

# Nursed By My Mother Part 1

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*My mother the nurse maid takes care of all my needs*

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I am a normal eighteen year old horny male who stands six foot one inch and has a very athletic build. I live alone with my what used to be very prudish mother Susan. Mom is a tall woman at five foot ten inches and has extremely long stout legs that seem to take forever to get up to her round and rather large womanly ass. Her huge bust fills out the package perfectly giving her an almost Amazon quality. Let's just say that more than once I have fantasized about my mom when I masturbate.

My father left us, or should I say got kicked out about two years ago. I will never forget walking into the house behind my mother after we came home from shopping unexpectedly. There he was, my Dad between the wide spread naked thighs of our next door neighbor Mrs. Jorgenson (the blond bombshell) and he was fucking her for all she was worth.

The sound of revulsion that erupted from my mother's throat was almost scary, yet all my father did was look over at her and increase his thrusting. Mrs. Jorgenson tried to push him off but he just kept on driving into her.

"See Susan, this is what a real woman does. She fucks her man and she likes it. Not like you, you frigid bitch." yelled my father as he took hold of our neighbor's floppy tits and pounded her even harder. "You have no idea what it is to be a woman you dry assed prude. Take a look and learn something." he demanded.

Judging by his shortness of breath and reddened face, I think Pops was about to climax. Just as mom was about to turn, dad pulled his cock out of Mrs. Jorgenson's hairy pussy and squirted his cum all over her belly. That was pretty much the last time I saw him. He packed up and was gone from our lives forever. Because my mother's family is very well off, we did just fine without him.

Mom had always been somewhat standoffish with me. A very good care giver but not one to hug, kiss or cuddle me as I grew up. I guess she just was not the physical type, which was a real shame considering her voluptuous body that seemed to scream for sex. More than once I tried spying on my mom in hopes of getting a glimpse of her nude body. Unfortunately I only managed to succeed in

seeing her in her matronly bra and panties a couple of times. There was the one time though, I did get a quick side view of one of her breasts as she changed, but she was so conservative usually she did that in the dark or behind tightly closed doors.

Because we were alone together, mom became almost over protective, not allowing me any space. It was though she wanted to be with me every second of the day. It did cause some tension at times, but I understood that I was all she had and she didn't want to lose me, so I accepted it.

That was till my eighteenth birthday. Some school friends had decided to take me out to celebrate and I managed to get mom to agree to allow me. I guess the excitement of both my big date plans and the fact that I was now an adult male got the best of me. I even surprised myself at how liberal I was with her as I was walked out the door to meet my ride. Mom was right near the entrance and as I passed by her. I took her in my arms, lifted her large supple frame, hugged her tightly to me and gave her a big kiss on the lips. Just as any normal son would do with his mother. Needless to say, she was shocked and confused by what happened. I glanced back as I walked out the door and just caught her as she touched her lips with her fingers and smiled like she really enjoyed what happened.

The evening promised to be a great one till tragedy hit. We were only three blocks from my house when we were struck broadside by a drunk running a red light. The passenger side where I was sitting took the brunt of the hit and I was severely injured. The others in the car had mostly cuts and bruises but because I was sitting beside the smashed door, I ended up with a broken shoulder, collar bone and dislocated knee. The injuries resulted in a leg brace on my right leg and both my arms being immobilized in full length casts. The heavy plaster was moulded out from my chest at a forty five degree angle to allow for proper healing. The casts left me with absolutely no use of either hand.

I remained in the hospital for two weeks and my mother was constantly at my side. The first few days were a blur of heavy pain medication that caused me to drift in and out of consciousness. It seemed each time I woke I found her right beside me crying. Soon the pain gave way to a dull ache requiring less medication. At least now, I was fully awake and aware. My mother hovered over me constantly. Finally, I was finally released to home care.

Because my mother had used up her holiday time from work, she was forced to hire someone to look after her helpless son during the day while she was gone. Sheila was an experienced home care worker that came highly recommended. She was a slightly over weight pretty twenty five year old divorcée and we seemed to hit it off instantly. Sheila and I were going to be together constantly during day time hours for the next couple of months so becoming friends was important. When we arrived home, Sheila met us at the door and skillfully helped me into my bed which she had set up to accommodate my injuries.

I wasn't home for more than an hour when I was about to suffer the worst indignation I had ever experienced in my life. I was so totally helpless that I couldn't even get up to urinate. I laid there struggling when Sheila politely asked me what was wrong.

"I have to go to the bathroom." I said almost in an apologetic way.

"Oh, that's no problem at all. Here is how we will do this." Sheila explained in a relaxed and clinical manner. "If you need to urinate, I will place your penis inside this special bottle, and when you are done I will clean you up then empty it. Would you like me to assist you now?" She asked some what soothing my embarrassment.

"Yes please." I stammered. "The dam is about to burst." I said trying to make light of the situation.

Sheila grinned at my feeble little joke then lifted the blankets and gown covering me. She gently took my cock in her soft small hand and placed it inside the bottle.

"I will give you some privacy then come back after you are done. "OK?" Sheila said with a sweet smile on her face.

"Thank you. I really mean that for being so kind about all this." I said some what relieved.

"Hey, don't worry. This is my job. This is what I do for a living." She said trying to show me that there was nothing to be ashamed of.

Sheila returned about five minutes later and asked if I was done. I nodded and wondered what would happen next. She lifted the blankets once again and took my soft cock in her hand then gently shook off the last drops of urine. Then while still holding my cock in her warm hand, she removed the bottle and set it on the night table. I felt my cock stir. Only two girls had ever touched my cock before and my horniness was starting to betray me. Next, Sheila took an alcohol swab and began wiping the end of my now stiffening penis.

"We wouldn't want any bladder infections now would we?" she said as she rubbed the cool pad all around the end of my knob. I made a slight gasping noise as the friction caused my cock to stiffen even more. I tried my best to fight off the urges. I was positive that I saw another slight smile cross Sheila's lips as she quickly replaced the blankets now that the task had been completed. Sheila ordered me to now rest as she would go through all the details for my care with my Mother.

I fell into a deep restful sleep. My mother actually woke me about three hours later. Sheila had left for the day and it was now my Mom's sole responsibility to look after my well being.

"Wake up honey." My mother whispered quietly.

"My gosh." I thought, she hadn't called me honey since I was a small child. I looked up into her smiling face. Mom actually leaned forward and ever so gently hugged her face to mine. A small tear rolled down her face as she said.

"Oh gawd Robbie, what would I have done if I had lost you. I m so very very thankful you are going to be OK."

That was the most emotion I had ever seen from my mother.

"Don't worry Mom." I said trying to comfort her. " I will never leave you."

"You better not, because I don't think I could bare it."

Suddenly I realized how badly I had to pee.

"Oh damn." I said to myself. I hadn't thought about having my Mom help me pee. I mean she is the one that will have to hold my cock as I do this. I was mortified.

"But I have no choice. It's either that ormake her change soiled sheets. Mom, I have to go."

"Go where honey? You can't get up."

"No Mom, I mean I have to go!" I said with a slight desperation to my voice.

"Ohhh, I see." she said now realizing what I meant.

"Here, let me get the bottle and I will help you. Sheila explained every thing to me."

"Isn't there a different way we can do this?" I said unable to hide my embarrassment.

I was suddenly aware that my cock was hardening. Remember, I hadn't had an orgasm in two weeks, and that is some thing considering that I used to masturbate up to fivetimes a day. In fact I was so full of come that my balls were actually aching slightly.

"Oh don't be silly you.Wasn't itme who wiped your bum and changed your diapers. It's nothing I haven't seen before." she scolded me with a smile on her face.

"Oh, here goes, I thought. With that said, Mom lifted the blankets exposing my stiffening prick.

I couldn't help but noticed how her left eyebrow shot up and the sharp intake of her breath as she saw the size of my semi hard cock. I don't know if it was nervousness or excitement but she instinctively licked her lips at the sight of my seven inch manhood. She quickly slipped it in the bottle and sat facing me patiently waiting. I laid there trying my best to piss but in my horniness, I couldn't help but be distracted by my mothers huge tits. After what seemed like forever I managed to completed the task. As I layed there, the emotions running through my mind had my head spinning. I was turned on by the sight of my mothers enormous breasts and especially excited by the thought of her touching my cock. I couldn't believe it, but here I was getting hard again with the anticipation of Mom's hand on me.

In a dry strained voice, I told Mom that I was done. She lifted the blankets and removed the bottle. Her eyes never left my cock causing her to almost spill the contents all over the night stand. She next milked out the last few drops of urine then carefully cleaned my knob with the alcohol swab. Mom then did some thing that even Sheila didn't do. She wiped down the complete length of my shaft as well. I was sweating trying to control my now rock hard cock. Mom had her hand wrapped snugly around my dick as she cleaned my ball sack. Her breathing became quicker and more raspy. Suddenly her hand jerked up causing my cock to twitch. Mom's head snapped up to look at me. The surprise and shock spread across her face. She quickly let go of my manhood then flipped back the blankets. Nervously, Mom jumped up and stammered some thing about having to make a phone call to my Aunt then hurried out of the room.

"What just happened here?" I thought to myself. "Did my Mother actually get excited from handling my hard on?"

I laid there still perspiring. An overwhelming desire to be masturbated by my Mother rolled over me. The rest of the evening I spent by myself with my Mother busy bustling around in the kitchen. When I was finally ready to go to sleep for the night I called her once again.

"Mom, I need to go to the bathroom before I go to sleep for the night."

When Mom came in, she lifted the blankets and this time, turning her back to me, she placed my cock in the bottle. When I was done, she leaned forward and lifted my cock out of the bottle. The position she was standing in allowed me a great view of her round and supple ass.

"Oops, here I go again." I said to myself as my cock instantly hardened.

This time she shook off the last few drops then quickly wiped the knob with an alcohol swab. Taking her time to clean all my parts thoroughly. When she was done, she covered me up then Mom did something that I can't recall her doing in years. She actually kissed my cheek good night. I was floored.

"Could it be that she was actually softening? Naa it ain't going to happen, not Mrs Iron Britches." I said to myself. "Must be because she is tired."

The next few days went by slowly. Sheila and I had really got comfortable with each other and not surprisingly enough, our talks often turned to more of an asexual nature. She had been divorced for about a year and not dating. It was easy to see from the way she joked and commented that she was really missing the intimacy and I was well, always horny. Our sexual flirting was intense. The penis cleaning, bathing and sexy talk had begun taking its toll. I was losing a constant battle trying to control my hard ons. It got to the point that I could hardly wait to piss because I knew one of these two sexy creatures would handle my manhood. Finally my third morning with Sheila I couldn't take the stress any longer. I just plain didn't care. After I finished urinating as she was wiping me with the alcohol swab, I let it go and allowed my cock to become fully hard.

"Oh my." said Sheila somewhat surprised. What have we here? Looks like someone is a little excited."

Sheila looked up at me and I blushed immediately.

"There is no need to be embarrassed, this is a perfectly natural occurrence. A young virile man your age coupled with a female's manipulation of your genitals is bound to cause this kind of reaction. I actually noticed your building excitement over these past few days. It's quite uncomfortable for you isn't it, I mean not being able to do anything to relieve your tension?"

"No kidding. Hell, I can't even scratch my nose let alone satisfy the other itches I have." I said trying again to attempt some humor over an embarrassing situation.

"You're so cute." said Sheila as giggled.

"You know what?" Sheila said. "If you don't find it embarrassing, I can help you with your little problem."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my curiosity now peaked.

"Well, to put it clinically, if you would like, I can manipulate your penis till you climax." Sheila said without reservation. "It is purely a physical thing, no different than feeding or bathing you."

"Manipulate my penis huh?" I thought to myself.

"Never heard masturbating put quite that way before, but I was so fucking horny that she could call it what ever the hell she wanted.

"Are you sure it's all right with you?" I asked in an almost pleading voice. "I mean it might help me, my balls have actually started aching a bit. Maybe they are too full. That would beso kind of you to help me like that." I said with all sincerity.

"You are so sweet I don't mind at all helping you all. It is my job you know. Besides, I sure haven't had any of that action lately." She said with a laugh.

Sheila took my raging hard cock in her hand, poured massage oil over it and slowly started stroking me. She looked intently at my stiff member as her hand slid up and down bringing me right to the edge. I fought back the urge to cum just so it would last a little longer but the excitement was too much for me. I let loose with a stream of come from my over full balls that squirt straight up and almost landed on the front of her uniform.

"Oh my gosh, you certinly had a build up there didn't you?" Sheila exclaimed. "It really isn't healthy for you to hold that kind of volume back in you know. We may have to continue to do this till you are able to fend for yourself."

"Holy crap." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. My home care worker was actually offering to jerk me off on a regular basis. How much luckier could I be?

"In order for you to heal faster, you must be comfortable at all times, so promise me, when ever you start feeling the tightness or discomfort in your testicles, please let me know. Promise?" She looked at me now as she squeezed the last few drops of come out of my still hard cock.

"Yes." I promise. "But you know, I used to do this quite often. I hope I wont wear out my welcome." I said apologetically.

"It's not likel am being over worked here right? I think it will keep us both amused." Sheila said with her cute smile.

"Our relationship blossomed. We not only became the best of friends but were also as close as lovers who never made love could be. Sheila was jacking me off at least three times a day. I was in heaven. One day I asked Sheila in my most sincere and desperate voice.

"Sheila. Would it be wrong of me to ask for you to show me your breasts as you masturbate me? The extra visual stimulation might help me to cum much sooner."

Since I was now being jerked off on a regular basis, I was able to hold back much longer. In fact Sheila even commented on how impressed she was with my control. She even stated that one day she wouldn't mind seeing if I had the same control with a different form of stimulation. I had a pretty good idea what she meant by that.

"Well, I guess seeing how you have shown me yours, it wouldn't hurt to show you mine." she laughed.

The sound of her words caused my cock to pop straight up making a tent out of my blankets.

"Oh my, I see that you really do like that idea." said Sheila as she squeezed my hard cock through the blankets. "Let's see what we can do to help poor Mr. Robbie's terrible condition." she said in a cute and very sexy baby voice.

Sheila stood, pulled off the blankets exposing my cock to her sight and began undoing the buttons on the top of her uniform.

"Now girls, let's let Mr. Robbie have a good look at you." Sheila chuckled looking down at her breasts as she pulled off her top.

She now reached behind her to unhook her bra. It seemed to take forever till her firm pink nipples finally fell out from under her bra cups. My cock twitched like crazy and I would have given anything to reach up and fondle her round soft breasts, but there I was immobilized and dependent on this blond hair sweet lovely lady to take care of me. Sheila now arched her back and looked down again at her sweet tits and said.

"There my pretties, do you think he likes you? Shall we jiggle you girls a bit for him?"

With that Sheila began shaking her upper body making those succulent tits dance all over her chest for my pleasure.

"Oh gawd Sheila, that is so hot. Please stroke my cock, I can't stand it any more. Hurry." I begged.

"Poor Mr Robbie wants to cum? Does he want Miss Sheila to jack him off till he comes? Maybe he would like to cum on you girls? I know you girls would love it." Sheila said in her baby voice again.

The sound of her words almost caused my cock to twitch and dance like crazy.

"Yes please. I am dying for it." I replied now involuntarily bucking my hips which caused me to wince in pain.

"Slow down there mister. We can't have you hurting yourself. I guess I better not tease you any more. We don't want to cause any damage. Sheila reached sat down on the edge of the bed and took my rock hard seven incher in her hand and slowly began stroking it.

"There, there Mr. Robbie, relax and let Nurse Sheila take care of it." she whispered.

My impending orgasm was building rapidly. I was so very horny from watching her jiggling tits as she stroked my dick that I knew it wouldn't take very long before my cock spewed it's load.

"Sheila." I said trying not to sound like I was begging. "would you bend forward so your breasts hang and sway? It would be such a turn on for me and I know it will cause me to cum quicker."

"Any thing for you you sweet young man." she replied.

When Sheila bent, it placed her face only inches from my cock.

"Do you like that Mr Robbie?" Sheila said giving her torso an extra shake.

"Oh gawd yes. You are fantastic. I wanna cum." I replied my voice straining.

Just as I was about to squirt when the bedroom door burst open. It was my mother standing there looking at us like we were absolute monsters.

"What is going on here?" Screamed my mother at the top of her lungs. "Get out, get out right now you blond bitch or I will smack you a mile from Sunday. Get the fuck out right now."

Sheila bent over, grabbed her top and bra and rushed out of the room. I couldn't help but watch those sweet titties bounce and shake as she ran. Seconds later we heard the front door slam on her way out. Then my mother let loose and started at me still yelling so loud and hard it made my teeth rattle.

"How could you, how could you betray me with that blond slut? What, am I, not good enough for you that you have to let that slut pleasure you? She was going to suck you, wasn't she? She was going to do those filthy dirty things your Father used to beg me to do to him. Well I am not going to allow this to

fucking happen again to me. I refuse to loose another man to a bitch slut. "

So what is it that you want huh?" Her tone still harsh and full of contempt. "Tell me, Do you want me to be your slut? You want me to suck you and do all those dirty disgusting things that your father wanted me to do? Is that it? What? Judging by the look on your face you don't think I can be a slut? Well let me show you how much of a slut I can be.

Then with a totally insane and wild look in her eyes, Mom jerked off her business jacket, took her white crisp blouse in her hands and tore it open. Buttons went flying every where. She peeled off the shredded garment then hooked her fingers under the bottom of her bra cups and yanked it up so her huge brown nipples tumbled out.

"There. now look at these. These are what you call tits young man, all 40DDD of them. Not like those little pink milk sacks that blond slut had. These are a woman's tits." Mom said twisting and turning while lifting her huge fat tits in her hands squeezing and displaying them to me.

"So tell me, are these not good enough for you?' Mom asked. "Are these what you want?"

I was stunned. I couldn't speak even if I knew what to say. I was in total awe of my mother's pendulous breasts. They certainly were a 40DDD. Her tits were huge and had very little sag to them which heightened their size. Mom's dark brown areolas had to be at least two inches across and were capped by rock hard nipples that stood out at least three quarters of an inch.

My cock was twitching and dancing all over the place in its horniness. Mom noticed it, she said.

"You want me to finish what that slut started? Is that what you want? Well, your slut is going to look after you so good you will never want any one else, ever."

Her sharp intakes of breath caused her bust rise and fall as evidence of her excitement.

"Your father, that worthless piece of shit, used to beg me to suck his cock all the time and I refused." Mom said her voice now returning to normal.

"Maybe I should have learned to like it. Maybe I should have learned to like lots of things. This time it's going to be different." She said in a low sultry tone to it.

Mom leaned over me, took my cock in her hand then shoved as much of it as she could into her hot wet mouth as she rested her heavy tits against my upper thigh. Her hard nipples almost poked right into me. She gagged a bit at first then pulled back slightly. I could feel the roughness of her tongue on

my knob sending thrills up and down my spine. I couldn't believe it. My mother, my prudish mother actually had my cock in her saintly mouth. A mouth that yesterday wouldn't have said any thing worse then dammit was now swearing like a trucker and sucking cock like a whore. My whore.

She now was licking and kissing up and down the shaft, making sure ever little spot was covered. Finally when she noticedby my grunting that I was about to come, she quickly slid my cock deep into her mouth to receive my sperm. My first spasm caused my hips to buck. I felt a searing pain in my knee but I kept on cumming. I almost passed out from the pure rapture of the feeing of my mothers mouth so greedily swallowing my seed.

I had come with such an over abundance that myseed hadleaked out of my mothers mouth and was hanging from her chin. When she sat up, it dripped on to her left tit. Mom looked down and smiled.

"There, is that what you were after. Did I satisfy you? Did I please you?" Mom said in a low husky voice.

"Oh gawd yes Mom, I could never have imagined how wonderful it could be." Ireplied.

"Well, there is a lot more of where that came from. I promise you, you will not even have think about other sluts with the pleasure I am going to give you. As I said, I am not going to loose another man."

Mom stood up and walked out the door, he massive tits bouncing and jiggling as she did.

This was going to be one hell of a recovery I thought to myself.

To be continued.