It Does Make Sense, Really

By WayneGibbous

Published on Lush Stories on 05 Oct 2012

Copyright, 2012 Wayne Gibbous

I love my son, of course, so what he wanted really did make sense, it really did.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/it-does-make-sense-really.aspx

I've lived in Cleveland all my life, born here, grew up here, dated, got married, had a baby, David, he goes by Davie, then divorced his son of a bitch dad who was fucking every woman in town but me. That was seven years ago. Since then, I've seldom dated and when I did, the guys never seemed to pan out.

So, Davie and I live in a small bungalow, he's seventeen now and I'm forty-one. He's just gotten a girlfriend, Erin, who's pretty cute, Davie is a nice looking boy and I don't think they've progressed very far in their physical relationship at this point but I thought it wise that I sit him down for a 'birds and bees' talk, phase two.

So, I picked a time right after dinner.

"I know you've just started going steady with Erin and I wanted to go over a few things now that you are getting more serious with a girl."

"Oh, geez, Mom, do we really have to? I know about all that."

"Yes, Davie, we have to. Too many kids today think they know all about everything but often don't. So, you'll just have to humor your mother on this, okay?"

I got a grumbly look as he slumped in his chair, so I went right ahead, "First, I want to know if you have any questions on your mind?"

"Oh, Mom, sure, lots."

"Well, for example?"

"Well, oh, man, look, if we're going to talk about this, can we really talk about it? I mean, do we have to use all the scientific words for everything?"

"You mean, can we talk about fucking and pussies and cocks?" I asked.

"Well, okay, um, what about condoms. God, I looked at the drugstore's shelves, there's a million of them, how do you ever pick one kind?"

So, I told him about keeping things simple with lubed, spermicidal ones with a reservoir tip.

Then he asked me about oral sex and I suggested that sometime, when the time came, to take a shower together and when they were both nice and clean, do it then.

He also asked about the pill, foams, all the other forms of contraception and disease prevention.

Then came the personal question that was on his mind.

"How do you do it, Mom? I think about sex all the time, twenty-four seven, how do you cope without a man to have sex with? How do you do it?"

"Well, Davie, the truth is that your Mom has several vibrators and, I'm sure, like you, I masturbate. Sometimes a lot. I think maybe you inherited my sex drive though your father was also a pretty horny guy. I think that's what initially attracted me to him."

I may have shocked him a bit but I did think it was true.

Now, Davie, after the divorce, began sleeping with me up until about a year ago when I kept feeling his erection pushing against me during the night and I more or less convinced him that it was time for him to sleep in his own room. But, ever since, I'd emptied lots and lots of crumpled, dried, crusty facial tissues from his wastebasket, obviously he's masturbating just as much as I am, well, maybe more, if I know teen boys.

This development of Davie's sexuality did stay on my mind at times, he would sometimes come out to the kitchen for his breakfast in his briefs, often bulged-out in a morning erection. I must say, I did look at it and enjoyed the feelings it created in my panties. I am human. I would lay there in my bed at night, legs parted, running the vibrator over my clit and wet pussy lips thinking about my son in the next room stroking his cock, cum spurting up out of it as he writhed in ecstasy.

"So, you do it a lot?"

"Yes, without a man around, it's all I have except for the times that I go out with Aunt Louise and go clubbing. Then, well, sometimes, a man takes an interest in me."

"You mean you have sex with him?"

"Yes, son, I'm a real, live woman and I have desires of my own. All the time."

"Mom, um, is it weird for a guy to dream about him mom, you know, like about having sex with her?"

I don't think I betrayed any shock at his question but inside I felt warm all over.

"It's a pretty common fantasy boys have, Davie, mostly pretty innocent. It's just one that's not very well accepted in society. People often have all kinds of fantasies, it's just not always a good idea to act on them. Sometimes you can end up having regrets."

That pretty much finished things and much of it probably didn't matter since Davie and Erin broke up soon after.

He graduated near the top of his high school class and went to Ohio State University to major in Economics.

A month or so into his first term, I drove to Columbus and rented a hotel room so we could visit. We went shopping most of Saturday, then out to a nice dinner and ended up back at my hotel room which was close enough for him to walk back to his dorm.

He came up to my room and while he was there, he asked, "Um, Mom, I don't ever get much privacy in my dorm room, one of the guys always seem to be there playing video games or something. I know you understand, and, well, I wonder if I could stay here tonight, so I, well, you know, I could..., right?"

He had this impish grin that was so cute and, yes, I knew exactly how it must be so I told him, sure, he was welcome to stay. It was a queen-sized bed with enough room for us both.

We chatted a while and then got ready for bed. I hadn't really brought anything to wear, I usually slept in the nude, I love the feel of the sheets on my skin, so I kept on my bra and panties and he wore his boxers.

I had dozed off when I felt the bed moving in a rhythmic manner and realized he was relieving his horniness masturbating next to me. I turned and in the dim light saw Davie's hand moving up and

down leaving little doubt to what he was doing.

I reached over and put my hand over his and he let go immediately. I knew what I was doing and did it anyway, I placed my fingers around his cock and took over.

Yes, I knew. Yes, it wasn't proper. Yes, I was his mother. But, I was horny. And he was handsome. And, I was sure he was horny. And he was right next to me. Almost naked. As I was. I knew it wasn't acceptable behavior for a mother. Yes, I knew it would probably go farther than masturbating him. I knew all that and I stroked his hard cock up and down anyway.

"Oh, Mom, oh, I'm so…oh this feels so good."

I didn't know if I wanted to say anything or not but decided to.

"I know how guys get, just relax and let me make you happy," and I kept stroking his cock realizing that I was holding the cock of a grown man, not the little sausage that I had remembered from bathing him so long ago. And, doing so was making my pussy go crazy, I was wet, very wet almost immediately.

I put my other hand down under the waistband of my panties, widened my legs and began to pleasure myself as well pressing a finger inside, dreaming that it was my son's cock.

"Oh, Mom, I want to make love to you. I love you so much already, I just want us to have a new way to love each other. Please let me?"

A new way to love each other? It sounded so lovely. It really did. I already was holding his cock in my right hand as my left was on and in my pussy. I knew I was starved for sex. Knew he was, too. A new way for my son to love me, for me to love my son. What could be wrong with that? If we both wanted it?

"Are you sure it's what you want?"

"Oh, Mom, I've wanted to have sex with you since I was sixteen."

"Yes, I remember you asking about it."

"Mom, you're so beautiful and sexy, how could I not want you?"

Well, I have kept myself fairly well, I weigh just what I did when I was eighteen, I'm now forty-three

and, well, yes, I still look pretty good. My boobs are mostly where they used to be, a little southerly drift but not much, I even get looks in my bikini.

"Yes, but I am your mother."

"I know, but, so what? You're sexy and I'm horny and, frankly, I want to fuck you more than I've ever wanted any other girl or woman. I have thought about it every day since I first brought it up, Mom."

Well.

I sat up, reached behind me and unhooked my bra and dropped it on the floor, then laid down, raised my hips and slid off my panties.

"Can I have those?" he asked.

Well, well. Once again, my son gives me a bit of a surprise as he holds them to his face in the dim light.

"Can we have a light on, I want to see you, okay?" and he got up and turned on the bathroom light, closing the door partway to give a soft light in the bedroom. As he was getting into bed, he slid his boxers off and crawled over to my side and took me in his arms.

Then he kissed me. Oh, did he kiss me. Like I have not been kissed in a very long time. His body was half over mine, his left hand on my breast, his lips opening as his tongue darted in and out of my mouth. I knew I wanted this, I was almost panting for breath, my heart racing, as I felt down and slipped my fingers around his cock. I had to have him. I had to fuck my son.

His head lowered to my breast and he began to suck my nipple, so much more pleasurable now that he was a man. Then, he started to move down from my breasts kissing me as he went. Across my stomach, onto my abdomen, down onto my triangle of pubic hair, untouched by a man in several years now.

Then, he moved between my legs and his tongue began lapping up and down, wetting my pubic locks, matting them down, his tongue pressing into my groove, oh, it was so wonderful.

"Oh, Davie, oh, you make me so happy," I sighed as I widened open for him.

Then his tongue touched my center, right in the middle of my pussy lips. I jerked slightly as it sent a shiver through me and made my nipples tingle. Oh, I was on fire.

"Mmm, right there, yes, oh, that's wonderful," I moaned. My fingers were pinching my nipples as he began tonguing me, oh, I was sure he'd done this before, he was just too good to be a novice.

It felt as if my whole pussy was gushing juices, I felt so hot and excited.

I looked down at the top of my son's head as he licked the portal through which he, eighteen years earlier, entered this world. And now he was sending me out of this world.

"Oh, Davie, mmm, you feel incredible doing that to me. It feels so wonderful."

I reached down and pulled my throbbing labia apart as I felt his tongue probe deeper, touching the opening of my love tunnel and tracing around and around.

"Oh, OH, OH, OH, mmm, mmm, oh, don't stop, Son, don't stop, you've made me so happy, so happy," and I clenched his head in between my legs drawing his face into my wetness as he rubbed his face all around under me as I swooned.

I expected him to get up into my arms but he stayed down and began licking around my clit as I felt two of his fingers slide into my wet pussy. Then the sucking started as his tongue circled my clit. I exploded yet again.

"UUHN, UH, uh, uh, oh, oh, mmm, oh, I love you so much, Davie, just so much. Oh, I'm in heaven. Just wonderful."

He was soon up in my arms kissing me with his happy, drenched face.

"That was wonderful, Davie, so wonderful. You're such a loving son. I just never expected you'd give me two orgasms like that. It was incredible. Oh, this is so right."

"All I want to do now, Mom, is make love to you," and I gripped his shoulders, widened my legs and pulled him up over me.

"It's what I want, too, Son. I want your love," and he arched back and pushed his cock into me deeply, all the way. Then began going back and forth.

"Oh, Mom, this is all I've wanted. Oh, for so long. Just what I've wanted, mmm," and I lifted my hips up to give him a better angle to press deep, deep inside me where I so desperately wanted him.

He was so hungry for me, he was just thrusting up and in over and over. I raised my legs up and locked my ankles around his neck, I haven't fucked like this in ages. His cock was running back and forth across my g-spot which sent a shudder through me each time his head and shaft stroked along it. I was so starved, so ready for my son's cock, that I really lost control.

"Mmm, oh, I'm just shivering, Davie, this is so good. Oh, fuck Mama's pussy, Davie, give Mama your cum. Your wonderful cum," as I shook my hips back and forth jiggling his cock inside me as he went back and forth. Suddenly, I was overcome by feelings of ecstasy as I trembled and moaned, "UHH, UHH, oh, Davie, Momma's so happy, mmm, cum, Son, oh, cum in Mommy."

My whole body exploded. It was as if I was flung out into the star-filled universe up and up, taken into a whole new kind of life form molded of just pure pleasure. This was the strongest, most wonderful orgasm of my life. Yes, of all of them.

My son shoved hard into me as I felt spurt after spurt of his cum flood deep into me as I pulled him to me and kissed his face over and over. Oh, the spreading warmth deep inside me filled me with a new love, even a new kind of love. This was what I wanted, this is what I craved, this was what I had to have.

"Oh, Son, I love you so much, you've made me happier than I've ever been."

"I love you too, Mom, and I love this new way of loving you. I hope you want us to do it more because I don't ever want to stop."

We held each other for quite a while, kissing, our hands getting to know the exciting places on each other, then, Davie, whispered, "I'm so hard, I want to do it again. Do you want to, Mom?"

I rolled him over on his back, took hold of his cock, swung a leg over him and slid down over him, running his hardness up inside me just where I wanted it.

"Mmm, Mom, that's perfect," he muttered as I began rocking back and forth on his re-hardened cock. His hands were on my breasts as I rubbed my clit and cycled up and down on my son's long, slender cock.

I just loved fucking my son, feeling him slide in and out of me as I lifted and fell, oh, yes, it was wonderful.

"Oh, Mom, you're gonna make me cum again. Oh, it just feels so good."

And Davie and I fucked and sucked all weekend long. I know he left his cum in me at least five times that first weekend, he just couldn't get enough of me and would be hard again and hour or two after each time. Of course, perhaps my sucking him might have helped.

I either came to see him or he came home to see me by bus every weekend after that. He never slept in his own bed ever again, always sharing mine whenever her was here. He also wanted us to be naked with each other when we were together and we got very used to being that way, even playing sexually with one another whenever either of us felt like it. I have never had such an open sexual relationship in all my life.

My son did meet a girl his senior year of college and they are now married. We had sex right up to the night before he was married and we still fuck each other whenever we can. And, that's still a fair amount. He lives about an hour away and we try to meet halfway in between at a motel we've chosen to be together for our special times in each other's arms. I hope it never ends.