

'Johnny and Mummy' Chapter One

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A tale of lust realised later in life.

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'Johnny and Mummy'

John was in his mid-thirties when he took the decision to return home to the UK after a long absence. Previously he had always taken his vacations in parts of the world within easy reach of Sydney where his medical career kept him permanently busy and on call year round.

For over 15 years John had refrained from returning home for two reasons but one of these had ceased to be a real problem when his father died. The second reason for staying away he would find impossible to admit but if he were to be honest with himself it had everything to do with the fact that since childhood he had been passionately and faithfully and secretly in love with his mother!

Many a son has an abundance of love for his mother and there is nothing unusual in that. Indeed it would be strange if a son didn't enjoy a close relationship with the one person who from birth has more to do than anyone else with his physical and emotional wellbeing. Between some mothers and sons however physical feelings stronger than 'the norm' can be generated until, as he reaches puberty, the boy's sexual interests and instincts can cause difficulties if they become intimately fixated upon his mother.

And so it had been with John whose love and devotion had started at an emotional level almost as soon as he was born and had grown over the years until it turned into a fixation as he reached his teens . That was when it all changed and he had started to lust after his mother with a passion that the 'trick-cyclists' would have considered 'unhealthy and misplaced' and when that happened they would have let the word "incest" rear its ugly head. But call it what you like -John simply LOVED his mother. It was uncomplicated; sexual certainly but there were no complications like wanting to marry her or have children with her. No. All he wanted was to explore and have fun with the woman who made him laugh, cared for him as much as he cared for her and who for him represented all things interesting, beautiful, exciting and above all else was feminine. To John she became an exciting WOMAN, a mysterious creature with hidden secrets. In short - his mother was feminine and desirable!

At school, almost every week, he would learn something new from those amazing experts who held the school playground in thrall with their knowledge about the subject of woman and 'SEX' and he would rush home as soon as lessons ended to begin experimenting in the wild open spaces of his fertile mind with his MOTHER. The happy, shameless one who would countenance anything, try anything...let him DO anything with her and to her and it was only his inability to masturbate 24 hours a day non-stop that had saved him from going blind.

In fact John's love was anything but tortured or a source of recrimination. He'd been happy and well able to cope with the fact that he simply found his cuddly, comforting, lovable, loving, caring mother more sexually attractive than any of the girls around with whom his father was urging him to '*get stuck in, boy!*' Gradually he'd become frustrated by the fact that he could not openly show his mother the real depth of his love for her and the situation became even more difficult when he grew to understand that his mother's marriage was nothing but a sham and he realized that she was miserable and domestically down trodden. John's life then became a nightmare for there was little he could do about his mother's plight. Certainly he made her aware of the fact that he knew how unhappy she was and that he cared for her and about her but as for declaring his passion there was no way he could even contemplate such a thing. So he'd kept his true feelings secret and when he left for university he determined never to return home. Over the following few years he'd occasionally broken his resolution by making short visits home but after his father's funeral he had refused to return at all, not even for a fleeting visit despite regular pleas from his mother to do so. Finally he had left for Australia and he hadn't seen her since.

Although they talked on the 'phone every Christmas and exchanged letters at irregular intervals – he even sent her Valentine cards - it was a 'begging' letter from his mother that made John finally change his mind. The letter had come out of the blue and was the one he had dreaded for in it she said her health was failing and she'd been told she might not have long to live. It was a short, plaintive missive ending with the admission that she wanted her son to come home, if only for a short visit, because it might be their last chance to become reconciled though, as she said, she had never really understood WHY he had left and stayed away so long. The letter had ended with the sad reflection that she wanted to say a final 'Goodbye'.

After much soul searching and a couple of long 'phone calls John had decided that no matter how distressing the past might have been for both of them and despite the fact that he STILL dreamed of having a sexual relationship with the only woman he had ever wanted, it was time to abandon those fantasies once and for all and go home like a dutiful son. He knew that his mother must never discover the true depth and extent of his feelings for her but out of love and compassion and also a feeling of guilt he accepted that he had to try and re-establish a 'caring mother and loving son' relationship with her before she died.

During their last 'phone conversation before he boarded the train in London for Bristol his mother had said she would meet him at the station wearing a brown suit and, to help him identify her more easily, a red hat. As he stepped down onto the platform at Temple Meads, Bristol and began to look around for a debilitated, tired out old woman he knew he would have to wait until the crowd thinned. After searching the moving throng for a while and seeing no obvious candidate he began to wonder if his mother had been too ill to keep the appointment. It took some time for the platform to clear but then, suddenly as a group of holiday makers moved aside he saw a small woman standing alone.

It was the hat, perched at a jaunty angle on a head of dark brown hair flecked with grey that gave her away but when he saw this woman standing there alone and no-one else around to compete for his attention he realised that his mother's story of being 'sick & declining' had been something of a fiction. For this was not the woman for whom he'd traveled half way across the world in order to 'do his duty' and salve his conscience. The one he had prepared himself to meet would be more bent, dowdier and therefore less attractive than he remembered her all those years ago. She would have lost her alluring figure and 'run to seed' and her face would be lined and care-worn whereas even from the back this woman made you think she would look attractive – maybe even beautiful – when she turned round. No, this woman was a vision from the world of his imagination and as she half turned and he saw her more clearly a tsunami of lust fuelled desire came bursting through his defences and suddenly, terrifyingly he was staring at the woman like a sex-starved teenager again!

"MUMMY?" John spoke the word cautiously and the uncertain tone in his voice said it all! Having expected to be met by a dowdy, sickly old woman he was confronted instead by a creature from out of his dreams and as his eyes devoured her from pretty top to fashionable toe he found it almost impossible to accept that this was indeed his mother. And yet though the soft curves of her body were a little more generous, her poise a little more upright, this was most definitely his beloved step-mother! But today, here and now, she was so much more the image with whom he had explored his teenage lusts that he found himself falling for her all over again!

As he called that single, evocative word, "MUMMY?" the woman turned and recognition flooded her face as if a spotlight had been turned upon it from above and in a voice brimming with excitement she said, "Oh, my God.....IT'S YOU!!"

Although his mouth had gone dry John managed to croak, "Yes, Mum It's me!!!" and as they moved towards one another he could only add, "You look absolutely.....WONDERFUL!"

In the circumstances this was a totally inadequate summing up of his feelings but it was all he could think of to say before gathering into his arms the smiling, laughing woman who flung herself against him with an enthusiasm that was breathtaking.

As he hugged her close and gave her smooth, perfumed cheek his first kiss in over 15 years his mother clung to him and gasped, "OH, my God!!..... AT LAST!"

For a moment he thought she was going to cry but instead she reached up and though her eyes brimmed with tears she simply touched his face and whispered, "YES! YES! It IS my darling, HANDSOME home at last!!",

Her welcoming words, every syllable overflowing with happiness, died away as her son hugged her more enthusiastically than he had intended and she croaked, "Darling, darling! Don't squeeze your poor old mother to death!"

John stuttered an apology and started to release her but his mother laughed and reaching out pulled him back into an even closer embrace! It was what they both wanted and as she pressed her soft, warm body to his, John quivered with surprised excitement and the blood went rushing to his head.

As he held his mother close John tried to come to terms with the fact that this plumpish, middle aged woman who embraced him with such fervor was not on her 'last legs' or 'at death's door' at all but was deliciously alive and devastatingly attractive. With a laugh of sheer disbelief he cuddled her in his arms before leaning away from her and saying, "Here....let me look at you!"

Pushing her almost to arms length he admired the beautifully made-up features before looking down and realising that his mother's curves though a little more generous than he remembered, were also more shapely! The fact that she wore a smart linen business suit, had legs smoothly clad in seamed nylon hose, feet shod in high heeled, fashionable court shoes told him that here was a NEW mother, one he might well have fantasised about but had certainly never expected to meet. To anyone looking on she was a modern 'woman of the world' who dressed well, wore her cheeky, red hat perched at an angle and favoured a perfume designed not only to gain a man's attention but invite his sexual interest!

The effect of examining his mother with such loving care and breathing in the invitation exuded by her perfume made John's heart pound a little more urgently and then realize that this was not the only effect his mother was having upon him! Suddenly alarm bells rang as his penis stiffened and swelled into a solid length of muscle that would make its presence felt if this lovely creature pressed herself against him in another demonstration of love and welcome! Fearful lest his mother became aware of his powerful erection John gently pushed her away until he held her at arms length intending to avoid mutual embarrassment by talking about his work or asking inconsequential questions about her health. Anything in fact that would avoid his mother feeling threatened, insulted even, by the lump that would press solidly against her should they share a close embrace again. But even as he contemplated his next move his mother seized him with both hands and said, "Oh, Johnny.....hold me

tight! It's been SO long since you last held me close!"

As his mother pushed herself against his chest John realized with gut wrenching apprehension that he could not disguise what was pressing solidly against her soft belly! For a second or two they both froze and remained still until John looked down and saw that far from being about to push him away with a reproachful, disgusted look his mother was lifting her mouth towards his with an expression of need and expectation in her hooded eyes! For a moment he hesitated but then understood that here was an invitation he could neither misunderstand nor ignore!

With a groan John drew his mother closer still until the outline of his rising erection was pressed hard into the curve of her soft body. The sensation was electrifying and as he gazed into his mother's beautiful face he knew that something wonderful was happening. This special woman with whom he had explored so many devious and wicked paths of sexual pleasure in the privacy of his fevered mind was giving him the sort of encouragement he had longed for but never dared hope to receive!

With gentle care he curled his arms around this small, wonderful creature and as his whole body was flooded by wave after wave of passionate desire he watched her full, red lips open slightly and a wet, pink tongue smoothed the slick covering of lipstick in readiness for what was to come!

Then, even before he could take advantage of that soft, inviting mouth, his mother said in a pleading voice, "Kiss me, Johnny!! Kiss Mummy like I know you WANT to kiss her!" and reaching up she drew her son's head down until their lips met and became one in the sort of passionate kiss he had shared with no other woman in his entire life!

Standing there on Temple Meads station they kissed with a passion that banished all idea of restraint. Floating in a seventh heaven John gathered his mother close and felt her swelling breasts thrust back at him, hard against his chest. The heady perfume that rose from her body filled his nostrils and as if intent upon driving him insane with desire his mother began to squirm her hips against his huge erection with the barely disguised urgency of a teenage lover on heat!

Suddenly they both remembered where they were and broke their embrace with a hurried exchange of small apologies that turned to laughter and they silently acknowledged that what had just happened was inappropriate to the time and place. But both sensed that what had just happened was the birth of a new relationship though neither realized yet that it was to become a relationship for which each had hungered over many years without the other knowing!

As she smoothed her clothing and adjusted the angle of her hat John's mother asked in an attempt to present a calm demeanor, "So - tell me. HAVE you missed me, Johnny!" but even as she asked there was a wicked twinkle in her eye. Then she seized her son by the arm and said, "I rather think you

have!” and the light of love illuminated her happy face.

John stared down at this extraordinary woman then gasped, “Have I MISSED you? Oh, mother....I’ve been so lonely !” and his words and the fervour with which he spoke made his mother’s eyes to fill with tears. In that one short sentence her darling boy had not only said what she had hoped to hear but told her a thousand times more than she had ever dared expect! But then, having made this confession, John took the bull by the horns and stuttered in a desperate whisper, “And I’ve been so.....so FRUSTRATED !”

As soon as he uttered the word “FRUSTRATED” John feared he had rushed in here only a fool would dare to tread and braced himself for a rebuff. He had been crude....or at best too forward. He need not have worried however for with a gentle smile that brimmed with true love and womanly understanding his mother squeezed his arm and whispered back, “Oh, Johnny, JOHNNY!” For a second or two she simply gazed into his worried, anxious face and then, her voice taut with emotion, she asked, “What about your abandoned, unloved mother?” Her eyebrows, so delicately delineated, lifted before she asked a more devastating question. “Have you never wondered how frustrated I became after you left?”

A fog of confusion clouded John’s mind. Surely his leaving home was not the reason why this lovely creature had remained unmarried, perhaps even stayed unloved all those years? How could he— why should he believe such a thing? Then his mind lurched and he wondered, was she hinting that before he left for university she had had intimate..... SEXUAL thoughts about him? If so the implications were unthinkable! How could he bear to discover that this woman, the object of his undeclared love since childhood, had once had secret longings for him as strong as his had been and still were, for her? It would make his abandonment of her even more cruel and wicked than some heart stopping plot in a Shakespeare tragedy!

John could only stare down into his mother’s up-tilted face and struggle to understand what she was trying to say but he couldn’t come to terms with the possibilities because they didn’t make any sense.

Without warning, his mother took the initiative and without a word suddenly pulled at him, drawing him close so that once again his throbbing weapon thrust hard against her soft flesh! The intimacy of this contact made them both moan softly with pleasure but then without warning she plunged her hand down between their straining bodies! John gave a gasp of shock and pleasure as his mother’s fingers searched for the long, hard length of his cock and it was an act of such up-front daring that it sent jolts of pure lust through his whole system!

As soon as she had found what she was searching for his mother hissed in a voice charged with passion, “Oh, my darling boy! Is this a present for ME?” and without waiting for a reply squeezed

John's throbbing penis with a demanding hand before starting to milk up and down the full length with an expert, clenching fist!

It was hard for John to not believe that what was happening was taking place in a dream sequence from which he would wake up with a hard-on to find nobody on the end of it! It was only the so solid, noisy surroundings that convinced him he was NOT dreaming for he could smell the sooty fumes and hear the hissing chuffs as railway engines came and went while his mother's hand went smoothly up and down his tool with the regularity of a beam engine!

Dazed by passion John was about to relax into an ocean of pleasure when the sound of a whistle reminded him that though they were pressed together they were exposed to view in a very public place.

Every nerve in his trembling body fought to ignore the message he now hissed down at the woman in his arms. "Stop it!" he demanded. "WE MUST STOP THIS....RIGHT NOW!!"

Forceful though his delivery was his mother seemed deaf to his entreaties and John shuddered as she continued to stroke and fondle him intimately! With eyes closed and mouth open she had entered a region she had dreamed about but not known before and she was not going to stop handling her son's huge cock nor heed his words unless someone or something forced her to do so!

John shuddered and tried to think of something that might shock his mother out of her daze when she hissed in a voice that quivered with lust, "What's wrong, darling? Is Johnny afraid Mummy will make him.....'CUM' in his pants!....Like the naughty boy he is?" and as she spoke her hand speeded up its piston-like stroke!

In truth John WAS afraid of just that thing and although he would happily have let her go on man-handling his throbbing tool until she DID make him spunk in his trousers he knew he had to stop her somehow. With a sudden wrench he pulled away from his mother's embrace and in an effort to calm their raging lust before it was too late he kissed her on the cheek and whispered, "Later, Mummy.... later !!" It was an effort of extreme willpower to break contact with this tempestuous creature when all he REALLY wanted to do was drag her bodily into a nearby corner, pull her knickers down past her knees, far enough for him to thrust his throbbing cock up under her skirt and into the hot pussy he was sure needed his loving attention as much as he needed the wet, warm welcome that was waiting for him up between his mother's lovely, well remembered, stockinged legs!

With a whimper of disappointment John's mother accepted her son's command to stop and giving the outline of his rampant tool one last affectionate stroke she moved away from his side. With a whimper of disappointment she accepted her son's command but giving the outline of his rampant tool one last

affectionate stroke she whispered, "Spoilsport!"

John refused to be drawn but composed himself as best he could before taking a long, deep breath as he bent to pick up his suitcase. But even then his mother couldn't resist the temptation to reach out and stroke his balls from behind as he straightened up!

When he gasped and glared at her his mother stared defiantly back before asking in a soft, seductive voice, "So what would my naughty boy like to do first - when he gets Mummy home?" Stifling a quick, lewd reply John turned to the small woman at his side and reproached her with just one frown as he said through clenched his teeth, "I'd like you to open your blouse and pull your bra down so that I can wank myself off until I 'cum' all over Mummy's breasts!"

Suddenly John felt his balls tighten and for one awful moment thought they were going to empty their load of spunk down the inside of his trouser leg, unable to wait until they could anoint his mother's luscious breasts and busy fingers for he knew she wouldn't be able to keep her hands off him! The feeling that he was about to 'cum' was so real that he began to reach down in the hope that he could stop the inevitable but his mind was distracted by a voice crying, "Bristol, Temple Meads. All change for Bristol and the South West. Passengers staying aboard for....."

With terrifying suddenness John found himself sitting alone in a stationary railway carriage and realized it had all been a vivid dream – a fiction created by his tired mind to sooth a weary, travel worn body. Out there on the platform waiting for him was his mother, a sad, sick old woman who wanted nothing more from him than comfort and maybe an apology for the thoughtless way in which, as he now realized, he'd left her to face life with a cruel husband and even after his father had died, the whole cruel, empty world.