

Masturbating for my Mom

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Mom watches me masturbate

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/masturbating-for-my-mom.aspx>

I was sitting at one end of the couch in the family room, looking at my iPad, with my hand down my shorts. Not actually masturbating, but not not masturbating either.

The TV was showing baseball, but I wasn't really paying much attention to it. I was dressed as I usually was for hanging around the house - just an old pair of gym shorts, commando. The Florida heat can be harsh and humid, and my Mom and I often wore very little. My Mom even went topless sometimes, and though she wasn't embarrassed for me to see her like that, she would generally put on a bikini top, or perhaps a bra, when I was around.

This evening I was hotter than usual, no doubt because of the material I was looking at on the iPad. I don't as a rule stream video, and as usual I was seeking out erotic fiction. Although my real life was strictly vanilla, I liked femdom stories and incest stories - and best of all, stories that combined the two.

I had just found a new one, well-written for a change, and I was working my way through it, reading quickly, but drinking everything in. My cock started to harden, and I began to stroke it gently.

I reached a climactic, as it were, point in the story, and paused to day dream a little about the scenario. A young man's insolence is punished by his mother, and his attempts to make amends unleash their repressed passion for each other. Quite. But nicely done.

Something made me glance up, and I saw Mom looking at me quizzically.

"Sorry," I said as I removed my hand from my shorts. I may have blushed a little; I certainly must have looked flustered. But in truth I wasn't terribly embarrassed. It was more the unexpectedness of my mother being there, rather than the fact that she had caught me holding my cock, that prompted my reaction. Like most eighteen year old boys I masturbated every day, usually more than once, and of

course my mother knew that I did.

But Mom just smiled, and said, "Don't mind me." And she sat down at the other end of the couch.

There was an awkward pause. I pretended to watch the baseball.

"No, really, don't mind me. Carry on."

Already semi-aroused by the story, I was suddenly catapulted into a full erection by my mother's obvious interest.

Mom was dressed in shorts and a t-shirt. She let out a throaty chuckle. "It's hot in here, isn't it. We ought to turn the AC up."

She got up from the couch as if to do so, but instead stripped off her t-shirt. "That's better."

She was wearing a pretty white bra with lace trimmings. I'm not an expert on lingerie, but it looked to be aiming for sexy more than functional. It was succeeding. Never one for half measures, my mother slipped out of her shorts, revealing skimpy bikini panties, also white, and embroidered at the front.

I couldn't help but stare. In truth I was trying to see through the embroidered front for a glimpse of her pussy, or at least her pubic hair. I had seen my mother's breasts, and they were gorgeous, but I had never seen 'below the waist'.

And then Mom unhooked her bra and slung it carelessly in my direction. It landed on my leg, and I could feel the warmth of her body still in it. "Remember these?" she said, brushing her palms over her nipples. "I think you've always liked them."

I was speechless. My mouth was dry and I could feel I my heart pound.

My Mom smiled again. "I said you don't need to stop, Darling. You don't need to feel awkward. What are you looking at?"

She moved towards me and sat down right next to me, her long brown thigh pressing against my leg. "Let me see."

I was so transfixed that I didn't have the presence of mind to exit from the story I had been reading. Mom leant over to look at the screen, one of her nipples pressing against my naked chest. Intentionally, I'm sure, and she made no move to disengage.

Mom was reading the text on the screen. The story was something like 'Femdom Mom' and visible at the top of the page was: 'The humiliating punishments Jason's Mom had inflicted on him were instantly forgotten as she seized his shaft and began to ...'

OK, not that well written, but well enough to get the job done.

"Oh, Darling, I would never punish you. Not just for masturbating. Even Moms need release from time to time, you know."

And she put one hand on my thigh, while the other crept slowly into the front of her panties. "I like to cum, Baby. Don't you? Don't you want to cum now?"

It would have been futile to deny it, as my cock had become the proverbial tent pole in my shorts.

Mom gestured at it. "Isn't that uncomfortable. Perhaps you should take off your shorts."

I could neither speak nor move. I was transfixed. My mother's voice was husky and she was breathing hard. Her lips were slightly parted, and I could see the heat in her cheeks. She too was still.

The moment seemed to last forever.

Then my mother took charge, and my life changed forever.

"Take them off. Take your shorts off. I want to see it. I want to see you. I want to see you cum."

The hand in her panties was moving more urgently, and her other hand pawed ineffectually at the waistband of my shorts.

I was beyond help. I tore off my shorts and worked my cock frantically. My mother never took her eyes off it, as she took her hand off my thigh and delved it into her panties. I could tell from the angle of her hands that she was wanking her clitoris with one hand while the other was deep inside her. The panties blocked my view, but in my mind I could see her gaping labia, her swollen clitoris, the flowing juices as if on a giant screen.

My mother didn't take her eyes off my cock.

And then, with a sound that was half howl, half growl, and all roar, I spurted semen into the air and

over my naked body.

My mother let out a strangled gasp as she pressed both hands hard against her crotch. Her body convulsed, and she shuddered against me as a huge orgasm rocked her body.

We were silent for a long moment. I felt completely relaxed, not really thinking about the enormity of what had just happened. I had masturbated in front of my mother, masturbated at her command, but the implications were lost in my post-climactic languor.

My mother recovered first. She straddled my lap, with her knees on the couch. I could feel her panties faintly against me, momentarily brushing my cock, but she didn't relax on to me. She knelt up and took my face in her hands, her fingers against my cheek. I caught the strong musky smell of her femininity, and I felt my cock twitch.

Mom kissed me gently on the lips, briefly, with an unreadable expression on her face, and backed away.

"Let us never speak of this again," she said.

But we did.