

Chapter 3 – Janet's Sin - Eric wants to mount me.....

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Eric is now emboldened and insists on mounting me.....

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Chapter 3 – Eric wants to mount me.....

Between the alcohol and my orgasm, I drifted off to sleep quickly as Eric cuddled with me, and spooned me from behind. I must admit, I enjoyed having his naked form next to me in my bed. I particularly liked his firm erection pressing into my backside as he nuzzled me and cuddled with me.

I was amazed that he remained firm, even after cumming in such a large quantity. I could still taste the faint semen residual in my mouth. I liked the reminder that my son's semen was swimming safely in my tummy at this very moment. I liked the intimacy of ingesting my son's seed.

Yes, I knew it was wrong. Yes, I knew I needed to prevent a recurrence. But nonetheless, I enjoyed this moment as well as the memory of Eric's and my intimacy as I slowly drifted off to sleep in my son's arm's. It had been a very long time, too long in fact, since I had enjoyed sleeping in my lover's arms.

When I awoke, Eric had already slipped out of the bed. I looked at the clock and saw that it was 7:50 a.m. My head hurt from the alcohol hangover. I grabbed my robe and went to the kitchen to get some Tylenol. I heard the water running in the bathroom and knew Eric was in the shower. I started a pot of coffee, and started to clean up the kitchen as it brewed.

I was glad that Eric was occupied in the shower; this would give me some time to gather my thoughts and figure out how to address the terrible mistake I had made last night. In the cold harsh (and sober) reality of the morning, I felt the entire weight of the magnitude of my sin come crashing down on me with a wave of guilt. My shame was overwhelming.

How could I have been so stupid? So careless? How could I commit such a selfish and potentially damaging act with the person I loved most in the world? I knew I had to find the resolve to end this nonsense. I hoped and prayed that I had not done irreparable harm to my son. How could I ever

make this right? My chest ached in anxiety as I thought about my sin.

I heard the water turn off in the bathroom, and knew Eric was getting out of the shower. I was standing at the kitchen sink with my robe on, cleaning up some dishes when I heard the bathroom door open.

I glanced over my shoulder to see Eric approaching me wearing only a bath towel wrapped around his waist.

“Hi Mom” he chirped as he walked up behind me, hugging me from behind and reaching around to cup my right breast. I tensed up and tried to push his hand from my breast; I certainly did not want to resume the petting and touching that had led to my totally inappropriate behavior last night. But he was too strong and I was not going to remove his hand without his full cooperation. I stood there, and allowed him to feel me, determined not to react to his touch. But my nipple did respond and become erect.

We needed to address this ‘situation’ that was entirely due to my weakness and poor judgment. “Eric, we made a bad mistake last night. I made a bad mistake last night. I take full responsibility. Not only am I the adult, I am your mother. I should never have allowed any of that to happen. I don’t know if you can forgive me or not.....”

Eric interrupted, “It was not a mistake, it was a beautiful thing. It was the most beautiful thing that has ever happened to me. Please do not say ‘it was a mistake’. It hurts me to think you do not think what we shared was as beautiful as I do.”

“Eric, it was wrong. It was illegal. And I should not have let it happen. I was drunk and was not thinking straight. I gave into my loneliness. I am very sorry.” I was sincere in my contrition.

“Mom, you are wrong. It was a beautiful. And I am not a child; I am an adult. I will be 18 in two months. I am old enough to vote; I am old enough to serve in the military, I am certainly old enough to know who I want for my sexual partner; and I want you.”

Eric’s words sent me searching for a response. “Eric, I am flattered, and I understand your confusion. I am quite confused myself. But what we did, what I did last night is wrong by any measure. If people knew, they would put me in jail for what we did!”

“Mom, no one will ever know what happens between you and me. That is something that I will never discuss with anyone. I promise you that.” I could tell he was trying to alleviate my deepest fear, my fear that people would find out. He was right, I was afraid of being caught in addition to my

overwhelming guilt.

“Eric, that is not the point. The point is what we did was wrong. And it cannot happen again.” I was trying to be resolute in my statement; but even as I said it, I realized since that Eric and I had crossed that line, the temptation would be very real to give into our desires again. I did not know if I had the strength to resist these very real, but very unnatural urges I had for my son. Eric was clear in one thing; he wanted to continue our intimacy.

I was standing with my back to my son as I spoke, ashamed. I was ashamed of my behavior and I unable to face him or look him in the eye. Eric then took my hand and turned me to face him.

He stood back one step, and then he removed his towel, dropping it to the floor. He stood there naked in front of me. He was obviously quite emboldened from his success last night. He had a confident, ‘don’t take no for an answer’ demeanor about him. It was strangely appealing. Since he was my son, it was also very wrong, but it was definitely appealing.

I was shocked at the boldness of my son. I tried to react appropriately, whatever that would mean. But after the mistakes of last night, was there anything I could do going forward that would be appropriate? “Eric, please cover yourself up. We cannot continue the mistakes of last night.”

He put his finger to my lips and merely said “shhhhh....Mom, don’t talk for a moment.” Then he placed his fingers under my chin, raised my chin up, and kissed me. It was a soft, gentle, loving kiss; but sensual nonetheless. “Mom, I love you so much. And I need you. I need you right now, more than you can imagine. You are all I have.” He said with all the sincerity in the world.

He stepped back from me, and held me by the shoulders at arms length away from him.

As I tried to gather my thoughts and find my resolve, I tried not to look at his naked body, to look him in the eyes; but his naked muscular physique was impressive. I could not help but glance down and admired his naked physique. His flaccid penis was thick and impressive, even soft. My first thought was that he reminded me of the statue of David. A moment later, I realized he had the firm, hard body of a male underwear model from a fashion magazine. My son was a very attractive young man, and he was standing naked in front of me! Despite my desire to behave appropriately, I could not deny the physical and emotional attraction that I felt.

“Mom, watch. Watch and tell me what you see.” he said, and as he spoke, his flaccid penis began to grow slowly in front of my very eyes. At first I could not believe what I was seeing, but standing there naked in front of me, my 17 year old son penis throbbed and pulsed to life, growing longer and firmer before my eyes. I watched in silent amazement.

After about 15 seconds, he was half way erect, poking straight out, partially erect and about six inches in length. "Oh my. Eric, how are you doing that?" my voice cracked slightly in obvious excitement and amazement.

"I am thinking about you. I am thinking about tasting you and touching you last night. I am thinking about what you did for me last night. I am thinking about how much I want you, need you, and I am thinking about what I am going to do to you tonight and every night from now on."

I was awe struck. I stared at his penis which was now about three quarters erect and about 7 inches long, and I suddenly became aware of my pulse in my own groin. I could feel my clitoris growing erect, and my pussy starting to leak into my panties as I reacted involuntarily to watching my son's growing erection.

"Eric, we can't.....please cover yourself" I said, my voice quaking with excitement and confusion. I was unsure of what to do. But despite my good intentions to avoid a repeat of last night, I could not make myself look away from Eric's naked body or force myself to leave the room. I continued to watch my son's penis throb and bob into a rigid and erect state for me. And I am ashamed to tell you, I was growing aroused by this sight. Very aroused.

"Eric you are a gorgeous and sexy young man; I love you more than anything in this world....but what we are doing is wrong...you have to stop...."

He cut me off mid-sentence, "Mom, this is the effect you have on me. If I react this way just thinking about you, this cannot be wrong. My body would not react this way if it was wrong." He reasoned. "Tell me that you do not have the same feelings. Tell me you are not having the same reaction right now."

I did not know what to do or say; I was, in fact, growing wet right there in front of my son. So I simply repeated myself, "We can't. This is wrong." But I continued to stare at the amazing sight growing longer and more rigid between my son's thighs.

Eric approached me, his penis swinging proudly as he stepped to me.. He knelt down directly in front of me. By now he had a full erection, he was every bit as hard and large as he was last night in my mouth, and he was pointing direct to the ceiling. Kneeling in front of me, he opened my robe and began to place his hands inside my lower thighs. I stopped him, held his hands, and asked, "what are you doing?"

"I want to see something. If you do not react to me the way I react to you, I will agree to leave you

alone. But I think I have the same effect on you that you do on me.” I do not know why, but I released his hands and stood there eyes closed, not knowing what to do, and not understanding what was happening or why. Not really thinking I had the strength or power to do anything other than comply.

He slowly place his right hand on my inner thigh and looked up at me. I looked down at him, blushing deeply. I understood what he wanted me to do, I hesitated for a moment, keeping my thighs tightly pressed together, hoping I could find the strength to resist his advances. He nudged his fingers between my thighs a bit more forcefully, and I relented.

Very slowly, I spread my legs slightly, allowing his hand to move further up my inner thigh until he reached my pussy. My face felt as if it were on fire I was blushing so deeply. I understood that I was being teased; I stood there spreading my legs for my son to access my most private parts, much as he did the previous evening. But somehow this was different, kneeling in front of me, my son was instructing me to stand there, as he slowly touched me. It was a demonstration of his unique control over me, and a verification that I was powerless to resist him. He seemed so damn confident and in control at the moment.

He ran his fingers up and down my slit, paying particular attention to my now erect and sensitive clitoris. I stood there, biting my lower lip. I would make a slight moan involuntarily every time he his fingers contacted my clitoris. “You are very wet, mom” He started to slide his fingers inside of me.

“Eric, please, I beg you.....we can’t do this..... I don’t want you to do this” I panted. But rather than push his hands away from me, I squatted down ever so slightly to give him better access to my vagina. I knew then, as I am forced to admit now, that my physical actions of encouragement again contradicted my words of discouragement.

Standing with my legs apart while squatting slightly to open myself up to my son was difficult and I started to topple forward a bit. I reached out and balanced myself by placing each of my hands on his shoulders as his fingers found my wet opening and entered me for yet another exploration of my womanhood. He was right; I was wet, very wet. He quickly had one, then two fingers inside me. He again curled his two fingers back towards himself, deep inside me, massaging the front wall of my uterus, deep inside me at my g-spot. I was responding just as he hoped, or knew, I would.

I found myself squatting deeper and opening my legs wider, all the while begging him to stop, “Oh, baby, please, don’t do this.,,,”. But I did not try to actually stop him. As much as I knew I should, I could not bring myself to attempt to push away or remove his hand. I do not know if it was the pleasure of his touch, or my need to submit to his instruction that kept me from attempting to stop this assault on my pussy; probably both. I just know that I did not or could not do anything to stop, or even discourage my son.

I was becoming very aroused. I could feel the orgasm was building up inside of me.

After a few moments, I pleaded quite unconvincingly, "Eric, please. You're going to make me cum. Eric, please we cannot do this again." I was rocking my hips in a synchronized motion to the internal massage Eric was giving my vagina, continuing to steady myself by holding on to his massive shoulders, balancing as I squatted deeper and deeper to allow my son full access to my very wet, and very open pussy.

I wanted to stop, I knew I should pull away, but I simply could not. I was indeed responding to my son's touch and instructions. Eric, much like his father, knew exactly how to touch me for the greatest response, both emotionally and physically. He seemed to sense the erotic effect his mild dominance and humiliation would have on me. Again, he was his father's son!

After several minutes of taking me to the brink, Eric withdrew his fingers from my pussy, and stood up. I had been on the verge of a massive climax, just moments away from cumming violently with Eric's fingers inside me.

I wanted to cum; I needed to cum. I wanted to beg him to touch me again, to finish the job he had started. But I did not. But in my shame, I knew that Eric knew how close he had me. My son knew he was an instant away from making his mommy cum again. I could feel my face, neck and chest burn as the reddened with my shame.

I stood there panting, my breasts heaving; frustrated by being so close, but denied my release by my son. Despite the fact that Eric was no longer touching me, I continued rocking my hips involuntarily, humping against the air in frustrated arousal as I could feel my juices leaking out of me. I needed a release. I wanted him to resume touching me; to finish me!

Standing in front of me, Eric towered over me; and his erection waved a few inches under my chin. I could not deny the attraction I felt at that moment for this incredibly attractive young man....who also happened to also be my son. I think I would have done anything for him at that moment; he owned me!

He reached out, took my robe from my shoulders, dropping it to the floor, leaving me completely naked. Eric then took my arms, placing them around his neck, before reaching down and lifting me up, taking a hold of each of my legs, pulling them apart and around him, and causing me to straddle his torso. I glanced down to see that Eric had another unobstructed view of my gaping pussy as he held me in this position straddling him. My wetness was visible as it leaked out of me. I could smell the faint scent of my arousal, as could Eric. I was in heat. I washis.

As he held me, he kissed me deeply and passionately, exploring my mouth with his tongue. He broke our passionate kiss for an instant to say, "I love you so much, mom" and then resumed kissing me, exploring my mouth with his tongue.

It had been so very long since I had been kissed passionately like that. Despite the fact I knew all of this was terribly wrong, I opened my mouth and admitted his exploring tongue. I do not ever remember being so aroused, so in need of a release.

Slowly, he started to lower me down slightly, and I felt the head of his erect penis searching for my opening. I felt the head of his rigid cock bumping against the back of my thighs and buttocks, searching anxiously. Eric moved me over slightly. I felt his penis was pulsing against the outer folds of my vagina, searching for a home.

I was beyond any reason at that moment, totally consumed by frustration and lust. I wanted him to take me, to impale me on his large boner, to fuck me deeply and totally. I was about to allow my son to enter me; to couple with me.

Then suddenly the realization that I was not on any birth control burst into my consciousness, just as Eric was about to enter me.

Momentarily shocked back to reality from the pressure of his cock head moving to the inner folds of my vulva, I lifted myself up, bracing myself on his massive shoulders. I was struck by the panic of knowing my boy was going to try to fuck me "bareback". And, I had almost let him do so.

"No! Eric. Baby, no! We definitely cannot do that." I was emphatic. I found an assertive tone I had previously not been able to summon.

"Relax mom. It will be fine. I promise." he said arching his pelvis up in another attempt to enter me. Despite my trying to hold myself up on his shoulders, his large boner was finding its way into the first folds of my outer lips.

I pulled up again, recoiling from Eric's searching viper as it sought to enter me, "No, baby. I am not even on the pill. You cannot fuck me. You just can't."

Eric tried to calm and reassure me, "Mom, I won't cum in you. I promise. I just want to be inside you for a moment." And he began to lower me down again. I could feel the head of his penis searching again, only this time he found my opening. My wetness was making entry far too easy.

I try to pull up again, but was only able to move up such that just the head of his penis was inside my vulva, barely inside me; but inside nonetheless.. “No baby. Not like this. Please, not like this.” I was almost crying now. The panic and fear were evident in my every word. I did not know if he could stop himself at this point.

I then remembered that Eric’s father had a partially used box of condoms in his top dresser drawer that I had not gotten around to disposing since his death.

“Eric, please. At least let me get you one of your father’s condoms. Please son, it will only take a second. Then you can have me, I promise.” Tears were starting to stream down my cheeks as I feared my son was too aroused to think rationally at this moment; and I feared he would take me unprotected. I was praying he would come to his senses as I held myself over his throbbing erection.

With the head of his penis at the very opening of my vagina, actually just inside me a bit, Eric paused for a few seconds that seemed an eternity as I hovered over his erection trying to hold myself up to prevent him from impaling me fully.

Eric then asked, “You have some of dad’s condoms? OK where are they?” I could distinctly feel the constant pulsing of the head of his cock barely inside me. I wondered if my baby was leaking any trace seminal fluid in me while we were debating this issue.

“They are in his top dresser drawer.....pleaseit will only take a second....” I pleaded with panic in my voice as I waited for him to decide.

Would he impale me on his massive tool unprotected, pumping his seed into my fertile womb?, or would he allow me to protect him, and myself from a potential pregnancy that neither he nor I wanted, needed or could explain.

After four or five seconds of silence with his penis throbbing just inside the very opening of my core, he lifted me off and set me down. “I guess I do not need to get my mom pregnant.”

Thank God he had the good sense to allow us this protection.

I realized that by agreeing get him a condom, there was no turning back now. I was going to allow my baby boy to fuck his mommy. I was now fully complicit; a completely willing participant in this new sin. But fucking Eric voluntarily without risk of pregnancy seemed a far better choice than being taken by him bareback, against my will,with the risk of pregnancy.

I went into my bedroom with Eric in fast pursuit. Just before I got to Bob’s dresser, Eric grabbed me,

turned me around and kissed me deeply again. His penis pressing and throbbing between my breasts and against my abdomen. Our tongues danced together, chasing each other from my mouth to his, and back again.

I broke off our kiss and opened the top drawer and found the box of condoms. The box was marked Trojan 'Magnums', which I later learned were 'over sized condoms' for very well endowed men. I had limited experience with which to compare penis sizes, but I now realize that my husband was a well endowed man; and his son was slightly larger than he was! I had been spoiled and did not even realize it.

As I removed one condom, and struggled to open the tin wrapper containing the protection I sought, I caught my image in the mirror. I was taken by what a very sexy looking woman I was. Naked, my only vestige of modesty being the thin, very blond, almost transparent wisps of fine pubic hair covering my pussy, I did look good. Yes, even in my mid-thirties, I had to admit I was a sexy sight indeed.

I finally tore the foil wrapper and removed the well-lubricated condom. I knelt in front of my son, and placed the rubber on the head of his erect penis, and slowly rolled the latex sheath down his shaft. He filled the large condom up completely, stretching it, in fact. The little empty reservoir formed a cute little bubble at the tip of his urethra ready to catch all his sperm and protect his mommy's fertile womb!

In a weird way, as I placed the prophylactic on Eric's large boner, I felt like a mother dressing her son for he prom or some other big life time event. Only this event was the loss of his virginity. Yes, this was a very special, albeit inappropriate, occasion indeed.

I then lay back on my bed as Eric approached me, resigned to accepting him without further protestations. He approached me, pushing my legs back so my heels were touching my ass, and he slowly spread my knees and climbed between my legs, his penis bobbing impatiently in anticipation of finding its home. The head of his penis had no trouble finds my opening this time, all of the petting and touching had my vagina open and ready, and my own juices, and the lubrication from the condom itself, allowed him to slide right in. His girth was more than I was used to, but in my highly aroused state, I could accommodate the thickness. But his length took a little bit of work.

"Oh baby, you are a very big man." I cautioned. "You are stretching me. Please be gentle, go slowly. You don't want to hurt me." Realizing that I had agreed to allow my son to enter me, I gave up all thought of resisting. I wrapped my legs around him, my heels propped against his firm ass, allowing him full access to my vagina. I used my heels to guide him deeper as I stretched and strained to accommodate this very large penis in my rather petite frame.

He slowed down a bit and took a dozen or more slow strokes, going a bit deeper each time until I had all of him inside me. I was very, very full; fuller than I had ever been before, and I was very aroused. While I knew this was wrong in many ways, I could not deny the incredible response I had to my son's advances and attention.

He then raised my legs over his shoulders. In this position he had me totally exposed and totally vulnerable. He looked down, watching his latex sheathed penis enter and withdraw from me with obvious admiration and pride. The head of his penis was striking my g-spot with each deep thrust, driving me closer and closer to orgasm.

My moans go louder and my breathing quickened "Baby, you are going to make your mommy cum againbaby fuck meharder....faster...oh baby, fuck your mommy's pussy." I urged him on with passionate abandon.

With my feet high over his shoulders, Robert gave me everything he had, which was all I could take, with every pounding thrust. Each pounding thrust raised my ass off the bed further. I spread myself as wide as I could, taking all of him. I came, and I came. Waves of erotic pleasure rocked my core.

My orgasm, coupled with my upward movements to meet each of his thrusts, and my incoherent moans pushed Eric over the edge as well. With one final and violent thrust, he buried himself deep in my womb and my baby released his seed inside the safety of his sheathe. I lay there panting, relishing the after flow of my orgasm, as I felt Eric's large penis pulsing deep in me as he spurted time and time again.

Robert's constant pushing as deep as he could and the definite throbbing of his cock inside me left me no doubt that he was pumping out ropes and ropes of his cum. I lay there, my feet and my ass high in the air wishing that my son's warm seed could actually be pumped inside me, unimpeded. I realized that I needed to get on the pill quickly, so we did not need to depend on these pesky condoms to protect us if we were going to continue this torrid love relationship between mother and son.

We remained coupled with Robert deep inside of me. I felt his cock actually throb and thicken as we lay there together. This was one of the most erotic experienced in my life. It is hard to explain, I am not sure I fully understand it myself, but staying coupled together, my legs over his shoulders, my ass high in the air while his large firm penis continuing to pulse deep inside of me, continuing to drain the last drops of his seed, is an intimacy, closeness, tenderness between my son and me that I will always cherish. I have never been more content, more fulfilled or happier than I was lying there, coupled with my son after giving me one of the greatest orgasms of my life!

After several minutes of lying coupled together, Eric leaned forward and kissed me, more gentle and loving than passionate; and then he slowly withdrew from me. I could feel my vagina spasm as he did, trying to adjust to the absence of his penis that was stretching it so fully only moments before. My pussy seemed strangely empty, and started a series of contractions that felt to me that it was looking for something to grasp. My pussy missed Eric's penis already.

Eric rolled on his back next to me, and then pulled me close, and we cuddled silently, my head resting on his chest, for a moment. I reached down and removed the used condom from his still erect penis, and marveled at the amount of semen it had captured. I placed my finger inside the latex sheath and removed a small amount of the captured sperm. I examined the thick, viscous mixture and brought the intimate nectar to my nose to enjoy the sensual aroma of my son's ejaculate. I inhaled the scent and smiled. God I loved that boy. And I loved enjoying his scent. Eric watched me with amusement. His expression indicated that he liked watching me enjoy the scent of his sperm.

I got up, went to the bathroom where I discarded the used condom. Before returning to the bed, I brought the box of condoms and placed them on the nightstand by the bed as a precaution.

I then curled up in Eric's arms, with my head on his chest. I gently caressed his nipples and chest, listening to his heart racing until I fell asleep. We napped for a couple of hours, until I was awakened by Eric fondling my pussy. Having awakened with an erection, Eric was looking for a place to put it.

It seemed pointless in light of what we had done earlier to resist. I reached over, got another condom and placed it on Eric's erection before allowing his to enter me once again. I knew that on Monday, I would get my birth control prescription refilled, and he would be allowed to take me unprotected, whenever he chose. but now, we would use this latex barrier.

This time, there was less passion in our love making. It was slower and more gentle. Although I did not climax this second time, this gentle love making was just as enjoyable as our first coupling. And soon, Eric came inside me a second time before noon, once again with the protection of a condom. I had moved past the horror of what I was doing temporarily, blocking the guilt for this brief moment, savoring the experience as I allowed my son to fuck me again.

Coming soon - Chapter 4: Eric finally takes me bareback