

# MY HORNY GRIEVING MOTHER

By pervycouple

Published on Lush Stories on 09 Aug 2008



*The first time I fucked my mother was also the day of my fathers funeral.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/my-horny-grieving-mother.aspx>

*It was the day of my fathers funeral, a day which for me was filled with incredible highs and lows. He had cancer and had been resident in hospital for the three months.*

*Being the only child I had travelled the 300 miles to my parents home three days before he died as we had been told by the doctors his life was soon to end. To be honest I was never that close to my father, I feel he resented me due to how close a bond I had with my mother, so close I happily talked through my first sexual experience with her, describing every detail to her of how I touched and slid inside Mandy feeling how wet she was, and how she moaned. I remember passing by my mothers room that night, her door was open just a little, I could see her fingers sliding up and down her clitoris, hear her loud moans. I wondered if she was thinking about what I'd told her that night, if she was fingering herself while picturing of her son fucking his sexy little tight assed girlfriend or maybe her son fucking her.*

*When I woke up I had a raging hard on. I knew I couldn't spend the whole day as horny as I was. I'd last a few hours, during which I'd snap at most people due to my frustration then sneak in to the toilet to relieve myself anyway. I decided the best thing to do was slide my hand in to my shorts. My first thought was about my sexy blonde neighbour, her tight little ass in those tight little shorts, her breasts bulging from her top. I'm sure she dressed that way just to watch my bulge grow in my trousers as I tried to cut the grass or water the flowers in the garden. I'm not sure if it was being in my old room in my parents house or just because I had been around my mother so much over the last few days but I couldn't think of the blonde, the thought of my mother that night, her fingers sliding up and down her clitoris hoping she was thinking about me, that's what was on my mind. That is all that used to be on my mind since that night when I was 17. I had masturbated to that image over and over for 4 years until I moved to the city for work. Again in my old bed in my old room I was thinking of it again. It made me so hard. I could feel myself ready to explode when my door flew open and she was standing there, right in the doorway with a cup of coffee, it was too late, I orgasmed and in the moment shouted out in ecstasy "oh mum" as I shot out all over the sheet.*

*She sniggered a little put down my coffee, had a look at my manhood, longingly, the way a horny girlfriend would then said "morning kiddo, bring those sheets down for washing when you get up" then she left the room. I hoped she thought I said mum because I saw her there and not because my*

orgasm and relief was all because I was thinking about her wet, sexy pussy.

Although a little embarrassed I managed to come downstairs after my shower. I sat with my black suit on and drank another cup of coffee then we left for the church. The service was beautiful, mum had done a good job. Then came the wake, people mostly there that my father had never really liked, enjoying the free food and drink, at least they came. It made mum happy that so many were there. As uncle Jack, the last to leave finished the vodka in his hands and stood to make his way to the front door I followed to show him out. I then turned back to the sitting room. My mother was violently sobbing, so sad she looked like a helpless child, she didn't like showing her emotions in front of a lot of people she had always been that way. Now she was alone all the emotions from today came to the surface I did what any son would do and put my arms around her until she calmed down. When the crying stopped we were still cuddling, she ran her hand up my back toward my hair, I won't lie it felt really good, like the tingly feeling when everything is new with a girlfriend, the first time she touches you or holds your hand. She then softly kissed my neck, just under my ear, at that point my dick was getting solid growing larger all the time. Then she kissed my cheek and before I knew it she was right in front of my face, no more than two inches away, we looked at each other in a way a mother and son would not normally do. My heart was racing, throat so dry, I felt like a nervous little boy waiting outside the headmaster's office at school, but at the same time I was shivering with excitement. Then my mother went straight for my lips, we kissed very passionately, it felt weird at first then it started to feel fantastic, it became more and more passionate and natural, I grabbed her beautiful ass as she wrapped her long smooth, slender legs around my waist. I threw her on to the couch where I ripped open her shirt and pulled her bra down so I could suck and lick those magnificent tits. My mother started to massage the shaft of my cock through my trousers, which was throbbing at this point in need of some pussy, I stood up at that moment to take my trousers down. The look of amazement was spread across her face now as she gazed at my cock bulge in my shorts, she came closer and started to caress it again with a wicked smile looking up at me, I could not take it any more so I pulled my shorts down to my ankles in a split second she had the tip of her tongue on the tip of my cum hole, sucking at it trying to tempt some juicy sperm out..mmm it felt sooo good! A few short seconds later my mum put my dick in her mouth she seemed to enjoy the thrusting back and forward her left hand started to rub my butt then shocked me by prodding at my ass hole. At this time I could not take any more so I said "mum I think I should fuck you now" she turned in an instant and dropped on all fours, I certainly did not need an invitation! I proceeded to stroke her butt then I slipped two fingers into her drenched vagina, I could not believe I had jerked off this morning while I pictured her rubbing her clitoris and now here I was getting to do it with my own fingers. It was ready for my 8 inch cock now, it slipped in with ease, it felt wonderful to finally be inside my mother, I fucked her hard and fast it felt so great that I could not even manage to hold back orgasming for over a minute, The feeling of my hot spunk shooting up the area from which I came into this world was better than any touch down or sex

*with any girlfriend I ever had. We lay panting in each others arms, but all I could think was how can something that is well known as morally wrong feel so natural.. and fucking amazing!*