had to remind them both of her rule.

Jean drove to the mall intending to buy clothes which would more closely match her new outlook on her comfort and style. Softer, more relaxed fit. Supportive while showing off what she had. She had some other criteria in mind, but time would tell if she would find anything suitable. Chuck was coming home tonight and he'd get a surprise with her new wardrobe - if he even noticed. She was sure Josh would notice.

Several hours later, she emerged from the mall with bags in hand. She'd been successful on all counts and was looking forward to showcasing her new style, even wearing one outfit out of the store. Form-fitting shorts showing off her ass, a soft t-shirt with a v-neck, and a shelf bra which allowed her tits to be displayed nicely.

Once she got home, she called out for Josh but found he wasn't home. It was all for the better, as she needed to ground herself at home again. She could feel herself thinking of Josh constantly, wanting to be around him, and knew she had a crush. It was natural, finding affection after starving for it, but if she wasn't careful they could catch trouble. It was better to let their new arrangement settle in for a bit, and try to normalize it. It wouldn't do to be all over each other once Chuck came home.

Jean put her purchases away, pulling her former clothes out for donation, and throwing her bras in the garbage. It had taken some help from the store clerk to find her new cup size and adjust her breasts to sit in their new home. The new one she was wearing now was much more comfortable, not squishing or hiding what she had.

Chuck wasn't due for several hours after dinner, so Jean changed into another outfit better for around-the-house situations.

That done, she went to prep dinner, feeling the freedom of moving around the kitchen without restriction. She did her best to keep her mind off of Josh, but it was difficult. Each sound from outside had her listening to see if he was home, so when he did finally come home, she was ready for him.

Heart beating hard, she listened as she chopped onions at the counter, hearing Josh move through the house to the kitchen. When he found her, the only thing he said was, "Wow!"

She turned her head and smiled at him, knowing what he was seeing. She'd kept the same top on, but changed her shorts for a hoop skirt mid-thigh in length. Not slutty, but ready for surprises.

Josh came up behind her, as she hoped he would, to hug her. The feel of his strong arms around her gave her a thrill. She patted his arm and pushed back against him with her butt.

"I like your skirt," he said. "And your shirt...and your bra."

"Thank you," she said, simply, continuing her work but pleased at his compliments. "You asked about touching earlier. It's allowed, within reason."

"Yeah? Whose reason?"

She felt his hand drift down her ass and squeeze her cheek.

"Mmmmm," she moaned. "As long as it follows the rule, and as long as we don't get caught."

Jean smiled, pleased when she felt her skirt being gathered and lifted, exposing her butt.

"Woah, I like that, too," Josh said when he saw the thong she had on. She'd never worn one before but decided after only a few

minutes she liked it. Feeling her son's hand on her bare ass, she decided she loved it.

He stroked her there for a bit, squeezing and lifting. Jean could feel herself getting wet, the gusset of her skimpy panties soaking up her leaking juices. She'd need to get off soon, she knew.

"I have other attributes, you know," she said quietly.

Josh responded by cupping her boob from behind, sending a delicious warmth to her puss. He dipped the hand into her shirt, a motion made easy by her clothing and played with her hard nipple.

"Fuck," she said. "Okay, let's go, big boy."

She put her knife down and turned, grabbing Josh and dragging him to the bathroom. Mother and son disrobed hurriedly, and she delighted in seeing his hard cock emerge from his underwear. It was beautiful, and she ached to have it in her but knew she couldn't, for so many reasons.

That didn't mean she couldn't play with it. She pulled Josh into the shower, without the water running, and started to stroke him. He responded by playing with her tits and ass. When he tried to go for her pussy, she slapped his hand away, knowing it led to broken rules.

At one point Jean was tempted to go on her knees but felt it might be too far, so she tugged and rubbed at him until he blew his prodigious load all over her. She moaned as each streak of come hit her body, igniting her nerves and senses. To her surprise, Josh used his hands to massage his come into her skin. The added sensations and it not being her hands drove her crazy, and she was moaning like she was in heat in no time.

"That's it, Josh, rub your sperm all over me!" she cried.

She was so gone she didn't notice when Josh's hand traced his dripping semen down her belly to her bare pubis. When his finger hit her labia, she jerked once before pulling away. She wanted to scold him but decided against it. He was just going with his instincts, trying to please her, and his hands were covered in his delightful semen. The next time his hand drifted low, she was slower in moving it away. The third time, she let him touch her there, his fingers tracing her lips before plowing into her furrow.

When he hit her clit, she cried out. He missed it a few times, and then hit it again, his finger scraping over the sensitive bud. The semen on his hand lit her nerves on fire, and her nose was full of the scent of berries, enhancing the effect. When he clumsily went searching for her opening, she grabbed his hand and showed him where it was. He pushed his digit inside of her, his finger thicker than hers, causing her to cry out.

"Fuck, Josh, you feel so good. Don't stop," she whispered, as if afraid of the words. "You're going to make me come. You're going to make mommy come," she husked.

Josh leaned over and clamped his mouth on her neck, sucking her flesh between his lips and nipping at her skin. His other hand clutched onto her back, holding her in place as she started to shake on his finger.

She grunted as she came on her son's invading digit, vagina clenching over and over, trying to milk semen from an appendage which didn't produce it. In the delirium of the moment, she wished she could milk the real thing, and draw virile man seed deep into her body.

Jean hadn't told the entire story of where her rule had come from when she explained it to Josh. She did have a friend who'd gotten pregnant, but Jean wasn't afraid of the consequences; in fact, she craved them. When talking with her friend, Jean had discovered a

kink for wanting to be knocked up, impregnated, inseminated, *bred!* It was such a dangerous fetish for so many reasons she'd put in the rule, to ensure when she let someone inside of her, the consequences weren't life-altering.

The cruel joke of her life was that although she wanted to be impregnated, it had only happened once. Chuck refused to get tested for fertility, and Jean had spent years hoping for a miracle which never happened.

As the horny mother completed climaxing on her only offspring's hand, she came back to earth, slowly relaxing in the cradle of his arm. Josh eased his finger out of her quim, the stroke of it sending another quiver of pleasure through her body.

Josh reached up and aimed the shower head away from them and turned on the water to heat it. As they waited for the warmth, he kissed her, and Jean enthusiastically returned it. He had been an inexperienced kisser to start, but he was a fast learner, and soon she was enjoying it as much as with any lover in her past.

When the water was warm, they washed and exited the shower. They didn't say much, but Jean could feel her son's eyes on her as she moved. He reached out to touch her now and then as if to confirm she was real. She smiled at him, touching him in return.

Dressed again, Jean got dinner ready. They ate in verbal silence, but with plenty of non-verbal communication. Glances, smiles, gazes, winks, silent kisses. Jean knew she was falling for her son but wasn't too concerned about it. It was an artifact of the situation. Once they moved on, or he moved out, they would return to a normal mother and son relationship.

After dinner, Jean grabbed Josh's arm, pulling him to the living room. She turned on something mindless on the TV and directed him to lay down on the couch. When he had, she lay in front of him, putting her back against his chest.

"Cuddling is allowed," she said.

He drew her back tight, wrapping his arm over her middle. They fit together perfectly, her head on his arm. Over the next hour, Josh's hand roamed over her body, while she lay there and let him. He put his hand under her shirt, rubbing her belly. He went up further, cupping her breasts in turn, thumbing her nipple through her bra. Occasionally he would grab her hip and pull her butt into his groin, letting her feel the lump there. She always pushed her butt into him to increase the pressure he felt.

This was the kind of thing Jean had been missing. To be desired, held, and yes, groped.

When it came time for Chuck to get home, they separated, her in the living room, and him in his room. Probably to jerk off, she knew. She'd help him with it, but they needed to try and calm things down a little.

Chuck did come home, looking tired and grumpy. He didn't talk to Jean much, apart from letting her know the trip was successful. He didn't ask after Josh, who didn't emerge from his room. Jean thought she knew why. Chuck didn't even mention her changed clothes.

Later, after Chuck was in bed, Jean tried to initiate sex with him, for her own sake. He rejected her, which she'd known he would, but she had had to give her husband a chance to reclaim his bride. This latest rejection was the final nail in the coffin of their marriage, as far as she was concerned.

She had a new beau now, just like Mrs. Johnson, except this landscaper lived in-house.

Jean thought about visiting him in his room but decided against it as just another temptation, one which could expose them and lead to dire consequences.

Josh lay in his bed, thinking of going and knocking on his parents' door. He knew his mother would answer it, not his dad, and he had a plan to pull her from their room and take her back to his. His dad didn't deserve her. In the end, he abandoned his plan and went to sleep with thoughts of how much better it would be if they didn't have to worry about being caught.

In the morning his dad went to work as normal, not even taking one day off in lieu of his working weekend. Josh watched his mom retreat into her shell as all three got ready for their Monday. He despaired again at how sad she was around his dad after she'd spent the weekend happy and laughing.

Her shifts had changed again, matching his schedule, which meant she could drop him off at school. She was quiet and subdued.

He spent the day in a kind of funk. The only thing of interest was when Tommy joined the group at lunch. It was obvious he had big news and was practically bursting to tell someone. The guys knew him too well and didn't take the bait. Eventually he had to spill it on his own when it was almost time to return to class.

"You guys suck," he said, as he knew what they were doing.

"What? Why?" asked Allan, who wore a cheeky grin.

"You know why. I'll tell you anyway. Did any of you see Josh's mom when she dropped him off this morning?"

Mark and Jeff just exchanged glances and shook their heads, no. Josh didn't look at anyone. He knew what was coming. She'd been dressed in one of her new outfits: pants to show off her ass and a v-neck blouse with plenty of cleavage. She'd gotten out of her car to give Josh a hug, and clearly Tommy had seen.

"She was dressed to the fucking nines, boys. I don't know what she did, but I think she might be at the top of the rankings. Definitely above Allan's mom."

"What?" scoffed Jeff. "No way. Allan's mom's tits put her a cut above, we've all discussed this."

"You don't understand, Josh's mom has big tits now too."

Jeff and Allan looked at Josh for confirmation. He didn't meet their gazes, which was just as much of a 'yes' as if he'd said the word.

"No fucking way. Josh has a MILF?" said Jeff. "This I have got to see. Is she picking you up from school today, Josh?"

Josh shrugged one shoulder. No point in denying it, they'd be joining him after school to check, regardless.

"Nice. See you after school, boys. Be ready for a vote," said Tommy.

The bell rang a couple of hours later, and Josh found himself surrounded by his friends as they walked to the pick-up zone. He had debated trying to talk them out of it but knew it wouldn't work.

When they got to the area, he spotted his car and walked over, the gaggle following, all peering their heads to try and get an early glimpse in the car window. When Josh got to the car, he jumped into the passenger seat quickly, saying, "Drive!"

It was no use. His mom smiled at him and when she saw the boys hanging at the window she lowered it from her controls.

"Hey boys, how was school," she asked.

"Great Mrs. Martin," all four chorussed. Josh tried to hit the button for the window but Tommy poked his head in, preventing it from moving.

"Just a great day, today, Mrs. Martin. Lovely to see you," said Tommy. Jeff, Allan, and Mark's nods behind him showed their agreement.

"Okay, well, we gotta go, we'll see you tomorrow," said Josh.

"You bet. Looking forward to seeing you again, Mrs. Martin," said Jeff, as the car pulled away.

Josh could feel his mom look at him as she drove away. "What was that all about?" she asked.

Josh mumbled an answer, but she asked him to repeat it, so he said, "They wanted to check out your new look."

"Oh? Were you bragging about me?" she asked, and he looked up to see her smile.

"No, Tommy saw you drop me off and told the others. They're horndogs."

"Aha. Well, they're not the only ones," she said, grinning.

Josh smiled back, happy to see she wasn't mad. Just then his phone dinged for a new message.

"Is that them? What do they say?" asked his mom.

He groaned internally, but said, "They voted, you're the new top MILF."

Silence reigned in the car for several moments. He hoped she would take it as a compliment. The old mom would have freaked out, but maybe the new mom would take it in stride.

She broke the silence by asking, "What do you think?"

"What do I think?" he repeated dumbly.

"Yeah. What's your vote?"

"We don't get to vote on our own moms."

"But if you could vote?"

Josh looked up at her again and said, "You've always been top MILF, Mom."

She coloured, red rising in her cheeks as she drove. "Thank you, son, that means a lot," she said, in a tight voice.

Josh felt good she was happy with the compliment, but couldn't help suspecting she was still saddened by it.

By the time they got home, the tension had eased some after his mom asked a few throw-away questions about school. They entered the house more or less back to normal, with his mom saying, "I'm going to take a nap, it's been a long day."

"Okay," Josh said, hiding his disappointment that they wouldn't be taking the opportunity to visit the shower together.

As she walked down the hallway, hips swaying, she turned and said, "I wouldn't mind some company."

Instantly, rock-hard dick filled Josh's pants as he followed after her. She giggled and walked faster. Josh growled and gave chase, at which point she squealed and ran. The short distance to her room was quickly traversed, and mother and son fell onto her bed together, clothes flying as they disrobed.

When they were naked together, she gave him a quick kiss on the lips and pushed him on his back. He let her and watched as she smiled and crawled up his legs, his cock waving in the air between them.

"Did you mean what you said? I'm your top vote?"

Josh nodded.

"Then you deserve a reward for your faithfulness."

Josh groaned as he watched his mom pull his dick back to her face and smoothly push her lips over his glans. The warmth of her mouth on him spread to his shaft as she slowly took him in.

"Fuck, Mom, you feel amazing," he told the top of her head. She hummed her agreement, mouth full of his cock.

He watched her hair drape over his hips as she started to pump her head up and down, taking him in as far as she could. He could feel her tongue on him, active and licking back and forth.

How did his conservative mom learn how to suck cock? Those lovers before his dad must have been lucky men.

All too quickly, this being his first blowjob, Josh could feel himself ready to blow. He warned her, "Mom!"

Jean heard her son's warning but ignored it. It had been years since she'd last sucked a cock, and wasn't about to stop now. She could feel him expand in her mouth, her lips stretched around his girth, and then he was exploding into the back of her throat.

She'd forgotten how much he produced. Swallowing as fast as she could, it still wasn't fast enough, and soon gobs of spit and semen were drooling down her chin, dripping onto his balls.

She'd also forgotten about the pills. The last and only time she had let someone blow in her mouth, the taste had been an unwelcome surprise. Wanting to treat Josh now, she tried her best not to taste

his stuff. It turned out to be impossible but also unnecessary, as his spunk was delicious!

Swallowing turned from a chore to a pleasure. Each gulp slid down her throat, making her want more, like a woman dying of starvation or thirst. If Josh's stuff tasted like this all the time, he might be fending her off soon, begging exhaustion.

Once the bulk of his load was in her belly, Jean turned to clean up the remnants coating his cock and balls. It was a bit of overkill, but from the look on his face whenever she glanced up, he was enjoying it.

Cleanup done, Jean climbed up her son's body, draping herself over his frame. She felt drowsy after her meal and soon dropped into a light sleep. She got her nap after all.

Waking sometime later, Jean panicked, wondering at the time. It would be the end of things if Chuck found them naked in his bed. To her relief, it was still an hour before he was due home.

Jean looked at her son, also asleep, apparently worn out from his orgasm. He looked so peaceful she didn't want to wake him, and just lay her head back down on his chest.

Looking down his body, she could see the source of the wonderfully tasty man sauce, quiescent on his thigh. She considered it in this state, comparing it to when he was aroused. It seemed he was a grower, rather than a shower. She giggled silently, vowing never to repeat it to him. Men seemed to be sensitive to that type of humour.

Her curiosity got the better of her, and she reached for his sack, fondling his twin lumps, thinking of the production taking place within. She felt her mouth water at the thought, imagining the delicious bounty his body was preparing for the next time he came.

Jean's thoughts should have been confused, and uncertain. She should have been filled with questions regarding their fate, and where things would end up, but instead, she was just happy to be next to him. Happy to let the future sort itself out. Happy to lay her body next to his, sharing warmth, and feeling her privates mold themselves to him.

Right at that moment, she could feel her labia kissing his thigh, and her breasts pressed against his torso. It was intimate, and yet casual. She'd never be able to do this with Chuck, and it felt entirely natural. If she wanted to suck Josh to rigidity and ride him to completion, he'd never complain, she knew, but her rule prevented any such scenario from being enacted. For the first time in her life, Jean considered modifying her rule and taking protection into account.

It didn't feel right.

If she was taking a man's member into her body, allowing him to penetrate her, she needed him to go all the way. No condoms, no birth control. His sperm needed to be given the chance to fulfill their destiny, to implant a baby in her womb.

The ultimate expression of her love for a man was to allow him to join his DNA with hers, to bring new life into the world. It had only happened once in her life, but she knew she was still fertile; still capable of carrying a baby to term.

The rogue scenario of her allowing Josh to penetrate her, even finish inside of her, wandered through her brain. She quickly killed the thought. It would feel great, but theirs wasn't a partnership built to produce such an outcome.

She woke Josh in time for them to clean up and separate. After he picked up his clothes, gathering them in a bundle to put in the laundry, he walked up to her and planted a toe-curling kiss on her lips. It was a sign of his affection, but also a way of staking his

claim. He was showing her she was his. It put flutters in her belly, reminding her of how Chuck was when they'd met. He'd gone out of his way with similar displays of affection.

Now it was their son's turn, and Jean had no intention of arguing with him. She *was* his.

The realization sent a cold chill down her spine. The last time she'd made a similar decision, she'd ended up pregnant with Josh. She had to be careful to keep her rule in mind.

Josh had no trouble getting through the evening. He ignored his dad, focusing all of his energy on his mom. She deserved it, but also, well, she was sexy as hell and had sucked on his dick.

He still had periods where he had to shake his head and wonder at her transformation and the fact she wanted to stuff with him. It was surreal, but he was more than happy to go with the flow.

Like now, where his parents were doing their best to avoid each other, all he had to do was sidle up to his mom when she looked sad and a few strategic touches or comments later, he left her with a goofy grin on her face.

His dad was a putz, he decided.

Sometime after his parents went to bed, he did as well, and just as he was about to drift off to sleep he was woken by a sound. It was light but grew louder, and he soon identified it as tapping at his door.

"Yes?" he said, quietly.

His door opened, and his mom ducked into his room, closing and locking the door behind her. She was wearing a robe which came

down to her ankles but Josh's heart thumped at seeing her in his room.

"Sssh," she shushed, motioning for him to keep quiet.

He nodded and watched as she approached his bed and stood next to it, looking down at him.

"I couldn't sleep and thought a cuddle would relax me. Can I stay here with you for a bit?"

Seeing her pretty face, hair down around her shoulders, had him thinking of earlier in her bed, but felt like asking for another blowjob would be pushing his luck. Wordlessly, Josh scooted over on his mattress to make room for her to lay down next to him. He lifted his blanket in invitation.

She smiled and untied the belt of her robe, pulling it open. Josh felt his mouth drop open when she revealed she was naked under it. She let the robe fall to the floor, and stood for a second, as he admired her. He took full advantage, starting at her sexy legs, up to her childbearing hips which narrowed to her waist, and then up to her chest, with her impressive breasts. Her nipples jutted out from their upper slopes, berries the size of gumdrops.

Josh felt himself harden in his underwear as he took her in. She lay down next to him, and he drew his blanket over her, cuddling up next to her. His naked chest against hers, his arm over her stomach, his legs pressed up against hers. Unable to resist, he cupped her breast, and took a nipple into his mouth, sucking softly, tonguing the tip of it.

His mom inhaled sharply at the contact and then sighed, running her fingers through his hair. "You haven't done that in years. I don't have any milk for you."

Josh sucked again, harder, producing another sharp intake of breath. She'd never mentioned breastfeeding him before. Curiosity got the better of him, and he let her nipple go. "How long did I breastfeed for?" He dipped for another suckle while she answered.

"Just over a year. You loved it, could never get enough. It was hard to wean you, but at the time I was hoping to get pregnant again."

"So I was prematurely weaned?"

She smiled and said, "No, a year is normal. You just didn't agree."

Josh looked down at her chest and grinned. "I can see why. They're magnificent."

"You think so? Your dad never really paid much attention to them, he was focused on other stuff. Some guys at my work made some inappropriate comments during the period I was feeding you, so when you were weaned I started wearing my old style of bras. The comments stopped when there was nothing to comment on."

"Mom, you are gorgeous and sexy. I'm sorry you had to go through that, but I'm happy to be here with you now." He dipped for another go at her breast.

"You have me in your bed, naked, and you're just going to play with my boobs?" she teased.

Josh wanted nothing more than to make love to the goddess in his bed, but she had her rule, and he was nervous about his first time. He didn't even try. Instead, he started to touch and caress her all over, taking advantage of having full access.

He didn't have enough hands. He wanted to fondle her breasts more. He wanted to run his fingers along her legs. He wanted to trace around her belly. He wanted to kiss her for hours.

Jean lay next to her son, feeling his hands roam over her. She was wet, she knew, and it was only a matter of time before he knew it as well. Her inner sheath clenched involuntarily each time he got close to her pussy. Her labia were swollen with desire and need, her clit humming with anticipation of his touch.

Despite already having had his finger inside of her, he seemed hesitant to go there, so she grabbed his hand, stopping the tracing of her belly. She looked at him, and he looked back, as she led his hand to her vulva. She nodded at him to continue when she felt his finger dip between her lips. When he glanced across her clit, she opened her mouth in a silent cry. Guiding his finger back to her button, she showed him where it was, and how to rub it.

He did, a look of wonder on his face as he saw her react. React she did, as she had been looking forward to being with him all night.

Josh was amazed at how his mother's entire body tensed up as he rubbed his fingers across the little nub she'd shown him. She writhed on the bed next to him, her sensual hourglass figure creating art with her movement. He sat up next to her, throwing the blanket off, and put his other hand to work, hunting and finding her opening as he had in the shower. Pushing one finger into her slowly, while still rubbing her clit, he watched his mother come.

Jean whispered her excitement quietly to his room, her entire body tightening as the waves of release washed over her. One hand pulled at a nipple, gripping the bud and pulling it. Her other hand was touching her son's leg, trying to show she was thinking of him even when coming.

His job done, Josh lay down next to her again, cuddling up close as she calmed down. He kissed around her breast, occasionally pulling her nipple into his lips.

Jean had needed the release. She'd been pent up from the blowjob earlier, and then had to negotiate the evening only allowing an innocuous touch or word to show desire. Josh had been quite adept at it, and each time he did, she'd felt closer to him than ever. Now laying in his bed, bodies close, Jean knew there was only one way to be closer to him.

"Are you still wearing underwear?" she asked, even though she was sure he was.

He nodded against her breast.

"Take them off."

Movement below followed her words, and then she felt a hot bar of steel against her leg, only inches from her pussy. She felt a twang of need in her core. Her brain rationalized: her rule was a smart one. A necessary one, to prevent what couldn't be undone. Her heart begged: she wanted him inside of her.

Jean lifted her head and looked down her body to her son's cock pressed against her, fluid leaking from the slit. The smell of berries wafted to her, and she remembered the taste of him. The feel of his stuff on her body and in her mouth. What would it feel like in her vagina? In her womb?

With a mental flick of the switch, Jean accepted she was going to fuck her son, and she was going to let him come in her, and she might get pregnant. It was going to happen, and she wanted nothing more.

She spread her legs, feeling her labia open. She was ready.

Josh felt his mom lift her head, and then her legs stirred, moving. The one he was pressed against pushed into him, forcing him to

move. He looked at her, a question in his eyes, and she nodded, tugging at him. Heart pounding, he moved between her legs, laying directly on top of her. She smiled at him and lifted her head for a kiss. He wanted more, but she pushed him up.

Josh was now hovering over her, propped up on his arms. He felt her touch and looked down to where she held him.

"Are you sure?" he asked quietly.

His mom nodded, pulling him closer. He clumsily tried to help, pushing his hips before she was ready. She smiled and pushed him back again. Josh could feel the blood rushing to his cheeks with embarrassment.

"It's okay. Shhh. I'll tell you when. Go slow, okay?"

Josh nodded, and felt her pull his dick lower, until he felt his head encounter a warm nest. He looked down at where they were joined, and back up to her face, eyebrows raised.

She nodded with a smile, and he pushed gently. It took very little pressure before his dick was gliding into her warm, slick tunnel. Josh looked down, watching as his cock slid into his mom, and missed seeing the expression on her face.

Jean felt tears prick in the corner of her eyes with joy as Josh pushed, his glans spreading her open. It had been so long since she'd had a cock inside of her. As her son's penis stretched her, her mouth opened wide with pleasure and shock. Was he really so big? She was forced to spread her legs open wider, to make herself fully accessible to him, and he took it. Took her.

Going slowly, as instructed, it took a few seconds before he was fully in her. Jean groaned loudly, no longer caring who heard, as she felt

her son's cock seat itself in the entrance to her womb. She could feel the entire length of him in her, her inner sensitivity enhanced by the trail of precum he'd left as he inserted himself.

"Fuck me," she husked, her throat closing with arousal.

Josh didn't want to move. He was going to come if he moved, he knew it. "I can't," he responded to his mom's directive.

Understanding seemed to form on her face, and she smiled, pulling him forward, onto her chest. "Then fill me up," she said, wrapping her legs around his waist.

Josh didn't move, but his mom did, flexing her hips. The feel of her clutching sheath stroking him took him over the edge. He grunted in surprise as he came. His youthful reproductive system gathered a goblet of his semen and fired it up his prick, delivering it to his mother's cervix. Another followed, and another, each one feeling like a gallon.

"That's it," she whispered, watching his face with delight.

Jean had never experienced taking someone's virginity but was not surprised or displeased Josh had come quickly. Feeling his weight between her legs, his dick planted inside of her as he convulsed was a pleasure in itself. On top of that, his special semen was pooling in her like warm lava. She could feel it, unlike with Chuck, as it spread throughout her insides, past her cervix, and up into her baby-making factory.

For the first time, she did the math on her cycle and found it might not be an ovulation window. Her fetish didn't care, it only cared

about having the man she was with fire his load into her. On that point, she had succeeded wonderfully.

Josh relaxed on her, putting his head on her chest. She let her legs relax, falling to either side of her son. Knowing he might be feeling overwhelmed by the situation, she just ran her hands down his back to soothe him.

From her chest, his breath warming a nipple, he said, "Sorry."

"Shhh, it's okay," she cooed. "That's entirely expected, and I loved it. It is a compliment I turn you on. Plus, we can always try again."

He growled deep in his chest, the reverberations echoing in her own. She giggled.

Josh's penis was softening in her until he shifted and it fell out of her. Jean could feel a pool of their combined juices running out of her and down her ass crack. There was going to be a mess to clean up.

"Do you want to wait a bit and go again? Or do you want to sleep? I'm good with either, but I need to head back to my bed soon."

She watched the conflicted emotions run across his face as he tried to decide.

"Actually, that took way more out of me than I thought it would. Can we do it again tomorrow?"

"Absolutely. I'm going to need your wonderful cock in me again, so rest up."

Josh rolled off of her, and she stood up, looking back at his bed. There was a dark puddle where she lay. "Change those sheets tomorrow. I'll get you a towel for now."

"Kay."

Jean did so, arranging the towel to soak up as much as possible, and then leaned over the bed to kiss him. She kept it chaste, not wanting to wake anything in either of them. She did need to get back to her own bed. Grabbing her robe, she went to the bathroom to pee.

Feeling gobs of her son's jism drip out of her vagina while she sat on the toilet brought home what they'd done. It was real, not a fairy tale thing. Right now there were sperm swimming inside of her. She felt a twinge of lust at the idea, wanting more of him in her.

Not for the first time, Jean wondered where this fascination with getting knocked up had come from. Why was her body filled with desire by the thought of a man putting his seed in her and breeding her? Why did she crave for her body to quicken with life and transform as it nurtured a baby through gestation? Why did she yearn for her belly to swell, her breasts growing and filling with milk?

If her fetish had its way, she'd be barefoot and pregnant every day of her life, and loving it. Cruel fate had prevented that, and now temptation had come knocking, and she'd failed to resist. In fact, she'd caved fairly easily, as Josh hadn't pressured her at all. All he did was be available, sexy, and find her desirable. And have magic cum, the catalyst for all of this, as she'd never have even contemplated fucking her son without it.

The mere thought of fucking Josh sent a thrill through her. Of having him in her, straining as he pumped her full of his semen. Of their child springing forth from her loins, like a fertility goddess of old. Jean knew full well just having sex wasn't a guarantee of pregnancy, but there was a chance, and it was enough. Had Josh realized the implications of their union? She assumed not. It was a conversation to look forward to tomorrow.

Jean finished up in the bathroom and silently went to bed. The brief time it took for her to fall asleep was taken up replaying the events in her son's bed.

Josh was smiling before he was even fully awake the next morning. He remembered the night before immediately, and let the memory of it play out in his head. His cock was rock hard. He wished he could have woken up next to his naked mother and tried for round two.

As it was, it was going to be a normal morning, with normal conversations, and normal interactions. No kissing, no fondling, no naked bodies writhing together.

Josh thought of school next, and it hit him he was no longer a virgin. He'd known it at the time, but now in the context of his friends, it took on a larger meaning. He'd had sex. Even if it was over quickly, he'd put his dick in a vagina and come. The grin came back. His mom had said they could do it again. Hopefully, he'd last longer next time.

Down in the kitchen, eating breakfast, Josh couldn't keep his eyes off his mom. She was wearing a pencil skirt and a blouse which showed off her figure. He imagined her naked body beneath her outfit and wondered if she was reacting to seeing him like he was to her. He had to hide his bulge under the table.

When it came time for his morning kiss, he went to the side opposite his dad and picked a spot close to his mom's mouth. He pressed for a millisecond longer than usual. She gave him a warning glance when he pulled away, but he just smiled and shrugged.

School proved to be a breeze. He didn't think much at all, preferring to send his mind ahead to the coming afternoon, when there was a

window where he could be with her. Would she want to have sex with him then, or wait until tonight to come to his room again?

It wasn't until late in the school day that Josh remembered his mom's rule. He'd translated her explanation into a blanket 'no sex' rule, but the actual rule was she wouldn't have intercourse with someone unless she was fine having a baby with them. His heart thumped once, hard. Had she abandoned the rule, or was she still following it? She hadn't talked about protection, and neither had he.

What were the chances of getting pregnant from one time? A google search showed the answer depended on her cycle. How was he supposed to know her cycle?

When his mom picked him up from school, he was bursting with the urge to ask about the pregnancy risk but didn't know how to broach the subject. 'Hey Mom, are you knocked up?'

She must have picked up on his pensive mood pretty quick, because as they were pulling out of the school driveway she said, "What's up? Are you feeling bad about last night?"

"God, no. Well, not really," he blurted out. He was going to botch this up, he knew it.

"Not really?"

"What if you get pregnant?" he asked. Better to just get it out, right?

They drove in silence for a time, but it was a comfortable silence. He could see she was turning the question over in her head and didn't want to push.

Finally, she said, with a smile, "That's a great question. Probably one which should be asked before doing the deed, but you'll learn. It's a lot to take in when it's your first time, I can understand why you were distracted."

Josh nodded his agreement.

His mom continued, "It's an easier thing to manage when you go into each situation with my rule in mind. If you put your dick in a girl, are you okay with her getting pregnant? If the answer is no, just don't do it. There are other things you can do."

She'd answered his question sideways. "So you were still following the rule last night?"

Time seemed to slow, as she said, "Of course I was."

His mom was okay if she got pregnant with his child. The rest of the ride home was quiet.

When they got to their driveway, his mom put the car in park and turned it off, turning to him. "Having second thoughts?" she asked, her concern plain on her face.

He shrugged. "I guess I didn't think it through, in the heat of the moment."

"Which part is more upsetting?"

"All of it? Me being a dad. You having my kid."

"It's just a maybe. I'm not at my fertile time, so chances are low."

"I dunno, I put a lot...in you."

She nodded. "You did, and I'd love to feel you do it again, and again, and again."

"Well, what about protection? Birth control?"

"Um, first, your dad would be suspicious of birth control, as I've never taken it. Second, condoms aren't perfect. My friend, the one I told you about, used condoms and they failed. And third..."

Josh waited as his mom tried to get the third part out. Her cheeks were flushed, clearly it was something she wasn't eager to say.

Quietly, she said, "The real reason my rule is in place, is because I don't want to ever have sex with someone and not go the whole way. If a man puts his penis in me, part of the excitement, the allure, is that our union could result in me getting pregnant. The thought makes me so happy, and feel so sexy, I *want* it to happen. I will actively work to make it happen, even if it's a bad idea. My rule was meant to prevent unwanted pregnancy."

"Then why did you let me? You said because we were mother and son that it was a bad idea."

"I fought against it, but in the end, the idea of you getting me pregnant fills me with so much joy. I want to feel you in me, *so* much."

"So if you get pregnant..." he asked again.

"I want it," she finished.

Their gazes locked across the short distance between them. Simultaneously, they opened their doors and made their way to the house. Josh followed her up the path, watching her hips sway in her skirt, resisting the urge to grab her ass out where anyone could see. In the house was a different matter - as soon as the door closed, he swooped in and grabbed two handfuls of her ass.

She laughed and swatted at him, trying to take her heels off, but he wouldn't let go of her juicy rear. When she managed to bend over to undo the straps keeping her heels on, he pressed himself into her from behind, holding onto her hips.

"Wait, wait!" she squealed, as she ground into her ass.

When her heels were off, she stood back up, her face red, wisps of hair floating around her head. She put her hand on his chest, and said, "Are you following your rule?"

Translation: was he okay if she got pregnant after he fucked her? The knowledge she was happy with the possibility of pregnancy changed his outlook. He thought of her, pregnant, knowing it was his, and felt his lust surge. He nodded.

She smiled smugly, and leaned forward, putting her mouth by his ear. She whispered, "You better get your cock out. I want it in me, and this time I want to get *fucked*."

Josh's cock, already firm, grew to full length at her words. She was so close her scent was in his nostrils and her neck was within striking distance. He dove for the easy target, latching on to her skin with his mouth and giving her a sucking kiss.

"OHhh, Josh," she moaned, pulling away. "Not here."

She grabbed his hand and led him to his room. "Your bed is already a mess. Grab a fresh towel and meet me back here. You better be naked when you get here."

"Yes, Ma'am," he said.

Jean stripped quickly. Her skirt first, letting it flow down her legs and pool around her feet. Her panties and socks followed. The buttons on her blouse took the longest, her bra slowly being revealed. The final step was the deft unhooking of her bra, and letting it fall off her arms, her tits swaying and bobbing. She rubbed them, feeling her nipples harden.

She sat down on his bed and smiled to see him join her, towel in hand, cock proudly thrusting to the roof.

"Come here," she beckoned. "I want to taste you, first."

He tossed the towel on the bed next to her, as she reached for his hips, situating him between her legs. The cool air licked her wet labia as they spread open.

"Did you take the pill today?" she asked, as she took him in hand.

"Yep."

"Good," she grinned. "I want as much as you can make. And the flavour...mmm!...and the smell..." Jean inhaled, smelling the berry wafting up from the glimmer of precum perched on his head.

She popped her lips over his glans, lathing her tongue over his slit to get his flavour on her tongue. Sucking hard, she bobbed her head down on him, hearing him moan his appreciation.

"Mom," he warned.

"Already? Okay, let's get going. We're going to have to work on your stamina."

Jean started to lay back but changed her mind. She directed her son to lay down instead. "It's momma's turn to be in control," she said.

Once he was laid out, she lifted her leg over him, straddling his thighs. "Fuck, you're sexy. You know that?" she asked him, as she shuffled up his body.

"Thanks. I'm nothing compared to you."

"Mmhmm," she agreed absently. She was holding him in her hand as she pulled his shaft up into her furrow, pressing him against her clit. She rolled her hips a few times, transferring her lube to him, then leaned forward and removed her hand, grinding on his cock. This

gave him the perfect access, and he lifted his head to pull her nipple into his mouth.

"Gah!" she gasped. It would feel even better if she had something to bear down on inside of her.

Unable to hold back, she lifted her hips and reached down to her son's cock, propping him in her entrance. With a groan, she slowly sat back down, feeling him stretch her open, filling her with his meat. When her butt met his hips, he was fully buried, his head kissing her cervix. Jean sat up and rolled her hips, feeling him swirl inside of her vagina.

"You feel good," she moaned. "Are you going to come?"

"I'm close, but not quite yet," he responded.

"Good," she purred. "Try to hold off, but if you can't, let me know. I want to feel it."

Jean commenced rocking her hips, going for maximum pressure on her singing nerves but not giving too much movement for him. She felt her inner pressure cooker build, each swirl of her hips, each poke of his cock on her cervix, producing a burst of lightning. She grabbed her breasts, squeezing them to add to the mix.

"You're going to make me come just watching you," Josh said.

"Does watching momma ride get you excited?" she asked.

He nodded, smiling.

Ready to watch and feel the main event, Jean leaned forward again. She lifted her hips, his cock sliding out until just his head was in her entrance, and then dropped back down. He filled her up, his hard shaft stroking against the sensitive ring of nerves surrounding the entrance to her incubation chamber. She bounced up and down on

him, each rise followed by a drop, his cock filling her over and over again, watching his face. She could see the moment it happened, as he tensed up underneath her.

"Yesssss," she hissed, as she felt him expand inside of her. She lay on his chest, falling still, closing her eyes to concentrate on what was happening deep in her vagina. Her son's cock pulsed in her, each expansion delivering his essence, his seed, to her hungry womb. The warmth created by his special semen did its magic, showing her how deep he was reaching with each shot.

This might have been the one to get her pregnant. Or that one. Or this one.

When his jerks and spurts finished, Jean lifted her head for a kiss, which Josh returned eagerly. They stayed joined for a while until she felt him slip from the clutches of her honeypot.

"Thank you, lover," she murmured into his chest.

"My pleasure."

When they had recovered enough to rise from their lover's embrace, mother and son cleaned up the sheets and towels, putting them in the wash. They made the house and themselves presentable for when Chuck got home, though neither were looking forward to it.

The evening was harder for Jean than the previous one. Having consummated her desire with Josh twice, she just wanted to be with him, hold him, touch him, kiss him. From the glances he was sending her way, he felt the same. They made it through, with Chuck following his same routine and retiring to bed early.

Jean invited Josh to watch some TV with her when her husband was in their room. She patted the couch next to her, whispering, "Behave, he's not asleep."

They sat and tried to watch the show she'd put on but Jean didn't take it in. At one point she realized she was holding Josh's hand, playing with his fingers, stroking and fondling them. She didn't stop.

When it was time for bed, they separated to their rooms but Jean was soon in his bed, on her back, pussy full of his cock. He fucked her longer this time before filling her up again. She went to bed smiling and happy, feeling the warmth of his spunk in her womb.

Jean couldn't wait to see what the future held for them.

Josh lay in bed, his dick still wet from his mother's pussy. There had been something different about this latest time in his bed. The actions were the same, but his mental state had altered. Previously he had been focused on being with her, not thinking of other stuff. He'd made peace with the pregnancy factor to an extent, but it still scared him a bit.

Tonight was different. As he shoved himself deep inside of her, for a brief moment he saw not just his mother but the mother of his children. He saw her with a big belly and big breasts, welcoming his semen just as she did now.

He thought he'd felt a glimmer of what his mom felt when she gave herself to her man.

She was his to breed. Her fertile womb was his to fill with his children.

He couldn't wait for it to happen.

The Supplement Pt. 02

Jean stared at her phone, struggling to once again push down her feelings. It shouldn't matter anymore; she'd basically written her marriage off at this point - but it did matter. She sighed and read the message again.

'Working late'

It bugged her in its terseness. It annoyed her that he thought so little of her to not even apologize or explain. She'd told herself after the last time he rejected her in bed that it was over, and yet here she was being frustrated all over again.

The fact was, this was the man she'd married, and had devoted her life to. Sure, she'd fallen out of love after months of neglect, but it still hurt. The question still haunted her: what had she done to make him abandon their marriage?

Sighing, Jean put her phone in her purse and stood up from her desk, ready to head home. Chuck went to the back of her head, making room for immediate concerns. She needed to get some groceries and pick up Josh.

The thought of her son brought a smile to her face, replacing the frown put there by her husband. Tingling warmth blossomed in her pussy as memories flowed forth of what they'd done in his bed last night. Her newfound sexual relationship with her son was really the only reason she was dealing with her husband's abandonment at all. Without her son, she'd be a wreck.

She swung by the school, seeing him with his friends in a clump. When she gave a toot on the horn, they all looked over. They all smiled, but she only had eyes for one smile, and he gave it to her in spades. He trotted over, with the rest trailing behind, and clambered

into the passenger seat. Jean did her best to keep from throwing her arms around him when he got in the car, trying to keep a modicum of decency.

"Hi boys," she sang, waving at the gaggle of Josh's friends gawking in the window.

They waved back enthusiastically, which made her laugh. She never got close to this type of attention from boys when she was in high school. When she pulled away from the curb, she could see them still waving. She glanced at her son, to see a bemused expression on his face.

"What?" she asked, as innocently as possible.

"You know what," he replied, glancing down at her chest.

Jean followed his gaze when she stopped at a stop sign. "Oh, that!" she exclaimed. "I was feeling a bit constrained, so I took it off on the way here. 'It' was her bra. Thrusting from the tips of her breasts under her thin blouse were two points, clear as day.

"You know I'm going to hear about it tomorrow," Josh complained.

"Hear what? That I'm top MILF? That I'm on the top of the list of moms they'd like to..." she left the rest of it unsaid as she started driving to the grocery store.

"Yes, that's what I'm going to hear about. It's *all* I'm going to hear about. Do you know how agonizing it is to hear them go on and on, all the while not being able to tell them that I actually AM fucking you?"

Jean giggled, while squirming in her seat a little. Hearing him say it just brought more memories. "Shhhh," she shushed, a grin still on her face. It was hard to be sympathetic for his 'plight', when she knew they'd all be supremely envious of him if they knew. "Don't

start talking like that, we're going grocery shopping and I don't need to be fighting the urge to molest you in the dairy section."

Josh reached over and put his hand on her thigh, squeezing lightly, the warmth radiating from his palm. "I insist you molest me in the dairy section," he deadpanned. They laughed together, the sound filling the car, and his hand stayed where it was.

The rest of the five-minute drive was spent discussing what they needed for the house and meals for the rest of the week. The start of the shopping trip was all business. Grab a cart, give it to Josh to push, and start mentally creating meal plans as she spotted sales.

When they hit the freezer section, she opened several doors to grab items and noticed that Josh had stopped walking or even watching where he was going.

"What is wrong with you?" she asked.

He surreptitiously motioned at his own chest, which made her look at hers. Her nipples were hard from the cold freezer air, and obvious to anyone who might glance her way. She'd forgotten to put her bra back on for going out in public! Her first instinct was to cover up, to cross her arms over her breasts and run to the car for her bra. When she saw the look on her son's face, she hesitated. He wasn't disgusted or mad, he was staring appreciatively.

Desire to please her son fought with her need to cover up and not give others a reason to stare. Unable to decide which meant more to her, she asked, "Is this okay, or should I run and put my bra on?"

Josh looked up from her chest, meeting her eyes, and saw she was serious. "Oh, um, whatever you want."

"I don't know what I want," she confessed. It was an odd discussion to have in the middle of a grocery store. "I like you looking, but I am nervous about other people. You decide."

"Me? Mom, If I had my way, you'd be braless all of the time. Topless too, probably."

The conviction with which he said it told Jean he was telling the truth, which steadied her nerve. Squaring her shoulders, she nodded and said, "Let's get back to shopping, then."

The rest of the shop was a blur for Jean, and she knew she didn't do a very good job. It was hard to make decisions when half of her was focused on Josh, and the other half was watching what other people did. Some ignored her, some glanced, one older man stared outright. No one yelled at her, or made comments, or even looked unhappy. By the time they walked out of the store to head to the car, she was feeling much more comfortable having her nipples visible.

"It's a good thing my friends weren't in that store. They'd have followed you around like puppies," Josh said as they were getting in the car.

"Like you did?" she teased.

"I was helping!"

"Sure. Helping yourself to an eyeful." She couldn't help giggling at his hangdog expression. "It's okay, your attention makes me feel good."

The grocery trip, with erect nipples and Josh's gaze on her, had Jean feeling *good*. She paused in starting the car and looked at her son. She'd been fighting it all day - a longing for something - and now it was stronger than ever. The first time she felt it was the day she took Josh into the shower with her. His scent did things to her, and here in the car, it was all she could smell.

"Are you turned on right now?" she asked.

Josh gave her a sceptical look. "I'm turned on all the time when I'm around you."

Jean blushed and said, "That's sweet, and amazing, but I meant more than that. Are you..." She lowered her voice, as if embarrassed of what she was going to say. "*dripping?*"

Josh blushed hard. He said, "I don't know. Maybe."

"Can you check?" she asked, eyes intent on his groin.

"Here??" Her son looked around the parking lot, as if they were being watched.

"Yeah, here. No one can see. I swear I can smell you..." Her mouth was watering now, and she licked her lips.

Reluctantly, scanning around them, Josh opened his fly and yanked down his underwear. His semi-hard dick popped up into the air, and Jean saw it: a hint of moisture perched in his slit. As she watched, he got harder, longer, wider, his slit gaping open as her son's penis strained and grew towards her. The berry scent filled the enclosed space, and Jean's nostrils flared to take in as much of it as she could.

Jean leaned over, oblivious to the people walking by outside the car, and lightly kissed the tip of her son's cock, sucking to pull in his precum. The slick, musky, berry substance hit her tongue like a drop of ambrosia, quickly washed away in the flood of saliva in her mouth. It wasn't enough, so she went back for more, this time sucking longer, harder. More of him coated her tongue.

"Mom," Josh croaked, gently pushing her head away.

Jean looked up at him, puzzled as to why he'd stop her, and looked around. There was no one there.

"We can't," he whispered, as if they were in danger of being overheard.

"Just keep an eye out," she said, before returning to the object of her lust. She wanted to take her time, to wash every inch of her son's cock with her tongue, but knew it wasn't the right place. She dove down on him, opening her lips and taking him in her mouth, shoving her face into his lap. Somehow, she overdid it, and his head hit her throat earlier than she expected, causing her to gag a bit.

With a slight cough, she pulled up, eyes watering, and said, "Sorry. Out of practice I guess."

She tried again, going slower, fist gripping the base of his cock, and managed to suppress the urge to gag this time. Finding there was still more cock to gorge on, she bore down on him, trying to take all of him, knowing she had done it before. His mushroom head pushed her tongue down, forcing her jaw open, but eventually her lips reached her hand.

"Jesus," her son groaned above her.

Lips wrapped around his girth, Jean pulled back slowly, feeling every vein and ridge run along her tongue. A pleasant cocktail of berries and semen lingered on her palate. Knowing the chances of someone seeing her bent over, head in her son's lap were only getting greater, Jean started working at him with lips and tongue, stroking his shaft with one hand while sucking. She needed him to come fast, and thankfully her skills were up to the task.

With a grunt, her son came in her mouth.

When his delicious semen hit her tongue, she was ready, immediately swallowing it down, but she wasn't fast enough for the second load. When it came, she was mid-swallow, and his pulsing cock just sent more. She did her best to catch up, but it was a losing battle. By his third straining blast, she felt it leaking past her lips and

onto her hand where she held him. The berry taste filled her mouth while the scent filled the car.

Gradually his pulsing flow tapered off, letting her pause to take a breath. There was so much, but she wanted all of it. With a couple final weak ejaculations, he was spent, and she was able to start cleaning him up. She felt him twitch as she rolled her tongue over his sensitive knob, gathering up what she hadn't swallowed. Then came his shaft, and her hand, and then with a final lick, he was clean.

Sitting up, Jean gave her son a smile. "Thanks, I needed that."

He was flushed and looked wrung out. He just smiled and said, "I'm happy to help."

"I feel like I need to work on my swallowing," she said, conversationally as she started the car. "Maybe if I can work up to deep throating, you can just send it all straight to my tummy!"

Josh could only stare at her, and she laughed.

Jean was happy to feel her son's load warming her insides. The vague sense of hunger she'd been feeling all day was gone, replaced by fullness and satiation, and a bit of drowsiness. Her eyes started to droop shut, and she said, "I think you better drive. I'm pooped."

They swapped seats, and before they'd left the parking lot, she was asleep.

Josh kept an eye on his mom during the drive home. It wasn't like her to fall asleep like that, but then, it wasn't like her to suck on his dick in a public parking lot either. He wasn't upset about it, but it had felt very risky.

He made sure to keep an eye on her tits in her blouse, too. They wobbled and shook, and the shape of her areola was visible through the fabric. Amazingly, as he kept stealing glances, he saw her nipples firm up, tenting her shirt. The memory of their taste and texture in his mouth came back to him, and he pushed the pedal down to get home faster.

The groceries were quickly unloaded into the house, and when Josh was done, he returned to the car to wake his mom. He didn't think she wanted to sleep all day. Leaning into the passenger seat, he gently shook her shoulder.

"Hey, Mom, we're home," he said, in a low voice.

She mumbled something, turning her head and smacking her lips. When she opened her eyes, she looked around and said, "Oh, thanks for driving." The situation seemed to register to her, and her eyes widened. "I'm not sure what is happening to me. That's the second time I've fallen asleep like that."

Josh stepped back to give her room to get out of the car, and saw her wince as she reached to undo her seatbelt. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, just a bit tender," his mom replied, rubbing her breast. "It's normal around this time of the month. These nips aren't normal though, what's going on with them, do you think?" She stood up and thrust her chest forward, showing off the hard nubs that he'd been staring at all afternoon.

"Dunno," he said, eyes fixed. He wasn't sure he would ever find a reason to stop staring.

"Ha, goofball," she said, pushing at his chest lightly. "Let's go inside. I need to change out of my work clothes."

They separated to their rooms, Josh sitting at his desk, still feeling the warm glow in his groin from the blowjob. He turned on a game and dipped into another world.

Jean took off her blouse and slacks, leaving her in just panties. She glanced in the mirror on the way to her dresser, and stopped. Her nipples had softened finally, but they looked darker than usual. Less of a pink, more of a red. She cupped one tit, feeling the tenderness within, as well as a tautness that should go away once her period arrived.

In the past, with old boyfriends and her husband, she would just go no contact when Aunt Flo visited. It was annoying enough having to deal with the discomfort - even pain - without also having to satisfy the horny man in her life. Something told her that with Josh, she'd have no trouble satisfying him with regular blowjobs.

Thinking of what she'd done that afternoon, and the nap afterwards, she made a mental note to make sure she was able to nap after downing her son's load. Whatever was going on with the sleepiness, she wasn't about to stop slurping his succulent seed.

Jean pulled on some light shorts and a tank top, which highlighted her ass and her rack, and gave plenty of groping room. Chuck was 'working late', so it was just her and her son. If he wanted to get handsy, she was ready. Her final change was to drag her hair elastic off her ponytail, letting it cascade around her shoulders.

As it turned out, Josh didn't appear from his room until dinner was ready. His eyes bugged out when he saw what she was wearing, and Jean giggled.

"I didn't know what I was missing," he said.

"It's okay. You're here now, and so am I. Our lives can't be just sex, sex, sex all of the time."

"Are you sure? When you dress like that, I feel like it's sending a message. If my friends saw you..."

"I'm only interested in one friend. The little Josh in your pants," she said, walking to him and pushing him into a chair. She straddled him, forming her body to his.

"Little?" he pouted. "It didn't seem so little when you were gagging on it in the car."

Jean laughed, and said, "Good point." She ran her fingers through her son's hair and pulled his head into her chest. "I think I was too enthusiastic and wasn't ready...hnnn, keep doing that..."

He had pulled her tank down, exposing a breast, and popped her nipple into his mouth. He sucked hard, sending signals to her pussy, which had its own craving now. The hunger from earlier had moved from belly to womb, and Jean needed her son's cock to fill her up.

She leaned down to his ear and nipped at his lobe, whispering, "I need you in me."

He grunted into her tit, what she assumed was an affirmative, because he started to push at his pants. She lifted up, helping him get his clothes down to his ankles, before pulling aside her panties and loose shorts to expose her dripping pussy.

Oh, god," she groaned, lowering herself to him. Straining cock met wet, plump pussy lips, forcing them aside to get at her entrance. She felt him there and bore down, eager to have her son inside her again. Jean grunted as she felt herself stretch around his invading cock, working her way down his length until her plump lips were wrapped around his base.

Jean began to ride her son while he nursed at her breast, enjoying the feel of her nipple in his hot mouth. Tingling heat built in her tits, echoing the heat in her cunt, and she sighed long and loud.

Josh, initially focused on his mom's boobs, soon became distracted by his mom riding him. She felt and looked incredible; bouncing on his dick energetically, her tits wobbling on her chest, her arms wrapped around his neck. He could feel himself approaching his climax all too soon, hugged her firmly and croaked out, "Mom!"

She giggled but got the hint, pausing her motion.

Josh felt his orgasm fade slowly. Sure that he wouldn't blow early, he plucked at his mom's tank top, pulling it up, exposing both tits with their hard, thick nipples.

"You're right, it's in the way," she said, stripping it off and throwing it to the side. She plucked at his shirt, "but so is this."

Josh hurried to get naked, and his mom smiled at his enthusiasm.

"That's better," she purred. She leaned down, her hair falling around their faces, and pressed her lips to his.

Josh accepted her kiss eagerly, meeting her tongue with his. He could feel her hard nipples poke him, and then trace up and down as she commenced a slow rolling of her hips. Mother and son necked and fucked in the kitchen, pressed close together. Moans and sighs, the wet sucking of their mouths and genitals filling the quiet room.

"Josh," his mom said, her motions growing erratic. "I'm going...I'm going..." Sweat broke out on her back and her face as she worked his cock in and out of her. "I'm going to cooomme."

With a final plunge, Josh's mom collapsed into his chest, breathing halted, her body tense, her pussy clenching hard on his cock as she came. Josh held her, revelling in the feel of his mom orgasming, happy to have outlasted her.

It took some time, but his mom's breathing slowed, and she relaxed, sitting up to look down at him. A look of contentment came over her face as she sat there, like the cat that caught the canary.

Jean sat on her son's lap; her tingling pussy still full of his hard cock. She ran her hands across his chest, enjoying his soft skin and the small patch of hair between his pecs. Somehow, he hadn't come yet. She opened her mouth to compliment him, and looked up to his face. Her heart skipped a beat at the predatory look in his eye.

"Josh?" she whispered.

"My turn," he husked, before taking two handfuls of her ass and standing up. One quick step and he set her on the table. Jean spread her legs to give him room, and her son started to fuck her with long strokes, each one filling her with his cock meat. It was all Jean could do to hang on, feeling her already wound-up body wind further. "Josh!" she cried out, before boiling over into another cock-clenching climax.

She felt like a limp rag, wrung out of energy, and yet still she came, her body convulsing like a ragdoll as her son fucked her on the table. His breathing grew hoarse, sweat breaking out on his chest, and then she felt it. With one final plunge, she felt her son come, his cock swelling and pulsing as it delivered his seed deep in her womb. She held him, focusing on the warmth of her son's incestuous sperm flooding her body, a wave of his seed looking for her egg, ready to make a baby. Was this the moment when he made her a mom for the second time?

It took a bit, but when Josh relaxed, he leaned into her, and they embraced, hearts racing. They recovered together, a puddle of his semen spreading on the table as it streamed from her. Jean felt herself lose focus, her head swimming as she hugged her son. The world seemed to tilt for a second, then refocus.

Josh pulled away from her enough to lean down. He kissed the upper slope of her breast, so she cupped it, offering her dripping nipple up to his mouth. He licked a drop of her milk away before taking her fully into his mouth and sucking hard. The letdown brought another rush of pleasure, and she cooed into his ear while he drank.

With a start, Jean woke up.

Disoriented, she struggled to take in her surroundings. The ceiling? Cold? Josh's voice?

"Mom? Are you okay?" He sounded upset.

Jean looked to the side to see him leaning down to cradle her head. She tried to sit up, and he helped lift, until she was back where they were when he'd finished.

"What happened?" she said, holding onto Josh's arm for support.

"Are you back?" he asked.

"Back? Where did I go?"

"I'm not sure. You passed out, or fell asleep, or something. It was scary."

"Oh. I'm okay, I think," she said, shaking her head. "I think I was dreaming. How long was I out?"

"Like, a minute? I had to lay you back, you were going sideways."

"Oh, wow...thanks. I guess I fell asleep? I'm not sure what's happening with me lately." She hopped down from the table, a new rush of semen oozing from her pussy. Josh grabbed her clothes, handing them to her. She dressed slowly, feeling a bit wobbly.

"Do you think you should go to the doctor?" Josh asked, still looking worried.

"Maybe. I'll take it easy for a bit. If it keeps happening then I will."

"Okay. Do you want me to heat up dinner?"

The thought of food made Jean ravenous, so she nodded. "Yes, please." She sat and waited at the kitchen table.

The food helped Jean feel much better. When she was done, she moved to the living room to watch some TV before bed. Josh remained solicitous, keeping close by. When it was time for her to go to bed, he said, "Do you want to stay in my room?"

"What? Why?"

"To monitor you. Make sure you don't have a relapse."

Jean grinned. "Well, based on when I'm having these episodes, I think being in your bed would only bring another one on. Besides, Chuck will be home soon, and it'd be weird if I was sleeping in your bed. Especially if I wasn't sleeping."

Josh did his best to keep a straight face, and raised his hand. "Scout's honour, I'll be good. It's just to make sure you're okay."

"Mmhhmm. I'll be fine in my own bed. If you're so worried, let's just make sure that any hanky panky takes place in a spot where I can rest afterwards."

"If this keeps up, you're going to the doctor." He paused, then, "Do you think it could be the pills? Like, some side effect?"

"Maybe." The thought of giving up on the wonderful feeling her son's sperm gave her was honestly painful, but it might be for the best. She wasn't sure how she would explain how she came to be ingesting it to a doctor. "Let's just give it a few days. It might just be a bug, or a short-term thing."

"Okay," he said, before holding his arms out for a hug.

Jean smiled and slipped into his embrace, pressing herself to him until she had to jerk back. Too much pressure on her tender chest. She went back in for a gentler hug before departing to her room.

In bed, Jean mulled over the sex on the chair and table. Parts of it were hazy, as if she was only half awake during it. She remembered fucking, Josh filling her with his warm seed...and then something about milk? Unable to recall anything else, she closed her eyes and drifted off.

She was asleep when Chuck got home.

Josh lay in his bed, listening to his dad wander through the house before going to shower. He usually took morning showers, so that was odd, but there could be any number of explanations.

His thoughts turned back to his mom and the odd sleeping spells. They were clearly tied to him, right? If it was the pills doing it, he'd abandon them in a heartbeat, no matter what might happen with the changes to his body.

Google said it was common for someone to fall asleep after sex, and also to hyperventilate when coming due to quick breaths. It was possible it wasn't related to the pills, instead just a symptom of good

sex. The thought made him chuckle. He knew he wasn't some kind of sex god. More likely it was the months-long dry spell that was making it better for her.

He thought back to the sex on the chair. Seeing the look come over her face as she squirmed in his lap might be his favourite thing ever. Her grunting as he drove his cock into her on the table had fueled him to go even harder.

It had almost been ruined by feeling his mom go boneless, slumping to one side. It had shocked him into action, cradling her and laying her back on the table. He'd barely had time to do more than start to wonder about calling 9-1-1 before she woke up. It was scary as hell, and he was truly worried about her confusion after waking.

Now, with time on his hands, the worry turned to action. If it was the pills causing her sleeping fits, maybe there was a way to find out. He got up out of bed and went to his PC to go back to the site that had sold him the pills in the first place. It looked much the same, and when he went to the page for the pills, it still had the same sparse info and broken english. Clicking around, all he could find was a support page with a generic question submission form. He almost clicked away from it but changed his mind.

What if they had the info, it just wasn't on their site? Maybe they could answer if there were side effects? Josh thought a bit, trying to come up with a question that might get answers. 'My mom passes out after we fuck, is it the pills?' seemed like too much info, but he grinned at the idea. He settled for a request for any side effects for the pills, both in himself and in his partner.

Closing the page, he crawled back into bed, happy to have done at least one thing to try and help his mom. Mind clear, he drifted off to sleep thinking about how many paper towels it had taken to wipe up his mess from the table. Now *that* was a porn star sized load.

When Jean woke the next day, with no husband next to her, she wasn't surprised. No, she was simply curious. What was her husband up to? There was no way he was working this much. She rolled over, not really wanting to get up right away, and felt a dull ache in her groin. Memories of Josh picking her up and fucking her on the table came roaring back, restored in vivid detail.

Jean purred, shifting under her covers, feeling the extent of the pounding he'd given her. It wasn't painful, more like a lingering, tender warmth, and not unpleasant. She'd be fine feeling like this more often if it was the price to pay for a fantastic fuck. Taking stock of her body, she started with her tits, she squeezed one, finding it still very tender, and plumply full. Her nipples were dark and crinkly, areola equally dark, and *very* tender. Running her hand down her stomach to her belly, she caressed the flat flesh, wondering if there was a baby growing there yet. Most likely not, as her period was due soon, but maybe eventually?

Pressing her lower belly, she felt like most of the sexual aches were centered around her cervix, which was new. Maybe the position had let him go deeper? As she lay there, feeling herself up, she looked at the empty bed next to her and wished Josh was there. He'd be better company than her absentee husband by far.

Determined to get to the bottom of the Chuck situation soon, she got up to get ready for her day. After a quick shower, she dug a bra out of her drawer and pulled it on, finding that she had to extend the straps yet again. Her tits were bigger but weren't sagging more, they just seemed *full*. They reminded her of when she breastfed Josh.

Dressed for success, with a pencil skirt and white blouse, blond hair in a ponytail, Jean headed to the kitchen to find her son and start their day. She found him eating cereal at the table, all ready to go. "Oh good, you're up. I might need your help with a project after school."

Josh raised his eyebrows, mouth full of milk and cheerios.

"I've decided I don't believe your dad is working as much as he says he is. It just doesn't make sense. He's been stonewalling me whenever I ask, so I'm going to do a little snooping. You don't have to help, but it would make it easier."

Josh swallowed his breakfast and said, "You're going on a stakeout? Why don't you just go in and ask the front desk if he's there?"

"I could, but if word got back to him, it'd tip my hand. He might come home early or find an alibi."

"You think he's cheating?" her son asked, surprised.

Jean hesitated, then said, "Yes. I can't think of another explanation."

Josh chewed a bit, then said, "Why do you care? I thought you said you two were basically done?"

The fairness of the question made her pause. Why *did* she care? Jean poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down with Josh, who'd gone back to his cereal. The situation with Chuck felt like it should be more complicated, but it really wasn't. Cheating or no, their marriage was dead in the water.

Was she just living in the past? Acting the way a devoted wife should act, if suspicious of her husband? Before Josh's pills, maybe that would be the right course of action, but now...she felt like a new woman. Her flowering sexuality and fashion freedom were extremely satisfying and she felt like she'd been given a new lease on life.

Jean pondered the situation from another angle. If Chuck were stepping out on her, then he was most likely happy with it. She herself was very happy with the new situation. If everyone was happy, why rock the boat?

"I *don't* care," she said, finally. "But I think your dad and I need to come to an understanding about where we are, and that can only happen if all our cards are on the table. Well, almost all the cards," she allowed, winking at her son.

"I don't get it," Josh said, frowning comically.

Jean giggled at his expression. "I mean, if he's sleeping around, I want him to know I know. Maybe even go one further and let him know that I'm having my own fun. Just clear the air a bit."

"Okayyyy, I guess...like an open marriage?" He got up as he spoke, taking his bowl to the sink.

"Open? Huh?" It was Jean's turn to frown, puzzled.

"Open marriage. Where you can sleep with other people but stay married."

The concept was foreign to her, but it did seem accurate. "It sounds right. I didn't know there was a term for it."

"I read about it on Reddit. It never works, but people try anyway. I guess if you two have truly checked out of being married...I don't know why you wouldn't just get divorced."

Jean gave her son a look. "You'd want that?"

"It's not about me, you're the one married. If it was me, I'd want closure, I think. I can't imagine a scenario where I'd be fine with my wife sleeping with someone else. But I'd never cheat, either."

"Don't you think I'm cheating with you?" she asked, curious.

"Uhhhhh," he stalled, clearly caught off guard. "I hadn't thought about it. I guess you are."

Jean could see the idea was upsetting to her son, so she held up a hand to forestall him. "Relax, I don't consider this cheating. For two reasons, actually. One, my marriage is dead; only the law says we're still married. Two, you're my son, so it doesn't count." Jean watched as Josh chewed that one over.

Finally, he said, "I'm not sure that's how it works, but I'll take it."

"Good." Jean finished her coffee and stood up to join him at the sink. Mug rinsed, she turned to him and leaned in for a hug and a solid kiss. He accepted both enthusiastically.

When she let him go, she felt a flush on her neck and cheeks, echoed in her pussy. "Let's get going or we'll be late."

"Hang on, I thought we were going to try and catch dad. Do you have any ideas?"

"Oh...not really. I don't even know where I can look for evidence. He keeps messages on his phone, which is password protected, and his mail is going to his office."

"Well, not all his mail," Josh said.

"No? Did something come for him?"

"Yeah, just yesterday. I put it by his bed."

"He's probably already gotten it. I didn't see it this morning."

Josh stood up and went to the garbage can, reaching in and rooting around. After a couple seconds, he pulled out a crumpled envelope and paper from the very bottom. He handed it to her, not speaking, and she took it, not expecting much.

It was from their doctor's office. A confirmation notice that his vasectomy had a high chance of reversal, and could be scheduled

soon.

"Huh," Jean muttered.

Josh didn't see the letter, but he did see his mom's reaction. She crumpled the paper in her fist, a swift convulsion showing white knuckles before she dropped it back in the garbage. He'd have fished it out to look, but she dragged him out the door to drop him off at school.

It was now the end of the school day, and he was no closer to understanding what the letter had said. His text asking for a ride wasn't answered, so he decided to take the bus.

"Hey, Josh, wait up," came a voice from behind him on his way to the stop.

He turned to see Tommy jogging to join him. "Hey," he said, as his friend closed the distance.

"Hey. Is your mom not picking you up? I was hoping to say hi."

"Nah, I think she's busy. I'm taking the bus today."

"Crappy. Are you okay? You seemed quiet in class."

"Yeah, just not sure what's going on with my parents. Seemed like my mom got bad news this morning, not sure what's going to happen."

"Like, divorce bad? Or 'forgot to take out the trash' bad?"

"Not sure," Josh said, shrugging.

"That's weird. Well, if they end up divorcing, give your mom my number. I could be your new stepdad."

"Ha, ha, dickhead. She told me she doesn't go for little peckers, so you're out." Josh did his best to quell the sudden surge of anger at his friend.

"Oh, a size queen, eh? Well, good news, I'm packing a cannon. Tell her to give me a shout if she wants a real man."

"You realize you're talking about my mom, right?"

"Uh, yeah." Tommy grinned and waggled his eyebrows. "She's top MILF, we'd all give our right nut to get a piece of that action."

"Again, ha, ha." Josh resumed his walk to the bus stop.

"Bro, I'm kidding, well kinda, but not about the divorce part." Tommy was suddenly serious.

"What are you talking about?"

"I saw your dad the other day. He was at a restaurant with another woman and they were not being shy about their relationship, if you know what I mean." Tommy said.

"What do you mean?"

Tommy shrugged. "Like, kissing and hand holding. Giggling and low conversations. Sorry dude."

Josh was angry, but he managed to take a big breath and an even bigger step back from his friend. "How sure are you it was him?"

"I know him. He used to hang with my dad, remember?"

"And who was she?"

"Dunno. She was young, but not super young. Like 30 or something. I dunno, all older people kind of look the same to me."

Josh just stared at his friend for a bit. "Thanks, I guess. For saying something. I'm not telling my mom you're interested, though."

"Yeah, I figured." With a half wave, Tommy split away, and Josh resumed his walk to the bus stop.

This wasn't good news. At least, he assumed it wasn't. His mom had said their marriage was basically over, so maybe it wouldn't have any impact at all. Or maybe it would prove to be the straw that broke the camel's back.

Jean reached her car in the parking lot and got behind the wheel. For the first time all day, she turned her phone on. She hadn't wanted to be disturbed at work, preferring to let herself sink into her tasks and not think.

That time was over, and she had to face the future. Her phone buzzed as notifications started pouring in. Texts from Josh asking for a ride home. He'd be fine. Updates from friends on gossip around the neighbourhood. Nothing from Chuck.

Jean stared out the windshield and stifled the urge to go down the dark path of conjecture about when and why Chuck had gotten a vasectomy...and why he was reversing it. Actually, why he wanted to reverse it was much less of a concern. What he did in the future was his issue. It was the past that had her wondering.

Why take away the one thing she wanted more than any other? Why surgically prevent his ability to impregnate her? He'd never protested at having more children after Josh, but clearly he had an opinion on it.

The thought of all the times they'd had sex filled her mind. Each time, she had felt the rush of potentially being knocked up, of her husband finishing inside of her. It had all been lies. Knowing he was

incapable would have taken the shine off of her desire, taken away that extra spice. She felt cheated, like every orgasm was a lie.

Jean knew she was spiralling, heading down a dark hole, when her phone rang. Seeing her son's name on the display shattered her dark mood, and she answered with relief. "Hey."

"Hi, Mom. I just wanted to let you know I caught the bus, if you were coming. You didn't answer my texts...are you okay?"

"Yeah, sorry. I needed some space to think. Where are you, can I steal you from the bus and give you a ride the rest of the way?"

"I'm almost home."

"Okay. I'll see you in a bit. I love you."

"Love you too, Mom."

The line went dead. Jean started her car and headed home. She needed a hug.

The drive was over in a flash. With her mind wandering her muscle memory took over, and she had a hard time remembering the trip when she arrived.

Josh met her at the door, as if knowing that she needed him, and she spent the next several minutes in his arms, just being held. When she pulled away, she wiped away tears.

"Thanks," she said. "Did you read the letter?"

He nodded, and his face screwed up into a scowl. "There's more."

Jean listened to her son's report on what Tommy told him, and surprised herself by not freaking out. "I guess it explains why he wants it reversed. His side girl wants a baby," she sighed.

"I guess so."

In the craziness of the last while, Jean's life had changed drastically, and was threatening to change even more. Standing there, in the hallway after work, she wanted her old life back. "Hey, Mister. Aren't you forgetting something?"

It took several seconds for Josh to catch on, but then he grinned and leaned in to plant a kiss on her cheek. It was nice, but they'd graduated to another level. She cocked an eyebrow and waited.

He leaned in again, this time heading for her mouth, and when his lips touched hers, she leaned into the kiss. It was long, and sweet, and she pulled away with a touch of regret. She wasn't sure when her husband would be home, as she hadn't gotten a text. It wouldn't do for him to walk in on them making out.

Even that little taste of loving was enough to get her heart rate up and her body tingling. A ghostly hint of berries wafted through her nose, and she took a deep breath to get as much as she could. Glancing down, she could see that her son had been affected by the kiss as much as she had. For a brief instant, Jean was tempted to drop to her knees, but pushed the impulse away.

"I'm going to get changed. Can you help me with dinner prep?"

Josh nodded wordlessly.

In her room, Jean stripped down fast, letting out a quiet sigh of relief when her bra let go with a snap. Her tits were swollen and heavy, which was normal so close to her period. She rubbed them gently, massaging away the lines pressed into her flesh. Looking at her body in the mirror, she wondered if she'd gained weight. Her hips did look a touch wider, and her belly had a softness to it that was new.

Great, her husband was cheating on her, and she was getting fat. What else could go wrong? Avoiding her more revealing clothes, Jean picked out sweats and a shirt that hid her increased mass. Feeling sexy was the furthest thing from her mind.

Josh went to his room and idled on his PC while waiting to help his mom with dinner. He checked a couple game news sites then opened his email. To his surprise, there was a response from the pill website. He clicked it open.

'Hello,

Thank you for inquiry. Pills make your load big. No side effects for you. Why do you want big load? Lots of babies. Please be attentive with your partner. Female body change to make lots of babies.'

It wasn't even signed, just a link to the site at the bottom of the email. It didn't give any more info that would help him, apart from 'changing her to make lots of babies', whatever that meant. If it meant she would be horny, Josh could attest to that, and wasn't complaining.

He closed the email, vowing to take his mom to the ER if she had another fainting spell. Just then he heard activity in the kitchen, and went to join her.

So much had changed over the past bit, so fast, and yet he'd gotten used to seeing his mom in more revealing clothing. Appreciated it. Seeing her in old, concealing clothes again was a shock. His first instinct was to ask a question, but seeing her face, he threw it away and just wordlessly started chopping the veggies she put in front of him.

They worked in silence until his mom broke it by saying, "No more junk for us, it's playing havoc with my waistline."

It was as if she was anticipating his question, even if that wasn't the question he had in mind. Josh glanced over at her, trying to check her body out through her clothes. Was this why the change in attire? He thought back to the last time he saw her naked, and couldn't recall her being any different. In fact, he'd barely felt her weight when she was on his lap the day before.

"You're not fat," he blurted, and immediately clamped his lips. He shouldn't have said anything.

Deadly seconds passed, and no one moved. When Josh dared to look at his mom, he was relieved to see she didn't look angry.

Her tone, when she spoke, was even and light. "Who said anything about being fat?"

"No one. Me. I'm getting fat. Better eat right," Josh stammered.

More silence, and then, to his relief, her face cracked and she laughed. She turned and stepped to hug him, still laughing. Josh held her, bemused, but glad he hadn't completely stepped in it. When she calmed down a bit, more tears were in her eyes, and he didn't think they were all from joy.

"No, I'm not fat," she agreed. "But I think I'm headed to it. Women don't spontaneously go through a second puberty."

Josh was lost. "Second puberty?"

"Yeah, you know: body changing, chest growing, that type of thing."

"Oh." His mind immediately went to the email he'd just gotten. Didn't it say something about the female body changing? "I kind of noticed your chest...but what else have you seen that's different?"

His mom had turned back to her potatoes. She wiggled her hips. "Around here. Some extra padding."

Josh stepped up behind her and put his hands on the supposed extra padding. He squeezed, but didn't find fat, only her hips.

"And in front, my stomach."

He reached around, slipping his hands under her shirt to feel her belly. He found pleasant softness over a flat stomach, not cellulite.

"See?" she asked, having paused her potato peeling.

"You feel great to me." He moved his hands up, cupping her breasts. They were bare in her shirt, and they filled his palms easily, her nipples boring into his palms. He stepped closer, pushing his body up against her back, pressing himself into her butt. "Really great."

He nuzzled his mom's neck, desire rising along with his cock. She just stood there, letting him have his way, her neck tilted to one side. Blond hair tickled his nose where stray strands floated free of her ponytail. The scent of her shampoo filled his lungs, and he was suddenly filled with the urge to take her right there in the kitchen.

"Down, boy," his mom breathed. "If your dad comes home..."

"Who cares? I want you."

He could feel her hesitate, weighing the risks, so he pushed his luck. With a quick swoop, he moved from breast to waistband, pushing her sweatpants down to her ankles, dropping to his knees. In front of him were two white, soft cheeks, and he kissed each one with lingering, wet smacks. When he stood up again, he shoved his shorts down, revealing his hardon, and pushed it between her fleshy globes.

His mom stepped out of her sweats and spread her legs, urging him on with a hasty, "Be quick."

Josh bent at the knees, his cock springing from his mom's ass crack and bobbling freely under her. He could feel the heat coming from her pussy, and when he straightened up, he felt her grab hold and guide him into her warm, wet entrance. He thrust his hips, penetrating her and forcing a grunt from her. Another push, and the grunt turned to a moan. Pulling back, he gave a final push, burying himself as far as he could, causing her to cry out.

Grabbing hold of her tits once more, squeezing, Josh started to fuck his mother in the kitchen. His grunts and her moans filled the room, adding to the sound of their flesh slapping together as he worked his dick in and out of her pussy.

His mom started to emit a high pitched whimper with each impact, sending a spike of desire into Josh's brain, causing him to go even harder. His mom's whimpers turned to words, quiet and intimate.

"Oh my god...I can feel you...ughhh...holy shit...it feels so good...uhhh...I'm going to come...ohhh...mmmm...that's it...UHHHhhhh!!!"

Josh felt his mom climax, her body tensing in front of him, head dropping. He let go of her tits as she slumped, grabbing her hips instead and continued to run his dick into her sweet pussy. When she seemed to recover, he picked up again, and felt his own orgasm come over him. He felt a moment of pride for lasting longer than normal before shuddering to a halt, his semen jetting deep into his mom.

Several more jets followed, and when Josh was done, he slipped from her, his wet cock covered in their juices. Somehow in the few minutes they'd been fucking, he'd gotten a bit of wetness on his finger. Without thinking twice, he licked it. Sweetness filled his mouth as a wave of tiredness hit him. He stumbled to his room and collapsed on his bed.

Jean leaned against the counter, enjoying the now familiar feel of her son's warm semen deep in her womb. She felt the now familiar post-orgasm fatigue wash over her, and fought it off by shaking her head and pinching herself. Yawning and blinking, she pulled up her panties and sweats, catching any drips that might leak from her so she could go to the washroom and let her son's berry-scented essence drain from her safely. The last thing they needed was for Chuck to come home to a mess on the floor.

Sitting on the toilet, she happened to glance down and see a wet spot on her shirt. It was small and smelled like berries. Wondering how Josh had gotten his stuff there, she dabbed at it with a bit of toilet paper to dry it while gobs of semen splashed into the water below her.

When she was done, she changed her panties and went back to dinner prep. Josh was in his room, and she checked on him as she passed. He was sleeping! Maybe they'd come down with a bug? Jean checked the time and saw that her 'husband' was supposed to be home in less than an hour.

Right on cue, her phone dinged with a message. Predictably, it said, 'working late'. Why did he even bother sending them anymore? She hadn't responded in days, and the text history just showed several 'working late' in a row. Rolling her eyes, Jean went to finish dinner prep. It was clear they were on a collision course with a discussion about their relationship.

Josh appeared just in time to eat, looking a bit groggy as he sat down.

"Hey, how are you feeling?" she asked with a smile. His ardour had gone quite a ways to turning her mood around, making her feel sexy and desirable.

He smiled weakly and said, "Okay. It was the weirdest thing, I just felt a wave of weakness. Is that what it's like for you?"

"Sounds like. It might just be a cold or flu, or it could be..."

"The pills," he finished for her.

Jean nodded. They ate in silence, each in their own thoughts. For Jean, it was a no-brainer where they went from here. If the pills were causing her issues, she could handle it, but any adverse effects for her child were a no go.

Josh, as if reading her thoughts, said, "I'm fine, mom. I feel great."

She flashed a smile at him. "I know, but my first duty is to your safety. Let's try taking a break from them for now, ok? I think we've gotten enough benefits, no use in pushing too far."

"If you say so. What if...you don't want, like, what if you stop wanting..."

Jean got up from the table and walked around to his side. She leaned down, hugging him around the neck from behind. "Our future is not going to be decided by some silly internet pills. Ok?" When he nodded, she nuzzled his neck, taking a big whiff of his scent. "Besides...I am pretty sure I'm addicted to *you* now," she whispered in his ear, before standing up and going back to her meal.

She grinned at her son's red face and goofy grin. The warm pool of desire in her pussy, even absent the berry smell, confirmed the truth of her words. Her reaction only cemented in her mind what she had to do next.

After dinner, she sent Chuck a text, 'We have to talk'. He responded in less than a minute with a reply that said, 'home by ten'. It would have to do.

Over the next few hours, Jean felt herself go through a gauntlet of emotions. The anticipation of what was coming ate at her confidence, and she almost reversed course a few times. When ten

came, and the sound of the front door closing came to her ears, Jean squared her shoulders and bit down in the soon to come bitter pill. Josh was in his room, headphones on as directed, in case things got loud.

Chuck entered the kitchen and saw her sitting at the table. He looked as he always did, but to her eyes now, he was a different man. Not the man she married and loved for so many years, but a stranger. He looked at the twice-crumpled piece of paper laid flat on the table in front of her. "You know," he said.

Jean nodded.

Her husband slumped, as if a hidden strain left him, and he ran his hand through thinning hair. "Thank god for that," he said, sitting across from her.

"Huh?" was all that Jean could come up with.

"I couldn't find a way to tell you, so this is easier," Chuck explained.

"Who is she? Actually," Jean held up her hand. "I don't care. Why a vasectomy?" It was the only thing she truly wanted an answer for.

Chuck had the decency to look upset. "It was too much pressure. Remember that time when I couldn't perform, when Josh was two? Your constant need to get knocked up was fucking with my head. I thought that if I knew it was impossible, I could just treat your obsession as role play. It worked."

"But why not tell me? Communicate!"

"Because you enjoyed the thought of it too much to take it away. This way was better, don't you see? You thought you were 'getting bred', as you so artfully put it, and enjoyed every minute we had sex. I was able to get it up, knowing that it was out of my control."

Jean closed her eyes, and tried to look at it from Chuck's point of view. In a backwards way, it kind of made sense...for someone not in a loving marriage. He manipulated her and lied to her for years, which is the worst part of it all.

"Yes, I enjoy the thought of getting pregnant. It's not my reason for living. Did I ever go over the deep end? If I was that obsessed, I'd have found someone else long ago." Josh invaded her thoughts, and she squashed it. "Fine," she said. "It's done now anyway. Why the affair?"

Chuck sighed. "Ellen just happened. I wasn't looking, we just...clicked. I did my best to ignore it, but we went on a work trip last year and it snowballed from there. I swear I didn't want to hurt you. Like I said, I've been wanting to tell you..."

"Now what? You're reversing the snip, so you can knock her up? Won't that be too much pressure?" Jean couldn't help the venom that slipped into her tone.

"Ellen isn't pressing. She wants to have a family before 40 but with her...it's a fun thought."

Jean could feel herself losing control. In an effort to avoid tears and a meltdown, she asked, "Now what?"

"I go in for the reversal next week."

"Not that, idiot! I mean with us!" She took a deep breath, fighting to stay calm. In a quieter tone, she added, "Are you moving out?"

"I'm sorry, I truly am. I didn't mean for this to happen, but Ellen makes me happy. We haven't been happy in a while now, and I think we both deserve it. Splitting up is the only way forward. I'll get some things now, and arrange for the rest when I have a place." He stood up and went to their room to pack. Her room, now.

Josh didn't actually mind stopping the pills. He'd forgotten to take them once or twice in the past week as it was, and he was worried about the 'changes' his mom might be going through. What if they were dangerous? Granted, they didn't seem dangerous, if it was the increased breast size and soft shapeliness.

He idly wondered if coming off the pills would change it all back, but wasn't really concerned. As long as he could keep being with his mom, it was fine. He spent the evening listening to music while doing homework, headphones on at his mom's direction. He knew she was going to talk to his dad, and was worried about what might happen.

When he was done his work, he fired up a game. He was just starting to think about going to bed when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to see his mom, eyes red as if she'd been crying. He took off his headphones.

"Are you okay?" he asked, standing up to give her a hug.

She just hugged him back, not saying anything. They stayed like this for a bit until she let him go. "Your dad and I are divorcing," she said quietly, sitting on his bed.

"Ah," Josh said, joining her. "I guess it was inevitable."

"It was now, yeah, but not always. I'm sad that what we had is gone, but it's been gone for a while."

"Sorry, Mom."

"Tell me, do you feel a pressure to...um, perform, with me? Like, do I talk about getting pregnant too much?"

Josh shook his head, confused. "No, the talk is kinda hot, and I have no issues getting there with you. Why? Is that what dad said?"

"Yeah. If you ever do feel that way, please tell me, okay? I promise I won't be mad. I don't *need* to get pregnant, it's just hot if I think I might. If I never do, I'll be fine, I promise."

It was Josh's turn to reassure his mom. He turned and hugged her, whispering in her ear, "Our future is not going to be decided by whether you're pregnant or not. And I'll keep trying to fuck a baby into you as long as you want."

Josh was pleased to hear his mom laugh and hug him tight. When they separated, she gave him a look that sent heat to his crotch. His dick stirred.

She said, "I'd take you up on that, but your dad is still here, packing some things. Tell you what...when he's gone, I'm going to bed, and I want you to join me. I want to wake up next to my man."

Josh's heart thundered in his chest, and his dick surged to full length. He adjusted it to ease the pressure in his pants.

His mom saw, and smiled. "You make me feel so good," she said, before lifting her sweatshirt and flashing her bare breasts. When he reached out, she danced back with a giggle and let her shirt drop, hiding her wondrous bust. She left the room, her ass swaying, and Josh wondered how long his dad would be.

Josh had lost all interest in his game. He just browsed his phone listening for the sound of his dad's car starting up. Instead, he was surprised by a knock on his door. "Come in," he called.

His dad entered, looking somber but also somehow at ease? LIke his face had lost some tension that had been there for a long time. He looked younger. From the door, he said, "Hey, son. Did your mom tell you what's going on?"

Josh nodded.

"Good. I just want you to know this has nothing to do with you or your mom, she's a great lady. Sometimes people just drift apart. I'll still be in your life, you can come visit once I find a place."

"Okay." Josh didn't really believe his dad. If he did end up getting the other woman pregnant, he'd be busy with a new child, without time for his grown up one.

"Okay, well, goodbye for now. I'll text soon."

"Bye."

With a half hearted wave, Josh's dad left, and soon after he heard the sound of his car start up. Josh counted to one hundred, and then again, to make sure his dad didn't turn back, before heading to his parent's room. Rather, his mom's room. Their room?

Knocking on her door, he heard her faint call to come in.

Jean stripped down to nothing as soon as she heard the door close, and got into bed. Nude, she waited for Josh to join her. He took too long, but eventually she heard a knock on her door.

"Come in," she called.

Josh opened the door, eyes taking in the sight of her with her covers pulled up her chin. He grinned and closed the door behind him. Swiftly stripping, he proudly displayed his half hard cock, swaying between his legs.

Jean felt a warm tingle in her pussy and nipples at the sight of her handsome son, naked in her bedroom. Unable to hold back, and not wanting to play games, she flipped the blanket back, exposing

herself to his appreciative eyes. Seeing his delight enhanced her desire, and she beckoned him closer.

Horny mom watched her only son climb up on her marriage bed and stalk her on all fours, his menacing cock thrusting towards her. She felt her heart skip a beat at the sight. When he got to her feet, she slowly spread her legs in invitation. Her plump labia gaped, her wet pussy dripped with anticipation.

Josh climbed up her body, until he was hovering over her, eyes searching hers.

Jean said, "Fuck me. Put your seed in me and give me your baby."

Without a word, her son lowered himself, a tentative tapping at her entrance becoming a confident push when he found himself at the gateway to her womb. Jean wasn't sure if she would ever get used to feeling her son's cock enter her. The sublime feeling of his perfect penetration sent her senses soaring, and she let out a wordless cry. She was so wet he was able to bury himself in one thrust, his balls coming to rest on her ass. She loved how full he made her feel, and squeezed down on him with her inner muscles.

Josh grunted in surprise, pulled out and fucked into her again. And again. His shaft stroked her entrance, his tip poked at her cervix.

"That's it, son. Fuck your mother. Fuck me, and make me a mommy. Fuck your baby in me, son. I want to feel it when you come. I want you to fill me up with your sperm and make a little Josh. I want your son, Josh. Put your baby in me!"

Jean's dirty talk seemed to put a fire in her son's mind, for he started to fuck her harder, pushing deep into her with each stroke, mashing his head against her cervix over and over. A low grunt sounded from deep in his chest, a primal growl that sent a shiver through her body, and then her son was coming in her.

She could feel it, in her belly, a warmth that spread to her womb. The warmth turned into a fire built by her son's animalistic rutting and spurting cock. The fire spread to her hips, her belly, her tits and then her nipples. Her rigid nubs ached to feel the powerful suckling of her son. Jean interrupted her son's orgasm to pull his head down to her chest. "Suck," she hissed.

Josh's lips clamped onto a nipple, tongue stroking and pulling insistently. The suckling seemed to release the ache in her tit, the relief enough to send her over the top. Her body's release came in two ways: her pussy on his cock, and her milk in her tits.

With a rush, milk flowed to her nipple and into Josh's mouth, where he drank greedily. Her other breast had a similar letdown, milk leaking down her plump tit onto the bed. Jean just trembled under her son, lost in her own world of pleasure from coming and feeding at the same time.

Josh soon changed to her other tit, his penis still pressed deep into her. Fucking turned to feeding, and mother and son relaxed into an intimate embrace.

Jean sighed, holding him close. Fluid ran down the crack of her ass and the smell of berries filled the air. She breathed deeply of the heady scent, noting it was different than usual. Curious, she took a drop of milk on her finger and stuck it in her mouth. Sweet berry-flavoured cream covered her tongue. That was new.

Mere seconds later, Josh's deflated penis slipped from her, followed by a flood of semen down her crack. That's when she noticed that the suction on her nipple had eased. Her son turned his head and laid it on her now less plump breasts. His breathing deepened, and Jean realized he was asleep.

Easing her son over, she pulled a blanket up over them both and snuggled up next to him. Sleep came quickly.

Josh woke up feeling different. Light was streaming from a different direction than it usually did. There was a warm pressure at his back, and he was nude. Stirring, he rolled over to see his mom sleeping next to him...in her bed. Oh right. The night before came back to him.

His dad leaving. Having sex with his mom. Drinking...her milk? Saliva filled his mouth at the memory of the delicious, berry-flavoured cream that had flowed from his mom's full breasts. Then nothing. Why could he remember nothing after?

His mom rolled onto her back, the blanket and sheet slipping from her chest to display her generous breasts. Her areola and nipples were soft and spread out, something he hadn't seen. He longed to suck them to hardness, but didn't want to wake his mom. Instead, he rolled towards her and cuddled into her curves, putting his head on her pillow. Without a word, she rolled away, and dragged him behind her.

Spooning her now, his hardening dick pressing into her back, Josh did his best to just enjoy the moment. Hopefully they would have many more mornings like this one. Unfortunately, it was Friday, which meant they had to face work and school. The mother and son bliss was shattered by the sound of his mom's alarm going off.

She reached over and smacked the snooze button, settling back into his embrace. His dick completed the journey to erection, now pressing firmly into her buttocks. She wiggled her ass, saying, "That's nice to wake up to. Is that for me?"

Josh just pushed harder as an answer.

"Quick like a bunny, we don't have all morning," she said, reaching behind her to grab his dick. Lifting her leg, she aimed him for her pussy, letting go when his head was lodged in her entrance.

Josh pushed, slowly working his dick into her, until he was as far in as he could go. Her lush ass cheeks were in the way of a good fuck, but he managed to sink enough inches in her to get them both moaning. Fucking his mom, hand on her boob, he felt a wetness on his hand when she groaned through an orgasm. He followed soon after, emptying his sack into her waiting womb.

"Mmm, that's a proper wakeup," his mom sighed, squeezing him with her slick sheath.

Josh hefted a tit in his hand, noting that they hadn't returned to full size overnight. "So, milk...I didn't expect that."

"Neither did I. I guess it's another effect of the pills."

"I guess so. It matches what the web site said,"

"Web site?"

Josh told his mom about the possible side effects on her.

She was silent a bit, then said, "Then I'm actually not getting fat? The pills are making my hips wider and tits bigger to make having babies easier?"

"My babies," Josh murmured into her shoulder. "And now you have milk as well. Will you have to pump?"

"I'm not sure. I probably don't have much to start, and won't make more unless I use it...or you suck it out of me."

Josh was fiddling with her nipple, pulling it. During their morning romp they had thickened and a few drops were oozing from them from his play. "Is that okay?"

"Let's keep it to a minimum for now. I don't like how you passed out last night. Let's monitor how you react next time."

"Like you after having sex."

"Yeah, maybe. I went to sleep after you did last night, but didn't feel the same wave of fatigue. Maybe I'm getting used to it? Or the changes are done?"

"Maybe." Unable to resist, Josh moved back, rolling his mom on her back, and dipped in for a suckle. She just sighed and shook her head but didn't protest. After a few draws he only had a bit of taste in his mouth, not the streams he was getting last night. "I guess you're dry."

"Good! We can't stay in bed any longer, we have to get ready." So saying, Josh's mom rolled out of bed and padded to the bathroom.

He called after her, "If you were passing out so your body could change, why am I passing out?"

The question went unanswered, and Josh got up to start his day.

It turned out it was a good thing Jean had been able to have her son twice in the last eight hours, because her period started that day, and there was no more sex for a while. She wanted to break the news to her son via text, but didn't want to risk someone else seeing it.

Jean went about her day as usual, but it wasn't a usual day. Her marriage was over, and it kept hitting her at random times. Chuck sent an email with some initial discussions about dividing up what they had built with their joined lives. He offered her the house straight up, for her and Josh to live in. He would take some of their savings and retirement money in exchange. Lawyers would get involved at some point, but it was good to have stuff sorted.

Near the end of the day, she didn't get the usual text from Chuck, which was the biggest change so far. They were alone. She could go home and just be with Josh, and not worry about when Chuck might be coming home.

The other oddity for the day was the fact she was lactating. Sixteen hours or so after Josh emptied her breasts, they were starting to fill out again. Not to the extent they were the day before, but definitely fuller. If it kept up, she would have to pump or face the pain of overfull tits.

The next several days of no sex might result in some painfully overfull balls and she was planning on relieving his pressure by filling her belly with come, instead of her womb. Maybe they could trade favours and he could fill his belly with milk.

Jean's plans were derailed when she got home. "What do you mean, no thank you?"

"Mom, I want nothing more than to have you give me a blowjob, but it's not fair to you! You'll be going without while I'm coming daily? I'll wait out the five days and then join you in coming together."

Jean's mouth was open, as if ready for a cock, but none was being presented. She slammed it shut. She hadn't anticipated her son being so noble. She walked up to where he was sitting at his desk and leaned down, giving him an eyeful of cleavage. In a low voice, she said, "I love sucking on your cock, son. I love the taste of your semen, and I want an after work snack. Are you going to deprive me of all of those pleasures?"

Josh's face went red, and he shifted in his seat. "Not willingly," he admitted. "It's sensitive. After last night...but it's fine! I checked it out, and there's nothing wrong with it, it's just super sensitive. I'll be fine in a few days, and then we can resume..."

"Are you sure it's okay? I'd better take a look at it."

Josh sighed and lifted his hips, ready to push down his pants when he slammed down into his chair. "Oh no you don't. I'm onto you! You just want me to get naked so you can blow me. Well, I said no thank you...I can't believe I'm saying this. Look, it's probably the pills. I stopped taking them, so it'll all go away soon, I'm sure."

Jean gave her son a warning look. "Okay, but any changes and you tell me right away."

Josh nodded firmly.

"I guess there's no hanky panky for a while, but that doesn't solve this." She gestured at her chest. "I'm not full yet, but will be in a bit I think. You're still okay with helping me there?"

Another firm nod, and he licked his lips. Jean laughed and went to make some dinner for the two of them, though Josh might want to save room for later.

Day one of her period ended with them in bed, with him cuddled up against her side while he nursed at her breast. He had latched on right away, her milk letting down easily, and then the pleasure came. Something about the way he squeezed her juicy pap between tongue and palate sent signals all through her body. She'd been a bit crampy but they eased up almost immediately. By the time both breasts were empty, she was pantingly close to coming from his nursing alone. Unfortunately when the milk was gone, he passed out just like the night before. Jean was too close to waste the climax, so she pressed her palm into her groin and rubbed herself to a satisfying orgasm before snuggling up to her son.

The weekend passed by in the same way. Josh said his penis was still sensitive, so they stuck with him feeding from her at night and passing out. And so went day three, four and five as well. By the time Jean's period was done, she was producing enough milk to satisfy her son's appetite.

Josh got home from school feeling good. Really good. Energized, upbeat, ready to run a marathon or clean the entire house. He knew his mom was done with her period today, and she'd be home soon. He was looking forward to spending some quiet time with her in bed, but he'd have to wait, as she wasn't home from work yet.

Tossing his school bag onto his bed, he went to his PC and sat, browsing Reddit. An hour later, it occurred to him to wonder where his mom actually was. She'd begged off picking him up after school, saying she had some errands to run, but he didn't expect it to take this long.

Shifting in place in his chair, he was struck by the lack of sensation. Not that there wasn't any, it was that there was a lot less. For days, he'd been careful to avoid brushing too hard against anything with his dick, because it was soooo close to painfully sensitive. Just now, moving, he hadn't felt it and gave a sigh of relief that the whole thing was over. Feeling a bit - a lot - horny after five days of abstaining, he went for a little feel to see how things were going down south.

Just as he was about to push his hand under his waistband, the front door banged closed announcing his mom's arrival. Even better.

Josh jumped out of his chair, striding to his door to go meet his sexy mom, and her bountiful breasts. Hopefully she would be open to a lay down; he could use a snack.

In the hall, he stopped at seeing the shopping bags his mom had dropped at her feet. She looked tired. Shrugging her shoulders, she said, "I got a little shop-happy."

"What did you get?" he asked, walking up to look in one of the bags.

"Clothes. I needed some new ones because I wasn't fitting in my old ones very well. Plus I needed something to contain these," she said, giving her breasts a little jiggle. "I was going to buy a bigger size, but then thought that something more practical would work better."

Bending down, she pulled a bra out of a bag, handing it to Josh. He examined it, seeing it was a bit different than the ones he knew so well. It had some odd flaps and hooks. Puzzled, he just looked at his mom for an explanation.

"It's a maternity bra. I can feed without taking my bra off."

Josh grinned at the thought of unhooking his mom's bra in public somewhere and getting a little feed in.

His mom read his thoughts and said, "Ha, ha, mister. It's in case your swimmers ever catch, I'll be able to feed the little one easier."

"I'm little," he said, with a smirk.

"Really? I hadn't thought so." Her eyes darted down to his crotch.

Josh shifted, suddenly aware of the slab of meat growing in his pants. Pressing on it with his palm, a wave of heat and tingles burst in his dick and he thought it was better to take the conversation to her bedroom. When he took his mom's hand in his, leading her down the hall, bags forgotten, she followed.

"No more noble intentions? Now you're ready, I am expected to be too?" she asked, still walking behind him.

Josh stopped and raised his eyebrows in a wordless question.

"I'm teasing, go, go, go!" she urged, waving him on.

Mother and son tumbled into her bed, clothes flying in their wake. Within seconds, she was on her back, legs spread and gesturing for

him to climb on. Without wasting a second, he was soon leaning over her, lining his dick up, oh whoops, he over shot. Pulling back for another try, he eventually got in place, feeling the heat of her pussy warming his head.

"That's it," she murmured, when he was in place.

Josh pushed, feeling his mom's pussy open up. It took a bit of extra work to slot himself in her entrance but he figured it had been five days...until he saw his mom's expression.

She whimpered, writhing under him. "Josh...oh my god...uhhh..." She reached out to his ass, pulling at him, dragging him closer. His dick plunged deeper, and she whined, face clenched in what looked like agony, until she grabbed his neck. His mom planted a hard kiss on his mouth, darting her tongue between his lips.

"Mmmmmph," he groaned, unsure of what to do: pull back or fuck her.

She answered by wrapping her legs around his ass. He couldn't pull back, caught in the vice grip of her thighs, so he surrendered, shoving his hips forward to bury himself all the way. His mom shrieked in his mouth, and then started to pump her hips frantically, taking his last inch over and over.

A kind of red haze fell over Josh's eyes, and he wanted more. Setting his knees on the bed, he thrust hard into his mom's clutching cunt, hearing the reward of her scream as he buried himself. Pulling back a little, he pushed again, and again, his mother's grasping grotto sucking at his dick with every plunge. It was the most he'd ever felt from her, and he couldn't last long, so committed to full body fucking, running the length of his dick into her over and over, feeling his orgasm building.

When it came, Josh wanted to feel his mom's warmth and wetness along his entire length, so he pushed hard, and white fire blanked

his mind as he came. Cramp-inducing ejaculations fired from his core, up his barrel and into his mom's warm, welcoming womb. It seemed to set her off, for his body's convulsions were met with hers, and they held on for dear life, mating for all they were worth.

It came slowly, a kind of fading away of the red haze, until Josh came back to himself, buried to the root in his mother. She lay under him, equally dazed, eyes glazed and mouth open. Josh pulled from her carefully but she still whined, weakly grasping at his arms, as if to prevent him from exiting her vagina. When he was able to extricate himself, he rolled next to her, a wave of fatigue hitting him.

Some time later, he woke up to find his mom asleep next to him. They were in the same position, legs tangled but torsos lined up. He sidled up to her, joining their warmth, and fell asleep again.

Jean woke up to her alarm, and reached to silence it. It took a bit of work to get close to the edge of the bed, as she was in the middle, pressed up against the naked body of her son. He didn't stir. She lay back, doing her best to tell herself to get up and not succumb to sleep. It was a fight.

Gradually, one eye at a time, she was able to force herself to not fall back into blissful slumber. It was unfair. Looking over, she smiled to see Josh sleeping peacefully. It made sense for him to stay with her, but had they really discussed him doing it all the time? Whatever, she was happy to have him there.

The night before was a bit fuzzy. Had she gotten drunk? She didn't remember doing that. When had they gone to bed? Rolling to reach back to Josh, she felt two things. One, her breasts were full, a painful plumpness with fat nipples ready for milk to come out. Second, a deep twinge in her pussy, as if she'd been fucking all night. What? A quick check with her hand, and she felt it: a burning,

stinging in her lips, as if they'd been stretched to the max. Confused, she searched her memory for the source of her tenderness.

Coming home, dropping her bags. Explaining about maternity bras. Walking to her room, hand in hand with Josh. Lying on her back...oh. He'd fucked her, and it had been so different. Him on top of her, thrusting away, shoving his...giant prick in her?

Jean sat up, quickly flipping up the sheet that covered her son's groin. There it was. Nestled between his legs was a thick shaft of cock meat, laying quiescent against his thigh. What?

"Josh," she called gently, shaking his arm. "Wake up."

He stirred, starting to roll away, but she held his hand to stop him. Opening his eyes, he looked over and smiled. "Hi, Mom. You look pretty."

Jean couldn't help but feel good about the compliment but had more pressing matters. She pointed at her son's crotch. "What is that?" she asked.

"Hm?" he asked, lifting his head to look down. "My dick."

"Yeah, but why is it so big?"

He grinned at her, a crooked amused smile that said he was in on the joke. "Thank you, I appreciate your compliment."

"No, look at it!" she pointed.

Josh did, blinking his eyes blearily. "It's always been that way."

"It's always been that shape, yes, but not those proportions. See?" She leaned over, wincing as her milk-laden tits shifted. She put her hand next to her son's cock, and the comparison quickly revealed that he had changed.

"What!" he said, lifting up on his elbows. "I don't...are you sure?"

To emphasize the point, Jean got up on her knees and shuffled to his middle, lifting his quiescent cock and wrapping her hand around it. Her fingers didn't meet.

"Holy..." he gasped.

"How did you not notice this?" she asked.

"I haven't touched it! It was too sensitive, remember?" he retorted.

Of course, handling a teenager's penis wasn't going to keep it soft for long. As she held it, it grew, and grew, until she was faced with at least eight inches of thick cock meat, straining in her hand. Suddenly the ache in her groin wasn't a mystery.

"Those pills," she mused. "Have given me milky tits, and baby making hips. They gave you this." She shook his rigid penis.

"And big loads," Josh added.

"And big loads," she agreed. "I don't know whether to call the CDC or the tabloids."

"Before you do," he hedged, his hips wiggling. "Can we take the edge off?"

Jean contemplated the slab of meat in her hands before saying, "Tell you what. I'll relieve your pressure, if you relieve mine."

It took some doing, but she eventually managed to fit a few inches of her son's dick in her mouth, sucking and stroking until he gasped out his orgasm, filling her gullet with loads of baby batter. In turn, he greedily filled his belly with her milk, until she was able to move without pain.

They were late. It had taken too long to empty their respective receptacles, and had to race to get dressed and out the door to work and school. She had to come up with an excuse for Josh and herself on the fly, but in the end it worked out.

The day went by with random day dreams about her son's massive cock, and what it might feel like inside her. She knew she had had it there already, but couldn't remember it. If she wasn't imagining it in her, she was trying to decide if they should go to a doctor. It was obviously late in the game, but better late than never. By the end of her work day, she decided not to panic just yet. The sleeping fits seemed to have eased off...somewhat.

In the end, what helped her come to a decision was the fact she hadn't experienced her son's new cock without forgetting it. She wanted to experience that, first.

Picking Josh up from school, she made sure to unbutton the top three buttons, showing off her cleavage and some of her new maternity bra. His friends might see, but she wanted his attention. When he jumped in the passenger seat, she knew she had it.

"How was school?" she asked, pulling away from the curb.

"Long and boring," he replied.

Giggling, she said, "I know something long I'd like to be boring into me in a few minutes."

"Mom..." he admonished. "That was awful. You're going to have to work on your pickup lines."

"Is that a no?" she pouted, trying to keep her eye on the road.

"Well...I guess not," he laughed.

The drive went quick, and by the time they got home, Jean was practically panting for it. Her pussy dripped in her panties, which were soon discarded when they got into the privacy of their home. Bending over on the back of the couch, she presented herself to her son while looking back. "I want to feel it. Now." She wiggled her ass back and forth, watching in fascination as the bulge in his pants grew.

Without a hint of reluctance, he dropped his pants and underwear, exposing his hard meat to her hungry gaze. A droplet of honey fell from her parted labia. Stepping up behind her, he pressed his glans into her opening, and Jean felt it. Felt all of it. What started out as normal kept going and going until she felt the same burn of his cock filling her all the way up, and a bit more.

"Jesus, Josh," she panted.

When his head had popped into her entrance, the burn subsided, and the complete fullness started. Like a reverse birth, Josh's cock made its way into her, expanding the route to her womb to its fullest.

Jean dropped her head onto her crossed arms, focussing on her son and his cock. When he had gotten as far as he could, to her surprise, he pushed more, and with a satisfying slippery sundering, he was fully slotted. She knew why she didn't remember the night before. She was so full her other senses blanked out, and all she could feel was cock. The cock started to fuck her, and she was lost to time and space.

The well-fucked mommy took her son's penis into her body, her accommodating cunt opening for him to plumb her depths while supplying climax after mind-sundering climax. When he came, her cervix drank in his essence like fine wine, supplying millions of sperm to her thirsty womb.

She didn't pass out this time, instead riding out her endless orgasms and her son's sperm injection until all that was left was two limp and ragged humans. They dragged themselves to bed, not bothering with dinner, and slept for hours.

When Jean woke, she felt a warmth in her belly that she hadn't felt in years. Almost two decades. It was what she'd felt weeks before finding out she was pregnant with Josh, and she knew that it had happened again. She was pregnant with her son's baby.

Dragging herself from bed, she didn't wake Josh, sensing that somehow his climaxes took a lot out of him now. She went to the kitchen and made herself a snack. Her breasts weren't full yet, but would be in the morning. Either she woke Josh now for a feeding, or in the morning...it wasn't a hard decision. They hadn't eaten dinner, and needed to not be late again.

In their bedroom, she doffed her top and bra and crawled over the bed to her son. Murmuring, she gently guided her dangling, plump nipple to his mouth, grazing his lips. Without opening his eyes, he opened his mouth and took her in, suckling to bring her letdown. It came and he drank deep, tit flesh pulling rhythmically. After he emptied one breast she pulled her teat from his mouth and directed the other one in. More greedy gobbling. When that one was empty, she lay down next to him and they slept.

In the morning, in Jean's mind, it was a done deal. Over the next several weeks of fucking, sucking and sleeping, her certainty only grew until one fateful day she made an appointment with her doctor.

It was confirmed. One of the many times her son had emptied his balls in her, - she knew which one - had resulted in her egg catching, and she was pregnant. Jean loved replaying in her head, over and over, the moment when he was pressed into her, penis disgorging reams of semen, knocking her up.

Josh, for his part, seemed happy. Mostly, he was preoccupied with injecting even more gallons of sperm into her belly with his impressive cock, though the job was done. She never refused him, happy to feel the burn of his entry every time, and the fucking that sometime resulted in her passing out.

When the baby came, she breastfed both of her babies, one fat boob for each. Even though Josh stopped taking the pills, she could swear the taste of berries lingered in his semen, and he referred to her as his berry milkshake machine before sucking on her nipples.

Josh quickly uploaded his resume, knowing he had a limited window to get it done before - a crash sounded from the kitchen. Out of time. With a final click, he submitted his application before rushing out to help his mom.

As expected, he found her on her knees cleaning up the spilled cereal. He quickly scooped up his daughter, making an airplane noise as he made his way to her room - his old room - to change her. Once she was in clean pullup and clothes, he hugged her before letting her loose into the house again.

Finding his mom once again upright, cereal mess gone, he walked up behind her at the sink. She slowed her washing to press her head into his cheek, and he gave a quick squeeze before heading out to keep an eye on the toddler determined to make a mess of everything. Being a dad was pretty fun, even if he couldn't admit to being her dad. That honour was given to a mystery 'one night stand' his mom had had after her divorce.

It was a good excuse for an unexpected pregnancy, and no one had questioned it. So far they'd had some trouble finding an excuse for the second one growing in her belly, now five months along. They'd have to get creative, because every time they had sex, she begged for his baby...and he wasn't going to deny her.