

Family Matters

By MissAnonna

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Not your typical Mom catches son masturbating story. Read to see how the real thing happened.

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It was a cold, dreary, miserable day but nonetheless I needed to get to work and finish some things before the weekend came along. When I got to work there were very few people in so I sat down at the computer to check my appointments. I had one mid morning full body massage to cover and the rest of the day was free. After the massage, I closed out my computer and headed home.

It had been a long time since I had been home early and it was quite nice to enter an empty house. It seemed so peaceful and quiet with a light snow falling outside I figured it would be nice to get comfortable so I entered my room and began to get out of my clothes. I unbuttoned my shirt and flung it off onto the bed then unbuttoned my bra and let my breasts fall out. It felt so nice but a slight chill hardened up my nipples in an instant. I kicked off my shoes and replaced my jeans and panties with a pair of Capri sweats. I rifled through my closet but was unable to locate a nice, soft T-shirt so I bolted out of my room and headed down the hallway.

I pushed open the door of my son's room and headed for his closet but when I glanced at the bed I saw him on it, his eyes were closed and his headphones were on. Instantly, I gasped and covered my breasts with my arm but he didn't budge from his position. I would have assumed he was asleep but the covers were slowly moving up and down in the area of my boy's winky. "Oh boy," I thought to myself. "What on Earth do I do now if he notices me?"

I watched intently for nearly 60 seconds and noticed no movement in his eyes or face. My son has had issues with sleep disorders in the past so I opted not to wake him; instead I turned around and peeked in his closet for a shirt. I found a nice, soft, cottony shirt and pulled it off the hanger. I bunched it up and pushed my head through it then forced my arms through their respective holes and let the shirt fall over my torso. Tugging at the bottom, I swiftly turned about and glanced at my boy who was still lying silently on his bed. He looked so peaceful and the cover had stopped moving. I almost giggled at the thought that maybe he had soiled his sheets with ejaculate but stopped myself for fear

of him waking.

I noticed his window was opened slightly and figured I had better close it before he catches a cold or something. I walked to the other side of his bed, slowly leaned over him and quietly slid the window down, but when I glanced down at him his eyes were wide open and he was looking up my shirt. Pausing momentarily, I wasn't sure that what I had seen was real so with my arms still outstretched over him, I glanced down again and sure enough he had a big grin on his face that only enhanced his glazed look. I turned my head and ran my gaze down his bed and saw his covers moving up and down once again. "Cheeky devil," I thought to myself but I still couldn't believe he was checking out my tits. I stood beside his bed momentarily after straightening up and his eyes were closed and the covers had stopped moving.

Turning to face the adjacent window and adjust it, I caught his reflection in the window and watched him slowly open his eyes, lean to the side and gaze hungrily at my ass. The covers began to frantically move again and I was in shock, yet somewhere deep inside of me I was getting a little turned on. I saw one of his socks on the floor and bent down to pick it up and through my legs I spied on him again only to see my very own son poking his cock out of the covers and pointing his erection at my ass. "How could this possibly be turning him on?" I thought to myself. "I'm his mother." And then wondered how it could be turning me on, also. I erected myself and heard him move in his bed, then sat lightly on the edge of his bed. "Seth?" I whispered but got no answer. "Seth? Are you awake?" I whispered again and placed my hand just above his hip but got no answer. I watched him briefly and he did not flinch.

I began to doubt what I had seen and dropped my elbow down across him feeling his stiff erection against my forearm. He seemed to stir a bit and push his cock into my arm by raising his hips off the bed. I lightly lifted my hand off of him and decided to slowly get up, but his hand came over top of mine and pushed it down into him. I could feel the head of his cock through the covers and he was moving my hand back and forth pushing my hand harder into him. If he was asleep and didn't know what he was doing, I didn't want to wake him but if he were just messing with me I wouldn't have known how to react. I was getting turned on by the feel his hard tool and didn't bother to stop him. I figured maybe he would have a wet dream and I could just get out of there.

He squeezed my fingers and wrapped them around his shaft then began to move his feet which was pulling slightly on the covers that were just barely covering his cock. I squeezed his tool and his hand fell to his side. A slight smile came across his face and he began to breathe heavier. I lifted my hand only slightly and the covers popped away landing across his thighs and leaving his manhood completely exposed. My hand hovered above his cock for a moment as I didn't know what to do at that point but his erection jumped up and touched my hand.

Like a Venus fly trap, my hand captured his glistening rod and squeezed him slightly, allowing it to slide through my hand and then I let my palm drift down his lovely shaft. I fluidly ran his erection through my fingers several times before the reality set in. "This is my boy." I thought. "My little man." He wasn't so little anymore and I could feel his warm shaft pulsating in my hand.

Looking up at him, I studied his face and he seemed to be in pure bliss, arching his back and bringing up one of his knees before letting it fall again. He would thrust his hips as if I were not going fast enough for him. I could feel his frustration and wanted to tease him in case he was trying to trick me into believing he was asleep but he held himself together well even though I could tell he was close to his breaking point. He would break up my rhythm with his hip thrusts and quickly stop and settle back down to the bed. His cock was getting very slick and I kept tightening my hand.

I glanced back down at his penis and watched it go in and out of my hand as he lifted his hips again and started thrusting himself through my touch. I found myself deeply fascinated by what was taking place. My love for my son grew more and more it seemed each thrust through my hand and then I felt his fingers on my neck, lightly guiding my head down to his stomach and I played right into it like a sexual slave taking care of the needs of my master. My ear rest on his stomach and I could feel him breathing deep and heavy. In a glistening sheen I watched the graceful dance between my fingers and his cock for what seemed an eternity as I quickened my stroke and he slowed his thrust. It wasn't long before the two rhythms swam together and I seemed to have fallen into a trance when the slapping sounds began to resemble a heartbeat.

I felt him take a deep breath that was broken apart by short, quick ones and his hips thrust up as far as they could go. I stopped my stroke just below the head of his cock and felt the liquid burst through his shaft and with a slight squeeze I felt his frustrations go away. A thick white steady stream painted my upper lip, drifted across and entered the corner of my mouth. Like a train pulling out of the station I started my hand strokes back up, working each ejaculation towards my mouth. The next coating the roof of my mouth and then another pelting my neck. I felt my own orgasm welling up inside of me but not close enough to break until he pushed his hips up again and forcefully pushed my head towards his cock. His cock entered my reluctant mouth and he held me there for what seemed like an eternity and then he began to shake and quiver. His hard shaft frantically entered and exited for nearly a minute and then I felt both his hands on my head and I could not move it. I grabbed my crotch and pushed against my clitoris begging it for forgiveness but I could not stop my orgasm as my mouth began to fill up quickly with another round of my son's pearly juice. I found myself swallowing between contractions until all was dissolved and my head lay lifeless on my sons belly, his body floats back down to the bed and I feel his cock soften in my mouth.

I pulled him from my lips and shifted my weight to lift my head and look at him but he was asleep and I thanked my lucky stars. I slowly got up and softly walked to the door but when I grabbed the door

knob I heard his voice. "Thanks Mom. I love you." Again, shocked into silence, I had no clue how to deal with the situation so I closed my eyes and let whatever come out of my mouth.

"I love you, too Son. "I said. "I love you very, very much." I smiled at him and he smiled back as I closed the door behind me.