

Close Knit: Caught Slick-Handed

By Jett_Black

Published on Lush Stories on 08 Dec 2007



All stories published here under the username "Jett_Black" are original works, and are not to be used for profit, altered, or published on any other website without my consent.

Email:

© Jett Black 2007. All Rights Reserved.

Zander masturbates to a video of a retired porn star, who happens to be his very own mother.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/close-knit-caught-slickhanded.aspx>

"Oh God, he is so funny!"

I watched my mother sit primly—a thick, creamy thigh crossed over the other—in a huge leather recliner that my pop had left behind. She was watching her favorite television show, some corny sitcom on the Lifetime channel, giggling her little heart out at the effeminate male character on the plasma screen. When she laughed, her large, natural breasts jounced slightly behind her blue tank top, her cleavage ample and . . . inviting.

I sucked in a muted breath, my already stiff cock twitching eagerly behind my jeans. Thankfully, the way I seated myself on the sofa—cross-legged, sofa pillow over my lap—hid my arousal. Between my mother's skirt hiked-up around her upper thighs, and fairly revealing top, the view was wonderful, breathtaking even. And it made sitting in the same room with a television settled on the Lifetime channel all the more tolerable.

Hell, it was the only reason I was in the living room in the first place.

Most guys my age would think me sick for watching my mother the way I did, but I had an excuse. My mother is drop-dead gorgeous. Fiery hair, full natural breasts, plump ass, and an angelic face that would make the most chastest of men run to the bathroom and rub out a good one. Sure, she'd gained some weight over the years, but she'd filled out terrifically. A MILF goddess, thirty-nine and dangerous.

Add that to the fact that she is a retired adult film actress, who has more than five hundred movies under her belt, two hundred in which she starred in. She wasn't exactly popular, but she had done enough films to get her noticed by practically anyone with a computer and an healthy interest in

pornography. Which is probably why she'd told me about her former career when I was fourteen, thinking it best to get the truth out before one of my hornball friends laid it on me. She had apologized for her career choice, and even seemed disgusted with herself—for my sake, perhaps.

But she'd made me more interested than repulsed. And so I had scoured the net for her movies, and eventually found a good scene of her getting drilled by a huge, black cock, her lungs screaming her pleasure, and then getting her face covered in his jizz.

I've been anxious to fuck her ever since.

Someone had told me once that my hormones would calm down when I turned eighteen . . . I think they lied to me.

I couldn't wait any longer. I darted from the living room, making up something regarding forgotten homework when my mother inquired about my sudden haste. I closed my bedroom door—a secure *snick* satisfying my ears—behind me, my cock throbbing achingly behind my jeans, and made for my computer desk, sliding into my desk chair. My jeans and boxers were removed, sitting in a messy pile on the floor beside me. I loaded up my web browser.

I searched Mom's on-screen name—Rocksee Dynamite—and clicked on a clip of one of my favorite scenes of her. My mouth welled with anticipation, the engorged head of my cock looking up at me, twitching—anxious. It ached to slip inside of . . . something. Anything. Preferably the red head appearing on my screen, my own mother. I pulled on a pair of headphones, and turned the volume full blast, wanting to experience every sound with clarity.

The clip went straight into the action. The camera was angled behind Mom, whom was bent over with her face pressed against the carpet. It gave a good view of her bare cunt getting reamed by some guy who mounted her like a dog in heat, sliding his lengthsome cock in her sopping hole.

My hand was already on my own cock, wrapped around its base. I spat, slicking my shaft warm saliva, stroking my palm along my length. My other hand played with my balls, tugging and squeezing, wishing it was Mom's hot mouth wrapped around them. I let out a slow breath, pleasure fluttering pleasantly in my gut.

"Oooh, fuck me!" Mom said to her on-screen lover, looking up to him. Her long fiery hair was wild, rebellious strands falling over her gorgeous, flushed face.

"Damn . . . mom," I whispered, my hand pumping faster, my grip growing more firm. I imagined myself in her lover's place, imagined the feel of her warmth, tight and wet around my cock, imagined

my gulping needy breaths, her pale asscheeks a bright red from my constant spanking.

I almost didn't feel my hips bucking slightly against my hand as I stroked, faster. I spat again, mixing saliva and precum. Mom's moans grew louder, she seemed to be nearing an orgasm.

"Shit!" I hissed, becoming more excited with each moan, each scream, each filthy little word she growled through clinched teeth. And before I knew it, I came.

Cum spurted upward, splashing against my chest and belly and fingers, the jism warm against my skin. My body moved in spastic motions, my eyes rolled to the back of my skull, staring into darkness. On screen, my mother came as well, squirting all over her lover's cock. Jealousy twisted in my chest, wishing I could be there to feel her juices splash against my face, into my mouth.

I eventually calmed down, my orgasmic high subsiding. Awareness flooded me, and I shot a look over my shoulder, and my eyes widened with fear.

My door was cracked open.

"Fuck!" I said quietly, jumping up from my chair and searching for a towel. "The hell, I thought I closed the door. I know I did . . ." I glanced at the door a second time. My mother had caught me beating off. I know she did, how else could my door have opened? Finding a towel, I cleaned myself up, and closed my door, again. I knew I should have kept my headphone volume on low, at least low enough to hear someone turning my door knob.

I should have been mortified, but . . . I was excited, instead. *Did she run away, embarrassed by what she saw?* I thought as I pulled back on my jeans, leaving my boxers on the floor. *Or did she stay until I came all over my self?*

The latter got my cock good and stiff all over again, and I was ready to go a second round . . . but I *did* have work to do, though. The college applications weren't going to apply themselves.

Grinning, I shut down my computer, and went to work on the stack of applications beside my printer. Maybe, just maybe, I could make the most of this awkward, but exciting situation.