

# submissive mom - chapter 7 and conclusion

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*how does it end?*

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## Chapter 7 - The Conclusion:

And as you would expect, Robert shared my bed with me the rest of the summer. We had fallen into a routine of sorts. Every day, before came home from work, I would insert my diaphragm, even after the pill was supposed to be adequate protection.

I believe we made love virtually every night, often more than once. Even when I was menstruating, Robert still wanted me and had me. I have never been fucked so often or so well in my life. Occasionally, I was met in my kitchen by a naked young man sporting a raging hard-on as I enjoyed my coffee before work. Robert's standard joke became, "May I offer you some cream with that ma'am?" as he entered the kitchen expecting his good morning blow job before I left for work.

Robert's sexual energy and endurance was of mythical proportions. I know he was 19, actually 20 when he left at the end of the summer, but even on an 'age adjusted basis' he had more stamina and drive than anyone I have ever heard about either personally or from literature. Robert continued to tell me it was me that inspired this level of performance. Despite all my misgivings about the nature of our relationship, I found his attention and sexual prowess both flattering and enjoyable on some level. But my massive guilt did not abate.

I came to accept the fact that for him, this was beautiful and proper; and nothing I could ever do we change his mind. For me, it was a matter of dealing with a clear mistake in judgment I had made at the beginning of the summer in a manner that minimized additional harm to my son and our relationship. Yes, I enjoyed the attention, the flattery and the enormously sensual pleasure of our carnal relationship exciting and satisfying, but I honestly believe I would have given all that up if I could return to a time when I was not sleeping with, and being fucked by my son.

About a week before he was scheduled to fly back to the West Coast and return to college, Robert asked, "Mom, now that the summer is over, do you still think what we having been doing is wrong?"

Do you still regret us becoming intimate?”

“Robert, I have enjoyed our intimacy more than you can imagine. You have stirred emotions in me that I did not know existed. You have given me pleasure that I did not think was possible. And you have touched me in places I did not know I had....literally, you have touched me more deeply than I thought possible”.

Robert smiled at the last comment indicating the pun was not lost on him. I paused and then continued, “But baby, yes, I do think what we did was wrong. I do regret letting this happen. I regret not having more control and more restraint than to have let this ‘cat out of the bag’ in the first place.”

My comments, though truthful, obviously hurt Robert. “I wish you did not feel that way, Mom.”

“Robert, after all we have been through, all we have shared and all we have done, I feel that above all we need to be honest with ourselves. And I fear that our intimacy will harm you; if not today, some day. I fear that the events of this summer will interfere with you having the relationships you deserve as a grown man. I fear that our relationship, while being very close and caring, lacks the innocence that a relationship between a mother and son should.”

I took his hands in mine, and said, “And I am so very sorry for any pain any of this ever causes you.”

“Mom, you did not do anything wrong. In fact, you never had a chance. It was me, not you, who made this happen. I was the only one who could have stopped this.”

“No, I am the adult....” I started to interrupt.

Robert stopped me, “Mom, no disrespect, but as intelligent and assertive as you are at work; you are submissive in relationships. Once I realized that you really could not say 'no', that you could not stop and could not resist a strong male that you had strong feelings for, I knew I could have you if I wanted. And I wanted you. You never had a chance.”

After several moments of silence, Robert asked, “Mom, do you think something can be wrong and still be beautiful?”

I pondered his question for several moments before responding, “Perhaps it can. I do not know. I need to think about that. But that does seem to describe what we have been doing.”

To this day, I wonder if Robert is right; did I ever have a chance to avoid this situation? And I still ponder whether something could be both wrong and beautiful.

## Robert's last night of summer

Robert was due to leave tomorrow morning at 8:15 a.m. He called me at work asking if I could get off a little early tonight. I said, "Sure honey, I will try."

I was nervous, anxious, sad and relieved all at once about Robert's pending departure. I did not know what the future held, but we had survived the summer with our relationship intact; actually, we appeared to have strengthened our relationship. Would it last? Who could tell? I would miss him terribly, of that I was sure.

I got home a bit earlier than usual, and was met at the door by Robert who handed me a glass of merlot. Entering the hallway to the living room, I immediately knew Robert had been busy, and tonight would be special. The room was darkened except for about a dozen strawberry scented Yankee candles. On the floor, in front of the couch were the comforter from my bed, covered neatly with a sheet, and several pillows. Robert had moved a portable heat lamp into the room as well. The DVD player was playing one of my relaxation tapes, 'ocean sounds' which was the sound of waves against a background of soft, romantic music.

Before I could enter the living room, Robert took my suit jacket and hung it up. I caught a fragrance that was very familiar, but at first I could not place. Glancing into the kitchen, I could see a pan heating on my stove, and I realized the aroma was coming from this pan of baby oil which Robert was warming. It was clear that Robert planned to make our last night special. God, I loved that boy, even if I had showed it in unconventional ways.

Robert guided me to the living couch, where he sat me down with my glass of wine, and took my foot and slowly removed my dress boot. I was instantly reminded of the evening of our second coupling when Robert removed my boots while his penis was still throbbing inside me following a beautiful orgasm. The memory made my vagina spasm momentarily and I could feel myself growing moist at the very thought of that evening. That was a good memory.

After removing my one boot, Robert raised my leg and peered directly at my panty covered crotch, stared, moaned softly, and said, "You are so very beautiful, mom. I love you so much." I wanted to reach up and hug him, but with him holding me leg up like that, I could not, and just leaned back to bask in the loving attention and admiration of my son.

Robert slowly massaged my foot, calf and leg for several minutes, gently running his hands up my inner thigh occasionally to touch my ever moistening pussy through the gusset of my panties. God, he was a sexy and sensuous man. I finished my glass of wine as he massaged my leg, and set the

empty glass on the table next to the couch. Robert stopped, released my leg and got up to get me another glass.

He returned quickly, handed me my second glass of wine, and took my other foot and slowly removed my other boot, repeating the touching and caressing on my other leg, and paying even greater attention to my now aroused pussy on his strokes up my inner thigh. I was involuntarily rocking my hips in a state of arousal, anxious to be touched more intimately, and loved completely.

I finished my second glass of merlot, and set it down, feeling just the perfect level of alcohol so that I had no inhibitions, and I could bury any guilt I might still harbor for the evening. Robert got up, and started for the kitchen. I tried to stop him, "Robert, come back. I don't need any more wine."

"OK, mom. I am just going to get the warm baby oil from the stove."

He returned with the sauce pan and a kitchen towel. He folded the towel on the coffee table and placed the sauce pan on top of it. Then he took my hand, stood me up and removed my skirt, blouse, and bra; leaving me with only my very moist panties. Robert guided me to lay on my stomach on the sheet atop the comforter on the floor.

Robert turned on the heat lamp, and quickly I felt the warmth radiating from above on my naked back and legs. I was very aroused already. And so was Robert; he removed his tee shirt, and had just his gym shorts on. His penis stuck out from the waist band of his shorts by at least three inches. He looked into my eyes as he removed his gym shorts, freeing his beautiful cock, allowing it to stand freely in front of him. I looked over my shoulder trying to commit this image of my son to memory since I certain could not put this picture in the family album.

Robert knelt beside me, and placed a small amount of the warm baby oil on my back. The feeling was exquisite as he massaged my back and shoulders, taking time to reach around under me to caress the sides of my breast as he worked his way down my sides. I would raise myself up slightly to allow him to contact my erect nipples each time his hands moved towards the sides of my breast. Robert would gently tweak my nipple before continuing with the massage. I was in heaven.

Robert moved down and started at my calves, working his way up my thigh. When he got to the top of my thighs, he took hold of panties as I raised my hips to allow him to remove them. I was now naked in front of my son, basking in the warmth of the heat lamp, responding to his touch, with my mood assisted by a slight alcohol induced "buzz". I was enjoying a feeling of contentment I cannot describe.

Robert, began touching my pussy, which by now was aroused, open and wet. He bypassed the slow, one finger introduction I was used to, and inserted two fingers immediately without any resistance

from my vagina walls. I was already aroused enough to accommodate both his large probing fingers. I moaned into the pillow with ecstatic pleasure and he massaged the front wall of my uterus, touching my g-spot, as he so many times over our summer of intimacy.

I pulled myself up into a slight kneeling position to allow me to rock my hips and arch my back into his probing fingers. I was going to cum any moment just from his touch, I could feel it building inside of me. And then he stopped. I continue to rock my hips, humping at air in frustrated anticipation. I expected, and hoped for, Robert to climb behind me and penetrate me doggy style to finish me off; but he did not.

Instead, he got up, moved one of the straight backed wooden chair from the kitchen into the living room and quickly retrieved a package from behind the couch. 'what the hell was he up to?', I wondered. "Robert, please don't stop, honey. I am so close. Come make love to me." I pleaded in frustration, I looked back at him as I remained on 'all fours', ready and willing to be taken by my son from behind. I started to beg him to come back and fuck me good, fuck me one last time; but I knew that tonight was his night; he planned everything out, and I would go along with his plan.

I looked over my shoulder and watched as he removed a large suction based, phallic shaped vibrator from a plastic bag. I looked at Robert with my best "WTF look". The vibrator was huge (I later discovered it was 8 ½ inches long, and over 2 inches thick), bright red with an oversized head, thickly veined down the sides, with a large suction cup for the base.

Robert twisted the base and the device sprung to life buzzing loudly and vibrating my, rather loudly I might add. The suddenness of the sound startled me. He then turned it off after he got my attention.

"what is this for?" I questioned, really quite concerned about where this 'plan' was heading. Actually, I knew that both Robert's plan, and that large device was heading up my tight pussy; and I was pretty sure that device was not going to fit!

"Mom, we are going to teach you how to please yourself when I am not here to take care of things for you." Robert then placed the large red vibrating dildo on the wooden, straight back chair from the kitchen, holding it in place with the large suction cup bottom.

"Baby, that's not going to fit inside me." I was clearly alarmed, in fact, I was scared.

"Mom, you have taken all of me. I am that big."

I looked at the 2 inch thick, big red dick sticking 8 ½ inches above the seat of the chair for a moment, and I turned to my son and said, "No baby, I don't think you are. You are a very well endowed man,

very well endowed. But son, that thing is huge. I am not a big woman. I think we need to start out with a toy that is a little more reasonable in size.”

I realize by calling Robert ‘son’ instead of ‘baby’ I was taking a more serious, more authoritative tone. For a moment it dawned on me, that I never took this tone to discourage Robert went was first trying to seduce me, and get in my panties at the beginning of the summer. No, at that time it was ‘baby, we can’t do this.....’. I guess I never did try to dissuade him from pushing forward at all, did I? But now I had a more immediate and urgent problem, I did not think I could accommodate that huge toy in my rather tiny pussy; and if I did, my pussy might never be the same.

“Nonsense.” Robert said with confidence. “This will fit just fine.” And Robert twisted the base of “big red”, it started to buzz loudly.

I suddenly remembered something else even more critical. “Robert, I can’t do this right now. I have my diaphragm in place.”

“Does that matter, mom?”

“Oh baby, that thing is so huge, it could damage the diaphragm.”

“Well, mom, take out your diaphragm.”

“Robert, if I do, I need you to promise me that you will not enter me until I have it back in place.”

Robert smiled, “Mom, I promise you, I will not enter you until you can put it back in place. I really mean it. This is for you. Honest.”

OK, this was important to my son; so I decided to give it a go. Hell I have never been able to say no to Robert and stick with it on any subject. I squatted down and removed the diaphragm, and placed it end table next to the couch. The large volume of spermicidal jelly remaining in its concave belly, and some in my belly, I suppose.

But as I approached the buzzing device, I realized there was yet another problem with ‘geometry’ that Robert had not anticipated. The vibrating head was far too high for me to mount from the floor. I was not nearly tall enough to straddle the damn thing in place, on the chair.

Robert tried to have me stand on the chair seat and lower myself down, while he steadied the chair. But it was far too unsteady, and there was no way for me to lower myself on this enormous device without truly ripping my pussy in two. And the scene of me trying was neither sexy nor graceful, I

realized.

I climbed down off the chair. “Baby, this just is not going to work. I can’t climb on that damn thing without really hurting myself. And I mean really hurting myself, baby.” As I spoke, I realized, now that I was back to attempt to comply with Robert’s instruction, I had returned to calling him ‘baby’. I was back in compliance and submissive mode. I was learning some things about myself.

Robert stood and studied the situation for a second, and then his face lit up. “If Mohammad won’t come to the mountain.....”, he said in a moment of epiphany. I saw no reason to correct his obvious misquote here, I had more pressing concerns.

After wrestling the vibrator free of the chair, Robert took me and the vibrator back to the couch. He laid me back, pushed my heels back towards my ass and spread my knees apart. “Mom, hold yourself open for me.”

I reached down, and pulled my vaginal lips open as instructed, realizing that I had lost all semblance of modesty around my son. I was opening myself up in the most obscene manner possible for my son’s gaze and pleasure. Robert placed the head of the huge device at my opening and started to slowly work it in and out, penetrating me about a ½ inch at a time.

“Oh, Robert, be careful. I don’t know if I can do this baby.” I cried out. There was a real sense of panic in my voice. The size of the head definitely scared me a bit. “Not too fast, baby, go slow. My God. I don’t think it is going fit, baby.”

The huge head was stretching me wide open. Maybe, it was because of the texture of the unyielding plastic head just created more friction than a real penis; maybe it was simply larger than Robert was; maybe I simply was not as open, lubricated and aroused as I had been when Robert was fingering me moments before. But, regardless, I was struggling to accept this enormous device in my 39 year old vagina.

It was stretching me to the point that I did not know if I could take it. I part of me wanted to ask Robert to stop before he tore my vagina; but much more of me wanted to do this for my son. I wanted to accept his present inside me.

“Baby, just go easy. You don’t want to tear mommy’s pussy on the last day of summer.” I was reaching around under my legs and pulling myself open as Robert continued the slow assault on my pussy. “Baby, I don’t think mommy’s pussy will ever be the same again after you get that thing in me.” I really meant ‘if’ you get that inside me.

At the same time, there was something arousing about struggling to accept this vibrating demon up inside me.

Then Robert started twisting the dildo slightly as he moved it in and out of me. Suddenly, almost magically, the large head seemed to pass a tight restriction at the very mouth of vagina more easily and slid about two or three inches deeper inside me. I must have dilated a bit more; more than I ever had before.

The twisting motion and the vibrations worked together and I began to start to respond. Once past the first restriction in my vagina, I was far more open and the vibrating head felt good on my inner walls. "Oh, baby, that's it. I think we did it! I think you made it past my opening. It is starting to feel good." I pushed myself down against Robert's thrusts. After his initial 'break through', deeper penetration seemed much, much easier, and enjoyable. My natural lubrication was making the stretching of my tight little pussy enjoyable rather than painful as I had feared moments ago

I started to moan and hump back as Robert began to stroke longer deeper strokes in and out of my fully dilated vagina. I felt an orgasm building when Robert stopped fucking me with the dildo, leaving it vibrating in place. "oh baby, please don't stop. I am almost there." I pleaded.

But Robert pulled me forward, pulling me almost into a sitting position, I was forced to reach down and grab the large dildo to keep it from shooting out of me on to the living room floor. Glancing between my legs, I could see more than 3" of this monster still sticking out of me, indicating I had taken less than 5 inches or so; yet, I felt so very, very full.

As he pulled me to a standing position, I struggled, not to hurt myself by driving the toy too deep, too fast. Standing up, slightly bowlegged, I continued to hold the vibrating tool in place as Robert walked me to the chair which he instructed me to straddle. The vibrator slid out of me slightly. Robert reached between my legs and affixed the suction cup to the seat of the chair as I straddle the chair per Robert's directions.

I was now astride the chair, leaving me with the device deep inside of me. I slowly began to raise and lower myself to push it in and out of me. I started moving up and down only about 2 inches. I felt the strain of my inner thighs as I slowly started fucking Robert's present. I was glad I was in shape.

I was determined to make this happen for both Robert and me. I lowered myself as far as I could, pushing down with a guttural grunt. "Oh baby this thing is so big." Do you have any idea how deep this thing is stuck inside your mommy's pussy?"

"Tell me how deep, mom. How deep is it inside you?" His penis was arching forward in a throbbing

motion, indicating that he found this very stimulating. And as always, his excitement increased mine.

Then it dawned on me that, during our most intimate encounters, often times, I tended to remind Robert that I was his mother. I somehow sensed by his reaction that this reminder served to stimulate and excite him. In fact, I knew from times where he was inside me, the very mention of him being in “his mommy’s pussy” caused his penis to expand and pulse.

I reasoned that if I was in fact going to allow him to do all these many inappropriate things to me, I might as well make the experience as exciting as possible for my son. I mean, what mother wouldn’t? Wait I really do not want to think about that. I suspect very few mothers would do any of the many things I did for my son.

I stood up as high as I could, but that still left about 3 to 4 inches of this huge vibrating phallus inside of me. Then I would lower myself as quickly and far as I dared. Each plunge downward evoked another involuntary grunt. But each plunge down gave me a shot of pleasure deep into my womb that encouraged me to try to go a little faster, and a little deeper next time.

“God mom, you are taking so much of that inside you. You are so damn sexy, mom. I love you. I love you. Thank you for doing this for me.”

My baby knew I was fucking this huge toy for him. And I was going to make myself cum for him. I was going to show that him I could.

“Do you have any idea how deep this thing is stuck inside your mommy’s pussy?” I was amazed myself I was taking it as deeply as I was.

“Tell me how deep, mom. How deep is it inside you?” His penis was arching forward in a throbbing motion, indicating that he found this very stimulating. And as always, his excitement increased mine.

I plunged myself downward again. I pointed to my abdomen, an inch or tow above my navel. “Baby, I feel it all the way up to here.” Robert’s penis pulsed as I pointed to my belly.

“Baby, come here. Let momma help you with that.” Balancing myself by placing my hands between legs, pushing down on the wooden seat which the vibrator’s suction cup was attached to give me leverage as I rode myself closer and closer to orgasm with each plunge.

Robert walked over to me and presented me with the finest penis, the most beautiful erection I will ever see. Holding his stiff rod with one hand, as I continued to balance myself with my other hand, I took his rigid penis into my mouth as I pushed as deep as I could the vibrator.

“God mom, you are taking that entire vibrator.”

“ I know baby.” I moaned as I pulled his erection into my mouth. I started bouncing more rapidly and more violently, sensing my orgasm was imminent and, at this point, unavoidable. I was going to cum for my son, there was no stopping me now. Each stroke caused me to groan loudly around Robert’s penis which was pulsing on my tongue and lips.

“Oh, baby, I am cumming.” I said taking Robert from my mouth just long enough to convey the message. It must of have been the excitement of my orgasm that triggered Robert’s.

“Oh God, mom, so am I.” and I felt and tasted the first of a series of eruptions from Robert’s throbbing penis. I sucked, and I swallowed, and I sucked some more as I continued to impaled myself as deeply as I could on ‘big red’. I felt like I was placing my entire weight on this vibrator, pushing it as deep as it would go. There was simply no more room in my uterus. I was bottomed out. I swallowed three times and Robert’s penis was still dribbling his semen into my mouth. I continued to softly suck him in order to not lose a drop. I realized that the only semen I had ever tasted was from my son’s loins. I doubted I knew anyone else who could make that claim.

With my breasts heaving and while holding Robert’s penis by my face, I stopped my up and down movement, and I asked, “OK, Robert, how do I get off this thing?”

“Lean forward and break the suction.” I did as Robert instructed, leaned forward and the suction cup released with a large ‘pop’. I caught the vibrator as it squirted out of me and fell forward between my legs.

Robert came over, led me to the comforter on the floor, and laid me down. With my legs bent, Robert placed my heels back towards my ass and gently spread my knees. He bent forward and gently kissed and then sucked my clitoris. I was very sensitive, having just cum, “Baby, be gentle, I am too sensitive right there. Just fuck me, baby.” I looked down and saw his penis throbbing up and down, and I pulled him forward.

He entered me easily, my pussy still wet, aroused and dilated from the vibrator. Robert’s huge cock met little or no resistance. I wrapped my legs around his midsection as he slowly, and lovingly fucked me. He was growing firmer as he stroked in and out of me slowly, and I was enjoying the loving sensations he was creating inside me.

As I pulled him close for a kiss, I happened to glanced over, and there on the table....OMG!

“Oh shit, Robert, ....shit, shit, shit,....baby, you have to pull out.” I said in a panic, having seen my diaphragm on the end table. “Baby, please, pull out, I need to put my diaphragm back in place.”

Robert stopped mid stroke, puzzled at first, then realizing what I was saying. He suddenly got a strange smile and just remained motionless for one or two seconds. “Say pretty please...”

“Pretty please, Robert, pull you dick out of me now!” I really was not amused.

He Robert chuckled and, after a moment, did just that; he withdrew from me as my pussy made a loud slurping sound as he exited me, trying to hold him in place. “Had you nervous, didn’t I?” he quipped.

“As a matter of fact, yes, you did a little bit. You little shit.” Said as I got up and retrieved the diaphragm and inserted it.

“Now come here and finish what you started, young man.” as I leaned back in my most provocative pose, legs apart. Robert climbed back into position, and entered me. Robert stroke in and out of me for a long time. Having just cum in my mouth, he had no urgency in reaching another orgasm this quickly. He made slow, gentle love to me for 20 to 30 minutes as I wrapped my legs around him and ‘spurred him on’ with my heels on his ass.

As he fucked me, it dawned on me that he was leaving in the morning.

Robert hugged me deeply and then headed for security. I was crying quietly as he walked away. I knew then, as I know now, I will never have this level love, tenderness or intimacy with anyone else no matter how long I live. The summer was over, and we had survived, but I had a profound sense of loss and loneliness at that moment.

### **Epilogue:**

Yes, when Robert left, I was filled with an incredible sense of loneliness, and loss. There was a profound emptiness in my life, and in my bed. Certainly, I missed the sexual excitement and pleasure; but I missed sharing my bed with him and cuddling through the night even more. I tried to meet my sexual needs through masturbation; however, my libido dropped dramatically, I was able to achieve limited success with my own hand.

I was pleased that Robert resumed his schoolwork without any problems. He and I would talk on the phone weekly. I learned that Robert was dating several young women at school. His grades were good and everything seemed to have stabilized for him nicely.

Every Friday evening, Robert would call me and try to engage me in phone sex using the vibrator he gave me and the hands free headset. Robert, like most young males could “spank the monkey” under almost any circumstance with success. On the other hand, (literally), it would take several glasses of wine to get me to relax enough to even consider mounting ‘big red’ and even with Robert’s best efforts over the hands free headset, my ability to achieve an orgasm was a rare occurrence.

On a few occasions, when I seemed to be at the peak of my cycle and my libido was at its height, and Robert was verbally arousing me with memories of our most cherish and sensual encounters, I did cum. And while very enjoyable, it still left me feeling a bit empty and unfulfilled. Robert certainly enjoyed our verbal long distance foreplay, and was disappointed when I could not achieve an orgasm during these games. In fact, I got in the habit of doing something I had never done previously, I occasionally faked orgasms on the phone with my son.

I felt that my inability to cum might be my punishment for the sins I committed with Robert this summer. In truth, I would have accepted that fate as my punishment; however, I feared that ultimately, my punishment could be much, much worse. Some of you might think this fear of punishment is silly; but I have 12 years of Catholic education where the nuns indoctrinated me into the concept of sin, guilt and punishment. And it was in that context that I viewed the world and my many sins.

One day, out of the blue, following a failed attempt to get me to climax over the phone, Robert directed me to an internet porn site that had volumes of stories on various sexual variations. “Mom, I found an interesting internet site that I want you to visit, I want you to read some of the stories on incest. It may put what we did, what we shared in a more appropriate context. It may help you realize that we are not as unique, not as perverted as you seem to think.”

After much discussion and at Robert’s insistence, I agreed to visit the site. There was a whole list of various sexual deviations listed. I really did not know such sites existed. There were categories of stories on bondage, wife swapping, exhibitionism, lesbian stories, gay stories, love stories, and stories about toys and devices. And yes, there was section on incest. Most of the stories dealt with father-daughter, or brother-sister relationships. Some were well written, most were not.

I was a bit surprised at both the number of stories and the interest this taboo subject seemed to garner. And while some of the better written stories were stimulating, my attempts to masturbate to them were still not successful.

Next time when we spoke, Robert asked if I had visited the site, I said that I had.

“You see mom, there are a lot of people out there in the same situation as us. There are a lot of people who have relationships similar to ours.”

“Robert, those stories are fiction. They are somebody’s fantasy. These things did not actually happen. They are very different than what we actually did. Even the site itself says that they are all fiction, all fantasy.”

Robert was slow to answer, “Are you sure about that, Mom? Are you sure that these stories are all fiction? Don’t some of the better written ones ring kind of true? Do you think someone could make up all that stuff if none of it happened?”

I still was not convinced, but I had to concede, I did not know what was fact and what was fiction; and I still do not.

About a month later, Robert made a peculiar request, “Mom, I want you to do something for me, for us. I want you to write our story and submit it to Lush Stories. I want you to write it as accurately and truthfully as you can.”

After much prodding, I agreed to think about it. In subsequent conversations, Robert asked me several more times if I had started on our story. I told him honestly, that I had made some attempts, but I just could not bring myself to write our story, at least not yet. I promised that I would continue to consider the idea, and that if I ever got to the emotional place where I could pen our story, I would.

Update:

It was June 2010, when that fateful night occurred and I stumbled on to Robert masturbating in my living room. I do not seem to be able to remember my relationship with Robert before that date very well. Robert is due to graduate this May, and his life seems to be heading towards a perfect ‘story tale’ ending. He is engaged to a wonderful young woman, whom I met this past Christmas when Robert came to visit. I gave them my bedroom, and I slept on the couch for the 8 days they were here.

As you might expect, with Robert’s fiancé’ here, Robert and I were never physically intimate during his visit. I truly am glad for that fact, and for the fact that he seems happy and in love with this fine young lady. I must confess, before Robert’s arrival, I did resume taking the pill and I had my diaphragm in place each night in the unlikely event that Robert tried to pay me a midnight visit. These precautions proved unnecessary. Is it possible to feel sad and happy about the same development? I did.

After Robert left, I decided to complete the writing of our story, as Robert requested. It feels like writing this allows me to close this chapter of my life. I allowed Robert to read and review my writing; he made some comments, which I have included.

I love my son more deeply than ever. I hope and pray that he finds happiness, and that I can be forgiven for my weaknesses and sins. Nonetheless, these are cherished memories for me, and they always will be.

### **Robert's comments:**

Since Mom wrote this at my encouragement, and insistence, she allowed me to read and comment on it before finalizing "our story". I do not know if Mom will ever submit this story for wider reading, but I hope she does. If she does, I do not know if she will include my comments. But these comments are written more for her than they are for other readers. So I will break this into two parts, one to my mom, and one to the readers, if mom ever decides to publish this work (which I hope she does.)

Notes to Mom:

Mom, I think you captured the events that you and I shared very accurately. And you managed to understand much of my frame of mind very well. You are correct, I never did, and still do not, think there was anything wrong, evil or sick about the beautiful moments and experiences you and I shared.

On the other hand, I think you have been far too hard on yourself. You neither initiated any of these events, nor could you have stopped them even if you tried. And yes, many times you tried. I have tried to make you understand this over the past two years, so now I will try in writing. Maybe if you have some time to read and re-read my thoughts and feelings you will begin to accept them as true.

You are the most beautiful, giving and loving woman I have ever known (including my fiancé whom I adore). You do not have it in yourself to deny those you love any affection.

When I arrived at your apartment in June, two years ago, I knew I was going to push the boundaries with you all summer. I did not know how successful I would be, but I had plotted, in my own mind, several plans to share some level of sexual experiences with me. The masturbation on the couch, and what followed was just one of many plans I had hatched.

I should not have done it, but I could not fight my obsession. Yes, I was obsessed with you. The only way you could have kept me 'in line; would have been to become so harsh with your admonishments, that you would have felt that you were jeopardizing our relationship; and this was something I knew

you could not do.

You have often asked me if I had any regrets as you spoke of yours. I have always told you that I had none. That is not entirely true. I regret not being more sensitive to the guilt you might experience as I pushed you into a physical relationship that you did not seek. I convinced myself that the sexual pleasure I gave you was sufficient justification for the minor pangs of guilt you experienced. I knew what I wanted, and I rationalized everything else. I guess that's what kids do, huh? They typically do not think too much about how their actions will affect their parents. So I am sorry I was not more considerate of your needs.

I love you very much. I really do believe I love you even more deeply and on more levels because of the intimacy we shared. And I will treasure those most intimate moments.

To the readers (if you ever see this):

I know you probably think I am a selfish jerk. Honestly, you are not far wrong, at least I was. In my defense, what teenager isn't? And what teenage boy does not convince himself that providing the object of his affections with sexual pleasure and sexual fulfillment is adequate to offset any emotional harm he may cause her? Yes, we are all jerks. Some of us grow to be decent men, but we all start out as jerks.

The difference is that, in most cases, the object of our affections is not our mother. Or at least we do not actively pursue our mothers as I did. But I did, and do love her. I loved her deeply and my pressuring her sexually really was an expression of my love. It was an immature, selfish way to express my love, but make no mistake, I felt as deep and passionate love for her as any man could feel for any woman. And I still do.

My life is going very well. My intimacy with my mother has not harmed me in any way. I will graduate from college in May, and I am now engaged to a wonderful girl. We plan to be married this summer. She is a sophomore in electrical engineering at the college I attend. Elizabeth is intelligent, beautiful, witty, charming and athletic. And she is tall; unlike my mother who is something under 5 ft. 4 inches, Elizabeth is 5 ft. 11 inches. (So I am not marrying a look-a-like model of my mom!)

I chose not to tell Elizabeth about my experience with mom. I do not think I ever will. Keeping this from Liz does trouble me in the context that she has been so open with me. I have wondered why despite Liz sharing her experience with me, I am reluctant to share my experience with mom with Liz.

I have some theories. One is that it is so precious a memory that I want to keep it for mom and me. Another is that I fear that if Elizabeth knew about my intimacy with mom, it might interfere with Liz and

mom forming a relationship, or Liz might feel threatened by mom. In event, this is a part of me that will remain strictly between mom and me. (So you can relax, mom!)

During the Christmas visit, mom and I time did not have any opportunity to be alone and be intimate. Who knows what opportunities will exist in the future? But I will admit, mom's comments that she will resume taking the pill, and have her diaphragm in place during Elizabeth's and my next visit pleases me; a lot. I like the fact that mom does not quite know when and where I will get her the next time.  
Robert.

Note: These stories, as all stories dealing with incest on Lushstories, are works of fiction.