

Unloading For Mom

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He helps Mom unload, then she helps him unload (part 3 of The Morning I Ran Out Of Tissues).

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/unloading-for-mom.aspx>

I'd been feeling really good lately, sort-of on cloud 9. There's something about getting laid well and often that really makes a guy feel alive, y'know? Anyhow, I was hanging out in the living room playing some video games and listening to music, having a good old time, when I heard my Mom come in from the Garage and from the sound of it she was carrying some plastic bags. That meant she'd been to the store, and that meant maybe she had some potato chips or something – I'd looked for some earlier, but we were out. So I got up, magnanimously, to "help" her – mostly as an excuse to look in the bags as I unloaded them.

Peeking around the corner into the garage I saw that Mom had closed the garage door, so I didn't have to press the button and wait before heading out into the garage. I was nude, so without closing the door the old ladies across the street, and the young ladies that lived next door to them, would have seen me. Not being one to offend I'm always careful to check for this – though Dad forgets sometimes. He's always running in there for a tool or something. Anyhow, I went to the back of Mom's minivan and began unloading shopping bags. Already I'd spotted the chips (yeah!) and they were my favorite kind, too.

Mom came out of the master bedroom a second later, and I could see she'd disrobed. Mom hates clothes and if the rest of the world were as open as our family I think she'd never wear them.

"Oh," she said absently as she came into the kitchen and started to help me putting stuff away, "that damn bra was driving me crazy."

"Yeah," I joked, jibing her a little, "don'tcha just hate that?"

"Smartass," she laughed, swatting me playfully, "you can laugh, you never have to wear one."

"Oh, but I like to sometimes," I kidded, drawing a big laugh from her.

We worked quietly for a few minutes then, and I was left with only my own thoughts to converse with. Mostly, I was thinking about how to beat the next level in the video game I'd been playing. But also, as Mom moved around the kitchen I found myself admiring her, and thinking thoughts I probably shouldn't. Like, for instance, "man, how does Mom do it? Forty years old and she still looks great! Her figure is almost as good as Sis's, and she's a lot older, and has had kids..."

Then Mom bent down to put some cans away in a lower cabinet, and I got a great look at her ass and pussy, which was even pulled open a little from the position she was in. Man, I thought, what a great ass Mom has... Oh well, I thought, and went back to my work. Grabbing the bags of chips, and carefully setting one aside so Mom wouldn't notice, I reached up to put the rest in the high cupboard where they go. It just so happened that to do that I needed to get behind Mom and stretch up. No biggie.

So I got behind Mom and opened the top cupboard, and reached up to put the chips away. I guess I forgot to tell Mom though, because just as I was leaning in, she backed out a little bit. It wasn't much, but it was enough. I felt the head of my cock slip right in to something really tight and warm.

"Whooooeee!" Mom yelled, high pitched and loud. Then she tried to stand up, and wound up banging her head on the bottom of the countertop. "OW! Shit," she yelled, and in an involuntary movement caused by the pain in the back of her head, she inadvertently backed up more. I felt another inch of my cock push in, and realized I was in my Mom!

"Huh?" I said aloud, looking down in shock to see my cock sticking about an inch and a half into my Mom's asshole. "Oh fuck," I yelled, and quickly stepped back, yanking my cock out of Mom's ass right away. "Jesus, Mom," I said, truly regretful I'd violated her, "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to – I mean, I... I didn't even know I was hard!"

"That's OK, honey," Mom said, rubbing the back of her head with one hand and holding her ass cheek with the other, "just help me up, alright?"

"Yeah, sure," I agreed and immediately helped Mom to her feet, then stood there looking down at my own, feeling awful. But I could also see that my consternation was having no effect on my erection, which still stood out hard as hell straight from my middle, as though defiant. I could also see a little brown from Mom's ass on it, which should have grossed me out, but it didn't. In fact, seeing proof I really had put my cockhead in my Mom's ass, even by accident, kinda turned me on, and if anything I stiffened up some more.

Seeing my shamefaced look Mom laughed and poo-pooed the situation (no pun intended).

"Sweetheart, relax," she said, lifting my chin with her finger, "It's OK, you just caught me by surprise, that's all. I know you didn't mean to do it. Actually, I'm surprised it's taken this long for something like that to happen around here the way your Dad and You are always letting your little heads lead the way for the rest of you..."

"Yeah," I countered, relaxing enough to laugh stiffly, "how can we help it when you and Sis are always running around with your headlights on all the time, and little else?"

"Oh, I know Sweetie," she said, "that's normal."

I was a little worried about having hurt Mom, so I asked if she was OK, and she replied, "I'm fine... I'll live. It did hurt a little, but that's just because I was too dry back there... and my head is going to be fine too."

"Good," was all I could think of to say.

Then Mom looked down at my boner, I think just to check I wasn't hurt in some way, and then she broke out in a giggle. "I see you've got some racing stripes on that thing of yours," and as she was talking she reached for the paper towels, got a good wad, wet it, put some hand soap on it, and said, "let me clean that up for you." And then Mom took ahold of my cock at the base with one hand, and wiped her shit off it with the soapy paper towel in the other.

It felt too good. Mom was actually holding my cock, and I was hard as a rock! And the toweling felt almost like someone licking me. I sort of jumped with a little start and trembled.

"Oh, you poor Dear," Mom said, wrinkling her forehead and giving me a sympathetic little frown, and I noticed from the way her eyes flicked to the side that she'd just checked the time on the microwave clock, "you're in quite a state, and you still have 2 and a half hours before you can get it taken care of."

Then, as soon as she said that, Mom, dropped my cock like a hot potato, leaving it throbbing in mid air, and turned her back on me. "There you go," she said, trying to cover, "clean as a whistle." But it was too late, she'd let the cat out of the bag. In two and a half hours my little Sister Michelle would be home. Mom knew.

I didn't know what to say. I was busted. And yet it didn't seem like Mom had planned to say anything about it. I just stood there in shock wondering what the hell was going on. I knew I had to be in all

kinds of trouble.

After a moment of silence, with both of us standing there frozen to the spot like statues, Mom spoke up. "I.. I'm sorry, Son. I didn't mean to intrude. It's just that your Sister was yelling so loudly that first time. I had to come see what was the matter..."

"Oh," was all I could say.

"But you two have been doing it a lot lately, and you've been discrete and I can tell it's mutual between you two... Actually, if I hadn't already known from catching you the first time, I wouldn't even have really noticed you two sneaking off together all the time." Then she paused before adding, in a concerned voice, "It is consensual, right? You're not taking advantage of your little Sister, are you?"

"No," I said, feeling I needed to make that clear, "it's totally mutual. It just sort of happened..."

"I understand..."

"No, really," I insisted, "it did... She wanted me to look at her prom dress magazine to help her pick one out and she barged in when I was masturbating, and then one thing led to another..." I shrugged.

"Oh... uh, OK," she said, blushing, clearly seeming a little nervous. But also, I noticed she had rock hard nipples, and was shivering a little. Was Mom turned on too?

I looked down to make sure I was still up to the challenge. Yep. "Uh, Mom?"

"Yes, dear?" She looked up at me with wide, plaintive eyes.

"It's OK, then? Michelle and me, I mean?"

"Sure, of course it is, Honey," she said with a little smile, "haven't your Father and I always allowed you your sexual freedom?"

"Yeah," I admitted, "you always have..." Then I shifted gears a little, "sorry about sticking my cock in your ass," I said, boldly being a bit blunt, "I didn't mean to. Honestly," I said sincerely, "I didn't even know it was hard. I guess I got a little carried away watching you put stuff away..."

"Oh, sweetheart," Mom said with a little grin, and a deepening blush, "that's totally OK! I'm not mad at all... It's not like it was gross having you in me or anything... it was just a surprise. And, I'm glad I can still make a young guy like you 'stand up' and take notice."

From the look in her eyes I knew I had her. She was practically hypnotized by the situation we were in. So, I think, was I. "Two and a half hours is a long time to wait..." she said, so quietly I almost didn't hear her.

"Yeah..." I said, not wanting to push.

"Yeah," she replied, taking my cock in her trembling hands. She held it oh so gently for a second, and then, carefully, like it was made of eggshells, she gently gripped me more firmly. I gasped, and she looked up at me. I'm not sure what she saw on my face, but apparently she was satisfied with it, because then my Mom slowly dropped to her knees, and sat looking almost reverently at the hard cock in front of her face. I closed my eyes and my head tilted back. I felt Mom let go with one hand, and the other slid down to the base. I could tell she was holding me with just her thumb and forefinger now, and then I felt her lips lightly kiss the end. I moaned. Mom's other hand landed on my hip, and slowly it slid around to grasp my firm, muscular ass cheek. Then Mom's sweet, wet and warm mouth opened and I felt my cock enter her, sliding across her tongue.

My knees about gave out from under me, but I reached flailingly behind me and found the counter to hold on to. Mom slid my cock all the way into her mouth with one, steady even move, her tongue dancing all along the sensitive underside, and when she had it all inside she closed her lips around it. I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling a second as I felt Mom draw a suction, and start to pull back, her sweet lips and tongue making me groan loudly.

I let my head sag to my chest as the incredible sensations coursed through me. It felt amazing! Something about the mind bending, awe inspiring fact that this fantastic blowjob was coming from my own Mother's sexy mouth! It felt as though I was on that downward, upward slide you feel when you take a heavy drug, like Acid, except it was accompanied by tiny, nerve jangling electric shocks! I opened my eyes to watch and was greeted with the exquisite site of my gorgeous Mom's bright red lipstick smearing on my cock shaft, and her lovely face half on, half off my rigid manhood.

"Oh... Mom..." I moaned, and watched a little smile flicker across her features. But for the most part she had that 'chocolate ice cream' look on her face. You know the one, the look you see people get when they are savoring a bite of some particularly rich, sweet dessert.

After a few minutes of going slow with her eyes closed, Mom opened her eyes and looked up at me. God! I felt my abs tighten in reaction to her beautiful blue eyes locked on mine. Mom held our eye contact for a few seconds, making sure to take my cock almost all the way out of her mouth, right to the very tip of the head, and then to take it back in excruciatingly slowly, staring in my eyes all the while. Now I knew why my Parents had such a strong Marriage! I knew right away I'd have to add this

to my Sister's lesson plan before she had that big Prom date...

After a few minutes of this lovely torture, Mom raised herself up a little, and angled her face down, causing her hair to cover her face. I watched as she began to bob up and down on me a little faster, then faster, then even faster, and I found myself groaning, grunting, moaning, and calling out her name, "Mom... Oh MOM! Oh... Janice! Yes Mom! Suck my cock Mom... Oh God..." I'd never called my Mom by her first name before, but with her working my cock over the way she was, being on a first name basis felt totally normal, and right.

I was rapidly losing my composure. If Sis and I hadn't fucked in the shower before she went to school I was sure I wouldn't have lasted even these few minutes, as the thrill of the best Blowjob I'd ever had combined with the knowledge I was knocking my knob against my own Mother's tonsils was more than I could stand for long at all!

My balls drew up warning on my pending explosion, and when Mom felt them on her chin she really went to town. She sucked twice as hard as before, causing her cheeks to hollow out and rub along my length, as she flattened her tongue and pressed it firmly against my over sensitive piss tube, and her head went into hyper drive, both her hands firmly grasping my ass cheeks.

"Oh, Mom, Oh... Oh... OH... Ohooohhhooo!" I gasped, my entire body shaking and jerking roughly, "I'm gonna cummmmmmmmm... Uhhhhhhhaaaa!!!"

Mom jabbed her face down burying her nose in my curly carpet and let my pecker head slip deep into her throat, taking me all the way in. As I let loose with the first jolt Mom swallowed frantically, letting me feel her throat muscles work my cock a second, before she slid about half off and let the second jet land right on her tongue. Then, with me still spurting like a firehose, she pulled her head off me completely, her mouth coming free with a loud "pop!" Several ropes of cum splattered her face and one fell tantalizingly on her tits, hanging suspended across her cleavage a second before the strand broke and hung there, reaching for her belly.

Mom opened her mouth and caught the next splash of jizz right on her tongue, and then she took me back in to the head letting the last several squirts slosh right into her sweet, heavenly mouth. When my eruption slowed she took matters in hand and stroked me a few times, squeezing tight and moving my cum down my dick like she was squeezing the last drops of toothpaste from the tube as she sucked hard, trying to get every last drop from me. And she succeeded.

Finally, Mom let my now softening cock slip from between her greedy lips, and sat back on her heels, rubbing my cum into her tits and then scooping what she could from her face into her mouth, licking her fingers like she was at KFC. For my part, as soon as she let go of me I slumped to my ass on the

floor, as though she'd been holding me up with her mouth, and sat there, breathing heavy.

We just sat there for a few moments in relative silence; the only sounds we made were my huffing and puffing, and Mom's slurping on her fingers. My head swam, and I felt a little dizzy. After a few more seconds of this, I felt my strength returning, at least enough for me to sit up a little, and speak.

"God, Mom..." I said, sounding incredulous as I felt, "I can't believe you blew my dick!"

"Well," said Mom, coming out of her reverie and straightening up, then standing, "I did say it was as clean as a whistle!" And with that she grinned, turned, and sashayed right out of the room.