

My Mother and Me: My Mother Lets Her Hair Down

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Mandy discovers reals sexual satisfaction for the first time with her son after husbands death

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It all started when my father was killed in a farming accident a couple of months before I graduated from high school in 2004. My father was very conservative in dress and behavior, a Bible thumper. He had us in church every Sunday morning and we spent the rest of the day studying the Bible. After his funeral, mother started letting her hair down.

The day after we buried dad, she asked me to stop calling her mother and to start calling her Mandy or just "Honey." A few days after that, she swapped her mid-calf length dresses for miniskirts and thin, cotton blouses. Not long after that, she stopped wearing bras. I remember thinking the first morning she came down to breakfast without a bra that she had never looked more beautiful or as sexy. At forty-something, she had a body that most twenty-year old girls would kill for. That morning changed our lives together forever.

As we sat across the table from one another that morning, I couldn't take my eyes off her. Her big titties jutted straight ahead like two missile nose cones, stretching the thin, cotton fabric taut. Mandy had saucer-size aureole and huge, ruddy colored nipples that showed clearly through the taut fabric. Her nipple pressed out through the front of her blouse like tiny titties atop her titties. My biggest surprise that morning was to discover that I was getting an erection. My mother was turning me on.

"Do you like me without a bra, Honey? Do you think I should wear one?"

"Mandy, if you were my girl, I would tell you that you look good enough to eat. I hope you never wear a fucking bra again."

"Honey, ...I would like to be your girl. Do you want me to be your girl? Maybe it's wrong but I want you to make love to me. I want you to eat my pussy. I want you to make me cum so fucking long and so fucking hard that I pass out from the pleasure of it. Do you want me, Randy? Will you be my lover?"

Work would have to wait. I scooped Mandy up into my arms and carried her up the stairs to my bedroom. Laying her down gently on the bed, I stripped off her blouse, skirt, and g-string. Ripping off my own clothes, I stretched out between her spread thighs, my throbbing shaft pressing against her trembling belly as I lowered my open mouth over Mandy's. Our tongues met, swirling over and around one another like two fiery serpents engaged in mortal combat.

My ball started to ache in their need to void themselves of the jism building up in them but I wanted this first time to be for Mandy, my beautiful Mandy. Mandy's long fingernails dug deep into my muscular back as my fingers closed over her swollen nipples. As our tongues fought for superiority, I milked her nipples, pinching them, stretching them, until they grew into two steely thimbles of nipple flesh.

Mandy's soft moans grew louder and longer as I broke our fiery kiss and started kissing my way down to her waiting pussy. Tasting her sweet, womanly nectar for the first time made me almost lose controls and shoot my wad all over the bed, but I manage to hold back. Slipping my tongue between her bloated lips, I worked it slowly up her slit until it touched her quivering little love button. Mandy's moans turned into one continuous wail of ecstasy as she wrapped my hair in her fist and pulled my mouth tighter against her.

"Oh, sweet Jesus. I'm going to cum, Randy. Oh Honey, so fucking good. Want you to cum with me...want you to cum in my mouth."

Swiveling around on the bed, I lowered my painfully hard cock to her waiting mouth. As she sucked my cock knob deep down her throat, I moaned long and hard against her love button as my jism started on its journey to release. My moaning vibrated her trigger sending Mandy over the top and crashing down into that bottomless pit sexual nirvana.

Mandy bucked under me as I lapped furiously, not wanting to waste a single drop of her nectar. I could feel her throat working furiously to swallow as I filled her with my jism.

When our orgasms subsided, I collapsed on top of her. I continued to flick my tongue in and out of her pussy as she licked my soft cock. Taking my nut sack in her hands, she massaged it, bringing new life to my cock. I was getting hard again.

Pulling away from her mouth, I turned around and knelt between her thighs. Hooking her knees over my shoulders, I rammed my cock all the way inside her grasping hole.

"Oh, yes...fuck me again. I want to feel your big cock ripping me apart. I need you to fill me with your spunk. Give it to me. Don't tease me...please, Randy."

This time I had complete control and made Mandy wait for her release. I wanted this orgasm to be so powerful, so violent that she would cum screaming and clawing like a real tigress. Repeatedly I brought her to very apex of her arousal and then held her there until release slipped away from her. Finally, Mandy couldn't stand it any longer and started beating on my shoulders with her little fists.

"God damn you, Randy, You fucking bastard. You're killing me. I need to cum. Now! Damn, it! Now, do you hear me."

With that, I start pounding my cock in her like a jackhammer. Mandy's hips flew up to meet mine, stroke for powerful stroke. Our pubic bones grinding against one another as they slapped against one another with a resounding thud. Mandy dug her nails into my shoulders and raked them down my back as her orgasm continued to build up deep inside her. As she started to peak, she sank her teeth painfully into my bulging shoulder muscle, the pain helping me to hold my own orgasm back a little longer. Finally, as Mandy's body arched up off the bed, going rigid against me, I started to shoot off deep inside her. She started trashing around beneath me as wave after wave of orgasms washed over her. I had never known a girl to come so long or as hard as my beautiful Mandy was. It didn't seem like she was ever going to stop. Finally, she just went limp underneath me. I looked down into her beautiful face. Her mouth was open slightly, her eyes tightly closed. She had finally gotten her wish; she had swooned while climaxing.

I couldn't bring myself to leave her side that day. We spent the whole day in bed, making slow, tender love as many time as I was able to get it up. Just when I thought that I couldn't get it up again, Mandy's magic mouth brought me back to life again! Again! And again!

Finally, we fell into a deep, exhausted sleep, our arms and legs intertwined. When we finally woke up it was dark outside and I was starving.