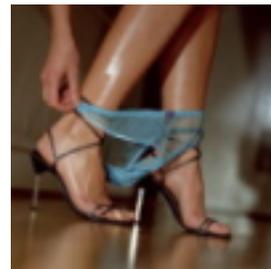


# Chapter 5: Janet's sin - what's next

By submissivemom72

Published on Lush Stories on 10 Jun 2012



*I try to determine how to manage my inappropriate relationship with my son.....*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/chapter-5-janets-sin-whats-next.aspx>

## Previously in Chapter four...

I started to cum and I fucked my son. "Oh, 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 forward against his chest and he began fucking me with a vengeance. He was arching his hips and pounding my pussy with powerful upward thrusts, 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.

We lay there panting. I could feel the sweat forming on my chest and underarms from the 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.

After several minutes. I sat up, and raised myself off the massive and 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.

OMG! I look at Eric's naked, unprotected cock in absolute horror. The rubber had broken! 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 where 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 from my well fucked cunt.

Eric stood by watching me attempt to squeeze his sperm from my vagina.

"Eric get me my douche. It is in the cabinet under the towels." I said with a level of panic, 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.

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.

After doing everything and anything I could think of to wash the sperm from my uterus, we dressed and sat quietly, not speaking much the rest of the night.

I cried most of the night, not sleeping much at all 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....

## **Chapter 5 – what's next?**

I awoke before dawn on Monday morning, overwhelmed with fear, anxiety and guilt.

I got dressed, and went to the pharmacy on the nearby base. As a widow of a soldier killed in action, I still had access to military medical care. I arrived a few minutes before 8 a.m., as the pharmacist was unlocking the front door.

I cornered the pharmacist, an attractivewoman in her mid 40's, and explained that I had a condom 'rupture' during sex and was panic stricken.

I tried to maintain my composure, but as I explained the 'ruptured condom' to her, without giving any indication that it was my son whose penis was deep inside me when the condom ruptured, I started to cry.

There was no one else other than the woman and myself in the base pharmacy at the time, and she stepped from behind the counter to comfort me. She hugged me as I cried, my tears soaking her shoulder. "I feel so damn stupid for letting this happen." I sobbed trying to regain my composure.

"Honey, this is not your fault. You acted responsibly, you were using protection. The condom broke; they do break occasionally. We can take care of this. " she said as she gently rubbed my head trying to reassure me.

She continued, "I can fix you up with emergency contraception that is highly effective in preventing pregnancy. It is simple and safe. But we need to take it immediately. It is a concentrated dose of estrogen and progestin. It will prevent ovulation, and implantation. The only real side effect is you may experience some nausea."

She was kind, and caring. She gave me the single dose pill, which I took immediately at the water fountain in the pharmacy. She then gave me a 180 day supply of ongoing birth control pills.

"But honey, the birth control pills will prevent pregnancy, you still need to use condoms to protect yourself from disease." She advised.

I nodded indicating that I understood, and went over to the aisle where the condoms were stored and selected 3 dozen boxes of the Trojan Magnums; the exact label and type that my deceased husband had left in his dresser drawer and the type that Eric had been using on me this past weekend.

The pharmacist looked surprised at this particular purchase. I tried to discern if it was the fact that I was buying three dozen condoms that surprised her. Was she shocked at my need for 36 prophylactics?

She held up one of the boxes, and after a moments hesitation said, "Honey, I do not mean to pry, but

do you realize these are very large, actually extra large, condoms. They are for a very 'well endowed' man. These will simply fall off a normal sized man. Are you sure you want these, or did you mean to buy regular condoms."

I blushed deeply. "These are what I will need."

A huge smile broke across her face. "Well, you are a very fortunate woman. It takes a very large man to require these. Good for you, honey; good for you! You must be the envy of all your friends."

I could feel my face burning with embarrassment as she referred to the large size of Eric's penis with praise, admiration and envy. I thought to myself how different her reaction would be if she knew that this very large penis belonged to my 17 year old son! Would she still be saying 'good for you honey'? or would she be saying 'you sick, sick woman; you should be in prison'? I suspected it would be the latter.

I was ashamed of what I had done. I was ashamed that I was buying three dozen more condoms in preparation of doing it again, repeatedly. I knew that I should stop this insane nonsense; end this evil debauchery. But I also knew that I could not count on my will power, or Eric's restraint to avoid a repeat.

I do not know about other women, but I seem to be unable to resist a man who has made me cum. I seem to become instantly obsessed with that man; almost as though he has a strange power over me, a power I am unable to resist. I become his. In a very real sense, he owns a part of me from that moment forward. I knew as I was standing there buying these condoms and birth control pills, Eric had that power over me. I was his. I was obsessed. I would try to resist, to deny this powerful attraction I felt towards my son. His ability to produce these powerful orgasms in me provided him a unique power over me. I hoped he would not abuse that power.

I thanked her, and I left the pharmacy. I sat in my car looking at the plastic bag of contraceptives on the passenger seat next to me and tried to process what had happened over the past three days, and what the future held. How did I ever get so damned fucked up that I was allowing my son to enter me?

I arrived home, and decided to hide the bag of contraceptives from Eric. I had bought these as a precaution in case we could not 'resist the temptations' not as a decision to continue this terribly inappropriate relationship.

Eric was gone to school when I finally returned, mid-morning. I placed the condoms in my nightstand drawer. And read the instructions on the birth control pills. I had several hours to kill until I faced Eric

again.

Eric came directly home from school, anxious to assess what the situation was. Eric found me in the kitchen, and was very curious about the events at the pharmacy. I could see the concern, bordering on panic, that was dominating my son's attention. I felt the need to allow him to relax, to assure him everything was going to be OK.

I shared the emergency contraception details with him without sharing the details of the birth control pills or my purchase of 36 'extra large' prophylactics. I assured him that the risk of pregnancy had been removed.

Eric was still a bit shell shocked and was trying to determine if he was 'in trouble' with me, or I was mad at him for the events of the weekend. I felt an overwhelming need to comfort him, to reassure him that he had not done anything wrong; that it was me, not him, who acted inappropriately.

I wanted to touch him, hug him in reassurance, but I was also leery that any contact might lead to another physical encounter; so I remained seated at the kitchen table and reassured him verbally.

We talked for a long time. I apologized repeatedly for my inappropriate behavior while trying to put it in perspective. I tried to explain to Eric, while trying to convince myself, that I was lonely and grief stricken, and turned to the wrong person for emotional and physical comfort.

"Mom, I know you are feeling bad about what happened, but it was not wrong. I needed you every bit as much as you needed me. I wanted you as much as you wanted me. I needed you to need me the way you did. It was beautiful."

I reached across the table and took his hands in mine. "Eric, I know that is what you are feeling right now, and I appreciate you wanting to be there for me, but it was wrong."

I could feel my tears welling up in my eyes, my voice was starting to quiver as I tried to speak calmly. "Eric, I am supposed to protect you and guide you, not become a sexual predator that uses you for my own emotional crutch."

"Mom, that is not how it was. It was beautiful to me. And neither of us used the other. We shared our grief, and expressed our love. And mom, no matter what, I do not want to stop sharing our love; I can't stop. I need to be with you."

I could see tears forming in Eric's eyes as he spoke. It was like someone stuck a knife through my heart at this moment; my baby, my son, was starting to cry as he told me how much he loved me,

how much he needed me, how beautiful he felt our intimate relationship was. Eric's tears triggered the flood gates of my own emotions.

Tears started streaming down both our faces as we held each others hands across the table. Eric stood up, and pulled me to a standing position. I wrapped my arms around his neck and hugged him.

Eric's hand slowly raised up and cupped my breast. There was a brief instant where I knew I should stop this; I knew I should remove his hand from my breast. I paused as I tried to garner the strength to end this encounter before it got too far. But I could not do it. Try as I might, I could not resist my need to be touched at that moment. The temptation was simply too great; the pleasure too enticing. I allowed his hand to caress my breast, knowing full well that it could lead to more inappropriate behavior between us.

My nipple quickly grew erect as his fingers slowly teased and pulled on it through my bra. I just hugged him and sobbed in an emotional release, my tears soaking his chest and shoulder, while I allowed my teenage son to feel me up in the kitchen.

With his other hand, Eric placed his fingers under my chin and raised it. I could see the tears running down his cheeks as I looked into his watery eyes. He kissed me. And despite the desire to prevent a physical encounter tonight, I was helpless. I opened my mouth and accepted my son's tongue as he teased me erect breast with his fingers.

I was sobbing, crying, and yes, growing wet and aroused. I could feel Eric's penis throbbing against my abdomen as we kissed and as he felt my breast. I could feel Eric's tears washing from his cheeks on to mine as he kissed me deeply.

We necked, petted and cried for several moments in the kitchen in an emotional release more powerful than I can describe.

I know this was wrong, very, very wrong; but never has physical contact felt so right, so full of love and genuine affection as this moment did right then. Eric was growing aroused, and I was growing aroused, and we were both experiencing an emotional release of epic proportions with a flood of tears and passion. This was far more than just sexual response; it was far deeper, more intense, and more intimate.

"Eric I love you so much. But we must not continue doing this." I sobbed. But even as I verbally told Eric we should stop, I could not help but grind into his erection slightly. I did not push his hand from my breast. Nor did I resist his probing tongue as he kissed me deeply, and emotionally.

“I love you too Mom; more than you can imagine.” Was Eric’s response, as he started pulling the hem of my cotton t-shirt up, and over my head.

“Eric, we should stop now.” I said, unsure of the meaning of my own words as I raised my arms to allow him to pull my top off, over my head. I stood there in front of my son, wearing a lacy bra that did little to cover the erect nipples of my 34 B-cup breasts.

I was responding to the emotions and the situation; I was not resisting at all. I stood there, boldly, becoming aroused again under my son’s gaze as he stepped back and looked at my bra covered breasts as they heaved slightly with the excitement of the moment.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly slowly, the mood was changing from an emotional release to passionate arousal. Eric reached forward and slowly unbuckled the belt to my shorts, and unsnapped the waist. He slowly lowered the zipper. Eric took his time opening my shorts, giving me ample opportunity to stop him. I did not.

“Eric we really should not do this. I know you want to; I want to as well; but it is wrong.” I did not believe my pleas myself as he slowly pulled my shorts down and I stepped out of them leaving me standing in the kitchen in just my bra and panties.

I looked around and saw that the curtains and blinds were open. Anyone walking up the driveway could glance through the window and see Eric undressing his mother. “Eric the curtains are open. Someone might see us.”

“No one is going to look in here, mom.” He said reaching up with one hand and gently teasing my nipple through my bra.

With his other hand, he guided my hand to his erect penis which was straining to burst through his pants. I felt his boner through the fabric of his jeans, and could not help but moan slightly at the firmness and girth of his erection. “Eric, please, if someone were to see us, I would go to jail. They would send me to prison for what we are doing.”

Eric smiled as though he understood, and stepped away from me, leaving me standing there partially exposed. I could feel the gusset of my light blue panties getting wetter and wetter as my lubrication slowly leaked out of me. Eric walked over to the kitchen windows and closed the curtains and blinds. Suddenly the room was darker with a more sedate atmosphere.

Eric then pulled a chair from the table and sat in front of me. Sitting in front of me, Eric’s face was level with my chest. Eric reached between my breasts and unclasped the hook that was holding my

tiny bra in place, and he pushed the straps off my shoulders and down my arms, allowing the bra to fall free behind me on the floor.

Sitting as he was, Eric leaned forward and took my left nipple into his mouth and slowly sucked on it. I brought my hands to his head to guide my son to my breast as he suckled on me as I moaned with pleasure. I could feel his tongue flicking across the erect nipple as he sucked, and I could feel my pulse beating distinctly in my clitoris as it grew firm and erect in my panties.

As he sucked my nipple, Eric's fingers traced up my inner thigh and found the damp crotch of my panties. Eric started teasing my clitoris through my wet panties. I rocked my hips, humping against his fingers as they slowly explored my vulva. I was now beyond the point of 'no return'; I could not stop even if I wanted to. He had me completely in his control.

As my movements became more frantic, I knew that I could achieve an orgasm from the stimulation Eric's fingers were applying to my clitoris through my panties. Suddenly, I wanted to cum; I needed to cum. I started humping more forcefully. And then Eric stopped.

I could not help moaning in disappointment when Eric suddenly stopped stimulating my clit. I rocked my hips involuntarily against air, frustrated that I had been so close to cumming and prevented from doing so.

"Remove your panties for me, mom" Eric instructed casually.

I nodded my head, and lowered my panties, stepping out of them. "Please hand them to me." Eric instructed. I handed the panties to my son as he requested. Eric looked inside them and smiled. "Your panties are quite wet, Mom."

I nodded, the mild domination and humiliation was striking an erotic cord deep in my psyche'. "Is your vagina leaking because you are turned on?" Eric asked rhetorically.

Eric wanted me to discuss my bodies reaction to his stimulation. I nodded, and said simply, "Yes, Eric, you have me very aroused. I thought I was going to have a climax a moment ago while you were touching me down there." I could feel my face redden and burn with arousal and shame as I told my son how wet he had made his mommy's vagina.

"That's very good." Eric leaned back in the chair slightly, and said, "would you remove my pants for me, Mom? They are feel very tight."

I looked at the huge tent in the front of my son's pants and said, "They look very tight, and

uncomfortable. It looks like you are going to rip right through them."

I knelt down in front of my son. I unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his pants and lowered his zipper. Eric raised his bottom off the seat so I could pull his pants down. His boxers came off with his pants as I pulled them down his legs and over his heels.

Once released, his large penis sprung free and made a slapping sound as it flopped against his abdomen.

Eric pulled his shirt over his head, and quickly discarded his socks as I knelt in front of him. We were both naked now, and his arousal was quite evident from the size and firmness of his erections.

He placed his hands on the sides of my head and guided me forward toward his erect cock. Leaning back as he was, his penis rested on his lower abdomen, reaching up to just under his navel.

The thick veins and the pronounced urethra running up the underside of his cock looked as though they had been chiseled out of marble his penis was so very rigid. He looked to be a little over 8 inches in length and at least 2 inches thick. It was hard to imagine that huge penis would fit inside my tiny little vagina.

Kneeling between his knees I reached up and grasped his erection and pulled it towards my face. Because of the rigidity of his erection, Eric's cock resisted being pulled backwards towards me in this manner;. Pulling it back towards me revealed just how hard and firm Eric was; and the firmness of his erection only served to increase my arousal.

I pumped my fist up and down the thick, heavily veined shaft pulling the skin tight on the downward stroke. As I did this, I could see the tiny slit at the tip of the head peek open at me each time. It was as though his penis was winking at me as I stroked up and down.

I looked up at my son, and asked, "would you like me to suck on this for a moment?"

"yes.....very much.....please suck my cock...." Eric's arousal was apparent in his measured and panting voice as he arched his hips up to encourage me to suck on him.

I kissed the bulbous head several times, before running my tongue around the ridge of his head. I took his penis into my tiny mouth, bringing the head just past my lips and I sucked for several seconds, evoking moans of pleasure from my son.

I removed his cock from my mouth to study it again

“Would you like to cum in my mouth, baby?” I asked as I stroked my tiny fist up and down my son’s shaft. “I will make you cum in my mouth if you want?”

Eric only groaned his approval. I leaned forward, placing the tip of my tongue inside the opening at the tip, trying to drive my tongue as far into his urethra as I could. Eric shuttered as my tongue explored this tiny, very tight little opening. I could taste the distinct flavor of the pre-ejaculation seepage from his rigid cock. I could smell the faint scent of his semen as well.

Eric liked me trying to insert the tip of my tongue into his urethra; he liked it a lot. I returned to sucking on him again, concentrating my tongue on the ridge of his cock's head.

As I sucked the large head of his cock, Eric thrust his hips upward on each down stroke of my fist. For the next several minutes, I licked, kissed and sucked this large thick penis, slowly moving my son closer and closer to his climax. I pumped his cock with my fist while exploring the very sensitive head with my tongue. I knew I was driving him crazy with this intense pleasure.

As his excitement increased, Eric could not help but rock his hips; thrusting upward trying to push deeper into my tiny mouth. I did not try to take him into my throat, but just kept the head in my mouth. I wanted to enjoy my son’s pleasure, and gagging and choking while this large thick cock attempted to wedge down my throat would have removed my own enjoyment. So I concentrated on teasing and stimulating my boy’s erection as I waited patiently for the inevitable eruption of sperm and semen into my mouth.

His moans of pleasure became louder and more intense. I knew my baby was going to cum soon. Eric grabbed my head to hold it in place, as his loins stiffened, and he made large arch upward of his hips.

Instantly, a large, viscous string of semen erupted in my mouth, accompanied by a loud, guttural moan from my baby’s core. Once again, the volume of his ejaculate surprised me. The salty, slightly bitter tasting semen overwhelmed my mouth, but not in an unpleasant way. In a strange, perverse way, I enjoyed ingesting my son’s most intimate nectar. It was both emotionally appealing and satisfying to me.

As I struggled to swallow the viscous mixture which contained my son’s seed, I reflected once again that very few mother’s ever experience this intimacy with their sons. Very few mothers know first hand what their son’s semen tastes like. Very few mothers experience struggling to swallow the large ropes of their son’s cum as it spurts into their wanton little mouths. I always treasured this first swallow of Eric’s nectar as he first erupted into my mouth. The memory of its salty bitter flavor arouses me to this

very day. (I am getting highly aroused as I write this and recall this wonderful memory!)

I 'choked down' the first string of semen. Suddenly, another, slightly smaller stringshot in my mouth. Swallowing this thick viscous string of sperm without gagging or choking is not an easy thing for me to do. It requires my full concentration to avoid gagging or choking. I was committed to swallowing my son's entire load this time; or least most of it.

The volume of Eric's ejaculate was beginning to overwhelm me. I realized that Eric produced a much larger volume of semen than any other man I have ever been with had. I had not completely swallowed the second viscous string of semen when I felt his erection pulse once again, a third time, adding even more sperm to my mouth.

Despite my desire not to waste any of this precious nectar, I simply could not swallow fast enough. I had to pull away, my mouth brimming with my son's semen, as I continued to pump his erection with my fist.

As I fought the volume of semen down my throat, his penis erupted a fourth time; this time only a small, few drops of sperm trickled down the head of his cock and over my fist. The unique aroma of the semen was very pleasing to me.

When I had swallowed the load in my mouth, I leaned forward and kissed the head of his cock. I looked at Eric as I continued to pump his firm cock in my fist slowly and asked, "Baby, do you think you can stay hard for me now? Or should I wait for later?"

"Mom, I can stay rock hard for you as long as you want." Eric said with confident pride. I looked at his rigid cock and knew my baby could do just that.

I thought quickly, I had taken the emergency contraception pill earlier that morning, and with the large dosage of estrogen and progestin in my system now, I was safe from pregnancy, at least for the next few days. I could take my son inside my vaginabareback.

I stood up and climbed on top of Eric as he leaned back in the chair. I straddled his torso and positioned my wet and dilated pussy over my son's large, thick, rigid erection. "Can I put this in my vagina, baby? Would that be OK?"

It still strikes me as peculiar that although I just made my son's cock cum in my mouth and swallowed his semen, and I was preparing to fuck him, I was reluctant to use anything other than medical terms to describe my parts. I do not understand my own reluctance to use the word 'pussy' to describe my vagina; but I had a real reluctance to speak to my son that way. I was still his mother, you know.

Eric smiled, nodded approval and took hold of my hips to help guide me over his erection. I was very wet and dilated down there in response to sucking my son's cock and ingesting his sperm. The thick, bulbous head of Eric's cock slid into my vaginal opening easily. I could take about 4 inches of his length before meeting some resistance deep inside of my vagina.

Straddling my son's torso, I raised and lowered myself pushing more of his intruding erection deeper inside me with each penetration.

I was forcing myself down on his rigid pole, and as I did, I could not help but groan in response to the combination of pain and pleasure of gradually impaling myself on this slightly too large rod that was being forced deep into my core.

It took me five or six tries before I could take all of Eric's meaty penis inside me. By the time I had accommodated the entire rod I was responding to the deep penetration. I knew I was going to be able to reach a climax with my son.

In this position, the large head was rubbing against the front wall of my vagina, pressing into my womb, and stimulating my g-spot. Eric was pushing me backwards, into a sitting position astride him, making the contact of his large cock head against my uterus wall more pronounced. I was not going to last long in this position; I could feel my orgasm starting to build as I moved to grind myself against my son's beautiful cock that was buried deep inside me.

"Oh baby, you are going to make me cum.....you are going to make your mommy cum on your erect penis again...." I was moaning as I felt the climax get nearer and nearer.

I felt the first wave of pleasure crash through my core. "Oh baby, fuck me...I am cumming...." I said as I fucked my son.

Eric leaned forward, and started to stand up as I started to cum, taking me with him, lifting both of us as though I was little more than a light doll impaled on his massive rod. I braced myself on his shoulders and wrapped my legs around his torso and he stood, his erect penis still very, very deep inside me. He did this move almost effortlessly; he was a large, strong man who easily lifted his small, petite mother.

Now in a standing position, Eric was free to rock his hips and pound his dick into my tiny little pussy. He was slapping his dick up into me, sending me bouncing upward and catching me by my hips with his strong hands to position me to be impaled violently once again.

Each sudden, powerful plunge of Eric's rock hard cock into my open, wet vagina impaled my womb with the head of his cock, and sent another wave of pleasure crashing through me. I was bouncing up and down, babbling an incoherent wave of moans, pleas and obscenities as I had one long continuous orgasm.

"Oh...I am cumming baby....oh shit, I can't take it.....oh.....fuck me.....harder.....Oh I need to stop...." I was babbling complete nonsense as wave upon wave of orgasm overtook me. "Baby, can you cum with me? Can you cum inside me?"

With that question, Eric began pounding me harder; actually slamming his hips against me. I knew my baby was preparing to unload inside me as my entire uterus spasmed in orgasmic delight.

"Oh cum for me baby." I hissed. "Pump your mommy full...." I wanted his sperm inside me.

Eric's loins stiffened suddenly and his massive hands held my hips in place as I felt his erection spasm and pulse inside my waiting womb. I knew Eric was erupting inside of me, and I liked it. I liked it a lot.

Some women claim they can actually feel the semen splashing against the walls of their vagina; I cannot. But I could definitely feel the massive pulsing of his erection inside of me as my vagina spasmed, grasping my son's penis in attempt to milk every single drop of my son's seed.

After several minutes of his cock unloading in me, Eric started walking towards the bedroom, carrying me, my legs around his torso, with me still impaled on his cock. I glanced over his shoulder as we quickly walked through the hall to my bed and noticed that the living room curtains were open, and anyone standing directly in front of the house could look in and see my son and me coupled together. For a brief moment I was horror stricken, but no one appeared to be on the street at the moment. I knew I needed to be far more careful in the future. We needed to keep the curtains drawn tightly.

We collapsed on the bed, Eric on top of me, with his erection still deep inside of me. He was remaining firm despite having cum twice in the past twenty minutes. We lay there panting, trying to catch our breathe, sweat dripping from each of us.

"Kiss me." I said. And Eric leaned forward and kissed me deeply and passionately. I squeezed his cock with my vagina and could feel it pulse and thicken inside of me in response.

As Eric's tongue entered my mouth, his penis began moving inside of me slightly. I moaned encouragement and his began sliding in and out of me slowly. My baby was going to fuck me again.....and I was happy and content.

Eric began picking up the pace, and started fucking me, slowly and lovingly. I knew I could not cum again so soon, but I wanted my baby to cum inside me again, if he could.

"Can you get there again, baby? I want you to cum in me again if you can." I encouraged.

It took a while, but finally Eric groaned and stiffened, and ejaculated once again side me. He collapsed, staying inside me and we drifted off to sleep coupled together. Some time later, while we dozed, he slipped from my vagina.

I awoke about an hour later to find Eric probing my vagina with his fingers. It wasoozing with my son's sperm leaking from it. "God mom, you are still so wet!" Eric said in amazement.

I chuckled and said, "Baby, that is from you. That is your semen you left inside me. That is all those tiny little spermies leaking out of your mommy." As I spoke, I could feel Eric's penis stir and start to pulse against my thigh.

"Baby, are you getting hard again? Do you like thinking about your semen leaking our of your mommies vagina?" I teased. His penis throbbed against me again. I smile and said, "I think you do. I think knowing that your mommy's vagina is flooded with your sperm arouses you; doesn't it?"

Eric smiled and nodded. And he rolled me on my back. He was now almost fully erect again. Ah, the wonders of youth. Teenage boys do have a marvelous resilience, don't they?

"Do you want to enter me again? Are you going to add some more to my supply of semen you keep storing inside of me?"

Eric lifted my legs and separated my legs and slowly entered me again, with no resistance; I was still wet and dilated. He was able to slide right in unobstructed. He started fucking me hard, raising my legs over his shoulders, slamming himself inside me.

I started to respond. "Oh baby, that feels good. You are going to get me again. You are going to make me cum." I hissed as I arched up to meet his thrusts. And I did cum again. With my legs over his shoulders, and my ass raised off the bed to meet his punishing, pounding thrusts, I came again and again for my second long continuous orgasm of the afternoon.

As soon as I started to cum, Eric stiffened and unloaded inside me again.

Eric and I were now lovers; there was no denying that, or changing that. He would share my bed as

long as he wished. He would take me when he wanted. I could never refuse him now; I was his, for the rest of my life, I would be available for him; I knew that, and he knew that.

Eric also sensed that I responded to mild dominance and slight humiliation; and he played that card perfectly. He would have me expose myself to him and tell him how my body responded to his touch and stimulation. He enjoyed being able to control me this way. He loved being able to evoke the sexual response that he could from his mommy.

Eric would date, marry and have a family. I would not be jealous. On the contrary, I would be thrilled and pleased for him. I would make sure that his relationship with me did not interfere with Eric pursuing all the normal and wonderful things a teenager should experience.

Some day, when he wanted to end our intimacy, I would accept that willingly, with some sadness. But he would know that I was always here for the taking. And I would always cherish the intimacies we shared.

And I hope and pray that this does not haunt or harm Eric in any way. he assures me it will not, but I do still harbor those fears.

You may think me a monster; perhaps you are right. But my feelings for my son are filled with love more than lust; and it is the most genuinely powerful emotion I have ever had. Please try not to judge me without understanding my feelings and emotions.

And know that I never wanted to harm anyone, especially my son, whom I love more than life itself.  
Janet.