

Waiting for my Son

By shawnababy

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A pure fantasy of a story

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It was a warm spring evening and I found myself at home alone. My daughter was spending the night at a friends house and my son was at a party. He had just turned 18 and was a senior in high school. He and his classmates would be graduating soon and going off to different colleges or jobs. I was a little restless tonight and not sleepy so I decided to wait up for him. I was dressed for bed in a thin cotton tank top and cotton lounge pants. I had a couple of glasses of wine so I was feeling good and relaxed.

At this time I was 37 and I had heard some of my son's friends use the term MILF when talking about me. I'm 5' 7" and weigh about 120 lbs. I have 36D tits and an ass I keep in shape by running almost every day. I take pride in the way I look and I admit that I do tease those teenage boys now and then. I have been divorced for 4 years now and like it that way. My kids and I have a very open relationship and can talk about anything. My son has walked in on me changing or getting out of the shower and I have done the same thing to him. I think maybe that's why I am a little restless tonight.

He had decided to use my bathroom to take his shower before going out. I walked into my bedroom just as he was drying himself off. As he walked past me to his room there swinging back and forth was his huge cock in all it's glory. I couldn't help myself and I had to stare at it. It was at least 9 inches long with a very large head. I had seen it before but for some reason the image of him walking by me naked with his big cock swinging back and forth like an elephants trunk was stuck in my head. He was in great shape having played football and powerlifted. He was 6' tall and about 200lbs, all muscle.

As I replayed that image in my head and sipped my wine I noticed my nipples were rock hard and poking through the thin fabric of my top. He was so sexy I couldn't help but get turned on. I don't think I could ever act on it, but if he made the first move I am not sure I could resist him. We had always teased each other and at times I could almost feel some sexual tension, but I wasn't sure if I was just imagining things.

It was almost 1am when I heard the garage door open. He came into the den where I was sitting on

the couch. He had a big smile on his face and I knew he had been drinking some. After having some wine I was feeling good too. He came over and sat down next to me on the couch. I turned towards him tucking one leg under me.

I asked him, "How was your evening?"

He said, "It was fine, I just get real tired of hot girls who just want to tease you."

He described those hot girls who would dress all sexy and acted like they were experienced and then when it came down to it they stopped things and said no. I was looking at him and for some reason I put myself in the place of one of those girls. I could understand his frustration. For some reason what I said next would change everything.

I said, "I would never tease you."

I am not sure if that's exactly what I meant to say but I had said it and it hung there. He looked at me with a curious look. I saw his eyes go lower to where my still hard nipples were poking out. He looked back up at me and smiled.

He said, "Oh really? You would never tease me?"

I didn't have time to think clearly and say what I might have meant. He had turned toward me now and was staring at my boobs again.

He said, "OK, prove it. Take your top off."

I had just told him I wouldn't tease him and now he was asking me to prove it. The smart move would be just to laugh it off but all I could think of now was not to go back on my word. I smiled at him as I reached down and peeled the tight tank top off revealing my naked breasts to him. He had seen them before but now they were on full display right in front of him. He was speechless as he stared at them. I decided to see if he was the tease.

I said, "OK mister off with your top or are you just teasing?"

He didn't hesitate and pulled off his shirt revealing his naked muscular chest. Where this was going I wasn't sure. It was his move now.

He looked me in the eyes and said, "OK, I don't think you will do it, but why don't you take those pants off."

He was daring me to go further. I was breathing hard and even though common sense said to stop I had to go on. I stood up and released the drawstring on my pants. Slowly peeling them off I soon stood there in nothing but a pair of white cotton thong panties.

I pointed at his pants and said, "Well?"

He stood up and undid his belt and button on his jeans. Soon he was standing in front of me in his boxers with a very obvious bulge. He didn't have to ask me what to do next. I reached down and peeled my panties off revealing my freshly shaved pussy, which was very wet. He removed his boxers and there sticking straight out was his very hard cock. I was staring at it when he reached out and pulled me close. As my large breasts crushed against his chest he kissed me. A very passionate kiss full of need. Our tongues danced together as I felt his hand travel to my ass pulling me closer. This was my son and I wasn't stopping him.

As he broke our kiss and his mouth moved down to my nipples I felt him push me back on to the couch. I lowered myself down on my back as he towered over me. My legs were open and my need for him was as great as his desire for me. He had one hand on a breast as he sucked hard on it's nipple. The other hand was on his cock as he guided it close to my core. This was really going to happen. He wasn't wasting any time. He wanted to get inside me. As I felt his large cock head touch my swollen lips I was a little concerned with his size.

I said, "Easy baby, you are so big."

He must of understood because he slowed down and started to ease himself inside me. He was really stretching me but soon he popped in. He groaned from my tightness and heat. Pushing in he was able to get deeper. Slow in and out strokes helped. The reality of me being his Mother was not slowing him down. He hit bottom with about an inch of his big cock left to go. I felt so full and I grabbed his ass to urge him on. This was so surreal and yet I knew this was what I had wanted all along. I didn't care about how taboo this was. My Son was fucking me with his big cock and I was about to cum.

I guess he was thinking straight on some level because he said, "Mom I am about to cum. Should I pull out?"

I wasn't on the pill and he wasn't wearing a condom. Through my sexual fog I was pretty sure I wasn't at risk of getting pregnant but to be honest I had no idea. Up until now I hadn't even thought about that possibility.

I said, "No baby I want to feel it. Shoot your cum inside me."

I had given him the green light and he hit the accelerator. Pumping me deep and hard now I felt him swell up and start to go off deep inside me. That set me off too and my tight pussy went into spasms as we came together. He seemed to shoot forever filling me up. We held each other tight as we came down. We had crossed a huge line and I wanted him to know it was OK. I told him how much I loved him and he said the same to me. He held my face and kissed me. Finally he got up and stood there all sweaty with his still huge half hard cock glistening with his Mom's juice. I smiled at him and got up and took his hand and lead him to my bedroom for round 2.