

A Mother's Sin – Chapter 2

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I allow my son to enter me...

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Gary and I were in a hotel room and he was masturbating as I watched.

I lay on my back, silently; my fingers found my clitoris. In the dark silence of the room, I began slowly rubbing small circles on my erect and sensitive nubbin. I needed a release. If I could keep from moaning, I felt that I could achieve my orgasm without Gary detecting what I was doing.

After just a minute or two, I heard Gary stir. He got up and approached my bed. I froze, not sure what he was doing, not sure how to react.

Gary started to climb into bed with me. I could see his silhouette against the glow of the parking lot lights through the curtains covering the window. He was still naked. His semi-erect penis swayed boldly in front of him as he approached me. "Baby, what are you doing?" I asked with a slight panic in my voice.

"I want to be close to you, mom. I want to hold you and cuddle with you before we go to sleep," he replied as he climbed under the covers.

"Oh baby, that is not a good idea. We have already done things we probably should not have done. We are asking for trouble if we sleep in the same bed." My voice did not seem convincing to even me. I was trying to be good; but I knew this was a very dangerous moment. My heart pounded in my chest with fear and excitement.

"I just want to hold you for a moment, mom. I will go back to my own bed before we fall asleep." It sounded innocent, but we both knew it was not. My fingers were still touching my clitoris, but my movements had stopped as I processed what was happening. I said nothing.

I was still wearing my t-shirt, but nothing else.

Gary's naked form slid under the covers next to me. Not sure what to do, or how to react, I slowly

turned on my side, placing my back towards my son. Gary moved in to spoon me, draping his arm around me. He pulled me close; I could feel his penis begin to throb to life against my bare backside. I felt paralyzed, unable to move. Gary moved his hand down my shoulders and arm, massaging and rubbing my arm and shoulder, slowly encroaching on the side of my breasts.

I felt dizzy, confused, unsure of what to do; actually not even sure what I could do. "Gary, you must not do this. Please, this is not right." My voice cracked as I spoke. But I did not try to remove his hand. And I did not lower my arm to block his access to my breast. I just laid there motionless, allowing my son to stroke the side of my breast.

"Mom, it is okay. I just want to be near you, to touch you. I love you so much." And I knew he did. I could feel the love in his voice and his touch. And I was deeply in love with my son too.

I did not respond, silently trying to determine what I should do. Gary's hand slowly, tentatively slid down the side of my breast on top of my cotton t-shirt, and found my very erect nipple. He began to fondle my nipple through the cotton material as I tried to stifle my moan.

"Oh baby, please, don't..." I said in a weak protest. I brought my hand up and took hold of his fingers which were teasing my nipple. I intended to remove his hand from my breast, but I didn't. I simply held his hand in place against my breast. I could not seem to muster the strength to actually pull his hand from my breast; the contact was simply too pleasurable. I could not bring myself to make him stop. God forgive me, I needed my son's touch at that moment.

Gary slowly started to move his hand away from my breast, down my flat, tight stomach. I grabbed his hand and held it, preventing him from reaching his target. Gary then simply said, "I love you mom. Please let me touch you. Please."

"Oh Gary, I can't. It is not right. We can't do this," I said, almost crying, my voice shaking.

"Please, mom. Please."

I remained silent for fifteen seconds or so. In a strange way, I felt like I was not even in control of my own body; I felt like I was outside watching this surreal situation unfold. I felt that I was more of an observer than a participant.

I slowly released his hand despite knowing we should not do this. And as I released Gary's hand, I knew that I was going to permit my son to touch me, to touch me in the most intimate manner, in a manner that sons should never touch their mothers.

Gary found the hem of my t-shirt and slowly slid his hand underneath to explore the area between my thighs. My son quickly discovered that I was not wearing any panties and that my vagina was wet and unprotected.

He found the wet opening of my vulva and from there, his fingers move up slightly where he discovered my stiff and erect clitoris. I could not help but moan as he gently rubbed my clit. I parted my legs slightly to allow him better access. His penis pulsed harder into my backside.

It had been months, many months, since I had been with a man, or been touched like this. I was responding like a woman who had been starved sexually.

I knew I shouldn't be allowing any of this, but God help me, I felt powerless to resist. I wanted, no, actually, I needed his touch. His fingers moved from my clitoris to my vaginal opening, and he inserted two fingers inside of me. From this angle, reaching around in front of me from behind me, he was only able to enter me a couple of inches but he was stimulating the opening of my vagina.

My vagina was opening, dilating wider and wider. His fingers and my vulva were making a distinct sloshing sound, making my lubrication leak out of me.

I could smell the faint aroma of my arousal as my lubrication coated my vulva and upper thighs. Could Gary also pick up on my scent?

I was clutching my pillow while rocking my hips, and moaning. Gary removed his fingers briefly and rolled me on my back. He then climbed between my legs and opened my vulva again with his fingers. He had a completely unobstructed view of my vaginal opening. From this position and this angle, his fingers were able to penetrate me much more deeply.

Gary soon had two fingers inside me, massaging my womb. His fingers were curled forward, rubbing the front wall of my uterus, touching my g-spot, driving me closer and closer to my orgasm. I was hugging the pillow to my chest, moaning loudly as I humped against his probing fingers buried deep inside me. I knew I was going to cum, and I needed my release.

After several minutes of taking me to the brink, Gary suddenly withdrew his fingers from my pussy, and stood up. I had been on the verge of a massive climax, just moments away from cumming violently with Gary's fingers inside me. I cried out in frustrated desperation as he removed his fingers.

I wanted to cum; I needed to cum. I wanted him to finish the job he had started. I cried out in frustration, "Oh baby, don't stop. Please, touch me....I am so close....please finish me off...." my voice shaking in frustrated excitement.

I was begging my son to finger me again. Gary knew how close he had me. I could feel my face, neck and chest burn as they reddened with my shame.

I lay there panting, my breasts heaving; frustrated by being so close, but denied my release by my son. Despite the fact that Gary was no longer touching me, I continued rocking my hips involuntarily, humping against the air in frustrated arousal as I could feel my juices leaking out of me. I needed a release. I wanted him to resume touching me; to finish me!

I glanced down to see that Gary had an unobstructed view of my gaping pussy as knelt between my legs. My wetness was visible as it leaked out of me. I could smell the faint scent of my arousal, as could Gary. I was in heat. He had aroused me more than I could ever remember. I was his.

Kneeling between my legs, Gary studied my wet opening with interest; and his erection waved proudly in front of him, rigidly pointing up. I could not deny the attraction I felt at that moment for this incredibly attractive young man....who also happened to also be my son. I think I would have done anything for him at that moment; he owned me!

Gary climbed forward, and took the pillow from my clutches, tossing it aside. He leaned towards me, and he kissed me deeply and passionately, exploring my mouth with his tongue. It was our first kiss as lovers. It was tender, beautiful and passionate kiss. He parted my lips with his tongue, I opened my mouth to accept his probing tongue as I felt his erection pressing firmly against my vulva. I will never forget that kiss, and the intimacy surrounding it. It is the most passionate, memorable kiss of my life. I will cherish that moment, when Gary and I explored each others mouths with our tongues for the first time, with his penis pressing firmly against my clitoris, forever.

Our tongues played tag, like love struck teenagers for several minutes as I humped my vulva against his erection. I was in love...as perverse as it sounds, I was in love with my son. (and I still am.)

He broke our passionate kiss for an instant to say, "I love you so much, mom," and then resumed kissing me, exploring my mouth with his tongue.

It had been so very long since I had been kissed passionately like that. Despite the fact I knew all of this was terribly wrong, I kissed him back with all the passion I had. I do not ever remember being so aroused, or so in need of a release.

Slowly, he started to position his hips so that his head of his erect penis was searching for my opening. I felt the head of his rigid cock bumping against me, searching anxiously for its home. I felt his penis was pulsing against the outer folds of my vagina, searching for a home.

I was beyond any reason at that moment, totally consumed by frustration and lust. I wanted him to take me, to impale me with his large boner, to fuck me deeply and totally. I was about to allow my son to enter me; to couple with me. I was prepared to let my son fuck me.

Then suddenly I remembered that I was not on any birth control, just as Gary was about to enter me! Oh, my God, I could not let this happen! As much as I wanted my son to take me, this was a risk we could not take.

Momentarily shocked back to reality from the pressure of his cock head moving to the inner folds of my vulva, I lifted my hips and recoiled. I was struck by the panic of knowing my boy was going to try to fuck me “bareback”. And, I had almost let him do so.

“No! Gary. Baby, no! We definitely cannot do that.” I was emphatic. I found an assertive tone I had previously not been able to summon.

“Relax, mom. It will be fine. I promise,” he said arching his pelvis up in another attempt to enter me. Despite my trying pull away from him, his large boner was finding its way into the first folds of my outer lips.

I pulled away again from Gary’s searching viper as it sought to enter me. “No, baby. I am not even on the pill. You cannot fuck me. You just can’t.”

Gary tried to calm and reassure me. “Mom, I won’t cum in you. I promise. I just want to be inside you for a moment.” And he began to press forward again. I could feel the head of his penis searching again, only this time he found my opening. My wetness was making entry far too easy.

I try to resist again, but pinned on my back as I was, I was only able to move slightly. The head of his penis was inside my vulva, barely inside me; but inside nonetheless.

“No baby. Not like this. Please, not like this.” I was almost crying now. The panic and fear were evident in my every word. I did not know if he could stop himself at this point.

“Gary, please. At least use a condom. Please son, it will only take a second. Then you can have me, I promise.”

Tears were starting to stream down my cheeks as I feared my son was too aroused to think rationally at this moment; I feared he would take me unprotected. I was praying he would come to his senses as I felt his throbbing erection pulsing just barely inside me.

With the head of his penis at the very opening of my vagina, actually just inside me a bit, Gary paused for a few seconds that seemed an eternity. I felt his erection pulsing an inch inside me, as I waited to see if he could resist impaling me fully.

Gary then asked, "You have some condoms?" I could distinctly feel the constant pulsing of the head of his cock barely inside me. I wondered if my baby was leaking any trace seminal fluid into me while we were debating this issue.

"There is a Walgreens directly across the street from the hotel....It will only take me a minute to run over and get some..." I pleaded with panic in my voice as I waited for him to decide.

Would he impale me on his massive tool unprotected, pumping his seed into my fertile womb? Or would he allow me to protect him and myself from a potential pregnancy that neither he nor I wanted, needed or could explain.

After four or five seconds of silence with his penis throbbing just inside the very opening of my core, he lifted off me. "I guess I do not need to get my mom pregnant." I felt my vagina spasm slightly as he removed himself from my opening.

Thank God he had the good sense to allow us this protection.

I realized that by agreeing to get my son a condom, there was no turning back now. I was going to allow my baby boy to fuck his mommy. I was now fully complicit; a completely willing participant in this new sin. But fucking Gary voluntarily without risk of pregnancy seemed a far better choice than being taken by him bareback, against my will, with the risk of pregnancy.

Gary rolled off me, and I grabbed my jeans, preparing to make a quick trip to the Walgreens drugstore across the street, when Gary stopped me, "Mom, I have a rubber in my wallet."

"You do? Are you sexually active?" I asked with obvious surprise that my son was prepared for this moment.

"No, you can get them for free from the school nurse. All the guys have them. I guess I wanted to make my buddies think I was 'getting some', even if I wasn't. You will be my first; my first ever. But I have a rubber," Gary explained as he walked over and retrieved the tin foil package from his wallet. His erection remained rigid in front of his as he struggled with the wrapper.

I watched intently as Gary removed the latex sheath and slowly rolled it over his large purple head,

and down his thickly veined shaft. The tiny reservoir tip and the translucent white color made his penis seem distinct, almost separate from my son's rippled abdomen and muscular thighs. My son was a gorgeously sexy specimen of youthful masculinity.

In a weird way, as I watched Gary place the prophylactic on his large boner, I felt like a mother watching her son get dressed for his prom or some other big life time event. Only this event was the loss of his virginity. Yes, this was a very special, albeit inappropriate, occasion indeed.

He filled the large condom up completely, stretching it, in fact. The little empty reservoir formed a cute little bubble at the tip of his urethra ready to catch all his sperm and protect his mommy's fertile womb!

I stood up, removed my t-shirt, baring my breast for my son. I was naked now. I saw Gary's penis arch up as he looked at my naked form. I liked that way his penis responded to me. I felt very beautiful and desirable.

I walked over to my son. "Well, Gary, I guess we are really going to do this now? Are you sure you want to do this with your mother? I keep thinking that this is wrong, and you will regret it."

Gary grabbed me, placed his fingers under my chin, raised my chin to his face and kissed me deeply again. His latex encased penis pressing and throbbing against my abdomen just below my breasts. Our tongues danced together, chasing each other from my mouth to his, and back again.

As wrong as it may sound to the reader, I was truly in love with my son at that moment.

We broke off our kiss for a moment, and I glanced at our image in the mirror over the sink and vanity. I was taken by what a very sexy looking woman I was. Naked, my only vestige of modesty being the thin, very blond, almost transparent wisps of fine blonde pubic hair covering my pussy, I did look good. Yes, even in my mid-thirties, I had to admit I was a sexy sight indeed.

And we made a very sexy and attractive looking couple. We did not look like a mother and son, we looked like a sexy 38 year old woman with her young, teenage lover. Yes, we made a very sexy image.

"Gary, seriously, maybe we should stop. We can touch each other, but intercourse is a big, big step. You may look back and really regret this someday....."

"Mom, I want this more than anything I have ever wanted in my life. I love you. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I will never regret this, never. I want you to be my first. I want you

to teach me to make love....”

I just nodded, accepting the fact that I was going to take my son as my lover. I was going to allow my son to enter me, to cum in me. My emotions were in total turmoil.

I then lay back on my bed as Gary approached me, resigned to accepting him without further protestations. He approached me, pushing my legs back so my heels were touching my ass, and he slowly spread my knees and climbed between my legs, his latex encased penis bobbing impatiently in anticipation of finding its home.

I remember distinctly remembering looking at the thick, long, rigid penis standing so proud and so erect in front of my son and I knew that in just a moment he was going to enter his mother and lose his virginity to me. My son was going to have his first sexual encounter with me, his mother. And for the rest of his life, when Gary remembered his first experience, he would remember it was with me, his mother.

The head of his penis had no trouble finds my opening this time, all of the petting and touching had my vagina open and ready, and my own juices, and the lubrication from the condom itself, allowed him to slide right in. His girth was more than I was used to, but in my highly aroused state, I could accommodate the thickness. But his length took a little bit of work.

“Oh baby, you are a very big man,” I cautioned. “You are stretching me. Please be gentle, go slowly. You don’t want to hurt me.”

Realizing that I had agreed to allow my son to enter me, I gave up all thought of resisting. After his first few thrusts, I wrapped my legs around him, my heels propped against his firm ass, allowing him full access to my vagina. I used my heels to guide him deeper as I stretched and strained to accommodate this very large penis in my rather petite frame.

He slowed down a bit and took a dozen or more slow strokes, going a bit deeper each time until I had all of him inside me. I was very, very full; filled more deeply and stretched wider than I had ever been before, and I was very aroused. While I knew this was wrong in many ways, I could not deny the incredible response I was having to my son’s rigid penis thrusting in and out of me.

I started to moan with each plunge of Gary’s cock. Since Gary had masturbated within the hour, he had great stamina. He was pounding my wet, dilated vagina with punishing thrusts.

Gary then raised my legs over his shoulders. In this position he had me totally exposed and totally vulnerable. He looked down, watching his latex sheathed penis enter and withdraw from me with

obvious admiration and pride. The head of his penis was striking my g-spot with each deep thrust, driving me closer and closer to orgasm.

My moans got louder and my breathing quickened. "Baby, you are going to make your mommy cumbaby fuck meharder....faster...oh baby, fuck your mommy's pussy." I urged him on with passionate abandon.

With my feet high over his shoulders, Gary gave me everything he had, which was all I could take. With every pounding thrust, Gary moved me closer to the climax I craved, the climax I needed.

Each pounding thrust raised my ass off the bed further. I spread myself as wide as I could, taking all of him.

Then my orgasm crashed over me. "Oh my God, Gary. I am cumming. Oh shit. Oh God. Baby, fuck me." I was literally screaming. I came, and I came. Waves of erotic pleasure rocked my core. I have never cum harder. And no orgasm has been more fulfilling.

My orgasm, coupled with my upward movements to meet each of his thrusts, and my incoherent moans pushed Gary over the edge as well. With one final and violent thrust, he buried himself deep in my womb and my baby released his seed inside the safety of his sheath.

I lay there panting, relishing the after flow of my orgasm, as I felt Gary's large penis pulsing deep in me as he spurted, time and time again.

Gary's constant pushing as deep as he could and the definite throbbing of his cock inside me left me no doubt that he was pumping out ropes and ropes of his cum. As I lay there, my feet and my ass high in the air, I was wishing that my son's warm seed could actually be pumped inside me, unimpeded. I wished he could take me without a condom.

Then the enormity of the act, and the power of my climax, caused my emotions and guilt to crash upon me; I started to cry silently, tears streaming down my cheeks as my son's erection pulsed inside me. I was so confused by what I had done and what I was feeling.

In a moment of clarity, I realized that I needed to get on the pill quickly, so we did not need to depend on these pesky condoms to protect us if we were going to continue this torrid love relationship between mother and son. I also realized it was unlikely Gary would ever accept this was a single, 'one time' event. No, I knew Gary was going to expect to continue this sinful relationship. I knew I could never refuse him.

We remained coupled with Gary deep inside of me. I felt his cock actually throb and thicken as we lay there together. This was one of the most erotic experienced in my life. It is hard to explain, I am not sure I fully understand it myself, but staying coupled together, my legs over his shoulders, my ass high in the air while my son's large firm penis continuing to pulse deep inside of me, continuing to drain the last drops of his seed, is an intimacy, closeness, tenderness between my son and me that I will always cherish. I have never been more content, more fulfilled or happier than I was lying there, tears still running down my cheeks, as I remained coupled with my son after giving me one of the greatest orgasms of my life!

After several minutes of lying coupled together, Gary leaned forward and kissed me, more gentle and loving than passionate; and then he slowly withdrew from me. I could feel my vagina spasm as he did, trying to adjust to the absence of his penis that was stretching it so fully only moments before. My pussy seemed strangely empty, and started a series of contractions that felt to me that it was looking for something to grasp. My pussy missed Gary's penis already.

Gary rolled on his back next to me, and then pulled me close, and we cuddled silently for several minutes, my head resting on his chest, for the moment. I looked at his still erect penis still encased in latex. I marveled at the amount of semen the condom had captured.

I then curled up in Gary's arms, with my head on his chest. I gently caressed his nipples and chest, listening to his heart racing. I reached down and caressed his penis. "I can't believe you are still so hard." His penis felt thick and heavy. The wet, slippery latex seemed ready to burst it was so full of his semen.

Gary pulled me on top of him, positioning me astride him. He held his rigid erection up and rubbed the latex covered head between my wet vagina lips. He was preparing to enter me yet again. He slid right in, with no resistance.

This time, there was less passion in our love making. It was slower and more gentle. Although I did not climax this second time, this gentle love making was just as enjoyable as our first coupling. And soon, Gary came inside me a second time in less than an hour, once again with the protection of a condom. I had moved past the horror of what I was doing temporarily, blocking the guilt for this brief moment, savoring the experience as I allowed my son to fuck me again.

As I slowly dismounted, I felt a flood of fluid drain from me. I looked down and with horror, I saw the only thing left of the condom was a latex ring around the base. Oh my God! The condom had broken, spilling my son's large ropes of semen inside my womb!

Shit! Fuck! Shit! What had I done....how could I be this stupid? ...my son's semen was now

swimming inside my womb.

Coming soon....Chapter 3 – what happens next...I am in real trouble!