

Mom Helped me

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Narrated by Mom in her wording

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A Mother's Touch It's fascinating how extraordinary circumstances can spawn totally unexpected acts and deeds. In this case, a serious car crash thrust my 18-year-old son, Charles, and I into a situation that brought us together in a way neither of us could ever have imagined. He'd been out driving around with a couple of older boys, one of whom just got his license, when the driver lost control and rolled it. Luckily nobody was hurt, but they all ended up in hospital for a couple of weeks with various broken bones and abrasions.

Charles came out with both his arms in casts, which left him completely dependent on me. I was so thrilled at having him alive, I didn't mind doing everything for him. As a matter of fact, I actually enjoyed most of it, especially when I helped him take a shower. It wasn't until I'd done it several times that what I'd suspected became a reality. Every time I washed my son's cock and balls, he started getting aroused! The first time it happened, I quickly moved to another area of his body and chatted about things to distract him... and me! But then one day my little ploy didn't work, and the minute I started lathering his crotch, his dick got hard fast! Charles's got a big cock for his age, so there was no ignoring the situation. "Sorry, Mom!", he said with an embarrassed little grin. "Don't worry, darling," I said, continuing to wash between his skinny young legs. "It's only natural. Besides I've seen plenty of hard cocks before." "You have?" Clearly this only excited Charles more, because his cock seemed to throb powerfully in his own mom's hand. "Sure, It's no big deal," I said, trying to act as calmly as possible. But feeling my son's virile young cock hardening under my fingers was doing things to my pussy that it shouldn't have. I couldn't believe I was so turned on by my own son! His young prick was at full erection now and looked every bit as large as his father's had been. I couldn't help myself, I had to touch it without the washcloth in the way. I dropped the soap and wrapped my fingers around Charles's stiff cock. It was incredibly hard, and smooth to the touch and my pussy began to dribble into my panties as I looked up into my son's wide eyes. "Do you play with yourself when it gets hard like that, Charles?", I asked, almost clinically, but the heat between my legs betrayed my own rising excitement. "S.. sometimes," he answered. "Do you want Mommy to help you out with it now, baby", I asked, my voice almost a whisper. "Ohhhh, yeahhh!!" I gripped his gorgeous young prick and began to slowly move my fist up and down the hard, slippery length of my son's cock.

"Ummmmmmmmmm!" he moaned contentedly, closing his eyes as I started jerking him off. "That

feels so good, Mom!" "I just want you to be comfortable, honey," I stammered, feeling the heat from his cock travel up my arm and down into my incredibly wet pussy. The crotch of my panties was soaked. "Keep doing what you're doing, Mom," he sighed. "I haven't been able to do this for myself since the accident." "Do you do it often, baby?" I breathed, running my other hand up and down his lean young thighs. "Yeah, Mom, twice a day," gasped Charles through clenched teeth. "sometimes more if I'm feeling really horny." I knew how horny young sixteen-year-olds could get, so I had no trouble imagining Charles jerking himself off all over the house. It made my overheated cunt twitch and drool with arousal. Talking so wantonly with my own son like this as I jacked off his cock was the most exciting thing I'd ever done. "What do you think of when you're doing it, honey?", I asked, wanting him to excite me with his fantasies. "I think of... girls and... women... with no clothes on..." he replied hesitantly, "and....." "And what, baby?" "... and... you, Mom!" he gasped, staring directly between my carelessly parted thighs.

I did incredible things to my pussy to know that my son was staring hungrily at his own mother's sopping crotch. "Ohhh, Charles!", I gasped. Leaning down, I kissed him on the lips, not like a mother kissing her son, but like a woman kissing her younger lover. Surprisingly, Charles knew exactly what to do. He parted his soft, young lips and let my tongue enter his hot, panting mouth, slithering his own tongue past mine and into my mouth. My little boy had done this before, and he was good! I moaned with pleasure as Charles reached up and began to fondle my tits through my blouse. "Take it off, Mom", he panted, pulling his mouth off mine. "Take off your top, I wanna see your beautiful tits!" As if in a daze, I did as he requested. I was a bit concerned about where all this foreplay was leading, but I knew I didn't want it to stop either. "Uhhhh, yes!" I muttered "I want you to see my tits, baby!" I took off my blouse and unhooked my bra, letting my breasts spring free. Charles moaned softly as I reached up with my free hand and began to squeeze them one at a time. I'm very proud of my tits. They're not too big and still almost as firm as they were when I was a teenager. Charles's eyes went big and round, his tongue darting out to wet his lips as he watched me fondle my breasts. I continued to rub his slippery wet cock as he stared at my naked tits.

The steamy bathroom somehow made what we were doing seem a little less real. I didn't care that I was engaged in sexual foreplay with my sixteen-year-old son... I just wanted it to continue, and damn the consequences! Up and down, up and down, I moved my fist over Charles's throbbing prick, each stroke bringing him closer to release. I loved the look on his face and the occasional groans of pleasure as my hand gave him the satisfaction his own could not. The tingle of excitement between my thighs had grown rapidly into a raging itch that needed to be attended to. I reached underneath my skirt and started rubbing my cunt-mound through my soaked panties, watching Charles's eyes gleam as he followed my hand. "Oh, Mom!", he gasped, when he realized what I was doing. I had the sudden depraved impulse to let my son watch me rub my naked cunt. Letting go of his cock for a second, I quickly undid my skirt and removed my panties. Charles's eyes were flashing from my tits to my cunt and back again as I finally stood before him completely naked. "God, Mom, you're gorgeous!", he muttered, "I wish I could touch you." "But you can, my darling," I smiled, reaching for his stiffly twitching young cock. "You can touch me in the best possible way!" I moved up close to my

son until our naked bodies were almost touching.

His breathing became heavy and laboured as he grabbed his erection and inserted it between my thighs. Charles was a couple of inches shorter than me and I had to bend my knees a little so that his gorgeous young cock would line up with my pussy. I felt the head nudge my mound and slide deliciously up along my incredibly wet cunt-slit before popping neatly into my neglected fuckhole. Charles's mouth opened wide and he let out a low, throaty moan as I hunched forward, burying his man-sized prick deep into my aching cunt. It's an amazing feel to me now my own son's hot rocket is in his own mother's pussy I can't believe it!!! "Unnnnghhhh! Mom!.. Fuck! Ohhhhh, Jesus!" "Feel good, sweetheart?", I whispered, contracting my cunt-muscles around his cock for effect. "Shit, Mom! It feels fantastic!" replied Charles, panting for breath. "You're so hot and wet and... and tight!" "Don't sound so surprised," I smiled, "I haven't had something this big up my cunt since your father left a year ago." "Really?", he grinned. "You bet!", I said grinding myself against him sensuously, "You're hung like a stud pony, honey and Mommy wants to ride you!" "Go for it, Mom", gasped Charles, "Fuck my cock!" With a whimper of pleasure, I began moving my hips back and forth, pinning my son's ass against the tiled wall as his wonderfully hard prick slid in and out of my highly aroused cunt. I was beside myself with lust! Charles's cock felt sooo good inside me, even better than I remembered his father's cock had felt during the years of our marriage.

That is, before he left me for some blonde secretary half his age. Well now I had a young lover too... my own handsome son! Charles was bravely thrusting his skinny young hips back at me as we fucked awkwardly, the suddenly cool water from the shower spraying over our heated bodies. I wished his hands were free so he could grab my ass and pump his rock-hard young prick in and out of my cunt like I knew he wanted to. "Ohhhhhh, Owwwwweennn!", I gasped as his balls began to slap loudly against the flesh between my thighs. We kissed passionately, our tongues twisting and plunging with the same frantic tempo as our hips. Within a minute or two, Charles began to moan and heave his hips against me violently, and I knew he about to come. I was nowhere near my own orgasm, but it didn't matter just then. We had plenty of time and I knew at his age, it wouldn't take much to get him hard again. Right now, all I wanted was to feel my son's hot, creamy cum shoot up into my cunt. It was his first time cumming in a matured woman or in his age girl, and I was so glad it was me. I was in seventh heaven! How many mothers are lucky enough to take their son's virginity? how many mother's are got a chance to feel their own son's cock in their pussy? here I am very lucky. Charles stiffened and humped his hips, instinctively burying his throbbing prick as far as he could into my hungry snatch. I grabbed his tight, clenched little asscheeks and hunched forward, grinding against him as he climaxed powerfully. "UNNNNNNGHHHHH! FUUUUUUCK!", he yelled, opening his eyes wide as the intense pleasure crashed through his young loins. "GODDDD! I'MMMM DOING IT! I'M CUMMING IN YOUR CUNT, MOM!

AHHHHHHHHHHGGHHHHH!" "Yes! Oh, fuck, yessss!", I hissed as I felt the first powerful squirts of incestuous semen enter my flooded pussy. "Fuck me, baby! Cum in Mommy's cunt! Cum! Cum! CUM!!" Charles's climax seemed to go on forever, as jet after jet of hot, thick boy-cum surged into my cock-filled cunt. I felt it filling me up and by the time he had finished his orgasm it was running down

my legs. Charles slumped against me, his legs shaking with post-climactic bliss. His cock was still inside me, but had lost most of its former hardness. I squeezed my cunt-muscles around him and hugged him close as he came down from what must have been a very intense orgasm. "Ohhhh, Mom!", he gasped, when he finally caught his breath. "That was fantastic! I never knew it could be so good to fu.. to you know... to do it with a girl... er...woman." I smiled at his sudden coyness. "After what we just did, honey, I think you can say "fuck" in front of your mother, don't you?", I grinned. "I guess so, Mom", said Charles flashing me one of his cute, dimpled smiles. "Did you... um.. did you come too?" "No, baby," I admitted, "But we've got all night to remedy that situation." "You mean I can fuck you again?", smiled Charles. He looked like all his birthdays had come at once. I guess in a way, they had! "Sure! You can fuck me anytime you want, stud!", I grinned, grinding my pussy lewdly against my son's limp cock. "Alriiiight!!" he said with boyish enthusiasm. I washed us both slowly, concentrating on our genitals. As I hoped, Charles was hard again in no time. My aching pussy was drooling at the very thought of having my son's long hard cock in my pussy again, but I wanted it to be in more comfortable surroundings this time. Before Charles became too excited, I suggested I dry off us both off and adjourn to my bedroom. He eagerly agreed and followed me down the hall like an eager young puppy-dog panting after a bitch in heat.

In the bedroom, I got Charles to lie down on his back while I straddled him. My pussy was leaking so bad by this time it left a slick trail as I slithered up his chest to position my cunt right in front of his mouth. Charles stared up at me with look of pure lust in his young eyes. "You want me to lick it for you, don't you, Mom", he murmured, glancing hungrily down at my wetly-gaping cuntslit. "Mmmmmmm! I sure do, darling!", I replied. "Do you think you can?" "You bet, Mom!" said Charles enthusiastically, "Move up a bit so I can reach you with my tongue." With a low moan of expectant lust, I shuffled forwards and pressed my cunt against my son's mouth. Immediately, Charles opened his mouth and shot his tongue into my gooey fuckhole. I shuddered and arched my back, grinding my pussy onto his gorgeous face. I got the feeling that my young son had done this before, the way he lapped up and down my slit and flicked my clit with his tongue. But, right now, I didn't care if he'd sucked every girl in school, as long as he kept doing what he was doing. His talented young tongue was sending me into orbit! "Unnnnhhhh, yeahhh! Suck mommy's cunt, baby! Lick me and fuck me with your hot little tongue." I moaned. Charles did as he was instructed, slurping and sucking like crazy as I hunched my drooling twat against his open mouth. He had me cumming in no time. All it took was for him to latch his lips around my clit and start sucking hard. I came like a rocket, grinding my pussy over my son's mouth and lips in a frenzy of hot, incestuous lust. He licked up my cunt-juice like a starving man as I fell forward on the bed, my messy crotch still plastered over his glistening young face.

As my orgasm faded, I scooted my pussy down over his chest until I felt his cock-shaft press into the crease of my ass. "Oh, my goodness, Charles..." I grinned, reaching round to grab his erection. "You're as hard as a rock!" "I sure am, Mom! Sucking you off has got me hotter than hell!" "I can see that, baby!", I said, "Let Mommy take care of it for you." I raised my ass and positioned his cock in my freshly-sucked cuntslit. Without any preliminaries I dropped my hips, moaning aloud as my son's huge pole impaled me deliciously. Charles groaned and lifted his hips, forcing his prick deeper up

inside my pussy. "Uuuuhhhhh, Mom! That's fantastic!", he panted, "You feel so much tighter this way!" I started rotating my ass in response to the urgent up-and-down movements of Charles's muscular young hips. His cock felt like a steel bar inside me and every time I sank down over him it filled me completely. Charles was right, in this position his prick felt so much longer and thicker than when we had fucked standing up in the shower. I began to bounce up and down on him, lost in the ecstasy of riding my son's magnificent young cock. "I wish I could squeeze your tit's and ass, Mom!" Charles groaned. I wished he could too. It would have been such a turn on for me if he could have reached up and fondled my jiggling tits. I pictured him pulling me down onto his bucking prick by my breasts. God, that would feel good! I leaned forward a bit so that my tits dangled over his face. Charles took the hint and began sucking and licking my erect nipples as I fucked him, nibbling and biting on them until I felt another wonderful orgasm begin to build in my loins. "Ummmmfff, baby! Yes! Fuck me!", I grunted, "Fuck me hard! I'm gonna cum soon, lover! Fuck Mommy REAL hard!" "Yeah! Cum for me, Mom", gasped Charles, pounding his hips up at me as hard as he could. "Cum on my big fat mother-fuckin' prick!" His cock-shaft was stimulating my clit into a powerful orgasm, pushing me closer and closer with every thrust. Then suddenly, my climax was upon me. Wave after wave of intense pleasure welled up from my quivering pussy, raced along my spine and washed over my lust-clouded brain.

The erotic sensations were so powerful I lost consciousness for a few moments and when I came to, Charles was still pumping his cock up into my cunt like crazy. He hadn't come yet, but he was very close. I concentrated on making my son climax, tightening my pelvic muscles and grinding my cunt down over his pistoning cock in perfect rhythm with his increasingly-aggressive hip thrusts. Soon, Charles was moaning loudly and slamming his cock up into me like crazy. I knew he was about to cum so I leaned forward and kissed him passionately. "Come in my cunt, lover!", I said, breathing hotly into his ear. "Fill Momma's pussy with your hot fucking cum! Ohhh, baby, I'm so hot! Fuck me forever, Charles!! Hearing my husky voice telling him what I wanted him to do to me must have been the all the catalyst that Charles needed. Instantly, he arched his back and rammed his twitching, jerking cock into my cunt as far as he could, emptying a load of hot sticky sperm deep up inside my heaving belly. "AHHHHHHHHHHHGGGHHHH! FUUUUUUCK! JESUS, MOM! I'M CUMMING! OH, SHIT! I'M CUMMMMMMMMMMING RIGHT UP YOUR HAIRY FUCKIN' CUNT! UHHHHHHH!" Charles's young prick seemed to double in size as he came and I humped him frantically, trying to orgasm with my trembling son. His cock was hitting the right spot and his hot, creamy jism shooting deep into my pussy soon had me climaxing again also. It wasn't as intense as the first, but wonderfully satisfying all the same. We lay there in a tangled heap for several minutes, catching our breaths and letting our bodies recover from the exhausting effort. Then I rolled off him and lay by his side, holding him close... hugging his sweaty, naked body to mine. Charles did his best to hug me back and kissed me hungrily on the lips. "Can we do this every night, Mom?" he asked with a mischievous little grin. "Sure, baby, if you feel you can manage to get this thing up that often," I replied, giving his limp glistening cock a meaningful squeeze. "I'm sure I can, Mom," chuckled Charles, "I'm sure I can." And he was right...