

Inexperienced Steven gets a lesson from his mother

By Sillyswager

Published on Lush Stories on 25 Dec 2008



Steven's mom teaches him how to masturbate.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/inexperienced-steven-gets-a-lesson-from.aspx>

I will admit I was a naive 18 year old who knew very little about things sexual. I had never masturbated, didn't even know what ejaculating was. I thought it was something that happened when you were with a girl preparing to make babies.

I was with my first girlfriend, Abigail, and it was the first time we kissed, and we made out a bit, she let me feel her breasts and her butt over her clothes. It was my first time, and the thrill made me hard as a rock. But we went no further.

When I got home from her house, my erection had receded, but my balls ached like crazy. I'd never felt anything like this before, and I was concerned. I was worried that maybe I should go to the emergency room. My mom was going to be home soon from the hospital. She is a nurse, and I wondered whether it would be worth the embarrassment to tell her what was going on.

When she got home, I asked her, "Mom, I've got a little physical issue that you might be able to tell me something about. I don't know if I need to go to the ER."

She said, "Oh, honey what's wrong, you do look very worried?"

"Well, it's kinda embarrassing, I was worried about telling you."

"Oh, please, you know you can tell me anything on your mind. You've got me concerned now."

"Well, it's between my legs, down there..."

"You're genitals? What's the problem?"

I was a little perturbed to hear my mom refer to my genitals. "It's my balls, they ache like crazy."

"How long?"

"Started about an hour ago when I got home."

"Why don't I take a look."

"A look?"

"Yes", she sat down on the couch, "Come here and pull down your pants and underwear."

"Mom, that's, well, it's...", I blushed.

"Come on, I'm a nurse, do this all the time. Nothing you should be embarrassed about."

I walked over, undid my pants and let them drop to the floor, I hesitated a bit before lowering my boxers so the waistband was just below my privates.

Mom reached over and with her right hand began feeling around my testicles. I was looking away,

hugely embarrassed at being touched by my mother this way.

After a couple minutes she said, "Hmm, nothing seems to be abnormal here, anything I should be aware of, did you fall or have an accident or something, please tell me the truth, I'm worried, now."

"No, nothing out of the ordinary."

She was silent for a second, then said, "Hm, there's something here, you're glistening."

"What do you mean?"

"Look down."

I reluctantly did, looking down at myself, seeing Mom's hand holding my balls.

She took the thumb of her free hand and rubbed it on the tip of my penis. "You have some sort of discharge here." She took her thumb and put it under her nose and sniffed it. "Hmmm, this is semen."

I turned beet red. "What!"

"It's OK, Steven. Have you been, you know, playing with yourself today?"

"Playing..., no I don't even know what you mean?"

"Tell me the truth Steven, you have either been masturbating or you were with somebody. It's OK, tell me."

"Well, I was with my girlfriend, Abigail."

"Aha, and what did you guys do?"

"Mom, come on..."

"I imagine the two of you were, what term do you kids use these days, 'making out', or something?"

"Well, yeah...I guess." I couldn't believe I was having this conversation with my mom, especially while she was still holding my balls.

She laughed, "Nothing to worry about, Steven. This a classic case of 'blue balls', to use the vernacular. It's what happens when you get sexually aroused but don't ejaculate. The semen was expecting to come out, and you're sore because it didn't."

"So, well....."

"Son, this is going to sound like a strange instruction from your mom, but you should go to your room and masturbate to get the tension out."

"Mastur...but I've never..."

"You're 18 and you've never done it yourself?"

"Well, I don't know how, I've never thought about it."

"Don't know how? That's strange, I feel like a bad mom for never having taught you about this. Do you want me to instruct you? Don't be embarrassed, I'm a nurse, this kind of thing doesn't bother me, and will be highly beneficial to you."

"I don't know, is it OK?"

"I'm happy to educate you, why don't you take off your clothes."

She noticed my bewildered look, she said, "Oh, please, I see naked men every day. Don't be embarrassed, get undressed."

I reluctantly removed my clothes and stood there naked in the living room.

"Ok, let's go in the hallway where the mirror is, that way as I show, you can look." She stood up, took

my hand and led me to the hallway. She stood me in front of the mirror. "Oh, I forgot, we'll need something else."

She walked back towards the kitchen. I caught a glimpse of my nude body in the mirror and felt very self-conscious. She came back with a chair and placed it about two feet from the mirror and sat down. She also had a bottle of hand lotion. She patted her left thigh.

"Come sit right here."

"Mom, I feel really weird, all naked like this in the hallway...in front of you, it's just too weird."

"Oh, honey, it's OK, are you just embarrassed being naked like that? Maybe it would make you less self-conscious if I took off my clothes too?", she said with a mischievous wink.

"Oh, mom, I couldn't ask that. You're my mother."

"It's ok, turn around while I undress, I don't want you watching me undress."

I did as she told me, and could hear the sounds of her removing her nurse's scrubs. She moved to the chair and sat down. "OK, Steven, come over here and have a seat on my lap, I hope you're more comfortable now."

I turned and walked back towards, trying, but unable not to, look at her naked body. At 45, she took very good care of herself. My eyes involuntarily inspected her from head to toe. She had a nice flat stomach and nice firm little breasts, like peaches, with small dark nipples. I also noted she had no hair, you know, down there. Mom laughed, noticing how I was blushing and fumbling.

"Steven, is this the first time you've ever seen a naked woman?"

I blushed even more, "Um, yeah, it is.."

"Oh, my son is so inexperienced, that's ok, you'll see a lot of naked women who are not your mom as you get older! Now have a seat."

I sat on her lap. "Ok, Steven, now we'll use this for lubricant for now, but you don't always need it, it's just better using it." She squirted a bit over my flaccid cock. "Now rub it a bit to get it warm and rub it all over your penis."

I hesitatingly did so. In my peripheral vision I could see the two of us, naked, in the mirror. It was just so bizarre, with my mom, I didn't know what to think, just to do as I'm told. Mom had her left hand wrapped around my waist, and her right was rested on my right inner thigh.

"Good boy, now lean up against me." She pushed me against her with her left hand. I felt her breasts against my back. She put her right hand over mine and guided it to my penis. "Start with your fingers over the head to get yourself hard."

I complied, and stroked the head of my cock with my fingers. She followed the motion over my hand with her fingers, applying slight pressure. I was hard pretty soon. She took my left hand under hers and placed them under my balls, "If you like you can touch yourself here, too." she said as she pressed my fingers to massage my balls.

"OK, now wrap your fist around your penis, like this, " as she guided my hand to form a fist. She kept her hand on top of mine, continuing to guide, "OK, now just stroke up and down, at a pace you're comfortable with." She moved my hand up and down. I saw us in the mirror again and got very weirded out. I tried to remove my hand but she held me firm. "What's the matter, sweetie?"

"Mom, this is just too weird!"

"Steven, it's OK. Listen, this is your first orgasm, ever, so it's going to be very intense, I want to be here to make sure it goes OK. Don't worry you'll like it in the end, OK?" I nodded my agreement, and she continued with guiding my hand over my erect member. "Your first orgasm is going to be very intense, and you may not understand what is going on, but just relax and let it happen, OK?"

"OK, mom, sorry"

So we continued doing this, and she was guiding me to go a bit faster each time, to the point where we were going at an almost frantic pace. Then I started getting a weird feeling, almost like I had to piss. "Mom I think I have to pee."

"No, Steven," she whispered into my ear, "You're about to come, just relax, keep doing what we're doing, and you'll be writhing in pleasure in no time." She increased the pace.

I felt a surge of pleasure that I had never felt before, and it was strange, I was tightening my urethra, trying to block the surge I was feeling. "Oh, mom, no, stop, no stop, I'm...!" I bellowed.

"It's alright, good boy, just keep going, good boy..." she whispered in my ear, as I continued to howl, now shouting, "OH GOD! OH GOD!". She increased the pace of our stroking.

Then I felt like I had just fallen off the precipice of a waterfall. With an indescribable feeling, all the tension was unleashed and I felt streams of warm fluid start flowing out, stream after stream, landing all over my stomach, chest, and hitting me on the chin too. I kept hollering, "OH GOD! OH GOD!", mom continuing to whisper, "Good boy" into my ear, and continuing the frantic stroking.

After what seemed like an hour, the streams of fluid stopped, my penis was back to flaccid and a little sore, in fact painful to the touch, so now our hands were locked together. I was stunned from this intense feeling and was panting heavily, unable to even think.

"There, there, take a minute to wind down, it's OK..." she whispered, and gently caressed my hands. After a couple minutes, when my breathing slowed down, she asked, "How was that? Brand new feeling for you, huh?"

"Mom, that was..."

"Yes, wow, really you're first one, look at the mess you made." My body from chin to crotch was covered in fluid, and it was starting to drip. "Let's get you cleaned up, let me slide out from under you and you can sit." She did and walked to the kitchen. I couldn't help but look at her naked body, her beautiful slender ass, as she walked away, but I was too exhausted to get aroused now. She returned with a towel and began wiping me off, and then anything that had dripped onto the floor.

"Oh, you'll need a little cleaning. Why don't I give you a little bath, like when you were a kid." She took my hand and escorted me to the bathroom. She filled the tub with hot water. "Get in." she said. She soaped up a sponge and began to scrub me, starting at my feet. It felt nice, and I enjoyed looking at her bent over the tub, naked, her lovely breasts hanging. I was thinking about what had just happened. "Mom, was the mirror really necessary? What was that about?"

She looked in my eyes for a minute. She leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on my lips. "No, it wasn't necessary. But since I had the pleasure and privilege of taking part in my son's first sexual experience, I wanted to be able to look at us. You OK with that?"

Wow, "Yeah, that's, um cool."

At the point she had the sponge at my crotch and was gently scrubbing around my genitals.

"Steven, it was very nice to teach you something new today. You're a very handsome guy, and especially when you go to college, girls are going to be all over you, so you have to know what you're doing. I see today that I have been neglectful about teaching you about sex, but that won't happen again, I promise. Anytime you want to know anything, I'm more than happy to explain and demonstrate, just like today. It's a whole world out there, and I'm available to be your guide in exploring it."

With that, she put her hand on the back of my head and planted another kiss on my lips, this time more intense and prolonged. She pulled back after a bit and looked me deep in the eyes.

"Steven, you know your mother loves you, don't you? You know I love you very much."

I sighed, "Yes, I love you too, Mom."