Close Knit 2: Dirty Little Mom

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Vincent tries to finish what he started, but his plan pleasantly backfires.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/close-knit-2-dirty-little-mom-1.aspx

I watched Faith, my mother, jogging on the treadmill in our sunporch, her chest bouncing some behind her gray sports bra. Navy blue leggings hugged her shapely legs and her firm, round bottom, and her lustrous auburn that fell past her shoulders bounced, shining healthily beneath the sunlight. With her eyes shut and a pair of earbuds blaring Rock into her ears, Mom was in her own little world, unaware of me watching her—admiring her—from the doorway.

I wondered if she'd thought of me—of us—since our brief, orgasmic escapade last Friday night. I also wondered if what we'd done was a mistake. Was I aware that it was wrong? Sure. In fact, it was the wrongness of the situation that made it so hot. But was it a mistake? That I wasn't so sure of. Since then Mom had been her normal self. She looked at me the same, talked with me the same, joked with me the same. She was normal as far as I could tell. I shrugged.

"Vinnie...?"

The sound of my name dispelled my trance-like state. I blinked, focusing on my mother who was standing before me, hips cocked, a white towel hanging from her left shoulder. Christ, the woman exuded sex. I swallowed, resisting the urge to push her against the sunporch wall and drill her until she collapsed. Now *that* was a workout.

"Gonna let me through?" She said, smiling that gorgeous smile of hers. If her current attitude had been an act, she deserved a fucking Oscar.

Apparently I, standing in the doorway, had been obstructing her way out of the sunporch. "Sorry, ma," I said, smiling, and stepped aside to let her through. She walked by, patting my cheek as if a master would their pet.

"Thanks, kiddo," Mom said cheerfully. "I'm gonna grab a shower. Make sure you tidy up the kitchen before your dad gets home. I think he's cooking tonight, and you know how he gets."

I felt an excited smile spread my lips. Dad was an awesome cook, moreso than Mom. I literally prayed that he was making his famous lasagna. "Awesome, I'll get right on it," I said, nodding. Mom pecked my cheek, and I quickly took in her scent. She smelled of shampoo and sweat, which together created a delicious musk that enflamed my sixteen year old hormones. She bounced away, and I watched her go with amorous eyes.

As I was filing plates into the dish washer, something occured to me...

I was a fucking idiot.

I'd been home alone with Mom all day due to a Teacher's Work Day, and my father was off to work. Where the hell was my mind? I'd had her to myself all day and it never occurred to me to pounce her and finish what I'd started Friday night. I smacked a soapy hand against my forehead and swore. *Real observant there, jackass*, a voice in my head scolded.

I paused and listened. I could hear the shower running in my parents' room. Mom was still bathing... I could take advantage of that, I thought. A part of me reasoned that it was real risky trying my hand at fucking her a second time, that the first time was probably a fluke, a one-time thing. But the horny side of me didn't really care, and already had my legs moving out of the kitchen and towards my parnents' bedroom. I liked my horny side.

I made no effort to be quiet. I simply walked into their bedroom and ambled casually across the room, opening their bathroom door as if I'd been walking in on my mom for years. I stood in the door way a second, staring at the dark blue shower curtain my mother was bathing behind. The plan was to just take her. Step up, pull the curtain to the side, and take her. Sounded easy enough. And hell, according to one of her stories I'd read online, this was one of her fantasies.

Stripping down to nothing, my boner springing free, I stepped forward and pulled the curtain to the side. My eyes widened a bit, and my mouth fell open. Mom wasn't there... what the hell? Mom wasn't there. Where the hell was she? As I began to turn around, she confirmed where she was. Behind me.

"Bad Vinnie," Mom said. I almost jumped out of my fucking skin. The bathroom door closed, and there she was, her shapely naked form leaning against the wall behind her. She'd been hiding behind the door. Waiting. She was fucking waiting for me. My heart rate kicked up. I was more excited than scared. She pushed herself from the wall and stalked toward me, and in a husky voice said, "Were

you just going to hop in the shower with me and have your way with me?"

"I, uh, well," I started to attempt an explanation, but gave up. "Heh, yeah. I was..."

"Bad..." she said in a hushed voice, pressing her hand against my chest. She pushed, and I backpedaled until my back hit the wall beside the bath. Her expression had been serious. Deathly serious. And in that moment, I wasn't sure whether she was preparing to punish or pleasure me. My cock throbbed at the thought, praying for both. She got close. Real close. So close that her ripe breasts pressed against my chest, and the underside of my cock pressed against her stomach. I swallowed hard. Feeling her against my cock made me want to explode all over her. She still smelled like sweat and shampoo, and it sparked my libido ten fold.

"I let what you did to me last time slide," she said, her lips centimeters from mine, "but it looks like you need to be taught a lesson."

I gave her a nervous laugh, the seriousness of her expression making me uneasy. "Mom, I—"

"Nuh uh," she countered immediately. "No speaking." Mom slid down to her knees, and my anticipation rose something fierce. Especially when I felt my cock slide inbetween her beautiful tits. And I thought I'd lose it when she wrapped her hand around my shaft and leaned towards my head. She spoke again, and I could feel her breath hot against my cock. "You're not allowed to come."

My eyes widened some. "What do you—"

She stopped me short again, squeezing me. "Zip it," she said firmly, and I swear to God I was going to shoot jizz all over her face. She was reprimanding me unlike she'd ever done.

Mom's mouth closed around the tip, hot and wet, igniting firey pleasure in my belly that fanned out and frayed my nerves. I sucked in a sharp breath. She took me deeper into her mouth, her tongue sliding along the underside of my shaft. I moved my hand to nestle in her hair, but she swatted me away. She was pushing me toward the edge. I wasn't sure how long I'd last.

"Mom," I pleaded, "please...let me cum. I'm...I'm gonna explode!"

She made my cock completely disappear into her mouth, deep throating me, before she pulled away, panting, leaving my cock good and slick. She spit on my cock, and it twitched like mad. "Shut...up!" She said inbetween breaths. Mom's hand stroked me nice and slow. She looked up at me, her expression powerfully sensual. *Is this real?* I had to ask myself as her hand moved faster along my length. "Keep your filthy little mouth shut."

I did as I was told. It was difficult as hell, though, especially with her tongue lapping at the glistening head of my dick like a lollipop, like she was trying to get to the juicy white center.

"Haaah..." I moaned. I was tough holding back, tough keeping my hips from moving, tough to keep from telling my mother just how crazy she was making me as she slurped and stroked me. Fuck, there was no way I could obey her with the treatment she was giving me. "Mom..."

"Do it..." I heard her say, and felt her stroking faster. I opened my eyes and looked down to find her staring up at me still, licking and stroking away, her hand slamming against my pelvis. My breathing hastened, and I felt myself getting close...closer. And before I knew it, I was shooting off my load, my jism spraying against my mom's lips and chin and neck. She licked up as much as she could, milking my shaft. I couldn't take it anymore, as I'd fallen to my knees, releasing shuddering breaths.

I watched my mother rise to her feet and stand over me. She cocked her hips to the left. I was *never* going to get tired of seeing her stand like that. I wonder if she stood that way for dad?

"Clean up and finish the kitchen," she said. Her hand moved along her chest, rubbing my come against her skin like lotion. I felt my cock twitch again. She turned and stepped into the shower, but not before issuing a warning. "This isn't over. I'll deal with you later."

I got up and picked up my clothes on the way out. Grinning.

I hoped to God that I was dealt with as soon as possible.