

# Mom Son Acting

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*Edited: Mom and Son end up acting in a play where they must pretend to make love*

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## Mom Son Acting

My mom and I are very keen amateur actors and have acted in several local theatre productions but never together. Most of my work has been youth productions linked to my school and now college. Mom works as a legal secretary but her passion really is in the arts and since her college days has yearned to do serious and edgy drama productions.

We live in a big town so neither mom nor I really get recognised on stage as we keep few close friends and none of them are really into the theatre scene. One of Mom's most successful roles was a captivating Juliet but being edgy, Verona was set in the present day and the characters were based around two competing companies. The role required some serious sex scenes including one in a corporate boardroom. I remember on opening day Mom sat me down and explained the adult nature of the play but insisted that it was all part of the artistry of the play. As with a lot of the amateur theatre stuff, the nudity was real but the sex unrealistically implied and mostly hidden by props. No one we knew that Mom was in that play so she didn't have a problem with the partial nudity on stage.

As you may have guessed, Mom is very liberal. She was a beauty queen in her younger days and got pregnant with me at college. She did however manage to give birth to me and after a year out complete college. My dad who I never knew was a star quarter back at her college and when he'd heard of me, disappeared. Mom did date occasionally but as she explained to me, didn't want to change our family dynamics so never allowed herself to take the relationships seriously. The last steady boyfriend she had was about a year ago when I was in my final year of high school. I do feel compelled to tell you that mom is a total babe. She is just 37 years old and I'm 18 so often we get mistaken for siblings. She has the face of a blonde haired angel but is built like a porn star with natural 34Ds, slight waist and slim build and an ass to die for. She loves the outdoors and you can tell that by her tanned toned smooth skin.

I'm a football player, above 6 foot and pretty well built. I realised early on in life that I have a pretty large penis. I also think I have a medical condition in that I cum a lot. I've seen Peter North videos and I must say that on a good day I produce more than the best performance from him – ropes and ropes of cum. Given my cum build up capacity, I need to masturbate at least twice a day and each time coming about a one and a half shot glasses worth. The other problem is that my penis gets excited easily and only deflates once spent. Standing at attention, it reaches about 9 inches, but recently I'm sure it's been surpassing that.

Mom is innocent and oblivious to my growing pains. I have never seen her completely nude (she was partially covered in the theatre scene) but she will parade around our house in a long tee-shirt with just a thong on underneath. Being the only man in her life, I get lots of hugs and kisses and often this causes me to excuse myself and to go and deal with my erections. I feel guilty every time mom gives me a hard on as I love her and it feels like I'm taking away the innocence of her touch by having such dirty thoughts.

So to my story, one morning I come down for breakfast having just jerked off in the shower and then dressed for college. Mom is in her skirt-suit and looking sexy as usual and sipping on her freshly made orange juice and reading a newspaper. Suddenly she makes a squealing noise and points to an advert she wants to have a look at. The advert is for actors to audition for a play that was being directed by someone my mom had followed for years. Jac the director had made his name in armature theatres with very tough provoking and boundary breaking productions and has since made art house movies with some big Hollywood names. Another article in the paper about the forthcoming arrival of Jac in our town speculated that he wanted to do an armature play to find fresh faces for his art house projects. Audition was set for Saturday which was a couple of days away and the play was loosely themed on the Mrs. Jones or The Graduate story of love between a younger man and an older woman.

Fast forward to Saturday and I'm driving Mom to the audition. I thought about auditioning myself for one of the male parts but wasn't comfortable about doing a play with mom in it. When we arrived we were explained that there were several parallel auditions taking place and that Jac himself was walking around the different auditions looking for talent. Mom was ushered into a room while I sat in a waiting area. Suddenly a man walked up to me and asked me which part I was applying for. Long story short, I audition for a general young male part and accidentally impressed Jac himself and landed a major role. I was explained that Jac loosely follows a script and that he likes to see raw dialogue from his actors. I was chosen as one of the love interests of the lead female character. We had spent the whole day at the auditions and I hadn't seen mom since the morning. When she finally emerged she looked ecstatic and told me that she got the lead role.

On the drive back home I explained to her what had happened to me and that I will withdraw my application as it would be weird to act with her – especially if we were to be lovers. Mom wouldn't have any of it and insisted that Jac was a world class director and we were both lucky that he had picked us and that this might lead to bigger and better roles. Rehearsals were to start the following week and would be an intense schedule of rehearsing everyday for two weeks and then we open. We weren't given scripts and just told that instructions would be given on the first day and that we would just make up our own lines as we went on but would follow the story.

During the week we got emails saying that the first day of rehearsal was to be the following Saturday. We were told to be at the theatre at 9 am and to expect a full day of acting at hectic pace. Mom and I were both excited to be working at such a professional pace and I was actually looking forward to it. To save ourselves the embarrassment of a mother and son playing love interests in a play, we decided not to tell anyone we knew and also to pretend we were strangers in front of the theatre group.

## Rehearsals

On Saturday, I woke up later than usual and having realised that I was late, proceeded to quickly shower and get ready for the big rehearsal day. It was a very hot day so I decided to dress in shorts and a tee shirt with loose fitting boxers underneath. When I met mom downstairs, she was dressed in a white summer dress which sat halfway on her thigh with a plunging neckline on top. I could tell that she was wearing one of her white lacy bras and probably a white thong. The dress was very thin and slightly translucent and so she couldn't have worn other coloured underwear without my detection. She scolded me for running late and we hit the road immediately after a small breakfast.

We arrived at the theatres and met other actors who were equally apprehensive about what we were about to do. I clocked another young girl about my age who was playing the love interest of what might be my character. At 9 sharp, Jac entered. He was a slight man with arty glasses, a goatee and a stern look and had an arrogance about him. He told us that he was doing this play as an experiment and that if it was successful, he wanted to make a movie with us in it. He also told us that all the actors and characters were interchangeable and that if we didn't perform to our best, he would find someone else who could do the job.

A booklet of the story was handed out to us and for the first time we all got a better understanding of the roles we were to play. Mom's character named Sarah was basically a lonely young house wife who embarks on an affair with a colleague - me. In the meantime her husband has an affair with my girlfriend (that girl I saw earlier) but unbeknown to Sarah and my character. The boss at our work place is sleeping with his secretary and her husband is sleeping with the boss's wife. The two hour play is an exploration of why people cheat and concludes eventually after what seems like an endless

list of sex scenes, with all the characters coming clean about our affairs and going back to our respective partners. Apparently the writer is an anthropologist and if acted right, this is a powerful story about human fragility, love and primal desires. I was looking forward to my love scenes with the young girl whose real name is Cathy.

Instead of the usual reading of the lines first, we were told to go straight into the play. The set was set up in the audience seating area of the theatre for now with a kitchen area, a living room area and a bedroom area. The first scene is where mom and her stage husband Roger are at home and eating dinner. As mom delivered her unscripted lines, I was in awe. She owned this role and perfectly portrayed the bored housewife with an uninteresting yet loving husband. The scene went on for 5 minutes without any prompting from the director and at the end everyone clapped. My mom was in heaven. The director said that the words from both the actors were natural and said that they should just stick to it.

A few more scenes followed including one where Cathy was to make love to Roger in the back of his car – using the Sofa as a prop. Jac insisted that everything must look and feel real and so as Roger and Cathy played their part, Jac kept interrupting and telling them to sex it up and make it real. Eventually Cathy was stripped bare and sat on a very excited Roger who was also naked. Clearly there was genitalia touching and as Jac stopped and started often the scene took nearly 2 hours to act out. Jac told us that the sex scenes have to be as real as possible and that he insisted on nudity. I hadn't acted as yet and watching Cathy with her pert breasts jumping on a man was having an effect on me. My shorts were tenting slightly and I was nervous that someone might see.

Eventually we broke for lunch and my boner went down but only slightly. The problem was further compounded by the fact that in the rush this morning, I didn't have time for a jerk off session.

Mom and I met at lunch time on the set and she told me that the next scene was with the two of us in bed. She told me that she really wanted to continue to impress the director and that we should just do what he says. "After all, we are just acting" mom said.

After lunch my first scene starts with Mom and I where we are about to embark on our affair for the first time. We are in her bedroom and are both filled with lust for one another as well as reluctance and shame. Jac directs us to sit on the bed and talk about mundane work and then for me to plunge into mom and kiss her. Upon hearing this, my face filled with dread which Jac interprets as acting and starts applauding. Encouraged, I act as directed. As I push into mom and kiss her Jac screams for us to stop. Clearly my peck on her lip wasn't what he was looking for. We try again and again. Mom senses the dread on my face but we are helpless and we had to do this scene if we were to be kept on. On the fifth time my mom takes more charge and jumps on me. She holds my face with her hands and climbs on top of me on the bed. I'm still in my shorts and the way mom as straddling me, I could

feel her smooth bare legs rub up against mine. I also became aware that My groin area much be in contact with her underwear as her dress had ridden up. This realisation did not help with my boner which started to reawaken. Breaking the kiss she whispers for me to just relax and that this is just acting – I wondered if she could feel my emerging boner. I kiss back for what seemed like minutes. Eventually Jac interrupts us and says that even though it should have been me taking the lead, he likes the way things were progressing.

We are then instructed to “sex it up a notch” and then disrobe each other. I look at mom pleadingly to call the whole thing off but she pleads with her eyes to carry on. I’m instructed to feel mom up over her clothes. After all this is the first time we are about to have an affair so we are passionate yet nervous.

So here I am lying on a bed, in a theatre surrounded by about 25 people with mom straddling me. In the time we were kissing I also became aware that because of the length of my mom’s dress and the way she was leaning into me, her bum must have been showing to the people behind her. For some strange reason, this turned me on even more and made my boner grow further.

Now I had to feel her up. I nervously placed my hand gently on her left breast with my right hand. Both mom and I jumped when I made contact. I could feel her bra was merely a thin garment and didn’t have much padding – probably because her breasts were big enough. Sensing that my caress wasn’t passionate enough, mom placed her hand on mine and squeezed it harder. It felt warm and so soft. Jac told us that as first time loves that we would probably keep our underwear on until we were under the covers which brought a huge sigh from both mom and me. This relaxed me enough to feel mom up even more. Still straddling me, she reached for her dress and took it off over her head. Everyone on stage was in awe of this gorgeous busty woman in just her skimpy underwear. I looked at her breasts which were visible through her near sheer and frilly bra. From the position I was in I couldn’t make out her thong but acting in character, I decided to explore her ass with my hand. At first mom jumped when I felt her up down there but then eased in and resumed her character on stage. I was right, mom was sporting a very thin thong which were white.

After what felt like a long time of passionately kissing my mom and feeling her up Jac instructed us to go to the next level. In a smooth and passionate move, I confidently flipped her over and managed to get into the covers but was stopped by Jac who asked mom to remove my clothes first. When she had removed my t-shirt and shorts, I quickly jumped into the covers which didn’t seem to displease Jac too much. I positioned myself gently into the missionary position and mom wrapped her legs around me. Bad move. My boxer covered dick was now positioned right on mom’s thong covered mound. I adjusted my dick so that it was laid flat on my stomach but as it was so erect that some of it stretched over the waistband.

As we continued to make out under the covers and grinded our bodies together, my dick became so hard that it started to hurt. Due to the positioning, the midway on my dick was rubbing on the top of mom's mound. I made gestures under the covers to stimulate love making. My mom kept making passionate noises and grinded her pelvis against mine causing my hard dick to rub against her thing covered pussy. Had this been any other woman in the world I would have been in heaven but this was my mother and I was made further nervous knowing that people were watching and by the curious fact that mom hadn't acknowledged my boner.

Jac shouted at us to change our movements to mimic "fucking" as he put it. This meant that I had to push myself on my hands and basically dry hump mom. I got into position only to feel my boxers slip off my body and for the waistband to rest at the end of my nut sack. For the first time mom acknowledged my dick by making a scolding face when she felt me lower my pelvis to hers. I brought my face down to her to tell her that I was sorry but I couldn't help it. Mom eased a little and to keep up the pretence moved her body in a "fucking motion". With things the way they were arranged under the covers, this meant mom sliding up and down my naked nine inch pole with her soft thong covered pussy.

We dry humped for a few moments but my world was running in slow motion. I was filled with shame that I was turned on by my mom – guilty even. I assured myself that it was only acting and that my boner did not know it was mom. In my haze, I realised three things. Firstly, mom must have been shaven down there as I couldn't feel any resistance from pubic hair even with the thong on. Secondly that I was now leaking copious amounts of pre cum on her thing and belly and thirdly and crucially, that if we didn't stop soon, I would cum. My pre cum was lubricating the entire pelvic area and regrettably making the sliding motion more enjoyable for me. At that moment Jac said that this was looking good and for us to "Climax it up a bit". He instructed that this meant "fucking" faster and grabbing her body more passionately. Mom reacted immediately and quickened the pace under me and this brought even more action down below. Being so wet, I was now sliding my cock up and down her thong covered slit and leaking another dollop of pre cum on every stroke.

In a moment of panic I bent down to mom's ears as if to nuzzle it to tell her that we had to stop this insanity or that I was going to have an accident. Initially not understanding she nuzzled my ear and then realising what it meant stopped but it was too late. I was still perched on top of her in the missionary position but my dick which was held in place in between her pussy lips was pointing slightly upwards given that we were mid-stroke. At that moment I bit my lips and mom saw the look on my face. She whispered "nooooo" in slow motion as I came. And boy did I cum. The first gust I felt ripped through me and given the space between mom and I, landed all the way from her chin down to the top of her belly. A few more landed on her bra and as I continued to cum, I closed the distance between our bodies to contain the spray. Luckily no one was close enough to see the sick cum that I was sprayed on mom. I also counted myself lucky that my cum hadn't reached her face or beyond. I

can easily cum about 6 feet away but given the restricting positioning today, it only reached her chin. Half a minute later I could still feel droplets dripping out on her belly from my now deflating dick. It was then I realised the intent look of the crowd around us. Jac broke the silence by clapping and the others around the stage continued. I collapsed on top of mom. Clearly we had put on an impressive show. Mom whispered to me that it was Ok and that we shouldn't let anyone know of my "accident".

Soon Jac called for the actors for the next scene and we were told to get dressed. Knowing the mess I had made under the sheets and all over mom, she shouted back to Jac that we needed to talk about the scene and for the others to carry on. Luckily the next scene was in the kitchen which was at the other end of the theatre so everyone moved there and we were left alone.

As the last pair of eyes left us I began by apologise to mom but she told me that she understood. Mom had a look of worry on her face. She sighed and partially opened the covers to look at the damage. A drop of cum dangled off of mom's chin but I didn't know how to tell her to wipe it off.

"My that is a lot" she said.

"Again, I'm really sorry mom" I replied.

"Pass me that rag over there and let's get ourselves cleaned up" mom said as I got off of her. Looking around to make sure that no one else was looking, we separated our bodies. Mom's bra was nearly sheer with cum and her white things were perfectly transparent. She blushed when she saw me looking and modestly covered herself up as much as she could. She also saw my dick which was still sticking out of the top of the boxers as I tucked it in and then it was my turn to blush. I got out of the bed first and using a rag on the stage, cleaned myself up and then got dressed. The problem with my cum is that it is thick and so mom used her hand try and rub it into the bed sheet and covers to make it less conspicuous. She was still covered in most of the cum I had sprayed.

When mom got out of the bed a few of the guys who were observing the kitchen scene looked over at mom. In a moment of inspiration she picked up a bottle of water that just happened to be lying near us and pretended to drink out of it and then accidentally poured it on herself and the bed.

The water diversion was a masterstroke and would explain the coffee mug worth of fluid on the bed and her. Mom made enough of a commotion so everyone knew that she had had an accident with the water bottle. The cum on mom's body was thick and in globs and the rag didn't remove all of it. She put her dress on even though she was still slightly wet as the men from the other scenes had started to stare at mom in her sexy underwear. "Bad choice of underwear today" she said under her breath.

The kitchen scene was a quick one and just as mom was getting herself straightened up, everyone

walked back to the bed area for the next scene between the boss and his wife. As those two actors disrobed to get into bed to act their non-sexy 'good night chat before bed' scene, a stage hand came over to inspect the damage of the water spill and huffed that now we can't do the next scene until the "water" dries. He also commented that he was surprised how water had gotten into the covers but not outside it and that there was only a little water in the bottle and that it had made such a large mess. Mom and I stared at each other nervously.

Jac called it a night at the point and told us to come in the following day for rehearsals and that he wanted to start from the top and redo all the scenes we did today. Mom and I got out things and left the theatre in a rush.

In the car with mom on the way back home we were eerily silent for most of way. I looked over at mom who was driving and noticed that the cum had dried on her exposed upper chest into a white crusty texture. I also noticed that the dress seemed stuck to her stomach - no doubt my cum acting as glue. I was embarrassed beyond belief. Mom then broke the silence.

"Look, I know you are a young man and these things happen. How do we stop it from happening tomorrow?"

I could have crawled into a hole and died. We had to do this again tomorrow? I thought.

Embarrassingly, I proceeded to tell mom my daily masturbation routine and that I simply didn't have time this morning. If I had, then I wouldn't have cum but the boner would probably have happened.

She told me that she didn't mind the boner as long as we didn't make a nuisance of ourselves by wetting the bed. We both giggled a little when she said that. She told me to make sure that that I masturbate thoroughly before tomorrow's rehearsal.