The Night Mommy and I Fucked

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Published on Lush Stories on 25 Nov 2012

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Michael tending to his mother turns into a night of incestuous passion between them.

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I'm still in shock over what just transpired. I know where I am and what I just did, but the shock of it all is still there. I lay in my parents' bed cradled in the loving arms of my mother who's whispering sweet things into my ear as she kisses on me continuously after a long, hot, passionate sex session between us. *Yes*, what I'm saying to you is that I just got done fucking my mother, Mona and to be completely honest...I loved every minute of it. It was truly the best sex I've had since I began having it in the first place. I know you must wondering, how could my mother and I knowing sleep together? Well, you're going to get the answer to that question and more.

My name is Michael Thorn, I'm sixteen years old, and this is my story.

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Thinking hard on it, I can safely say this entire situation started with my mother, father, and their relationship/marriage. It's a strange place to start, but let me explain. Growing up, my mother was a straight up "street kid". She lived on the rough, impoverished streets of Philadelphia. She was street smart and book smart, so implying herself was no challenge and after high school went to *Temple University*...which is where she met my father. My father was a man of the high society. He was (and the reason we are) loaded money-wise. He told me he went to *Temple* to get away from the high life, wanting to be around people from the *real* world instead of the *fake* world (as he put it) many people in high society live in. My mom and dad met on the first day of class and as it's a million times before..."*The rest is history*." After college, they were married and not too soon after that I burst onto the scene. Before my birth my dad moved my mom out of the ghetto into the suburbs, so as I grew up I had it all; the best clothes, private school education, and our house has some of the most expensive furniture ever. My life was damn near perfect, but as we all know *perfect* doesn't really exist. Beginning just before my sixteenth birthday eight months ago, my perfect world began to crumble. My dad's an attorney, so his job always took up most of his time, but suddenly it seemed to become his

whole world. He started staying the night at the office instead of coming home. Mom and I thought nothing of this change...until he *missed* my birthday (when he could have come home, mind you) to work on a case. That night was the first time I felt anger towards my dad as well as the first time I heard my parents have a heated argument (via telephone), which was the start of their marital problems.

As the months pasted the situation only got worse as time went on. My father became in my mother's words; "A brother who threw money at his family and thought that was all he had to do." but regardless of my dad not being around it had no affect on mine and Mom's relationship. Actually, with Dad not being around we grew as close as a mother and son could possibly be and I'm not ashamed to say that I'm a bona fide "Mama's Boy" due to it. Hell, I still call her *Mommy* sometimes. We were always together since we had money like that; Mom didn't have to work and after school home was the best place for me to be. There were no secrets between us as I confided in my mother about everything; from my first wet dream to when I lost my virginity. Those things are meant for a father and son conversation, but Mom took everything in stride and gave me guidance on it all. In return, I made it my mission to be the best son I could be to her and I was. Whenever she needed me I was there and then some. I wasn't Dad, but I did my best to fulfill her every desired want. Dad's absence still weighted on her though and I couldn't help, but notice (to my dismay) that she started drinking . . . and drinking a lot. Nightly, she'd drown her suffering in glass after glass of wine while she thought I was sleeping, but I *always* stayed awake- -*always* to make she didn't hurt herself and that she made it to bed. Tonight was once again one of those nights though as I said earlier this night had a different result then me taking Mom to bed then heading back to my room.

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The clock in my room read *11:30pm* as my mother's angry voice woke me.

"Damn it Jason, we're your fucking family!" I heard her yell. "Why is work so god damn important?!"

Hearing that, I got out of bed and stood by my bedroom door, cracking it open a bit to get a better my mother's actions. By how loud her voice was I knew she couldn't have been downstairs and I found that she wasn't as my brown eyes saw her in a silk pink robe pacing about the second floor hallway (were all the bedrooms are) with the cordless house phone in one hand screaming at Dad through it while holding what I *knew* for sure wasn't her first glass of wine.

"You've got a growing boy to raise, Jason! Why can't you ever bring your ass home?!"

In response to her yelling, Dad most likely hung up on her because she gave the phone an angry look and threw it down to the floor. I watched Mom pace around cursing and drinking until the dark liquid in

her glass was fully gone.

She peered at the glass and cursed, "Damn."

I breathed a sigh of relief as she held onto the banister post descending the stairs for some more wine and after about five minutes I followed behind her. As I hit the bottom of the steps, I instantly found my mother sitting in the dining room drinking her blues away. Even though when Mom drank she became loud and angry, I couldn't get upset with her. Sure her reasons for drinking heavily were misplaced, but watching her my heart was always filled with pity...never shame or disgrace; just sympathy.

"Ma," I called coming into the room.

"Michael, why are up?" She asked with a slur in her words as the strong smell of the alcohol on her breath hit me in the face. "You know you got school tomorrow,"

I sighed, "Your yelling woke me up."

"It did? I'm sorry, sweetie."

"It's okay, let's just get you to bed, Ma." I replied extending my hand, which she took.

Standing up, Mom was a bit wobbly, but I held her up. It took us a good ten minutes to get up the stairs though I was just glad I got her up them with no problems. Coming into my parents' room, I got Mom lying on her bed quickly, but her voice stopped me as I turned to leave.

"Don't leave Michael," She called. "Come lay with your mama for a little while."

I really wanted to return to my own bed, but I figured she just wanted me to keep her company until she fell asleep, so much to her sudden delight I climbed into bed beside her.

"Sorry I woke you, baby." She said placing a loving hand on my cheek.

I smirked, "It's okay, Ma. You're not really yourself right now."

She stroked my cheek, "Yeah, but even when I'm like *this* you're still with me Michael...not like your father."

"I'm just trying to smooth the rough parts, Ma. Keep you happy," I replied. "It's better around here

when you're happy, Mommy."

She smiled at me, "Aww...I like it when you call me *Mommy*, Michael."

I smiled back at her, "See, I've got you smiling, Ma. Do you need anything while I'm here with you?"

To my surprise, Mom's face put on a seductive glare and her hand caressed found my thigh, caressing it gently.

"Well, you could start by kissing me, Michael."

My eyes widened at her request. I knew what she meant, but I also knew that it was her drunken state causing her words and actions. I decided to play along a little bit as I didn't want to destroy the good vibes I had going. If I had killed it then she could have begun lashing out at me. I leaned in and gave her cheek a kiss.

At my action, she frowned at me, "That's not the kind of kiss I wanted, Mike. Come here,"

As those last two words left her mouth, Mom took my face in her hands and her lips shockingly locked on to mine before her tongue invaded my mouth. Even more shocking to me was that I began kissing her back.

"Mmm, that's right, Michael...kiss me," Mom moaned in while we kissed.

In my head I knew what we were doing was so *wrong*, but my body (especially my dick) was reacting as if it was the best thing I could've have done. The red life force pumping through my veins shot to my loins instantly. Even though we'd only been kissing a few minutes, the kiss seemed to be everlasting until air became an issue and we unlocked our lips. Mom's hand was still on my thigh and now I knew she was feeling my semi-hard manhood.

She began rubbing on it a bit, "Ahh, I see somebody likes kissing his Mommy, huh?"

I wanted to deny it, but I couldn't. The kiss was so damn hot and the forbidden aspect of it all was turning me on even more. Mom's fingertips danced on my member making it throb and grow harder. I been fighting with myself not to moan, but a few escaped my lips proving forever that I was indeed enjoying her actions.

"Ahh," I let out a moan with a short gasp.

"Mmm, my baby boy's got a big one in his pants doesn't he?"

I felt pre-cum leaking from me in my pants and said inwardly, "Mom sure knew how to please to a guy."

"Can Mommy get some dick, Michael? It would make Mama *real* happy,"

If my logical mind hadn't been clouded by carnal desires I would've have just got up and left, but since my mind *was* clouded I told her yes.

"Good, but Mama wants you to take care of something else first." She told me as she untied her robe and let it fall away revealing she wore nothing, but a pink bra and panties set underneath it.

For the second time of the night my eyes widened. It wasn't out of shock or surprise this time, but out of amazement- -amazement of how beautiful and sexy my mother truly was. I'd never seen her like before. Mona was stunning long black hair, a sweet milk chocolate tone, almond brown eyes, and a body that was to die for. Looking at her, I really couldn't understand why Dad would choose the workplace over the radiant woman he has at home. Mom had a nice, thick figure as well with a twin pair of full, ample double D cup breasts and a big round ass. My cock throbbed harder than ever at the sight of her.

"Y- -You look so good, Mama." I told her with a stutter.

In response to my words, Ma pulled me into a feverish kiss while lying back and pulling me on top of her. I took notice that Mom's bra unhooked in the front, so I started there. Unsnapping the bra, I assaulted her tits with kisses.

"Oooh," Ma purred.

My lips found her dark nipples and made them rise with a combination of my lips and tongue causing erotic sounds to escape her mouth and the sounds only heightened my arousal.

"Go on and suck them, baby." Mom urged and I *just had* to oblige her.

Mom’s hand found the back of my head, bringing me face-to-face with her mammary glands and instantly I covered them with my mouth, sucking on them gently.

“Oooh, that’s right, Mike…suck those titties.” She moaned holding head still having me only use my mouth on her breasts.

I licked and sucked on my mother’s boobs like a baby being breastfed. A few minutes of breast munching later, I detached my mouth from Mom’s nipples. I then watched as she slid her panties off and opened her legs to me letting me see her pussy, which was dripping wet. I guess it was mostly due to her inebriated state.

Her fingers began playing in her coochie, "Mmmm, you want Mama's pussy, Michael? Come lick this pussy, baby."

I didn't have to be told twice as I found my way between her thick thighs, kissing them all the way up to her juicy pussy and stopped. After I licked her wetness, there was no going back- -no stopping what had been started, but I pressed on, looking at her a final time before my tongue met her wetness and it met her wetness with a fierce lashing.

"Oooooh, ahhh, that’s it Michael! Lick that pussy!" Ma screamed.

I must admit I wasn't expecting the reaction that I got from her, but it let me know I was pleasing my mother and it made me feel good. Soon my tongue found her clit and began tonguing it.

"Shit…you’re hitting Mommy’s clit! God, you're going make me cum,"

I started sucking on Mom’s clit forcing her to arch her back, grabbing the back of my head driving my face further down into her. I wanted Mom to climax, but not with my tongue...my dick was going to make her juices squirt from her middle. I’d long since measured my dick before and I was nine inches long and three inches thick. I licked her juices off my lips while coming up from between her legs. I slid my pajama pants and boxers down, stroking my thickness for Mom to see.

"Oooh, is that for Mama?" She cooed.

I smirked, "You know it, Ma."

"Put it in, baby...fuck my cunt. Mommy knows you want to,"

I climbed on top of my mother and in a swift motion, entered her womanhood. I inserted and withdrew my thickness a few times to make Mom use to me, but when I felt she was I pumped in and out of her with no cease.

"O- -Oh God Mike!" She screamed as I stroked her middle. "You're making Mama feel so good right now."

"Damn, your pussy's so wet, Ma." I groaned. "I love it,"

"I love you, Michael . . . I love you so much," She moaned as I felt her vaginal walls tighten around my manhood, telling me she was about to cum.

Looking down, I saw her sticky wet cream all over my cock as I moved in and out of her. Her pussy was gripping my dick, ready to explode and after some more thrusting Ma came all over me.

“Ooooh…oh shit! Oh my God…I’m cumming, I’m cumming!” Mom screamed so loudly that her voice was going to go hoarse afterward.

Mom had just cum, but our romp wasn't over yet. I hadn't got my own nut off yet. I flipped Mom over planning fuck her pussy some more, but she stopped me and told me (to my utter surprise) to enter her ass.

"Really Ma?" I asked needing to make sure she really wanted to.

"Put your dick my booty." She whispered with lust all through her tone.

I watched as Mom lubed her asshole with her saliva and shook her ass teasingly at me. As I made my way inside I heard her groan in pain. I was hurting her a bit, so I stopped in order for her to get use to me again and then continued my way in. I got five inches of myself inside her when I began fucking her. I started with slow, deep strokes, but when Mom said, “Harder,” I proceeded to sex her the way she wanted it.

"That’s it baby, fuck Mommy’s asshole! Fuck Mama hard!" She urged.

At her urging my manhood plunged in and out of her ass, giving her all she could handle as I felt nut building up.

"Fuck me! Fuck me, fuck me…bust that nut for Mommy!"

I gave her ass as many thrusts as I could until I filled it with my hot load.

"Aww…shit Mom!" I howled as I came hard and heavily.

I pulled out of Mom, watching as my love juices seeped out of her booty and mixed with her own sexual stew.

"I love you, sweetie." Mom said as we cuddled and exchanged kisses.

"I love you too," I replied looking into her eyes.

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So, there you all have it. It's been a surreal night for me knowing I had sex with my mother tonight. I'm still awake while Mom's gone into a peaceful slumber...and I have no real choice to follow her lead though as I close my eyes I can't help, but wonder what tomorrow morning is going to be like.