

# My mom, my teacher

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*Mom seducing me*

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

It happened. Not sure in remembering it back in college, how it happened. But, it still brings a smile to my face whenever I think about it. It was summer, I was home from school and had just come back from my blue collar job in a warehouse. Was working to pay off the car I had bought the summer before. Every morning, I would get up, go to work, and then drive home, sweaty, dirty, and in need of a shower.

My mother and father had separated. I was the only boy, actually a young man at the time, 19 and a college athlete. My mom was a very attractive woman, tall, striking and very well built. I had stolen looks at her when she was dressing, and I had often masturbated, thinking about her. I always felt guilty after, but that was likely the result of Catholic school upbringing.

I walked in the door, threw my keys on the table, headed to the closet and grabbed a towel. Normally, mom would be upstairs, and I would use the tub on the first floor. Assuming she was watching tv, her usual routine, I undressed in the laundry room and threw my sweaty clothes in the hamper. I wrapped the towel around me, headed to the bathroom. The door was open when I got there, but to my surprise, my mom was in the tub, soaking in a bath. She said, "I didn't hear you come in, how was work today?" As she asked, she put a wash cloth over her pussy, but her large breasts lay half submerged in the water, her nipples exposed and hard.

"Good, but hot today, no airconditioning. I will use the shower upstairs."

"I'll be done in a minute, you can use this one," she replied.

"OK, I said," and she sat up to release the drain.

I stood in the doorway as she sat there. The water was draining and her body became more exposed as it swirled down the drain. The heat of the day had made me horny. For some reason, and even today, the hot weather gets me worked up. As she sat there, she asked me to hand her her towel. I walked in, grabbed it and handed it to her. As she took it, I couldn't help but notice that she was

staring at my towel. Seeing her there, naked, had begun to turn me on. She smiled and she cocked her head, looking at me, then back down at my towel. I was nervous, not sure what to make of it.

She stood up and began to dry off. I turned to leave, embarrassed that my cock was growing in that moment.

She said, "I thought you were going to take a shower."

"I am," I said, "but I wanted to let you finish drying off."

"Let me get the water running for you." She bent over and turned on the spigot as it splashed into the tub. I could see her breast dangling and my cock got even harder. When she turned around, she noticed again and she smiled.

"You've obviously got something happening there," she said with a smile. I was so embarrassed. She then looked at me and said, "It's ok, it's natural." With that, she reached for my towel and gently pulled it open.

My breathing became heavy, and my rock hard cock stood at attention. I tried to cover it but she pushed my hand away.

"It's beautiful," she said.

With that she touched me and my body began to quiver. She bent over and gently put her mouth on my throbbing member. I can remember it like it was today... her soft, velvet lips surrounding the head of my cock. She moved her head forward and began to suck me. I had had my first real girlfriend in college and we were both awkward lovers, learning our way. Mom, on the other hand, knew exactly what she was doing.

"Do you like this?" she asked.

"Yes," I stammered. "But, is this OK?"

"Your father isn't here and I need someone, a man, and you're the only one in the house. I know you've watched me and I want you to know it's OK. Are you good with this?"

"Yes, yes," I said.

She smiled, then she took my throbbing, thick, 7 inch cock and swallowed it whole. I was so turned on

that, in less than a minute, I shot an enormous load of my cream down her throat. I moaned in ecstasy as she swallowed every drop.

She then kissed my sensitive cock, smiled, and asked if it was good.

"Yes," I said. "It was unbelievable. Better than Karen."

"She is new to this, I am sure," Mom said. "If you want, I will show you more and then you can teach her when you get back to school. Would you like that?"

"Yes, mom. I would."

She grabbed her towel, told me to take my shower and when I got finished, to come upstairs and we would talk about how she was going to make me the man of the house for the rest of the summer.

What a summer that became.