

I Can't Go to Reform School!

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Jason is a bad egg, but maybe with his horny mom has what he needs to turn good.

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When I was 16 years old I was going through a delinquent phase. I had started smoking, skipping school, and my grades were shitty. One week I got suspended for hiding out in the girls' locker room. After my mom had left to drop off my two younger sisters to school, I snuck back into the house. I went into the kitchen, made a sandwich, went up to my room, and started watching TV. Before I knew it, I started thinking of the girls from the locker room, their small perky tits and round bubble butts. I felt my basketball shorts begin to feel a little snug. I pulled off my shorts and wrapped my hand around my 7in cock. What I didn't have in length, I made up with in thickness. I started to stroke myself and looked over at the door. I usually closed the door, but figured since everyone would be gone for most the day that I'd leave it open. Plus, it was kind of a turn on to think that I could get caught.

I was really getting into it, but something was off. I had been stroking for almost ten minutes but, my load wouldn't blow. Then, I got a really fun idea. I ran to my parents' room and laid on their bed. I inhaled the scent of my mom's Chanel No. 5 and felt my cock get harder. I glanced on the floor and saw some of my mom's panties. I reached to pick them up and inhaled the sweet aroma of my mother's pussy. For a second I felt a twinge of guilt. What was I doing? I thought. These were my mother's panties. But, the feeling of my balls getting ready to unleash their load took over. I laid the panties over my face and began to stroke faster. I hadn't notice that I was moaning and cursing loudly. I also didn't hear the car that pulled up in the driveway. So, when my mom yelled my name I nearly had a heart attack.

"Jason Andrew Peterson, what the hell do you think you're doing?!" my mom yelled. Her face was twisted in shock and anger.

Her voice startled me into a great orgasm. "Oh shit!" I gasped. Ropes of my cum shot out and landed on my stomach and the bed.

"Clean up this mess and meet me in the kitchen," was the only thing my mother said to me before she left the room. I slowly got myself together and made my way downstairs. I knew my mom was going

to tear me a new one. Getting suspended, masturbating on her and dad's bed, and sniffing her panties. Oh, yeah I was done for!

When I got downstairs, my mom was sipping tea and checking something on her laptop. I hadn't noticed before, but my mom was a choice piece of ass. Her skin's the color of milk chocolate, her hair short and curly and the color of a raven, and her lips are nice, juicy, and full. But, her body was what was a killer. She only stood at 5'3 and she was plump, nothing like the skinny girls at school. Her tits heavy and big, thick thighs, and an ass that would take at least 3 guys hands to grip it. I felt something twitch in my stomach. Oh, no!

"Sit down, Jason." My mom sat down her mug. I sat down across from her at the kitchen table. "Jason, I'm not sure what to do with you anymore. The smoking, the drinking, the sneaking out, and now you've been suspended," my eyes grew big. "Yeah, I know about the suspension. You dad will be home tomorrow and when he gets home I'm going to ask him what her thinks about sending you to reform school."

"No!" I shouted. "You guys can't send me to a fucking reform school."

My mom tilted her head to the side and sat back in her chair. "Jason, have you lost your *fucking* mind talking to me like that." She said something else, but I was too busy watching her chest rise and fall.

Damn, her tits are so fucking big, I thought. That twitch in my stomach grew, as well did my cock slightly.

"Jason, are you listening to me?" I snapped out of my daze. My mom took off her glasses and rubbed her forehead. I felt bad for stressing her out. "Jason, your my only son. My first child and all you do is stress me out. I don't know what to do with you anymore. "

"Mom, I'm sorry." Forgetting about my raging hard on, I got up and went to hug my mom. Her skin was so soft and her hair smelt of the Chanel No. 5. I didn't remember it till it poked her in the stomach.

"Jason, I'm trying to lecture you and your thinking about those fast little girls at your school!"

"No, mom. I was— I mean, what happened was—"

My mom broke away from me. "Jason, just go to your room."

"Mom, I got this hard on because of you," I whispered before heading upstairs.

I went to my room and closed my door. I laid down on my bed and feel asleep thinking of my mom, reform school, and the ass whooping my dad would give me when he got home.

As I slept, I felt my bed sink under the weight of someone sitting on it. I sat up and saw my mom sitting naked on my bed. This had to be a dream, I thought. My mom's tits where heavy, luscious, and slightly sagged.

"Do you want to touch them, baby?"

I nodded eagerly. If this was a dream I was going to get exactly what I wanted. I reached out and touched them. They where soft and just as heavy as they looked. She moaned as I squeezed her nipples. She laid down and pushed my head towards her nipples.

"Mmm, yes baby. Suck my nipples like you did when you were a baby!" That sent me over the edge. I sucked her nipples like they were giving away the sweetest milk. My cock was straining to break free from the prison my pants had created.

"Baby, do you want to go to reform school?" my mom said in between moans.

"No, mommy," I sounded more like a little kid than the man I always tried to act like I was.

My mom pushed my toward her pussy and spread her legs wide for me. I looked at it for a minute.

"Mommy's baby has never eaten pussy before?" My mother chuckled.

"No," I said sitting up on the bed. "I've actually never been with a girl." I felt ashamed. Only I could be a virgin in real life *and* in my dreams.

"Oh, baby. It's ok. Are you sure you want to do this? I know you'd probably prefer you first time to be with someone your own age. Some tight bodied teenager." My mom hung her head looking away from me.

I held her face and brought it to face mines. "Hey, mom. You're the woman of my dreams. Which is convenient considering this is one."

My mom started laughing. "Oh baby, this isn't a dream." She stood me up and pulled down my pants . I felt good to have my cock freed. My mom opened her mouth and I saw the shine of a tongue ring.

"You have a tongue ring?" I gasped. My mom was always so against tattoos and piercings. She didn't answer me though. She eased my cock into her mouth. It sent shivers up my spine. It was warm, wet, and the tongue ring massaged the tip of my cock causing my knees to buckle. "Oh, shit," I groaned. My knees went weak and I sank down onto my bed. My mom never lost a beat as she swirled her tongue around my cock head and up and down my shaft. This went on for a few minutes more and then my mom just stopped. I groaned. "Why'd you stop?"

"You're going to eat your first piece of pussy." She laid back and spread her leg wide open. "Come on, baby. " Her pussy was pretty, wet, and tasted sweet like brown sugar. I lick up and down her slit, shyly at first, but then my mom grabbed me by the back of my head and pushed my faced deeper in my pussy. I got a deep smell of it and it smelled sooo good. "Yes, baby. Oh, yes. Suck my clit, baby. Ohm suck it." I did just as she asked and before I knew it she was shaking like she having a seizure. "Oh, baby. I'm cumming. Lick up your mommy's cummy pussy."

After I licked her all clean and she stopped shaking, I laid next to her. "So, mommy, do I still have to go to reform school?"

My mom sat up and laughed. She climbed on top of me. "You're going to have to do a lot more than eat my pussy to make me forget about sending you to reformed school."