

WAYS TO BED YOUR MOM CH. 01

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A son turns to a forum to find a way to fuck his mother.

Incest/Taboo

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All characters are fictional and 18 years or older. All parties are "Consenting Adults." No animals were hurt in writing this story. Read at your own risk. The author takes no responsibilities if the reader gets to aroused.

I would like to thank Kenji for taking the time to review my story

Hi, my name is Kory, and I have a confession to make. Ever since I was eighteen, I've wanted to fuck my mother, and over the years, it's only gotten worse. So now, being twenty, I finally decided to see if there was a chance I could get her interested in the idea of wanting to fuck me also.

With my mother only being thirty-eight, and still looking as hot as ever; I was more determined now to see if I could persuade her into committing such an act with her son.

I guess I should start by describing what my mother looks like before I continue, since it might give you a better understanding of why I'm pursuing this sinful act in the first place.

My mother, Gretchen, has a very-fit figure, standing at only five foot four; I would guess she weighs maybe a hundred and ten pounds at the most. Her breasts aren't big. They're not a size D or anything like that, but they're not small either; so I would have to say she's a size C, if I had to guess. Her jet-black hair is straight and long--and I mean long; like down to the crack of her ass, long.

Also, her light-color skin goes nicely with her hazel eyes and, in my opinion, makes her look very mysterious.

With that said, I'll return to my little tale, since I hope that cleared up why I found her so fuckable in the first place.

Frustrated, I went on a quest, searching hours online, looking for ideas, suggestions, or anything that might give me a clue as to how to seduce my mother into fucking me.

I was just about to give up, when I came across this forum that dealt in all kinds of incestuous subjects, and noticed that one person, Jim, just happened to have posted a question that was the exact subject I was searching for the answer to.

Glancing over the multiple replies that various people had posted, I couldn't believe how many people had found a way to sleep with their mother for the first time.

Fuck! I thought, and then quickly got comfortable as I went back and started to read the first reply posted.

"Hi Jim," the author started by saying. "I'm Jerry, and like you, I was tormented by wanting to fuck my mother, Karen."

Christ, was she a looker! I mean, she had such a killer figure that every time I caught her bending over, my eyes would focus on that firm ass of hers. Immediately, my cock rose until it was a steel pole, as she flaunted her bubbly butt, swaying to and fro in front of my prying eyes.

I could often envision myself between her legs and watch how her luscious, D-size tits would bounce around, as I jackhammered my solid meat deep inside her succulent pussy.

"Fuck me, Jerry! Fuck me!" I could hear her say inside my head, as I looked into her dark-brown eyes while her long, light-colored brown hair draped across the pillow.

I paused for a minute, as my pecker started to stiffen after reading how well Jerry described what his mother looked like, while he was banging her in his mind.

I was hooked and continued reading, knowing I would be hanging on his every word, as he recalled his incestuous tale.

Only like you, I wasn't sure how I could get her into wanting to fuck me for real. It wasn't as if my mother would be hard up, since she was still married to my father, Charles, and figured he had to be fucking her on a regular basis. What guy wouldn't be screwing her as often as they could?

The funny thing is, the way I got to fuck my mother was just out of dumb luck.

It happened during my senior year of high school when I was eighteen. I had just come home from school, and no sooner walked into the house, when I saw my mother sitting on the sofa with a stern look, while bouncing a foot over her crossed legs.

Wow, she doesn't look happy, I thought, as I took another step inside the door.

"We need to talk, mister!" she barked, while crossing her arms.

"Um... Okay," I remarked, as I slowly walked over to the couch.

"Sit down, please."

I did as my mother requested, and then asked, "Did I do something wrong?"

"You tell me!" she shouted, before holding up a clear plastic bag, and followed with, "Care to explain this!"

Oh shit! My mind screamed, realizing my mother had found my stash of marijuana that I had tucked between the mattresses of my bed.

"Mom... I... Ah..." was all I could get out before she unloaded.

"I thought we raised you better, Jerry! What is your father going to think!"

Oh, fuck, she's going to tell my father, I thought, and knew right then my life as I knew it, would be over as soon as he found out. So my only chance now would be if I could somehow convince her not to tell him. I said, "Mom, do you have to tell Dad?"

Mom stopped bouncing her foot, as she set the bag of pot down on her thigh and replied, "Now, why would I keep something like this from him."

"Listen, Mom," I said. "Didn't you at least try pot when you were my age?"

It appeared as if my mother was reminiscing before she went on to say, "That's not the point. What I did or didn't do isn't the issue here."

"Okay, you're right. It isn't. But you know what Dad will do, if you tell him."

"Oh, so now you're worried about your father. How come it didn't bother you before this? Did you think we wouldn't find out sooner or later, that you were doing drugs?"

"Mom, please. I don't smoke it all the time. Only when I want to relax from a stressful day at school."

"You want me to believe that you only smoke this stuff when you're feeling uptight."

"Well, yeah. That and when... You know... When I get with a girl."

Mom's once-nasty appearance had changed into a questionable one, and she said, "What do you mean, when you get with a girl?"

"You know... It helps to get her in the mood."

Mom looked down at the bag of pot and then back up at me and replied, "You mean to tell me that this stuff, can make a girl horny?"

She really doesn't know, does she? I pondered, and said, "Well, not exactly. I mean, it's not an aphrodisiac. It just relaxes you to the point that you can feel things more."

Mom appeared to be contemplating what I said since she was reticent for an extended period, and I don't know why, but realizing my mother mustn't have ever tried pot, I said, "You know, it would be easier if you just gave it a try, instead of having me explain what it feels like."

With a shocking appearance, my mother shouted, "Are you crazy! You actually want me to smoke a joint!"

Yeah, I guess that was an insane suggestion, even though it sounded good in my head at the time, and I replied, "I guess you're right. I'm sorry. It's just, I figured maybe you might have gotten a better understanding as to why I even have a bag of pot in the first place."

Mom looked back down at the bag of weed. I could tell she was mulling something over in her head. She stayed like that for about a minute, before she mumbled, "Let's say I do give this a try; about how long do the effects last."

I was shocked now, and said, "So, it all depends on how much you inhale. Since you're only testing it, I would say not long. Maybe a half-hour, or so."

Mom turned and looked at the clock we had hanging on the living room wall and said, "Well, your father will be home shortly, so today is out of the question. But since tomorrow is Saturday, and he plans on going golfing in the morning, I might consider trying it then."

This sounded promising, so I decided to push my luck and asked, "So does this mean you're not going to tell him about this?"

Mom looked at me and replied, "I guess I'll keep this between us, for now."

I sighed loudly, with my mind at ease, before saying, "Thanks, Mom."

"Mm-hmm. But you're still not off the hook, mister. You will be punished for this. I'm just not sure what it will be, at the moment."

"Okay, Mom. I understand, and I am sorry for letting you down like this. That was never my intent, and I hope I can make it up to you."

"We'll see. Now get to your room and take this with you," she replied, while handing me back my bag of weed.

I never knew how well my mother could hide her feelings, until that evening. If she was still upset with me, it never showed while we ate dinner that night. Nor when we watched some television, before turning in for the evening.

That morning, I didn't rush out of my room. Instead, I stayed there until I heard my father leaving to play golf. Then I ventured into the kitchen, as if what my mother and I talked about wasn't even on my mind.

"Hi, Mom," I said, as I sat at the table.

"Morning, Jerry," my mother replied. "How did you sleep?"

"Oh, okay, I guess," I replied, as I admired my mother's attire.

My eyes focused quickly on my mother's hard nipples which were protruding outwardly, and it became apparent to me, that she wasn't wearing a bra under that white tee-shirt she had on. Slowly, I glanced downward over her light-pink sweatpants, and then noticed how the crack of her ass conformed to the material.

Fuck, I was already getting stiff and said, "So, Mom, did Dad already leave to play golf?"

My mother shot me a little smirk when she said, "Yes, he did. And if you're asking because of what we talked about yesterday, let me just say this first. I gave what we discussed a lot of thought last night, and I'm not sure if me smoking pot would be a good idea."

I felt depressed hearing that and replied, "Oh, okay, I guess I can understand that."

"I mean, what would people think if it ever got out that I actually did this."

I played it cool and said, "What people are you talking about? And besides that, it's only you and me here. You don't think I would be the one telling people, do you?"

"Hmmm. I suppose you're right. But still, I can't help but feel a little weary doing something like this with my son."

I replied, "Listen, Mom, it was only a suggestion. I know how much I disappointed you by smoking weed. I only thought that if you gave it a try, it would let you experience what I was saying about feeling more relaxed."

Of course, I deliberately left out the part about becoming a little more open to feeling sexually stimulated.

Mom paused before saying, "Okay... I guess you convinced me. So, before I change my mind, why don't you grab one of your joints and meet me in the living room."

Hastily, I took out the biggest doobie I could find, before meeting my mother on the sofa.

"Do you want me to light it?" I asked.

"Yes, you'd better."

Putting the joint in my mouth, I quickly lit it and took a few tokes, before handing it to my mother.

My mother took a hit, but inhaled too much and immediately started to cough.

"Too much, Mom," I said. "You need to take a light puff and then hold it."

"Like this?" she asked, as she took a smaller drag and held the smoke as I said.

"Yeah, like that. Now hold it as long as you can before blowing it out."

It wasn't long before my mother got the hang of it, and I was surprised when she then handed the joint to me.

"You sure, Mom?" I said.

"Why not. It's not like you don't do it now."

With me, now also smoking the joint, it didn't take long before we finished it, and I asked, "So how do you feel?"

Mom closed her eyes, before resting her head back on the sofa and then, as she placed her hand on my thigh, said, "You know I do feel more relaxed."

Like my mother, I tossed my head back before placing my hand on her thigh and said, "See. I told you. It relaxes."

"Yes... But... I also feel... Um..."

"A little stimulated," I said, while giving her thigh a gentle squeeze.

"Ohhh..." Mom sighed, as her legs jumped a smidgen, while her hand grasped at my thigh.

"So now, do you see what I mean by getting a girl in the mood?"

"Mmm, I do," she said and followed with, "But I have to be honest with you."

"Okay?" I replied.

"Yesterday..." my mother said. "When you mentioned that, I got a little horny myself."

"You did. Can I ask why?"

Mom looked at me thru glassy eyes. I could see she was feeling the effects of the weed now, and as her hand gently started to rub across my thigh, she hissed, "Because I pictured you trying to seduce me like that."

I was shocked that my mother said that, but now knowing that I had gotten my mother sexually interested the day before asked, "Did you like it?"

"I... I know I shouldn't have... But I did," Mom sighed.

I could feel myself getting stiff, realizing I had affected my mother sexually, and barked, "And what if I tried to do that now?"

"Jerry!" she giggled while slapping my leg. "Stop kidding like that. You're so much like your father. You know how wrong that would be... Right?"

I got brazen, and as I started to rub my hand up and down her leg, I rasped, "Maybe so, Mom, but would you want me to stop if I did?"

My mother then closed her eyes as she rested her head back again while I kept rubbing her leg and once more said, "Would you stop me from seducing you?"

"Jerry..." Mom whispered.

"Would you, Mom?"

"Oh, honey..." Mom sighed when her legs parted a little while my hand worked harder on her thigh.

I leaned in closer to my mother's ear while increasing the pressure of my rubbing and whispered, "Don't you want to see if I can make you as excited as I did when you pictured doing this in your mind yesterday."

Mom didn't answer, but I could hear her breathing intensify. I continued to rub my hand back and forth, but went a little higher up her leg; then, I heard her announce, "Mmm... Jerry, I think what you're doing is starting to feel too good, now."

Upon hearing that, I announced, "Is that a bad thing, Mom?"

"No... It's just... Ahh. It's... It's... Ohhh."

"It's making you horny, isn't it?" I said as I squeezed her mid-thigh.

Mom let out a loud moan, and then bellowed, "Yes!!!"

My heart was pounding in my chest as my hand went up to the very top of her thigh and then whispered, "I bet you will get even hotter when I do this!" Then, rapidly after making that remark, I dipped my hand between her legs.

"Oh! Jerry! Mmm. Oh god! Ssson! You! You! You shouldn't beee. OH!!!" My mother whined as I motioned my palm over her pussy until my fingers found her click.

Quickly it harden as my digits hastily tickled it causing my mother's hips to lift as she wailed, "Oh fffuck! Oh fffuck! You're making me like this!"

"See, Mom. I told you this would get you excited."

"Oh... Oh god, Jerry. Oh honey! What... What are we doing?"

"I'm showing you how great it is to be doing this with your son for real."

Her voice then faded off, sighing, "Oh... God..."

Hastily, I kissed her hard and was ecstatic when her mouth opened, before greeting me with her playful tongue, while her hand slid up my leg until it was grasping at my covered dick.

Our intimacy grew more robust, and I quickly nudged my hand down inside her sweats, which caused Mom to sigh loudly inside my mouth. Then, digging around, I found the hem of her panties and slipped my fingers inside, causing my mother's legs to part even further, as I made my way down towards her pussy.

Mom then broke our kiss and wailed, "Oh god!" when my index finger found her moist pussy.

"Jerry! Jerry! We... We really shouldn't be doing this! You're father! What about your father!" she huffed, as I raced my digits over her wet lips.

Only I ignored her plea, and kissed her once again, while inserting two of my fingers inside her cunt and announced, "I'm going to make you come better than he ever could!"

"Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm!" she moaned inside my mouth, as I worked my fingers hastily inside her pussy, while her hips lifted to meet my every jab.

Mom was now panting inside my mouth, her hand was clawing to get inside my pants. I offered assistance and yanked them down to my knees with my free hand.

But Mom was too far gone and, again, broke our kiss when she yelled, "Fuck! I'm going to come!"

I could feel her body tensing up, as I rammed my fingers inside her pussy. Her juices then started to flow, she cried, "OH GOD! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

I held my fingers deep inside her womb; her body quivered out of control, as I listened to her sigh in ecstasy.

Easing my digits out of her soaked pussy, I sat next to my mother with my dick still stiff as a board, and heard my mother say, "My god, I can't believe I let you make me come."

Stroking my cock, I announced, "Yes, you did, Mom, and you know what? I want to make you come again!" With that, I quickly went to my knees while tugging her sweats entirely off.

"Jerry!" she shouted, as I dove between her legs and quickly flickered my tongue over her hard clit.

"Oh! Oh, fuck! You're... you're doing it again!" she wallowed, as I sank my fingers back inside her pussy while working my tongue over her nub.

Her body started to thrash around once more, as I brought her back up to her peak, while jerking on my cock with my free hand.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!" she cried, as her hips bucked wildly over my face. I could tell she was close to having another climax, and just before it peaked, I hastily lifted my body while centering

my dick at her entrance.

I saw my mother's eyes open wide, as I heaved forward, sending half my dick inside her warm womb.

"Oh g-g-god!!!" my mother wailed, as I nudged the rest of my cock inside her pussy.

"Jerry! Oh, fuck! Jerry! Oh god! Oh god! Oh god!" she cried, as I worked my dick steadily inside her cunt.

"Fuck, Mom," I croaked. I relished how it felt to have her pussy wrapped around my cock. "I've wanted to do this for so long."

"Hmph! Hmph! Hmph!" was the sound she was making before I heard her then say, "Harder! Fuck me harder! Give it to me, baby! Fuck mommy! Fuck your mother!"

My god, I had done it! I was actually fucking my mother, and she was loving it. With a long, hard thrust, I went as deep as I could go, while Mom wrapped her legs around my waist and shouted, "Faster, baby! Faster! Make mommy come again."

Thrusting with all I had, I went like a wild man until she almost screamed from my pounding. Then, with sweat pouring off my body, I huffed, "I'm going to make you come like you've never come before, Mom!"

"Oh yes!" my mother yelled. "Keep going! Keep going. I'm so close. Oh god, you are fucking me better than your father!"

Hearing those words caused me to go faster still.

It was then, that I felt her pussy tightening around my shaft, which caused my sperm to bubble up to the tip of my dick head, and I shouted, "Fuck, Mom! I can't help it! I'm going to come!"

"Oh yes! Oh yes, baby! Mommy's coming, too. Oh god! Oh god, Jerry! Come with me! Do it, honey! Do it!" she expressed, as her hands reached up and took hold of my ass, holding me deep inside her womb when her legs started to quiver.

I wouldn't have been able to pull out even if I tried, with her holding onto me so tightly, and I just grunted as my dick exploded deep inside her cunt.

Fuck, I had never come so hard in my life. My knees got weak, and I almost passed out from having such an intense climax.

"Yes! Oh yes! I can feel it! I can feel your sperm inside me!" my mother shouted, as my cock kept pumping away inside her.

Spent and exhausted, I crashed forward, resting my head on my mother's heaving chest.

I could feel my mother's hand wrapping around my body as I listened to her pounding heartbeat, and then heard her say, "My god, that was the best fuck I have ever had."

Slowly, I lifted my head before leaning forward and kissing her once more.

It didn't take long before we both were excited again, only this time, my mother took the initiative and rolled me to the side before going down on her knees and inhaling my cock.

"Fuck, Mom!" I groaned, as I was now getting the best blowjob of my life.

Jesus, I never would have guessed my mother would be so good at sucking cock, but she was.

However, before I could blow my load inside her mouth, she quickly straddled herself on top of me. With a look of pure lust in her eyes, I watched as she maneuvered my stiff member under her pussy, before easing herself down on it.

"Oh fuck! You cock does feel so good inside me," she moaned, as she started to rise and fall on my member.

Bouncing and grinding, my mother went crazy on my lap while I reached up and played with her luscious globes.

"Yes! Mmm yes! Oh, fuck! I can't believe I'm doing this! I'm fucking my son! I'm actually fucking my son, and loving it!"

"Oh, Mom!" I groaned, as her tempo increased.

Mom leaned forward, and we kissed as her pussy started to clutch onto my shaft once more.

Her grinding went faster as her legs squeezed onto my thighs. Finally, I couldn't take anymore and held onto her sides when I started to lift myself off the sofa.

Mom held me tightly, as she moaned in my mouth when her orgasm hit.

Like before, I was right behind my mother and unloaded my baby-making juice inside her, while she rode her climax out.

Our kiss never broke until we both were spent, and as my mother sat upright on my lap with my dick still buried deep inside her pussy. I said, "This was better than I had ever imagined it could be."

Mom got off of me, then took my hand and helped me to my feet before stating, "I think we should see if we can make it even better."

With that, we made our way into her bedroom and fucked right up to when my father pulled into the driveway.

That was two years ago, and we've been fucking ever since.

I'm not sure if this would work for you, Jim, but if you're into doing pot, see if you can get your mom interested in trying it with you. It sure did work for me.

My pants were soaked from pre-cum, and I couldn't help but jerk off to what I had just read. With my back on my bed and my pants pulled down past my knees, I hastily jerked off to the images of incestuous lust I had now plastered inside my brain.

Just as I was about to blow my load, I heard a loud voice shout, "Kory!"

Quickly, I looked and was shocked to see my mother standing by my door, and groaned, "Mom!" right when I exploded.

"Oh god!" she expressed, before running out of my room.

Fuck... I thought, and knew I probably should have stopped right then and there, but I couldn't. I just couldn't stop yanking on my tool. Seeing how my mother's face looked while she watched me jerk off only intensified my sinful desire, and I kept tugging on my dick until I came again.

"Shit!" I said aloud, as I got out of bed and cleaned myself off.

Maybe I should go and tell her I'm sorry, I thought, feeling that should have been what I did in the first place.

However, I wasn't sure after seeing how fast she ran off, if that was a good idea. Then again, maybe now that she caught me stroking off, it could have caused her to think incestuous thoughts herself.

I pondered that idea, and then said aloud, "I guess the only way to find out is to bite the bullet and see what might happen."