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A Mother's Seduction -- Con't by pickticket69

True Story, Cheating, Domination/submission, Incest, Male / Older Female, Reluctance

Author's infos

Gender: N/A Age: N/A Location: N/A

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Report

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Introduction:

After swallowing my cum, It's time for a different deposit.

I didn't see mom again until dinner time. She was quiet, a bit preoccupied I guess; enough so that Dad asked her if everything was all right. "Yeah, fine." She tells him as she moves the food around on her plate with her fork. "I have a report I have to finish by Monday, that's all. I can't seem to get it out of my head." She shot a quick glance in my direction. A snotty glance. We sat and ate; my father asking the usual questions. "How was school?" "How's baseball going'?" Bla— Bla— Bla— Bla... Every once-in-a-while, I caught Mom looking at me. She was hard to read. One time she looked mad, the next time, she didn't. I was beginning to worry about the repercussions heading my way.

The rest of the night went relatively normal. After dinner, the dishes were cleared, Dad sat down in front of the TV watching baseball, and Mom sat at the dining room table going through her briefcase. The only thing different was the fact that I found myself looking at my Mom a lot. For a second, I wondered how my Dad managed to get a woman as beautiful as my Mom and how lucky he was. Then after a few more minutes of thought I realized with the bitching and the mood swings Mom was notorious for...I figured that maybe Dad broke even on the whole thing. But she certainly was hot

Her hair was back in a ponytail; the tail hanging well past her shoulders. She had a long, off-white sun dress on that had some-kind of yellow and pink floral print over one shoulder and down the other side. She seemed to float as she walked. She was bare foot; something she didn't do often. I found it very "Girl next door", although she was way more beautiful than any girl that had ever lived next door; or on the entire street.

Her make-up was light, her lips a pretty shade of pink. Her make-up looked fresh; like she'd freshened up a bit before dinner. That was something she didn't normally do. She looked much younger then forty-three. She looked... ..Well, like she should be on the cover of some magazine.

I was sneaking glances at my Mom so much that I started to feel self-conscious. I told them that I had a book report coming up and headed up to my room "To read". "That's my boy", my old man boasted. "He's something' isn't he Kat?" {Kathy} Dad asked, never taking his eyes off the TV. "Oh yeah, he's something alright." Mom agreed as she looked away from her paperwork only to find me staring at her again. I was close enough to first see her cheeks fill with color and maybe a hint of embarrassment in her eyes and then, the next second, her lips tightened, and her eyes narrowed. She quickly turned back to her work. Talk about hard to read, Holy Fuck. It was like living with Mrs. Jeckle & Mrs. Hide.

I went upstairs and read for a book-report that wasn't due for three weeks. I straightened up my room and fucked around on my computer. I did anything to try and stop from thinking about what Mom had done this afternoon. But wouldn't you know it; I ended up on a porn site dedicated to "Mature Women".

I was browsing through pictures and movie clips, stopping at the ones that reminded me of my Mom. There were a lot: 'Moms' getting themselves off; home alone, in the car, even in store dressing rooms. It was wild. I saw 'Moms' doing their 'son's' best friends and even their son's girlfriends too. And I watched movie clips of 'moms' doing more than one young boy at a time. It was pretty hot. I didn't see any Mom's doing the family pet but I'm sure, given the time, I would have eventually wound up there.

I'd gotten sucked into the computer and was shocked when I noticed the time. It was 12:20. Normally my parents would say good night before they went to bed. I figured that Dad had fallen asleep watching TV again and Mom was probably just pissed off or too embarrassed to bother.

I got up out of the chair and looked down at the bulge in my pants. I gave it a little rub and kinda smiled, picturing my Mom on her knees in front of me. I still couldn't believe it. I grabbed hold of the bulge and started to prance around the room like I was riding a stick horse. Evidently, I was in an exceptionally good mood.

"I guess I'm gunna have to take care of you before I'll be able to go to sleep, huh Partner?" I told the front of my pants. "You'll have to wait a few minutes though."

I figured I'd get ready for bed, {I sleep in my old gym shorts.} then I'd slip down to the kitchen real fast and get a drink before I came back up to deal with this hard-on I had. I slipped into my gym shorts, adjusted my hard dick, and headed for the kitchen.

I quietly walked down the steps. Sure enough, there was dad sleeping on the couch snoring away. I slipped into the kitchen and reached for the light switch. I saw my Mom, her back to me, still sitting at the dining room table in front of the work she'd brought home. She had changed for bed. She wore a pretty short, black night dress with thin straps that showed a great deal of leg. It was hot!!

She was leaning back in the chair, her head tilted way back and she was pulling at the scrunchie that held her hair in a ponytail. I watched her arch her back as she stretched. She was tired. I couldn't help but stare as she freed her long hair, ran her fingers through it, and then shook it out with a quiet moan and the slow, sexy swaying of her head.

She reminded me of one of those hot babes on the shampoo commercials. "More shine-Better body"

I watched silently, Dad snoring in the back ground, as she stretched her arms over her head and then she wiggled her fingers to loosen them. A slow tired groan escaped her as she dropped her hands and rubbed her neck and shoulders. I was mesmerized. I could feel my shorts getting even tighter. I instinctively reached down and adjusted my dick again.

“Jesus.” I heard my mom whisper. “I can’t believe it.” She moaned quietly to herself. I was pretty sure I knew what she was thinking about. I watched from the shadows of the kitchen as Mom massaged the back of her neck. “You have to stop thinking about it.” She advised herself under her breath before putting her elbows on the table and burying her face in her hands. She shook her head slowly with regret and sighed long and slow.

It was right then, remembering the attitude Mom had when she first caught me this afternoon that I got an idea...

I quietly walked up to my Mom. I reached out and put my hand on her shoulder. She jerked around and saw that it was me. “You scared the shit out of me.” She barked quietly. Her eyes immediately caught the big bulge in my gym shorts as I stood next to her.

“I was just thinking about you, Mom.” This time it was me that was throwing around the sarcasm.

“Yeah well, I’m having a little trouble finishing this report so if you don’t mind. . .” Her eyes bounced back and forth between my eyes and my shorts nervously. She leaned to one side a little to catch a glimpse of the couch. Dad was still sleeping. I just stood there.

“What do you want Robert?”

“I just came down to get a drink and saw you here. You look kinda. . . .stressed.”

“Well, I have a lot on my mind.”

“I bet you do”, I responded.

Mom cocked her head a little, trying to figure out what I was up to. She again looked at the erection I was sporting. “I don’t think you should be walking around like that.” She says nodding her head towards the front of my shorts with a disgusted look on her face. She shot another look towards the couch. I looked down at the bulge. “It wasn’t like that when I came down the steps.” I lied.

“Is that so?”

“Yeah, I got that watching you doing the hair-thing and all.” I told her matter-of-factly.

She looked a little surprised at my bluntness and a little uncomfortable with it as well. I was glad to put the shoe on the other foot. “Robert, what do you want?” She asked sternly.

“I’m not really sure.”

“Something else to hold over my head no doubt.” She hissed with a snotty whisper.

She turned to her paperwork for a few seconds while she assessed the situation. She bit her lip a little and softly scratched her face with her long fingernails. She turned a little more in

her chair so she could see the couch better and talk to me at the same time. She looked worried.

"That should have never happened Robert. . ." She started. ". . .but it did and we can't change that." She says. "I think it would probably be best if we just forget today ever happened."

"Best for who?" I shot back; glad that I was holding some good cards this hand.

"So what are you going to do...Blackmail me?" She says, shocked that I might even consider such a thing. Blackmail hadn't really entered my mind 'till then.

"I have an idea." I told her.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah..." I leaned in closer, "How about... ..another blowjob?" I asked with a lump in my throat. I was really hoping I didn't look as scared as I really was. I was fucking around with fire here.

She jerked her head back on her neck. "Robert!" She shot a look towards the couch. ". . .You need to shut up. What if your father wakes up and hears you?" She asked in a quiet but stern voice.

"Well... ..that wouldn't be very good." I said sarcastically. She stared at me for a few seconds.

"Bobby?" {I was "Bobby" again} She looked pretty tense. "We can talk about this tomorrow morning after your Father leaves to play golf."

She had a hopeful look in her eyes. But she hadn't let me off the hook that easily this afternoon. "We can do that." I told her.

She looked a little relieved. But before she had a chance to say anything or get to comfortable, I told her, "But for right now..." She looked at me attentively. "I think that maybe you should take care of this."

I swallowed hard. I wasn't sure what was going to happen, but I did it anyways. I pulled the front of my shorts down. A bold move for sure. Sink or swim here. "Bobby!" She gasped as she slid her chair back real quick. She looked down at my hard-on and jerked her head towards the couch again to make sure my dad wasn't sitting there watching all this. He snored lightly with his back to us.

"Robert! Put that thing away before your father wakes up."

I leaned in towards her a little and whispered, "I guess we'd have some explaining to do, wouldn't we Mom?"

“You can’t be serious...” She hissed. “You want me to do that ...Here?... Now?”

I was standing my ground. Believe me, the thought of my Dad waking up and catching me exposing myself to mom, scared the shit out of me. But the thought of what my Mom had done earlier that day; the picture of her with her lips around my cock, well—it was like a d**g. I really wanted more.

Her eyes flickered back and forth from my Dad back to the hard dick right in front of her as she shifted nervously in her chair. She certainly looked conflicted. She looked the way I probably looked when she stood over me in the living room this afternoon telling me that I didn’t have much time to comply with her demands.

She groaned quietly as she scrutinized her predicament. She could have just got up and run up the stairs but she didn’t. She truly was running out of time. Dad could wake up at any second and see us and she knew it.

I didn’t respond. I just stood there with my dick out, waiting. I felt kinda like the family pet that shit on the new carpet. I wasn’t really sure what was gunna happen, but I knew it was coming.

“I can’t do this... ..I won’t do this” She hissed under her breath. She took a deep breath; looked over nervously at Dad, and then shot a quick look around the kitchen. “. . Not here.” she whispered anxiously.

“In my room?” I suggested, more than surprised at her response.

“No—Not in your room, Robert.” She rolled her beautiful eyes. “If your father wakes up. . .” She cut her eyes at him, “. . and sees that I’m not in our bed, he’ll come looking for me.”

“How bout the garage then?” I asked with a smirk on my face. {Like the movie she’d caught me watching} She exhaled loudly and rolled her eyes again. “I can’t believe this.” She groaned.

She looked at the couch one last time then back to me. She stood up slowly, “Come on...”

I tucked myself in and followed my Mom. “She’s really gunna.” I thought. “Holy shit!”

I felt like a little kid that just stole Santa’s sled.

Mom led the way to the garage. She opened the door, took one final glance back through the kitchen before descending the five steps into the cool garage. She walked directly to the front of my Dad’s cherry MG; the furthest spot from the kitchen door and turned to me with her hands on her hips.

“Did you shut the door?”, She hissed.

“Yeah.”

"Are you sure Robert?"

"I shut the door Mom!"

"Lower your voice. I don't like having to do this one little bit Robert." She lied.

She sounded pissed again. But I really didn't care. All I could concentrate on was that I was going to watch my beautiful mom give me another blowjob. It was dark in the garage. I flipped the tiny light on above the workbench.

"Turn that light off."

"No."

"What do you mean 'No'? If your father opens that door, he's going to see us."

"We can duck down behind the car. I want to watch you."

"What? Watch? Why?"

"Because you're so hot." I told her honestly.

She stared at me for a few long seconds but said nothing. She rubbed her lips together. I thought she was about to change her mind then she slowly, seemingly reluctantly, squatted down.

"Come here.", she says reaching out for the top of my shorts with a certain measure of distaste on her face. I stepped right up to her and she pulled my shorts down to my knees.

"We have to hurry." She whispered.

"I know... ..Before someone catches us." I quoted the movie.

"I just knew this was the kind of shit that got you off." She whispered under her breath and shook her head slowly as she started to run her long fingers over my hard cock; examining it. Her tone was harsh, but her eyes were soft and wanting.

She glanced up at me, "incest..." She whispered. "It's so wrong to make me do this, you know that don't you?" She added as she returned her attention to the hard dick in front of her. She plucked a tiny piece of lint off the tip of my dick with her long fingernails and flicked it to the floor. She returned to her scrutiny as she moved my hard dick from one side to the other; inspecting, seemingly indifferent like it was a job she'd been doing forever.

She could take all night as far as I was concerned. She looked incredibly sexy down there.

"How long have you been thinking about me like this Robert?" She asked me as she ran her fingertips over me. It was getting a little hard concentrating on the conversation as I watched her.

"I don't know, for a while I guess."

"I can't see why you would want me to do something like this to you." She says. The question sounded sincere.

"You mean besides the fact that you're gorgeous?" Another burst of honesty.

She looked up at me as she crouched there. She looked like she appreciated the compliment.

She turned us both a little so that the light from the workbench showed her pretty face more clearly. She caught the long strands of hair that hung in her face with the fingernail of her pinky and hooked them behind her ears; first one side then the other.

"Is that better?" She says as she looks up at me. There seems to be no sign of resentment in her eyes.

She opened her mouth wide and I watched my dick slowly disappear.

I gasped, "Jeez!" When she had it all in her mouth she wrapped her full pretty pink lips softly around it and sucked.

She stared into my eyes as she slowly, very slowly, pulled her head back until just the red tip was left between her lips. She was putting on a show. She was teasing me. Showing me just how sensual she could be. "Jesus!" I moaned and rested one hand on the front of the car to steady myself while I watched her do it again. "You look so...so...amazing... doing that." I told her.

Her pointy tongue twirled slowly around the head of my dick as her hand slid down to the base. She didn't look like someone being blackmailed. I felt her pinky touch my ball sack. She held me firmly and began to bob her head back and forth over me in earnest; taking all of my hard cock all the way in her mouth until her lips touched her fingers.

She wasn't fooling around. She wanted to make me cum as fast as she could and she knew just how to make that happen.

She took it out of her mouth and started jerking me off real fast as she glanced at the garage door. She shut her eyes and let her tongue flicker around the head some more. The head of my dick slapped her lips repeatedly, smearing her pink lipstick and covering her lips with my pre-cum.

"This is disgusting. . ." She whispered.

I lost my breath when Mom licked her lips and filled her mouth with it again. I felt her moan as she sucked it.

I slipped my hands behind her head and pulled her beautiful long hair back into a ponytail so I could better see her face. She stopped and looked up at me again with just the head of my dick in her mouth. I held her head still, I felt her slide her hands to my bare hips. I slowly pushed forward. She let me slowly start to fuck her mouth. She didn't look so mad now.

I can't describe how she looked. All I can say is that she looked hotter and sexier than any slut I'd seen in any porn magazines or any movies. I could hear her, "Ummm— Ummm— Ummm— Ummm..." each time I pushed it in her mouth. I could feel the tip of my dick hitting the back of the throat with each stroke.

After a few minutes she pulled back, letting my dick fall from her mouth. It was really wet now. She spread her spit all over it as she stroked it quickly. That squishing sound filled the garage.

Then mom stared at my cock and got this disgusted look on her face and said something I wasn't expecting; "I bet you think about fucking me too, don't you?" She hissed as she stroked me. I was a bit surprised at the sharpness of her tone. The show that she was putting on made me temporarily forget that she "Didn't want to do this".

She looked at my cock as she pumped it and talked. "You probably want to make me bend right over your father's car I bet, so you can stick this thing in me and fuck me with it right now, don't you?" She bitched.

I thought the questions might be rhetorical.

She looked up, "Is that what you're gunna make me do Robert? You gunna tell me you'll tell your father what we did. . . what I'm doing now." She stroked me more aggressively. "Is that what you're gunna tell me so I have no choice but to let you do that to me?"

She was moving her hand faster now. "You're gunna blackmail your own mother... ..Aren't you? So you can fuck her? Aren't you Robert?"

I was "Robert" again. She looked kinda mad kneeling there in front of me as she sucked my dick back into her mouth. I thought that behind the phony anger I could see the pleading. I told her with a quick breath what she wanted to hear, "Yes!"

She took one last look at the door that led to my father. I swear I saw her eyes roll back when she sucked my cock back in between her lips.

She sucked and licked it for a minute or so, like she loved the taste; like it was a big Pop-cycle and she couldn't get enough of it. She pinned it to my stomach with her lips and kissed the belly of it; kissing her way to my balls. It felt amazing. It was all I could do to keep from cumming.

I have to admit, I wasn't thinking much about my Dad catching us at this point. I don't think I could've cared less at that moment. I was way too wrapped up in my Mom. It became quite apparent that Mom wasn't giving Dad a lot of thought either when she stood up and turned to

face the car. She pulled her night dress up around her waist and leaned over the hood of the small car.

Her ass was beautiful. A thin black string from