

# Chapter 4 - Janet's sin - The unthinkable happens

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*the unthinkable happens.....please don't let me be pregnant*

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Chapter 4: Oh my God, the unthinkable happens....

Eric and I were inseparable the rest of the weekend. I counted the remaining condoms that Bob (my deceased husband, and Eric's father) had left behind. We had seven remaining "Trojan Magnums" after using the two this morning. I anticipated that would last us through the weekend, but I would need to visit the pharmacy on Monday morning. I had never been condom shopping before but I figured I would just buy the same type Bob had left behind. They were a good, snug fit for Eric, and his penis looked so good in the latex sheathe!

I also decided to visit the medical clinic on the nearby military base to get my birth control pills renewed. It was clear that Eric was intent on continuing this tawdry and sexually charged relationship with his mother; and I did not have the strength, discipline or will power to resist the emotional or physical pleasure my young lover gave me. It was foolish to think that at this point, I could stop; I couldn't. I was hooked.

Although it was Saturday night, Eric canceled his plans with his friends to 'stay home' with me on Saturday night. Another very peculiar thing happened on Saturday night: I did not drink! For the first time since I learned Bob had been killed in action, I went to bed sober. I did not make a specific decision not to drink; I just was so occupied with my school girl infatuation with Eric to feel the need, or the desire for my usual alcohol relaxer. I did not make a commitment to not drink in the future; but this one night, I preferred to be sober with my son.

I accepted the fact that Eric and I were lovers now, and relished in the excitement that any woman feels when she falls in love and lust at the same time. I knew this was wrong, dangerous, and unwise on many levels, but I simply chose to ignore the guilt and the potential risks as I was enjoying the intimacy with my son too much.

I made a Cajun chicken dinner that Eric likes. After dinner, we watched a movie, cuddling in the living

room (with the curtains closed to avoid any outside detection), before retiring to bed around 10:30 p.m. We made love again before falling asleep in each others arms. We were acting like any other committed couple, but I did recognize there were some noticeable differences in our relationship!

We did not discuss sleeping arrangements, but Eric merely assumed he was welcome to sleep in my bed with me again on Saturday night as he had Friday night, before we had 'consummated' our sexual relationship by coupling. I silently complied, and allowed him in my bed again.

Eric stripped naked before climbing into bed with me. His penis was already half erect as he slipped under the covers. Ah, the wonders of youth and the sexual prowess of a 17 year old teenager. It is enough to make a mother proud!

I was wearing a t-shirt and my panties when I climbed into bed with my son. But soon Eric had removed them, and had me naked, and was making 'condom protected' love to his mommy.

Sunday we watched football on TV, had dinner and relaxed in the living room again. We were now down to five condoms, having used two more Saturday evening.

I was laying on the couch, my legs over Eric's lap wearing shorts and a halter top. Eric was massaging my feet and legs, slowly tracing his fingers up my inner thighs. I was becoming aroused at his touch, and was not paying attention to the movie on the TV. Eric began running his fingers up into my shorts pant leg, and teasing my pussy slightly as he massaged my legs. I spread my legs open for him each time he explored my privates, moaning softly when he would touch my now wet slit.

I was rocking my hips slightly against his touch, trying to increase the contact. Eric had mastered the act of teasing me, and would withdraw his fingers from me just as I began enjoying the sensual sensation on my clit.

I glanced at Eric's crotch and could see his penis making a huge tent in the front of his gym shorts. This game was arousing him as well as me. That pleased me. It pleased me a great deal.

It was clear that Eric was enjoying teasing me tremendously. I sensed he liked having 'my number' this way. I must admit, I have a slight submissive streak, and I was enjoying being teased myself. I enjoyed the control Eric had assumed over me, his mother.

"Oh baby, you are getting me so hot. You are getting me all wound up teasing me this way. You are driving your mommy crazy." I moaned in a coy, helpless, little girl voice.

"Do you like it when I touch you like this?" Eric asked tauntingly, as he ran his fingers over the gusset

of my wet panties, sending an electric shock through my erect clitoris.

“Oh baby, I do; I do like it a lot. You are getting your mommy all wound up. You are such a naughty boy!” I teased back. “What are you going to do to me tonight? What are you going to do to your mommy?”

“I think I am going to fuck her long and hard. I am going to make her cum on my cock. Do you think she would like that?” Eric asked, playing along with our little game.

“Oh baby, I am ashamed to admit it, but your mommy would like that. She is a naughty, naughty girl; and she is going to let her baby fuck her again tonight if he wants.”

Eric then reached up, unsnapped the waistband of my shorts, lowered my zipper and tugged at the pant legs. I lifted my bottom to allow him to remove my shorts, leaving me in my pale green panties and halter top.

Eric then took my knees and spread them open, and studied the crotch of my panties. “Mom, your panties look pretty damp,” he said with a huge grin. I looked down and could see the dark, wet spot in the crotch of my panties where I was leaking.

Eric reached up and placed his fingers inside the leg of my panties. Very slowly, he pulled the gusset of my panties to the side and worked his fingers into my wet and open pussy. “Mom, you are very wet, and open.” He had two fingers inside my pussy now.

I moaned at his touch as I spread my legs as wide as I could to allow him to penetrate me as deeply as possible, as I rocked my hips against his hand. I was willing to allow him any freedom he wanted. He could do anything with my aching pussy at this point. In a very real sense, he owned me now; I would submit to him any way he wanted.

Eric curled his fingers forward, massaging the front wall of my womb, right at my g-spot. I gasped at the intense pleasure my baby was giving me. “Oh, God,....you are getting me close again....”, my voice cracked with excitement. I knew he could make me come any time he wanted, and in that way, he now owned me. I was his.

I thrashed about, grasping the cushions on the couch as he opened me further and further with his fingers, driving me closer to the climax that I craved, and that I needed. Eric seemed to know just how close he could take me, and then he suddenly stopped, pulling his fingers from my pussy. I moaned in frustration. My pussy left to spasm, trying to grasp something to fill the sudden void.

“Oh no, baby, please. Don’t stop. I am so close, please finish me off. Please touch me,” I pleaded as I humped uncontrollably against the air. I brought my own hand down to my pussy to touch myself.

Eric grabbed my hand and pulled it away. “No, ma’am. You must not touch yourself without my permission. You must be a good girl and wait.”

I simply moaned in frustration.

Eric’s dominance sent an electric shock through my core. How did he know I would react to his seizing control? What signals did I send? I honestly will never know. His father sensed the same thing about me. Nonetheless, being teased, brought to the brink of orgasm and then left hanging, and then instructed not to touch myself, aroused me beyond belief. I swear that I could feel my vagina open and close in a frustrated spasm as he told me not to touch myself.

“Yes, sir,” I answered meekly, as I removed my hand and tried to control the rocking motion from my hips.

“Remove your panties for me,” Eric instructed.

“Yes, sir,” I repeated as I raised my hips and slowly slid my panties down, kicking them on the floor. There was something very erotic about being exposed this way, with my top on, but naked from the waist down. I felt more exposed than if I were completely naked.

“Spread your legs for me. Let me see how wet you are.” Eric was now fully into the role of commanding my actions.

I blushed deeply and simply nodded agreement, as I slowly opened my thighs to my son’s gaze and inspection.

“How do you feel now, mom? “

I could feel my face and chest burn red from the humiliation. I answered honestly. “I am embarrassed, but very, very turned on, Eric. You are turning me on more than you can imagine,” I confessed.

“You like showing me your vagina, don’t you?” he insisted I talk to him about my humiliation.

I nodded silently, too embarrassed to actually say the words. God this ‘game’ of Eric’s was turning me on. I could feel my vagina actually leaking out of me, my juices were running down the crack of my ass and on to the couch.

“Mother, answer me. Do you like showing me your vagina? It looks very shiny and wet now. I think you like doing this,” Eric said with a stern, dominant tone. I actually felt my heart pounding in my chest as his words excited me further.

My voice was shaking as I answered my son, “Yes, in a way I do. I feel very wicked and bad, but it turns me on. Can you see how wet I am? You are doing that to me right now.” My face burned as I answered my son.

“Hold yourself open so I can see how wet you are,” he instructed.

“Yes, sir”. I realized that my hands were actually quivering as slowly reached down and pulled the lips of my vulva apart for my son’s inspection,. As I opened myself up, I could actually hear a slight swishing sound from the fluid leaking from me. I closed my eyes, unable to look my new master in the face and I sat there, gaping my vagina open for his gaze. I was mortified, but more importantly, I was more aroused than I have ever been.

Eric crawled between my legs, knelt down, and instructed me sternly, "Continue to hold yourself open for my mother.” And he leaned forward as gently kissed my erect clitoris. I gasped from the intense contact of his lips on my very sensitive clitoris.

Eric inhaled deeply. “You smell very good mother. I like the scent of your vagina. It excites me.” Then Eric took my clitoris in his mouth and sucked on it. I started to cum instantly. (And I do mean instantly!) This intense stimulation on my erect and sensitive clit sent me over the edge immediately.

“Oh, baby, .....oh God.....I am cumming!” I moaned loud enough for the neighbors to hear. I released the lips of my vulva and grabbed Eric’s head as I thrashed my hips against his face. I came in a series of violent quakes that rocked me to the core.

Eric kept sucking on me, and I could not stop cumming. After a couple of minutes of waver upon wave of orgasm, I tried to push him away. “Enough...please....too much.....I need to stop....”

But he would not release his 'lip lock' on my erect clit that he was sucking on as if it were a nipple.

“Oh please....please let me come down....it is too sensitive now.....” as yet another wave overtook my body. I was writhing and squirming trying to break away from this now ‘too intense’ stimulation. Finally, Eric released me.

Eric stood up, removed his clothes, his large erection swaying in front of him. He took my hand and

led me to the bedroom. My juices mixed with Eric's saliva were absolutely running down my inner thighs. My head was a blur. My heart still pounding in my chest. I knew I was about to be fucked, and fucked well by my 17 year old son.

I took out one of the few remaining condoms, and unwrapped it. I sat on the edge of the bed. With Eric standing in front of me, and I rolled the latex sheathe on his massive erect cock, as I had several times before this weekend.

With his penis encased safely with the white, translucent, latex layer, Eric laid on his back and instructed me to mount him. Obediently, I climbed over him, straddling his torso. I reached down, and held his erection, pointing it at my dilated vagina as I lowered myself slowly.

Despite his large size, I was sufficiently dilated that the head slid right in, unobstructed. I got about 4 inches in the first penetration, and then raised and lowered myself repeatedly taking more of my boy's massive cock on each cycle until he was buried, balls deep, into his mommy's gaping pussy. I swear I could feel the head of his massive cock up into my lower stomach.

In this position, with me on top, astride Eric, the bulbous head of his boner was directly contacting the front of my womb, deep inside my core. I began grinding directly on his cock, making it rub against my g-spot. I leaned back, forcing the rigid head to press harder against the front wall of my uterus as I moaned loudly.

I knew right away, I was going to cum again for my boy. Eric laid back, reaching up to fondle my breast. He pushed me further into a sitting position, driving his cock head harder into the front wall of my womb. Eric allowed me to control the pace and movements, allowing me to fuck him. I bounced and ground myself on this large cock on which I was impaled, as I approached another inevitable orgasm.

I have never fucked anyone like this, actually bouncing myself so violently up and down on a rigid cock. I was lifting myself up so that only the head was still inside me, and then plunging myself down as hard as I could, driving this hard rigid cock as deep as I could. My ass and legs made a distinct slapping sound as I plunged myself down. And I could hear a sloshing sound from my pussy as I pulled myself up preparing for another plunge downward.

My juices were now flowing out of me, pouring over Eric's cock, balls and legs. I was soaking my baby with the vaginal lubrication flowing out of me.

I started to cum and I fucked my son. "Oh, Eric, I am cumming again." I screamed. "Eric, Cum with me," I urged.

Eric then pulled me forward, bring our faces together and kissed me. And he held me tight, leaning me forward against his chest and he began fucking me with a vengeance. He was arching his hips, pounding my pussy with powerful upward thrusts, slapping his balls against my ass, forcing wave upon wave of orgasms across my core.

He fucked me violently like this for about 45 seconds, and then he stiffened with one last upward thrust. He held me tightly as his erection throbbed inside of me, pumping rope upon rope of heavy thick semen out. I could feel each pulse and throb of his large erection as he spilled his seed in the latex sheathe that protected us both.

We lay there panting. I could feel the sweat forming on my chest and underarms from the heavy exertion of our passionate love making as I struggled to catch my breath. I knew that my son owned me; I could never deny him anything from that moment on.

We remained coupled together for several minutes, my pussy would periodically spasm on his cock and his cock would respond with a pulsing throb as our private parts continued to 'talk to each other, hugging each other' in this post coital bliss. It was wonderfully intimate. I was completely content and satisfied.

After several minutes. I sat up, and raised myself off the massive, 'still firm' cock that was buried inside of me. His penis made a distinct slapping sound as it fell against his lower abdomen when I dismounted my son.

Oh my God! I look at Eric's naked, unprotected cock in absolute horror. The rubber had broken! The condom had ruptured during our love making! Shit, shit, shit. The latex sheathe was a mere ring around the base of Eric's cock. Eric had pumped my fertile womb full of his sperm.

Damn, damn, damn. My womb was brimming full of potent semen!

I literally screeched, "Eric, the rubber broke!"

"Mom, I did not know. I am sorry. I did not know it broke." Eric seemed to be pleading for forgiveness for something that was not his fault. Instantly he changed from my domineering master to my little boy asking to be forgiven.

"It's not your fault. How could I have been so stupid!" I bolted to the bathroom were I squatted in the tub, trying to squeeze the large volume of semen out of my dilated womb. Large globs did drain out of me, with long strings of semen slowly dripping in long viscous strings from my well fucked cunt.

Eric stood by watching me attempt to squeeze his sperm from my vagina. He obviously did not know how to react, or what to do; so he simply watched.

“Eric get me my douche. It is in the cabinet under the towels,” I said as I pointed. Eric retrieved the beige colored folding bag with the long hose and nozzle already attached.

“Baby, fill it with warm water; not too hot, and bring it to me.” Eric did as he was instructed. He stood by the tub and held the bag for me as I washed my pussy repeatedly trying to rinse away all my son’s sperm from my womb. Eric refilled the large douche bag several times for me.

He watched with intense interest as I tried to wash his invading sperm from my womb.

I did a mental calculation and concluded that it had been 23 days since my last period, I should be past my fertile period, but who knew for sure? I was not very regular.

I cried most of the night, not sleeping much at all. Eric held me all night, and I soaked his chest with my tears as I worried that my sin, and stupidity, could result in me being pregnant with my son’s child. I prayed. Tomorrow morning, I would go to the medical clinic on the local based and evaluate my options.

My Catholic upbringing would not allow me to terminate a pregnancy no matter what the circumstances. Oh, God, please do not let me be pregnant with Eric’s baby. Please....

Coming soon – Chapter 5 – what’s next?