

Mom Is More Than I Can Handle

Chapter One: Extra Protein

My Mom was always the domineering type. She took everything seriously, and hardly could ever take a joke at her own expense.

Maybe that's why she's divorced now.

But her seriousness had some benefits though. She was disciplined when it came to health and fitness, and it showed. She was making a post-workout smoothie in the kitchen, but I couldn't help admiring her hot MILF ass making a pleasant shape in those tight pink leggings. Her sports bra could barely keep her busty breasts in check in that white top too.

If her personality was a bit softer, she'd be a catch. She's always been the tough-love type, but I know she still cares enough about me to let her live with her despite my age. But lately, she's been a bit colder lately.

I walked into the kitchen trying to think of something to break the ice between us lately.

Maybe I should touch her, is what I was thinking.

I meant to tap her shoulder but I just couldn't take my eyes off of her butt. My hand moved on it's own and...

SMACK!

I gasped as laid my hand down on those tight pink pants and wished I could get a slow-mo replay of it rippling. Even if she turned around and killed me where I stood, it was worth it.

"Oops! I hope your ass isn't sore from leg-day! Hehe..Nice gains though.." I nervously tried to cover it up like a joke.

She barely had any reaction, and just side-eyed me for a second before turning around and reaching a hand at my crotch.

"What are you doing!?" I freaked out and tried to jump back, but I was already leaning against the counter top.

"Are you serious? You put a hand on my privates, so it's only fair I put one on yours."

"But that's not even remotely equal!"

"So did you want me to spank you for slapping me on the ass?"

My silence answered for her.

"Exactly." She then moved closer and settled a hand over my shorts.

She paused, and then shifted her grip to study my cock, realizing that it was hard.

“Oh? So you’re getting off to touching your mother’s body, while she’s distracted and filthy after a workout?” She started moving her hand up and down my shaft.

“No..it’s not..it’s not like that.” It kind of was like that, but I didn’t expect her reaction. My breathing started to get shallow as her stroking continued. “I was just trying to cheer you up.”

“Cheer me up? With this pathetic thing?” She starts rubbing my cock more vigorously over my shorts.

I closed my eyes and breathed out sharply, ignoring the insult. It was starting to feel good after all.

My mom had a nice, tight grip. I would’ve preferred it to be a bit softer, but it was a full and thorough stroke, which I enjoyed. I was enjoying it so much that I slid my hand down and started massaging and cupping her ass again over her yoga pants.

“Wow, you’re really getting off to your mother’s ass, aren’t you? Fine.” My mom then pulled my shorts down and exposed my raw cock. “Hmph.” She seemed disappointed. “You didn’t get this from my side of the family, that’s for sure.”

She could go at least that far, as long as she was still going to stroke me.

“*Thew—*” She held my cock in her hand and spit on it to lubricate it.

It felt good that her hand was more slippery now, as she was sliding my cock in between her soft, motherly fingers, but she spit on me a little too aggressively, like I was trash.

“How did I raise such a loser son? Sexually assaulting his own mother in the kitchen because he can’t get a woman.”

“No...” I whimpered. “It’s not like that.” Her stroking felt so good.

“Your cock was hard before you walked in here. You knew exactly what you were doing. And your hand is still on my ass.”

“Whuh! S-sorry...” I feebly retreated.

“Hmph. What a pussy. You’re really going to back out now? Fine.” She took her hands off my cock and stepped back.

“What? N..No..I mean.” My hard cock was throbbing and left to dry out in the wind. I hated it.

“Do you want to cum or not?”

I hung my head down and wasn’t sure what to do. “Y..Yes.” *Damnit! This is with my mom after all! Why is she making me admit it?*

“Tell me what you want, like a man.”

“Uh—..I want you to—I want you to jerk me off, Mom.”

“Good. And do you want me to jerk your cock wet or dry?”

“What? I mean, wet is better, I guess.”

“Fine, open your mouth.”

“Huh? What does that have to do with any—Hrrghhh!” She shoved her fingers in my mouth.

“Yeaah.” She teased me. “That hand was touching your dick with my spit on it, how does it taste?”

“MM—*blawh*” I spit out her fingers. “Stop!”

“Such a baby.”

That pissed me off, but now that her hand was well salivated on, she was giving me a an extremely slippery and wet hand job, and I started to relax again almost immediately.

“Ohh—ho-ho-hoo..fffuck.”

“Yeah? You like that? Are you gonna cum fast for Mommy?” She said, her arm popping up and down like a piston, shaking her tight boobs. “I’m busy you know.”

“Yes...mmm...I’ll—I’ll cum fast.” This hand job was hitting spots I didn’t know I had. Of course I was going to cum soon.

“Close your eyes, and grab my ass again.”

I listened to her and slid my hand down on her perky ass again. It was so round and tight. Man, I was lucky. Or cursed, because it was my mom’s ass. But it was a nice ass, and my cock was feeling so, so good. I ended up taking a peek for a second and saw something super weird.

“What? What are you doing?” My mom was suddenly holding the jar of her smoothie ingredients towards my cock.

“I need the extra protein. Go ahead, cum in your mother’s smoothie and make me drink it.”

“What!?” I exclaimed.

“Come on, show me how much of a big boy you are. Give your mother a big load.”

I didn’t like being called a boy, but something about giving her a big load just shifted me into next gear. It felt right. I wanted to cum really hard all of a sudden. Fuck yeah. I’ve been so horny lately. I really needed to empty my ballsack.

I felt the back of my neck get hot and my pelvis tighten. The pressure in my cock just get building up more and more as her hand swiveled and pumped my extremely stiff cock.

“Oh, Mom! I’m gonna cum!”

My mom had great stamina, beating my cock nice and hard all that time.

“Ahhhh!...Fuck!...Mmmm...Ahhh..” My legs were getting weak at how hard I was cumming.

Loads of cum slapped onto the walls of the jar and gave a creamy topping all over her fruits, vegetables, and protein powder. It felt so good to cum hard for once without worrying about the mess. Cleaning up was the worst part about jerking off, after all. It was no nice to have my mom take care of that for me.

“Mmm..Always love a little extra protein.”

I then heard my mother’s lips smacking as sucked off the web of the hand she jerked me with, as if she getting leftover jelly from making a sandwich. She then set the jar down, covered it, and blended the cum deeply into the smoothie.

My orgasm was so strong that I was too lightheaded to really care.

She casually walked out of the kitchen sipping her abomination concoction casually, as if it was entirely normal.

It felt really good, though. It did. But as my mind started to clear up again, I started to realize that I might have started a dangerous game with someone that was way out of my league, even though it was my own mother.
