

Pure Sugar - Part II

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Mom wants more

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/pure-sugar-part-ii.aspx>

I sat there at the breakfast table, eating my toast and trying not to be caught glimpsing at Mom's ample breasts peeking out from her dressing gown. My mind was in overdrive thinking about holding her deliciously firm round tits in my hands and sucking her nipples one by one, but I was also very nervous about what had happened the previous night. She didn't seem to be at all bothered by my presence, which made me wonder if she even remembered anything. I still couldn't believe that she had done that.

Maybe she had been really drunk or even taking drugs. In any case, she showed no signs of remorse or even tacit acknowledgement that anything had happened between us; quite the opposite, in fact.

"You need to mow the yard," she said sternly, "and clean up all that mess in the garage."

She looked at me straight in the eyes. Her mascara was smudged, as was her lipstick. Obviously she had gone to bed with her makeup on, but somehow it just made her even more sexually attractive. She looked like a naturally beautiful whore, whose sloppiness only served to enhance her decadent appearance. I wanted her lips around my cock again.

I entertained the thought of telling her that I'd prefer to have sex with her, but quickly backed down. It had seemed wrong to me then, even though I'd enjoyed every second of it, and it seemed even more wrong to me now in the bright morning sunshine. Still, my cock was buzzing at the excitement of it all.

"OK, Mom" I answered, "What are you doing today?"

"Nothing like yesterday, that's for sure." She replied curtly, and got up to go take her shower.

I thought about sneaking a peek at Mom through the shower room keyhole, as I had on many previous occasions. I loved to watch her soaping her large breasts, and particularly the way her flesh rippled softly as she rubbed her hands over them in circular motions. I felt particularly aroused seeing her wash her slender legs, the soap creating little bubbles on her smoothly shaved milky-white thighs. For as many times as I had seen her through that keyhole, I almost inevitably shot my load into a Kleenex at the point when she lathered her pussy. The scene had been repeated for years, and yet I'd never tired of it until that day. Somehow, the rules of the game had changed.

"Don't forget to clean up the garage," Mom yelled at me above the noise of the mower.

The grass had grown too long, and even though the weather was hot, the humidity caused the mower to clog every couple of minutes with wet grass. I had to keep shutting the damned thing off, flipping it over and cleaning it out. At the rate I was progressing, I figured it would take me at least another two to three hours to finish the job. And then, I still had to clean the garage. I figured I was going to be busy until later afternoon at least.

Mom looked adorable in her yellow knee-length summer dress, with her smoothly shaved legs and white strappy high-heeled sandals. She had tied her hair up, exposing the beauty of her face and her little pixie ears. She had re-done her makeup and now looked more like a pretty young woman out of Good Housekeeping magazine than the slut of the night she had recently become.

I switched off the mower, and asked her where she was going.

"Just visiting a friend," she said "I'll be back around 5pm. See you later."

"Bye, Mom" I answered.

As she walked away, I watched her ass swaying gently and imagined what it would be like to take her from behind. I knew that it would only be a matter of minutes before I was wanking over what I had just seen.

Sure enough, as soon as I heard her drive away, I went into the house and lay down on her bed. I sniffed at her pillow and inhaled the scent of her perfume, my cock stiffening at the thought of her lying naked next to me. I pulled down my pants and tugged at my cock, imagining my hand sliding up

and down her smoothly shaved legs, pushing them gently apart as I probed up toward her pussy. She would question about whether what we were doing was OK, tightening her legs to prevent me from gaining access, but I would insist that it was necessary and force her into letting me reach my goal. By the time I had managed to push my hand between her legs and work my way up between the top of her thighs, she would be dripping wet, and about to succumb. I would then finger her clit for a few minutes until she would gush with love juices in a beautiful orgasm, and then beg me to penetrate her as deeply as possible. When I had finished with her, her pussy would be sore and my balls would be aching, but we would both be contented and fall asleep together, intertwined.

I wiped away the stray drops of cum from her bed sheet, and went back to mowing the lawn.

I spent nearly all damned afternoon messing about with the damned mower. Clearly it wasn't powerful enough to handle the length of the grass or to withstand the amount of heat it gave off with running for so long. But, luckily it didn't die before I completed the task. I vowed to ask Mom to buy us a better mower, but I already knew she would tell me the solution was to cut the grass more often. She had a knack for cutting through my bullshit.

For the next hour, I worked my way through the mess in the garage. I could hardly believe how much crap had accumulated. There were bits and bobs from all sorts of projects, wood and metal shavings, wires, tools and even trash littered all over the workbench and across the floor. At first I thought that Dad had probably contributed to some of the mess, but I quickly remembered that everything had been perfectly clean when he left. He was that kind of man.

Mom showed up at around 6pm, an hour later than she'd specified, and a little worse for the wear. She slipped off her shoes and stumbled over to a deck chair where she promptly sat down, her dress riding up her thighs and exposing a pair of thin white cotton panties. She realized I was looking and drew her legs together.

"What have you been up to?" she asked, "As if I don't know already."

"I mowed the lawn and cleaned up the garage, like you asked", I responded.

"I can see the grass has been cut. Very good." she continued "And the garage, I'll see it later. How about jerking off to those stupid porn flicks?"

I was honestly able to tell her that I hadn't jerked off to any stupid porn flicks, but I declined to mention that I'd jerked off to thinking about teasing her clit and fucking her brains out. Instead I told her about the lawn mower, but as I suspected, she had no intention of buying a new one.

"Kevin, we simply cannot afford that kind of expenditure right now." She responded.

We cooked a meal together and sat there eating it, practically in silence. I was still having flashbacks of Mom's lips wrapped around the head of my shaft, and the way in which she sucked my cock deep inside her throat, gently released it, and then vacuumed me even more deeply inside her. I remembered the force with which my balls had tensed up and released the flow of sperm, and how the stream of cum had rocketed with force inside her mouth as she tried to gulp it down.

Here I was sitting in front of Mom, the woman who had borne me, and raised me, almost single-handedly, despite my father's existence. He and I had never really bonded. We were like chalk and cheese. My Mom and I, on the other hand, had plenty in common, and yet we had never really managed to bring our affection beyond a quick peck on the cheek and a few vain words of reassurance. More was being said between us as undertones in polite conversation than what we could possibly openly express.

"Kevin", Mom called.

I could hear from the direction of the sound that she was in her bedroom, and that the door was open.

"What, Mom?" I called back.

"Come here, please, Sweetie" she answered.

I knew before I even went to her room that something was going to happen. Somehow the BS between us had to stop. I knew it was BS, and she knew it was BS. We had been pretending for too long. At least, that is what I was thinking, and I was hoping she was thinking the same thing too.

I walked through the open doorway to her bedroom, and saw her standing there in front of the mirror, wearing a thigh-high red silk dress and black seamed French stockings. I recognized the dress as being one from photos from when she and Dad had first met. I think she wore it to my uncle's

wedding. The back of the dress was unzipped down to the top of her buttocks.

Her back was beautiful. I longed to reach inside the seams of her dress and to stroke her shoulders, to kiss her neck, and to feel the soft flesh around the sides of her stomach while I moved my hands around toward her breasts. I wanted to slip the dress off her shoulders and to see ourselves in the mirror before us, me holding her from behind and seeing her half-naked beauty in my grasp.

“Would you zip me up, please?” Mom asked quietly, turning toward with a smile.

For the first time ever, I realized what she was actually saying. She wanted me to undress her.

I slid the palm of my hands under the seams of her dress, and proceeded to gently rub her shoulders. She shuddered with excitement, and I heard her gasp under her breath as she felt the warmth of my hands kneading her naked flesh.

“What are you doing?” Mom asked. It wasn’t a question.

“I thought you might like this” I answered, continuing to gently rub her shoulders and leaning in to give her a kiss on the back of her neck.

“I do like it!” Mom responded softly, “I shouldn’t, but I do.”

I continued to stroke her back, and then reached around from behind her until I felt the softness of her breasts resting in the palms of my hands. All the while I was looking at us facing the mirror, trying to gauge her reaction, but it was almost impossible to judge exactly how she felt. Mom had her eyes closed, her head held down. Still, I could see she wasn’t about to complain.

I wrapped the palm of my hands around the bottom of her breasts, reaching up with the thumb and forefinger of each hand to gently squeeze her nipples while pressing my rock hard cock against her buttocks.

Mom groaned, “Mm, Kevin, I love to feel your hands wanting my body.”

I slipped the dress off her shoulders and down to her waist. Mom turned around to face me, and wriggled out of the dress and kicked it violently across the floor. By now she was only wearing the

French stockings and a pair of skimpy panties as she pressed her breasts against me, tugging upwards at the bottom of my sweatshirt.

“Get that damned thing off!” she practically yelled at me.

I responded quickly and pulled the sweatshirt over my head, and then we stood there feeling the warmth of her breasts against my chest as we embraced and curled our tongues together like young lovers.

Mom was getting frantic, grabbing at my belt and unbuckling me as fast as she could. She tossed the jeans belt aside, unbuttoned and unzipped my fly in almost one swift move, then grabbed the pounding length of my hard shaft in her right hand and pulled the head toward her dripping pussy. For a few moments she rubbed the tip of my cock at her crotch through her clothes, almost giving me a Chinese burn as she masturbated her sex with mine.

Mom practically tore off her stocking and panties before proceeding to use my cock like some sex toy, bucking her pussy lips back and forth over the tip of my shaft. She was shaved! I had never seen her shaved before during all those times I had masturbated over her in the shower. Her skin was smooth and soft, like that of my teenage girlfriends.

“Ooh, I love your rock hard cock!” Mom groaned at me, “I want you inside me.”

We stumbled over to the bed, and fell onto it. Mom lay on her back and lifted her legs in the air. There was no mistaking the target. I was about to lean forward and start licking her bright red dripping patch, but she stopped me in my tracks.

“You can do that some other time, baby. I want you inside me now!” she cried.

I obliged, and pushed hard inside her. As I did so, I could feel the walls of her pussy closing in on me, and before I knew it, she was squirting like crazy all over my cock and all over the bed sheets. I lay there on top of her, watching her expression as it turned from sheer elation to deep emotion to crying gently with the pleasure of being fulfilled.

“Oh, you made Mommy cum so bad!” she said, holding me in her arms and giving me a kiss.

We fell asleep, but later that night Mom slipped under the covers and sucked gently at my cock until I came inside her mouth once again. At least, that's what I remember from that night.