

Spoiled

It's been hard being a single mom, I've tried my best raising my baby boy. But I fear I may have messed up often along the way, spoiling him too much. I thought to post on this forum to share my experiences and ask for advice. I figured I should give a little background as well about myself and our current relationship. I guess I should start from the beginning. My husband and I separated not long after Mark was born. I'm 6 foot 2 with blonde hair and was hoping my son would take after me. Unfortunately he mostly took after his father, black hair and only 5 foot even after his 19th birthday.

For most of his life I've tried to take care of him as best I could, make sure he never wanted for anything. Any toys he wanted I gave him. Taking him to waterparks whenever he wanted. We even took baths together into middle school, but he has tried to act more mature when he entered high school and even more so in college. Thankfully he never rebelled against me or did anything to make me upset with him. But he's been more distant and I had been looking into ways for us to bond again like we used to. He used to come into my room at night and we would snuggle, but now he's staying out with friends he made in college. I looked up ways for us to start bonding again, but he's been resisting a bit. Saying he's grown up now, but I still see him as my baby boy.

But here's the thing, he came home a month ago with a request I never expected. He told me he found out he's the only person in his group of friends that's still a virgin. He asked me if I could be his first. I was full of mixed emotions, both knowing that this is wrong. But also wanting to embrace my baby for the first time in years. To hold him against myself like when he was young. I could tell he was on the verge of tears begging me, I tried to make it seem like I was thinking about this. But truthfully in my heart I wanted to have sex with him more than he wanted with me. To him this would just be another step into adulthood, but to me it would be returning to when he used to need me again. I admit I took advantage of that, but I couldn't help it. Seeing my baby ask something from me always plucked at my heartstrings. When I said yes he literally jumped for joy and hugged me, it had been so long since I had felt someone hold me and I wanted to make sure that this wasn't going to be the last time.

I told him that we would do it on that Friday so that we could have the weekend to go over and practice if he needed help on how to please a woman. Although it was really an excuse to keep this from being a one night stand. I wanted to hold my baby again and again, just like when he was growing up. The days passed like a blur while we waited for the Friday to come. I barely focused on my work, just daydreaming of our night together. How we might start. Should I take the lead or just let him use his instincts. Would he let me kiss him like when I would see him off to elementary school. Was he as large as his father or would it still be small and cute like when we bathed together. Everyday my panties were soaked from the fantasizing and by the time I got home I needed to jump right into the shower.

Friday finally arrived, I raced through everything I could at work. There was no way I was going to be taking anything home with me to get in the way of our bonding. When I drove home I couldn't even recall how many yellow lights I speed through just to make it home a little faster. I nearly sprinted into the house to get ready for our night together. I ripped off my clothes hopped in the shower and scrubbed everything down. I hadn't shaved my pussy or armpits in months, I didn't know my son's preference so I played it safe. Clean pits and a simple triangle down there. I got so into preparing I even cleaned myself so I could be ready for anal if my baby wanted to try that.

After getting everything ready I put on a pink chemise as it was the sexiest thing I had and sat on my bed waiting him to come home. My heart was racing, I was both eager and nervous for what I was about to do. Crossing the line in more ways than one. Helping my son cross into adulthood, but also engaging in the forbidden love between a mother and her child. I didn't have to wait long, I heard Mark come home and I heard him running up the stairs. He bolted into my room, when he saw me he turned red and said he just wanted to make sure I remembered. While I wanted him in me, I wanted to make sure he was eased into this so he wouldn't get overwhelmed. I patted the open spot next to me on the bed, when he sat down he started twiddling his fingers. He didn't know where to start so I decided there to take the lead.

I place my hand on his shoulder and with my other I turned his head toward me for a kiss to warm him up. He didn't fight me, our lips locked for the first time in a decade. I missed this, but this wasn't a simple goodbye kiss; it was an adult kiss. I pushed my tongue into his mouth, he jumped not expecting that. I slid my arm around him to pull him closer, his breathing got harder. As he felt my tongue spin around his mouth he started to move his, trying to mimic how I was stirring him up. But he was clearly an amateur when it comes to this I couldn't help but feel joy that I was the only person to ever kiss him. I lost track of time, but I knew it was time to advance to the next stage. I pulled away leaving a string of our saliva bridging our mouths together. He was red and breathing hard as me, there were no words between us as I started to reach for his throbbing bulge.

I felt his erection through his pants as I felt around for his belt buckle, my eyes still locked with his. He was the same size as his father it felt like, not huge mind you but still adequate. After unbuckling his belt I broke eye contact to see his manhood for the first time since we last bathed together. I slowly wrapped my hand around it and he gasped having felt someone else's touch down there. I began to pump it up and down, he couldn't help but make noises they were adorable. As I continued to jerk him off he leaned into me, resting his head on my breasts. He was smelling me, taking in my scent while I started to speed up. I could feel his hot breath burning into my breast as a picked up the pace. He started breathing harder as he came closer to the climax, as he edged closer and closer I used my free arm to pull him tighter against my body. When he came I bucked his head forward into my chest, into my heart. His body slowly untensed from the orgasm, his breathing shallow and trembling. The massive load

he shot out was all over my hand and his shirt. I let go of him and could tell he wasn't ready to lose my warmth. I pulled his shirt off and told him to lean back onto the bed.

His eyes were completely fixed on me, I doubt he could even think at that point. I pulled off my chemise revealing breasts, my supple belly and freshly trimmed pussy. His erection didn't have a chance of going down, I leaned over and started crawling on the bed till I was on top of him. My breasts dangling just over his face, barely an inch away. I asked him if he was ready for adulthood, already knowing the answer. All he could do was nod. On my knees I brought myself up and with my left hand started to part my labia to open the entrance for him. I took his member in my right hand, it twitched at my touch, and proceeded to guide it back to his first home. As the head entered me it sent a jolt of electricity through my whole body, this was it. Full on sex with my son, my baby. The one I raised all on my own, the forbidden fruit. And it tasted sweeter than I could have possibly imagined. As I slowly descended upon his penis he would squirm under me, unable to process the sensation of pure pleasure. When it reached my cervix I felt him tense up again, he came directly into my womb. After shuddering he started to apologize to me for not being able to last. I shushed him and pulled him up to me, placing his head between my breasts. I stroked his head and told him it was okay. This is why we are practicing together, I started to kiss him on his forehead. I told him to start again when he could, I was happy enjoying his member within me.

After a little while he asked me if he could be on top, I welcomed it. I pulled off him and we switched places. I was on my back and I spread my legs for him. He almost leapt onto me, he was struggling to find the hole by himself though. It was adorable, so I helped guide him in for the second time. After he put it in he started rutting intensely, not caring at all about how I felt. But that was fine, he needed to learn the proper way so I figured why not let him have his fun first. His shallow thrusts were weak and selfish and the faces he made were of pure pleasure. He came again and flopped down on top of me, panting as if he ran a marathon. I stroked his hair and started explaining how that's not the proper way to please a woman, he started to apologize again. I told him it was fine and he was learning again. When he roused up to go again he asked me to guide him so that I could feel good too. He did as I told him and started going deep and slow, pulling out to the head of his cock and then burying it deep within me. His pace was erratic, but he was slowly getting better. When he finally set his pace right is when I told him to start speeding up. He continued pounding my womb space and gradually getting faster. He was getting better at this and fast, I was starting to get close to orgasming myself. He kept increasing the pace, pounding and pounding. Sweat dripping off his face, his breathing fast and hard. I was going to cum, and it was my son that was going to do it to me. My blood, my baby that I did everything for is now returning the favor by pleasing his mother in a way society would call unthinkable. I felt it again, the jolt. Running through my body, welling up in my heart. This was it, a climax to end all climaxes. He pounded me till I convulsed this was it, the world was melting away. My body like water slowly spreading out into the void, free floating in the abyss of pleasure. It was like nothing I ever felt before. I felt as if nothing existed except pure pleasure. When I started to come back down I realized my boy was still at it, I had

just came and he was still pounding me. I needed to beckon him to stop for I would be too sensitive, but I saw his face. He was focused on pleasing me most. It wasn't about learning sex to him right now, it was about pleasing me; his mother. I bit my tongue and tried to hold my body still, but could help but thrash from his cock inside my pussy. He started to notice my thrashing and slowed down to ask what was wrong, I used my legs and wrapped around him to keep him pushing. He caught on quick and kept up the pace. I was squirming in the bed like a snake on a hot road. But I needed to keep this going, I wanted to cum with my son. Something I never even dreamed of. I could feel his twitches between thrusts, he was getting close too. Deeper and harder he thrust until he couldn't keep it held in anymore, with one final plap he shot his load directly into my womb again. I came at the same time and pulled him into my chest again. I couldn't help from screaming in pure ecstasy, I also squirted for the first time in my life. We were both panting hard, in each other's embrace. He turned his head up to ask me something, but I couldn't even focus anymore all I could think to do was to pull him up and kiss him. We spent the next hour or so simply indulging in each other's warmth and spit. Nothing outside of my bedroom existed for us. All there was, was a man and a woman, a mother and son.

After a while he asked if we could do it doggy style, I never thought he would ask that. But I wanted him inside me again, I readied myself by getting into position. My Mark got himself up to me and I felt his girth plop down on my butt, I was going to open my lips again to help guide him inside. But he inserted it with one thrust, into the wrong hole. It hurt so good, I never did anal with anything more than a toy before. I wanted to tell him he got the wrong hole, but as he kept thrusting he kept hurting better and better. I never thought my first time with anal would be with my son (although I did prepare for it if he wanted to), but this was an accident. My boy was learning, he was thrusting perfectly in my ass. I felt waves of bliss that I never felt before in my life. My son was in me again, but he was in my ass and I couldn't get enough. I edged closer and closer. Once again I was going to cum by and before my baby. I climaxed and tightened up so much it caused him to cum as well, he shot out his hot seed into my ass. Tonight was full of firsts for us and it wasn't going to end there.

After he realized it was my ass he started to apologize to me again, but I just pulled him close to hold him. I started rocking back and forth, nuzzling him just like when he was young. He fell asleep in my arms just like he used too. The next morning we started with a shower together. We had breakfast together and we went over our little educational program making sure he knows the most about pleasing a woman. After that though I was wondering about how to make it a regular thing with him. To my surprise he didn't stay out late on Monday like he usually did. And he asked me if we could have sex again, pretending he wanted to learn more. But I could tell he lusted after me. He did the same Tuesday too. And Wednesday. We kept having sex every day for the last month. He learned exactly how to please me, where my buttons are. But he still lets me coddle him like I did when he was young. Every day we go at it like beasts, but I'm still his mother and he's still my son.

Anyway after all that I wanted to ask, is sex with my son everyday too much or should I stick to hand jobs and save sex for the weekends? He's been falling behind on his grades and I worry it's the sex taking up his study time.