

Being Taught a Lesson Part 1

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Mom teaches her daughters a lesson about sex

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Being Taught a Lesson

There can't be anything worse than being 18 and having your mother catch you fucking your boyfriend right? Wrong. Mom caught us all right, But she not only caught me, but she caught my cousin, Ann, too. We were Both in my bed, with my boyfriend. She walked in just after Jim came in Ann's pussy, and Ann continued to suck my clit for about 10 seconds before she was aware that, as she put it, "the jig was up".

Mom was pretty cool, since we were both 18, and Jim was 20. But she made Jim leave, and then told us to meet her in the living room after we got ourselves dressed. Mom and Dad divorced when I was eight, so she had taken the time to explain sex to me at an early age, and even get me on "the pill" when I turned 15, telling me that she wasn't condoning sex at an early age, but she knew all too well what urges would be stirring within me. Mom was only 17 when I was born, and she didn't want me to go through the same things. Now, I was afraid that her "cool" would evaporate, having seen me let Ann lick my pussy.

She started out tell us that she thought we were being reckless, and that we should be old enough to know how to protect against being "discovered" like that. She went on about having "unprotected" sex, even though she knew Ann was on the pill. Her cool had gone, but she wasn't really pissed off, just a little bit irritated. We were told to go to our rooms, and Ann went into the guest room, while I plopped on my own bed. Mom had said something about figuring out the proper "punishment" to "teach us a lesson". I was too young to be sentenced to dish pan hands, and the idea of spending my summer dragging around a vacuum cleaner and washing windows didn't appeal to me either.

I heard mom make a few phone calls from the front of the house, and then go into her study. The clacking of her computer keyboard could be heard, and then the printer' s buzzing. Not long afterwards we were called into the hall, and mom gave us a couple of forms and ballpoint pens. "Answer these questionnaires, honestly! I'll give you thirty minutes." she said. The way she emphasized the word "honestly" made me curious. We were sent back into our rooms, alone, to answer the questions.

The form was a sex-quiz, and I thought that she was trying to see how much we knew. The first few were easy. "Have you ever had intercourse? If so, how many times (approx)." Then, "Do you masturbate? If so, how often?". As I went down the list, answering somewhat honestly (yes, more

than 10, yes, twice a week, and so on), I stopped at the next few questions.

"Have you ever put anything in your rectum? What?"

"Have you ever had anal sex? How many times? Did you like it?"

"Have you ever had oral sex? Give or receive? Did you like it? Why?"

"What is your favorite position? Why?"

"What is your favorite sexual fantasy (briefly)?"

"Have you ever had sex with another woman? Did you like it?"

"Have you ever had sex with more than one or two people at a time?"

You get the idea. There were almost thirty five questions, and with just thirty minutes, you had to answer truthfully, or say no to them just to get through them all.

Mom lied. We got forty minutes. She collected the forms and told us to wait in our rooms. About ten minutes or so later, she called Ann into her bedroom and talked to her for about fifteen minutes. Then she called me in, with Ann returning to her room, looking sheepish.

"Darling," Mom began, "I'm glad you enjoy sex, but you need to know how to treat it. It's not the most important thing in the world you know."

I nodded. She told me that sex was fun, and that sex and love were two different things, but sex WITH love was the best. I nodded again. Then she handed me one of the forms and told me to read it. I did, and quickly noticed that it was Ann's left-handed scripted writing.