

Rachael's Story

By fetishdoll

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With the death of her husband, Rachael is left with only her son and the friendship of one woman

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The loss of Nick has been difficult these past few months. You think that you'll get over something like this, that somehow the nights will become less lonely, less empty but it isn't true. It isn't true at all. The bed is too large for just one person and there are times when I wake up and I can still smell him, feel him in the bed next to me. Do you know how lonely that feeling is? It's worse than a nightmare to wake up and believe with all my heart that he is there, that somehow I'll turn and he will be in bed next to me. Only when I wake up Nick is gone, and no prayer, no amount of crying, no magic wish will bring him back. He is gone forever, nothing will bring him back.

Nothing.

Greg is now my only solid connection to reality now. Not a day has gone by after Nick's death that Greg has left my side. It's sweet and loving but I know that he needs his friends, a girlfriend and honestly I need for him to have those things. I crave normalcy and Greg's happiness is all that I can think about. His normal life is what keeps me sane.

Greg reminds me of his father in so many ways, there are times when I am sitting near him I smell his father and hear his father in his voice and it bothers me because I want his father back so badly, so very badly.

I noticed him staring at my breasts the other night. I know that boys are boys and they are going to look. Last night isn't the first time I've seen Greg looking at me, at my body. Nick used to say that if he were to take issue with every man that stared at my body he would never be able to walk down the street without a fight. My grandmamma called it the family curse, a condition she had, my mother had and I have but to have your own son stealing looks down your top or at an exposed thigh is something I don't need right now. Greg needs a girlfriend, someone his age that he can direct that kind of attention to, satisfy his "needs".

I spoke with Eva about it today. Eva has two sons and because she and I are so close I feel I can tell her anything. She is the only person I trust completely and she is the only friend to stick by me through Nick's death. Eva said that the same thing happened with her first son and seems to be happening again with her younger son, Greg's best friend Scott. Eva has a smoky silent film beauty

about her and her personality brings out the best in those around her. It was no surprise to find that in addition to every man she came in contact with, her own sons would find her captivating, I know I did. However I did find it shocking to listen to her talk so nonchalantly about her own son's attraction to her.

"No, no Rachael, you are looking at this in completely the wrong way." Eva said as she lightly patted my hand and sat closer. "All men are boys and you can't view your son as any other thing but a boy who has desires like any other man. I view it as a compliment that they find me attractive. I mean we aren't spring chickens and look at the girls they have around them these days."

"But Eva, they are your own sons!"

"You think I don't know this? Rachael, you are only going to make the poor lost boy find you even more attractive if you run away from it and try to hide from him. No I find a little reverse psychology is in order, let him look, thank him for looking, tell him you are flattered and even help him out a little."

"Oh Eva, oh...wait, what do you mean, help him out?" I asked confused, curious and just a little stunned. Eva's smoky brown eyes narrowed just slightly and she pressed her luscious red lips together in the obvious sign that she was about to educate me further.

"My oldest, Ryan, began peeking in on me sleeping a few years back." She saw my look of surprise because I knew Eva slept nude, "Oh, yes. I caught him early one morning standing in my doorway with his penis erect and sticking out of his boxers."

"Do you think he was..."

"Oh, I'm quite positive."

"Oh dear lord, what did you do?"

"Well I really only had three choices, I could either get angry and punish him, tell him to leave and start locking the door, or let him just get it out of his system. The first wasn't really even an option, I mean come on, when have you ever seen me angry at the boys? I wasn't about to start locking my door and so there was really only one logical choice, he needed to get this out of his system."

"So, so what did you do? I mean, how..."

"Well that morning I did nothing and just stood, said good morning and went into the WC to start my morning. Ryan said nothing, I said nothing, but the next morning after Dr. Stevens left to go on rounds..." I should mention that Dr. Stevens is her husband and I have no idea why she always refers to him as "Dr. Stevens" but she always has. She continued, "...when Dr. Stevens left to go on rounds it was early, dark still but I woke up and lay in bed waiting to see if Ryan would come peeping again."

"Did he?"

"Well, I fell asleep again as I usually do after he leaves but it was a restless sleep filled with thoughts of my Ryan coming into my room again. I woke again to find the room softly bathed in early morning light and Ryan standing in the shadows by my bed taking matters into his own hands, literally. I had to laugh at the thought of Greg standing by my bed masturbating as I couldn't imagine her son Ryan doing so and certainly couldn't even begin to imagine sleeping in the nude. Despite the absurd vision of something like this happening in my house I found myself mildly turned on and very interested in Eva's reaction. I urged her to continue.

“As soon as I saw him standing there I calmed myself and sat up in the bed, motioning for him to come and sit next to me, but Ryan’s eyes went wide and he fled the room in complete embarrassment.”

“What did you do?”

“I went after him! I jumped out of bed and intentionally refused to throw on a robe or nightgown as I would normally do and followed him into his room.”

“Eva, no you didn’t!”

“Darling, my sweet Rachael, there was no other choice.” She explained as she leaned in close, her face on centimeters from mine. “I had to defuse the situation. The last thing I want is one of my dear sweet boys running into his room ashamed and feeling dirty because he saw his mother naked and it turned him on. No I had to put everything right in front of him, I had to make sure that he wouldn’t feel ashamed or bothered by something as natural as masturbation.”

Now I ask anyone, what do you think a young teenage boy would do to find his mother walking stark naked into his room right after he had been masturbating in her doorway? I would imagine Greg would “flip-out” and yell for me to get the hell out of his room! But then most boys don’t have a mother like Eva, with a simple look she can have men on their knees begging. Her skin is flawless, her body perfectly thin and luscious to behold. I can only imagine her son’s reaction as this vision of beauty comes walking into his room. I also know that Eva keeps herself shaved completely, so there would be nothing keeping her son from seeing her thick protruding pouty labia as she sleeked into his room. I know I’ve been mesmerized by the sight of such a thing once or twice and Eva’s pussy simply glistens as she walks naked.

With this perfect body she sat naked beside her oldest son and said, “Well, I think you and I should talk.” With that she proceeded to explain that he shouldn’t be sneaking into her room and trying to see her naked. She explained that he could see her naked any time he liked and no one, not even a mother or son should be ashamed of their body or what happens when they see something that causes them to become aroused, even if it’s their own mother. She told him it was natural for a boy to be curious about a woman’s body at his age and she would rather he know things properly than finding out something that was silly and perverted in magazines or stories his friend’s might tell him.

“What did he during this talk you gave him?” I had to ask.

“He sat silently but his eyes scanned my body while he crossed his legs and sat uncomfortably beside me while trying to hide his erection. I watched him squirming and constantly adjusting himself and I found it silly. I told him that if he needed to finish what he had started that I would rather him do it without embarrassment. I told him that everyone, including me, had desires that needed to be taken care of from time to time and it was ok to do so because he was safe in his own home.”

I was completely mortified but oddly aroused and sat in complete silence. I don’t know if she cared that I was completely stunned, paralyzed by what I was hearing, by her confession. But it wasn’t over and what she told me next made me see my friend in a completely different light.

“So I helped him out of his pajamas and took his erect penis in my hand. I pushed him back on the bed so that he was lying down and his legs hung off the side of the bed. I grabbed his erection with

my right hand and stroked him while I masturbated with my left hand. I can't tell you how wonderful his cock felt in my hand Rachael, how sweet he seemed laying there letting me do this. The poor thing had probably never been touched before because he exploded all over my hand in only seconds and I followed quietly. I normally scream when I cum but I didn't want to scare him so I bit down on my lip and came."

"God."

"I know and I know you think that it's wrong, horrible, sinful but Rachael a boy is going to do it anyway and shouldn't it be in his own home? Do you want Greg out there sleeping with some street whore or filthy little girl who could have God knows what? Boys are nothing but raging hormones and if they don't get the attention they need they will end up making some dumb girl pregnant or they end up with a disease."

"Wh..what did you do after?" I asked, barely able to speak.

"I went into the bathroom and wet a washcloth with warm water and cleaned him up. He didn't say a word but it was hardly different than anything I had done before. I've cleaned up his vomit, his poo, his pee, and every other bodily fluid, I don't see how this was any different. Then I told him that any time he needed to do this, to get the relief he needed that he was welcome to just come ask and I would be more than happy to help him."

"Did he ever come back and ask for you to...help him?" I asked.

"Oh yes, all the time." She said sitting back again and acting as if this were normal, no big deal.

"Not only did he come back hundreds of time for help but he came back for advice when he did start seriously dating girls and even for tips on how to be better once he hooked up with his current fiancé. He also thanked me for being a loving mother. He says to me, 'Mom, I don't know what life would have been like without you. Other guys are afraid of girls and can't talk to them but I feel totally comfortable and I would have never met Sonya if it wasn't for you.' I kid you not."

"What about Scott, did the same thing happen with him?"

"No, no Scott found out from his brother and came to me with this cute little shy grin and asked if he could have what Ryan used to get. Oh Rachael it was so sweet, I think his older brother dared him to do it or something, I wonder if he even knew what he was asking for?"

"Oh my, so what happened?" I asked trying to hide the warm moist feeling between my legs.

"I smiled and kissed him on the cheek and then took his hand, led him to the bed and lowered his shorts and began stroking him."

"Eva! Is any of this true?!"

"Rachael, there are many things I would lie about but this is really not one of them. I am happy that they feel so comfortable coming to me for something so private."

"So, I have to ask..."

"Did anything more happen?" She finished my question because she knows me so well. I nodded and Eva smiled and kissed me lightly on my lips then whispered, "Your wet spot is showing."

I looked down and sure enough my feeling of warm moistness had clearly soaked all the way through my panties and slacks! I started to cover myself but Eva would have nothing of the sort.

“Rachael! Now such behavior I expect from teenage boys but this would hardly be the first time I’ve seen you excited.”

“But Eva I feel so, so...”

“God, not you too! Rachael I can’t believe you would even act like this around me. We have been friends for years and I know you, I know you aren’t going to sit here and tell me you’ve never looked at Greg and wondered?”

“I...I can’t really say that I have.” I thought about it and couldn’t remember a time were I ever thought of Greg as anything but Greg. The only time that wouldn’t exactly be true was when he reminded me of Nick. Then I wasn’t thinking of Greg, I was thinking of Nick.

“Would you like me to help you as well?” Eva asked with a coy smile.

“Oh Eva, I need to be going.”

“Are you sure? I hope you aren’t going anywhere too public? Perhaps you should at least go home and change first? I would offer you something of mine but I know that you would never fit in my fat clothes.”

“Oh please Eva, as if you are anything but perfect. You know that my ass is 5 times larger than your little skinny tail.”

“All the same, I can smell you and you smell wonderful.” Eva whispered and then she kissed me. Our lips touched lightly at first and then joined in a passionate deep embrace. Her hand moved through my hair and I moaned softly as her tongue entered my mouth. Her breasts pressed against me, soft and full and I knew that I wouldn’t be able to leave now. One look into her deep brown eyes and I surrendered to passion. She kissed down my body and opened my blouse with quick movements of her expert fingers. In seconds she opened my bra and my breasts spilled out, my nipples already hugely erect and growing with the cool air. She sucked deeply on my right nipple before moving down and caressing my damp crotch, licking slowly across the zipper. I helped her unfasten the button on the side and she slowly opened my front. My panties were soaked and I could smell my own sex as she pulled down my pants.

“I love your smell, you always smell like sex.” Eva said. I said nothing in response as I’m far more reserved than Eva, if not for her I would have never discovered how much I love being with another woman.

“It’s no wonder Greg wants you, just look at you.”

Eva pulled at my sticky little panties with her teeth and then let them snap back on my already tender little pussy. I moaned and rocked my hips, begging for her to please start, please lick me, push her expert tongue inside my cunt. Eva seemed to sense my eagerness and pushed open my thighs kissing down as she moved her hands back into my waiting snatch. With grace and beauty she smiled and once again I was reminded why all men go crazy for her. She pushed aside the panties and my moist little cunt felt the bare warmth of her tongue. She licked slowly between my labia and circled my clit before slipping down deep into my pussy. I threw my head back and grabbed fistfuls of her hair. I pushed her down into my pussy and rocked my hips up and down her face. She moaned loudly and grabbed my thighs as I rocked into her. Her tongue knew all the right places to tickle inside

my sweet pussy. When I came I didn't let go of her head and threatened to drown her in my flow of orgasmic juices. Her muffled screams of pleasure signaled me that she had an orgasm without anyone or anything touching her, a feat that I have yet to ever dream of accomplishing and Eva seems to do at will.

After our love making Eva and I undressed completely and bathed together in her luxurious bath, large enough for 6 people to sit comfortably. We kissed and I thought about her and her boys as we pleased each other again in the soapy warm water. I decided to get more of her story later as I'm sure that she had done more than just masturbate her two sons. If she would tell me, I'm sure I would get aroused again.

I've often had to soak Greg's underwear before throwing them in the laundry because of what I took to be nocturnal emissions. I wonder now if perhaps I have been wrong. What if Greg is finding his way into my room and what I keep finding in his laundry are the results of nights were I've slept through events? I think now that it's certainly possible. I rarely have a night were I am able to sleep without taking prescription medication that keeps me from waking for almost anything. On top of that I sleep with a night mask on, so even if I woke for something I would see only darkness. I find it odd to think that perhaps all this recent "activity" on his part could be the result of perhaps talking to his friend Scott, Eva's son! Oh god, what if Eva's son has told him that this is a way to get me to start something with him? I certainly hope not! I'm not like Eva. I don't sleep in the nude and I could never imagine going into my son's room stark naked and NEVER would I do what Eva did. So Greg would have to find himself a nice young girl to sleep with and get his needs out of his system. Only Eva's warning of disease and degenerate young girls did have me worried.

The next morning I woke to find my room empty but my door ajar. I know I shut it the night before but here it sits open. I reached down to push the covers away to find the sheets almost completely off. Perhaps I had kicked them off in the night? It was hard to tell with the medications I was on.

In the mirror I also noticed that my pajama top was buttoned incorrectly, one button off from the bottom and two buttons undone at the top. I certainly don't think that I did anything of the sort when I went to bed. I unbuttoned the top and let it fall to the floor and stepped out of my bottoms standing naked in front of the mirror. I took the toothbrush out of the holder and that's when I noticed something tight on my chest. I leaned over the sink and closer to the mirror concerned that perhaps something was wrong with my skin. I noticed what appeared to be peeling skin all between my ample breasts! I began rubbing with one hand and the thin flakes of skin fell all into the sink. However they were flakey, exactly like dried cum not skin. Nick loved to fuck my breasts when he was alive, most guys I had been with enjoyed my large chest and seemed to get huge pleasure from putting their cock between them. Personally I didn't care much for it but with Nick it was something that I enjoyed and turned me on to the point where I would gladly let him cum all over my breasts or shoot huge streams of cum into my mouth as I held my breasts tight around his stiff cock. Many times he would rub his cock around in the pool of cum that formed in my cleavage and feed it to me. I eagerly licked the sticky strings of cum from the end of his cock until there was little left. When there was no more cum to suck from inside his shaft he would rub it all around my tits. Later, the cum would dry and flake

off exactly like this. For a moment I nearly passed out! What if Nick had been here? Visiting me in the night? But I knew this was insane, Nick was dead and there was only one logical conclusion, Greg had been in my room. Greg had taken off my top and masturbated on me. It was the only thing. For a moment I suddenly felt fear and warmth as I looked between my legs for any sign of cum and wondered, certainly that would have woke me up even with the medication. No, this was just going too far and I would have to talk with Greg. I had no choice but to talk with him just as Eva had spoke with her two boys. Could I do it? Could I talk with him? Could I do what Eva did?

I noticed that my finger was now lazily trailing across my breasts and through the last bits of dried cum. I placed my finger in my mouth, wishing I could taste Nick once more. Oh god Nick, what will I do? I wish you were here. I wish I had you to tell me what to do.

Nick.

Eva.

Greg.