

A Morning With My Son, Marcus

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After all of Michelle's stories, Keisha succumbs to her incestuous thoughts and seduces her son.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/a-morning-with-my-son-marcus.aspx>

Author's Note: "This story can stand on it's own, but I'd read my story, "My Loving Son, Shawn" to see Michelle tell Keisha about a night with her son Shawn, which is the genesis of this story."

A Morning With My Son, Marcus

I entered my son Marcus' room in a bra and panties set covered by a robe after hearing his alarm clock blare for about five minutes. Turning off the alarm, I lay eyes on my seventeen year old. His dark brown skin reminded me of his father; the bastard that left us for some woman he worked with, but I always my baby boy in my corner and he was enough.

"Mmmm," I thought looking at his body. My panties began to moisten as thoughts of incestuous delight came to my mind.

"Dammit Michelle," I said softly.

A co-worker of mine and one of my best friends, Michelle informed me some time ago that she was having a sexual affair with her son, Shawn. She would come to work and tell me about her exploits with him. I was disgusted, but also intrigued at the same time. Her tales were steaming hot and my panties would get moist like they were now.

"Wake up Marcus," I said shaking him a bit.

His eyes fluttered opened and Marcus gave me a smile.

“Morning Mom,”

“Morning Marc,” I replied rubbing his forehead a bit. “Your alarm clock's pretty loud you know.”

“Not loud enough if you had to come,”

We embraced each other and my arm made contact with Marcus' morning wood. My pussy jolted a bit. Marcus was carrying a thick, long love stick between his legs.

“Sorry Mom,” He said in embarrassment feeling the pressure of my arm.

“It's okay, babe. It's normal,” I told him.

Marcus and I were very open with each other. We couldn't be again but due to the fact that I had to be his mother *and* father. We had every conversation a parent and child could possibly have except for the birds and the bees. Marcus was kind of a late bloomer. Even though his body showed the signs of oncoming manhood, Marcus shied away from the topic of sex, but all of Michelle's stories in my head, I was beginning think maybe I could not only talk to him, but show him a few things as well.

“No! What are you thinking? That's your son, Keisha,” My mind screamed to me.

I left Marcus alone in his room to make him some breakfast, but also to let my son take care of himself.

Fifteen minutes passed and I was almost finished making Marcus' food. I wasn't like him to stall when I made him breakfast.

“How long does it take to masturbate?” I asked myself before making my way back to Marcus' room.

Reaching his room I found Marcus masturbating, but what else I saw shocked me. Marcus had his cock in his left hand and a pair of my dirty panties in the other. He sniffed my panties and stroked himself.

“Mmmm. You want this cock Mama,” He moaned.

I swore for a second that he was talking to me, but his eyes were closed which told me he was fantasizing. Watching Marcus touching himself turned me on greatly. My hand found the inside of my panties.

“Yes baby. I want that cock,” I said fingering my wetness.

Cum gushed from Marcus' dick just as my own orgasmic fluid flooded from my love core.

Marcus opened his eyes and saw me standing there.

“Mom?” He said in utter shock upon seeing me. He sat there frozen, my panties still in his hand.

“Wait right there,” I told him.

In a matter of moments I went to the bathroom, got a washcloth, and returned to Marcus' room.

“I'm so sorry Mom,” He began to apologize for what my eyes had just saw.

“Just be quiet,” I told him, beginning to clean the cum off him.

I smiled at him. “You weren't even doing it right,”

My son's cock began to harden again at my touch. After I finished cleaning him, my hand wrapped around his dick, stroking up and down while using my thumb and index finger to rub the the sensitive head.

“See how my Mommy's doing it?” I said becoming wetter by the second. “This is how you pleasure yourself, Marcus.”

After Marcus got good and hard, I lay beside him on his bed and untied my robe.

“So you like sniffing my panties?”

“Yes,”

“Then sniff my panties, baby,”

Marcus got in between my legs and took a long smell of my panties. I pushed my panties to one side and asked, “Can you lick pussy?”

My baby boy nodded and dove for my cunt, licking all over the place. It felt good, but he needed a bit of instruction.

“Oooh. That's good baby, but stop a minute. Follow what I say, okay.”

Marc looked up at me waiting for my words.

“Focus on my hole baby. Stick out your tongue and lick the pussy like you would lick ice cream.”

Marcus did exactly what he was told and it felt so good that I held his head in place.

“Ah! Ooooooh! Oh shit...that's a good boy. Lick my pussy! Make Mama cum!”

After about five minutes of Marcus licking my pussy, I came all over his face.

“Fuck my cunt Marcus...Mommy knows you want to.”

In this department, Marcus had now problem. He inserted his thickness into my womanhood. It felt like heaven. My son pumped in and out of me with his cock.

“Ooooh! God Marc! You're making Mama feel so so good right now.”

“You like my cock Mom?”

“Yes! Yes! Don't stop! Please Marc, don't stop!” I purred feeling my vaginal walls tighten around my son's manhood. Soon after I came hard all over him.

“Oh, that was so good, Mom,” Marc said holding me.

“Yes it was baby,” I said with a satisfied smile.”I still have your breakfast downstairs,”

Marcus smiled back at me. “I could eat now,”

I slid my panties back on, tied my robe together, and stood up. “I love you baby. I got to get ready for work now,”

“Okay Mom,” Marcus replied.

I went to my room and began to get dressed thinking only of what I was gonna tell Michelle when I got to work.