

Teaching Mom About Orgasm, Ch 1

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Mom learns about masturbation and orgasm

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It was a warm July afternoon. Mom and I were lounging by the pool sipping unsweet tea. She was unusually quiet. Something seemed to be weighing on her mind. I knew better than to press it. After a while she spoke.

"Rick, are you happy?"

I thought for a moment. Even though I was 10 years divorced. My 2 girls were grown and moved away with families of their own. I had 3 grandchildren who I adored but didn't get to see enough of. My job with the MDA was solid and satisfying. Though I didn't have a woman in my life at the moment, I answered her. "Yea, I'd say I was content."

I could tell she was going somewhere with this and her question was really bait. So, I asked her.

"Are you?"

I wasn't sure how she was going to answer. One would expect a widow with no other man in her life to respond simply "No" and that would be the end of it. Dad had been gone about 5 years and she hadn't pursued another relationship. But her answer made me almost choke on my tea.

"No. I'm 64 years old and I've never had an orgasm."

She didn't flinch, she didn't twist or turn. She just said it matter-of-factly. As though we were talking about the price of wheat in Kansas.

"What do you mean?", I managed to stammer without sounding like I was stammering.

"Just that. I've never had an orgasm," she answered.

"Well, I've got 2 questions. How do you know and why not?"

"How I know is I've been reading a few magazines, and some things online. These women talk about the fantastic orgasms they have. I know from their descriptions that I've never had one. And 'why not' is a long story."

"You mean dad never ..."

"Your father was wonderful provider, honey. But he was just a fucker, not a lover. And I was just a semen receptacle, a cum bucket."

Oh, this just kept getting better. I've never heard her use the F word. Ever. And now she's slipping it out like it's part of her everyday vocabulary.

"He'd get hard, stick it in my pussy." (Now the P word!). "Pump in and out 2 or 3 times, spew, pull out, then roll over and go to sleep. Always at night, always with the lights out. I can count on both hands the number of times I saw your father's ... you know. And on one hand the number of times I saw it hard. And the worst part is I liked looking at it. I wanted to touch it and stroke it. But he never let me."

"Well, that answers both questions. But there's another way to have an orgasm without a partner. What about masturbation?" I asked.

"Out of the question," she answered.

"Why?"

"I was raised to think that down there was a forbidden place. The only time I was allowed to touch it was to wash or wipe. The only other times it was acceptable to give it attention was making babies and birthing them."

"You didn't touch yourself when you were younger?"

"No. The church made it patently clear. That was a sin. The only ones allowed to touch you down there were your doctor and your husband. The doctor did, and my husband didn't. And to tell you the truth, I liked it when the doctor did. I just couldn't tell him."

"Nobody ever mentioned that sex was a highly pleasurable thing?"

"There were a couple girls in school who talked about it. But they were considered tramps. My mother always stressed to me the value of a good reputation."

"What did you do when you got aroused? Surely you got turned on now and then."

"Oh yes I did. I knew I couldn't talk to my mother, so I asked the school nurse about it. She said, 'Say 5 Hail Marys and ask St Anne to help you.'"

"Did it help?"

"For a while. It gave me something else to think about. But, it felt almost perverse though. Here I was praying while my lips are getting swollen and slippery. That made me feel worse. I started just putting those horny feelings out of my head."

"Mom, I'm sorry. It's a shame you grew up that way, especially considering the fact that women are entitled to sexual pleasure."

Up to now, our conversation had been held straight ahead. We hadn't looked at each other. But with my last statement, she turned to look at me.

"What do you mean?"

"I call it my Theory of Women. Women are born with 2 pleasure centers, men only have one. A woman can achieve orgasm either through stimulation of the clitoris or the G-spot. Here's the kicker, neither is necessary for reproduction. They are there purely for a woman's pleasure. A man, however, can only achieve pleasure through ejaculation, that is the necessary process of reproduction. So for a man to orgasm, whether through intercourse or masturbation, he has to go through the action of procreation. A woman does not. Her orgasm does not contribute to procreation at all. It is simply her pleasure. So, you see a woman is entitled to sexual pleasure. It is her right. And she has the choice to do it herself or with a partner. Most women masturbate, even married ones."

She continued looking at me. I could see the wheels beginning to turn.

"Let's go inside," I said. "I want to show you something."

We went inside to her computer. I sat down and launched Firefox. I googled 'men's genitals'. Naturally I got over 500,000 hits. I picked one of the top ones. It showed a picture of a limp penis and an erect one, plus an anatomical cutaway.

"Y'see Mom, the only way for a man to climax, experience sexual pleasure, is to ejaculate. So he's attempting to reproduce. Even if he's only masturbating. The semen spurts out, the little sperm are

looking for an egg to fertilize."

I googled 'Women's genitals'. This was a little more embarrassing, looking at a woman's vulva with my mother sitting next to me. I tried to keep it clinical.

"The clitoris ..." I started to explain.

"I know about the clitoris", she said. "It's where most women experience orgasm."

"Right. Manual stimulation of the clitoris will have most women climaxing within 5 minutes. And it doesn't participate in reproduction at all."

"The G-spot is located on the upper wall of the vagina a few inches in." I pointed out to her.

This felt so surreal. I'm giving my mother, a great-grandmother, an anatomy lesson on her sexual equipment.

"A G-spot orgasm is even more intense and pleasurable than a clitoral one. It's easier to achieve, but harder to reach. A skilled lover can do it with his penis. But most men are so ignorant of the female anatomy, they don't even know she has one. You can also stimulate the G-spot with a dildo or vibrator. Again, a G-spot orgasm has nothing to do with reproduction. And that's why I say, if women are so equipped with such exquisite organs of pleasure, they must be entitled to that pleasure."

She stared at the screen and briefly looked down at herself. I know she wanted to do some self-examination but couldn't with me there.

"Mom, I really want you to think about this. You owe it to yourself to experience the pleasures of orgasm. I have to fly out tonite for 2 weeks in a remote location in England. I want you to google 'Female masturbation'. Read what others have said, especially those who have broken out of the repressive constraints of some religious orthodoxy. And by the way, the Bible is totally silent on the subject."

She walked me to the front door. She took my hand in hers and kissed me lightly and said, "Looks like I'll be busy for a while." She looked thoughtful again and said, "I guess most men masturbate."

"Yes", I said. "Even married ones."

"Do you?" She looked straight at me.

Here it was, the moment of truth. Considering the conversation we just had there was no point in holding back. "Yes I do. About once a day."

"Did you today?"

"Not yet. I probably will when I get home. This conversation has gotten me a little ..."

"Turned on?" she finished my sentence. She looked down at my crotch to see if there was any evidence. I saw a little grin develop. She swatted me and said, "Better not be late catching your plane."

The whole 2 weeks I was gone, I found it difficult to concentrate. I kept thinking about what she might be doing. Here she was looking up "female masturbation" online. I didn't know what it would lead to. And ... I was getting aroused.

I got home on a Saturday. There was a host of messages on my voice mail. I was only interested in the last one. It was from Mom. It said, "Rick, darling, I know you're not home yet, but call me the minute you get in. I have something wonderful to show you."

I tossed my bags on the bed and headed for the car. Before leaving I called her on my cell and told her I was on the way. She sounded pleased, almost giddy. I guessed her research did something for her. Little did I know.

As I pulled into her driveway, I noticed movement by the curtains. She was watching for me. Even before I got to the door, she had opened it. She pulled me inside and gave me a big kiss on the lips. She was wearing her bathing suit. She took my hand in hers. "I'm so glad you're home. I have something to show you." She led me to her computer. She sat down and told me to pull up a chair beside her. A couple clicks and she pulled up a site that featured women's genitals. A couple more clicks and the screen filled with 2 pictures of a woman's pussy, the first in full bush, the second shaved bare. I looked at Mom. She was smiling broadly now. I looked at the images again. They weren't drawings or representations, these were actual photographs. The accompanying text said:

"I am most grateful to a very special man in my life. He introduced me to the wonderful world of masturbation and orgasm. He's never touched me. He's never even seen my pussy. But he's opened up a whole new vista of pleasure. I never knew what sexual ecstasy was until he pointed me in the right direction. His theory of women showed me that I am entitled to pleasure, entitled to orgasm. And that's what I've been doing for the past 2 weeks, masturbating and cumming. I've never been happier. I also found out that if I shaved my kitty, the feelings were much more intense. So, that's what I have here, a picture of my pussy with hair and my bare cunt. I wonder what Rick will think. I hope he likes

it."

I stared at mom, and she simply nodded as though saying "yes, that's what you think it is."

"Well, what are your thoughts?" she asked.

I couldn't stop staring. I was looking at my own mother's vulva.

"Mom, that's the most beautiful pussy I've ever seen. Let me re-phrase that. You have the most beautiful pussy I've ever seen. Your lips are absolutely gorgeous, so full and plump. And I can see just a hint of your inner lips. Good enough to ..."

"To what?"

"To lick." I couldn't believe I said that. Talking about licking my mother's pussy. I thought I heard a low moan.

"Let me show you something else."

She brought up another picture from her computer. It was her pussy again, except the lips were wet, swollen, and parted.

"I took this one right after I masturbated. After I shaved my hair off I was very aroused. I couldn't help but touch myself.

"Like I said, mom, your pussy is stunning."

"You can say 'cunt'. I like the word. It's so raw and sexual."

"You have a beautiful cunt."

"Thank you. Do you think many people will be masturbating to my pictures?"

"Oh absolutely. men and women."

"Women too? I'm not so sure about that."

"Well, mom, when you post a picture like that, you have to take all comers."

We both looked at each other after that remark, and cracked up.

"I guess you're right", she said. Then she got a little serious. "Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Masturbate to my picture."

Another moment of truth. I had gotten aroused looking at her pictures. But enough to masturbate? To my mother? I noticed my arousal had produced an erection.

"Yes I will." There I said it. I admitted to my own mother that I was going to masturbate looking at a picture of her cunt.

"When?"

"Probably about 11:00. I've got to write a debriefing report, but first I need to sleep off some of this jetlag."

"And where will you cum?"

"Probably in a towel, or something." I wondered why she asked that question.

"I'll be right back." She got up and walked out of the room.

"Where are you going?" I called after her.

She looked back at me. "I'll be back in a minute. I have to go to the bathroom."

A couple minutes later she returned holding something. I couldn't tell what it was.

"Something else I discovered," she began, "many men enjoy women's panties. They like to see them, feel them, some like to sniff them, lick them, some even like to wear them. They do this with their wives' panties, their girlfriend's, even stranger's. Some even sniff family members' panties, sisters, cousins. And some even like to sniff their mother's panties. Have you ever done this with mine?"

These moments of truth just keep getting better. No reason to stop now.

"I used to when I was younger. I'd see them lying in the hamper and I couldn't resist. I'd sniff them

then pull out my cock and masturbate. It was my first experience with a real pussy"

She smiled. "I never found any cum stains in them. Of course I wasn't really looking for any."

"I didn't cum in them. I didn't want to get caught."

"When did you stop?"

"When I went off to college."

She handed me what she was holding behind her back. It was a baggy with some kind of material in it.

"What is it?" I asked.

"My panties. I want you to sniff them while you look at my picture tonite and masturbate. I want you to smell my pussy. And this time you can cum in my panties."

Oh My. My mother wasn't just giving me permission, she was asking that I sniff her panties while I looked at her cunt and masturbated.

"Tonight I'll tell you a little secret", she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I want you to call me when you get ready."

"You want me to call you???"

"Yes, I want us to masturbate together over the phone. I want to hear you cum. And I want you to hear me cum."

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. We were actually going to have phone sex. Me and my mother! She gave me a kiss, pushed me out the door and swatted me.

"Now get going. Get everything done. I can't wait for 11:00. And put my panties in your pocket. I don't want you to lose them. They're very special."