

Sa..Re..Ga..Mom!

By: bangopee

Hello friends! I am really overwhelmed with the responses to my earlier stories in ISS. I feel elated reading the regular mails from some readers full of comments, constructive criticism and some exciting suggestions as well. I am thankful to ISS as also to those readers for their courtesy in squeezing some time to post their comments.

I am fond of stories with incestuous contents especially those involving mother and son. Here is one more for you that I hope you will enjoy reading and consider worthy enough to comment.

My father, an IAS officer was holding a very high office in the Central Government before being transferred to a sleepy village in Andhra Pradesh where a small port was under construction. My mother, who was working in a nationalized bank, opted for voluntary retirement much before my father's transfer. My elder sister was married and happily settled in Mumbai. The other soul in my family was my grand mother, a chronic rheumatic arthritis patient. Our entire family moved out of Delhi to settle in this coastal town almost a year ago. My father was always engrossed in the site work and I soon lost track about his movements. My mother rekindled her passion for classical music by engaging a 60 year old music teacher who visited our house every alternate day to teach her. I managed to keep myself busy in College and with my friends. Life looked like moving without any abnormal twists and turns before one shocking incident, which completely transformed the complexion of our family, at least for me and my mother.

Our town was somewhat notorious for the frequent power cuts leaving us reeling under the extremely humid conditions. I can vividly remember that eventful Saturday. As we did not have any afternoon classes, I had returned home much earlier. I could hear my mother and her music teacher singing upstairs. I was relaxing a bit flipping the TV Channels and my grand mother went to sleep soon after I arrived. I have hardly watched the TV for 10 minutes before the power went off all of a sudden. Surprisingly, the music coming from upstairs stopped instantly with a thudding sound before stopping. I got somewhat suspicious and sped up the stairs to peep into my mother's room. It was the worst shock I have ever had throughout my life.

I realized that it was not my mother and her teacher singing some time ago. They had played a tape to fool my grand mother into presuming that the music class was going on as usual. She can no way climb up the stairs which was an added advantage for the master and my mother, the pupil as they seemed to be enjoying each other under the cover of the music. As I looked inside, my mother lay there spreading her legs wide apart while the music teacher was eating her pussy. I got furious and tapped the door bringing their erotic music to an abrupt end. The music teacher after struggling to get into his clothes fled the house like a rat. My mother looked embarrassed to say the least, after I managed to discover her 'new passion' as also for letting me see her in a semi nude state. I couldn't digest what I have seen and badly needed a smoke. I walked out of the house while the scene I just saw kept rolling back in my mind.

After a relaxing smoke, I decided that I wouldn't disclose anything to my Dad. Although he wasn't the sort of a person who would draw his pistol to shoot my mother, there was a

likelihood that our family would disintegrate. I was convinced that my mother wouldn't dare to repeat her adventures after I got to know about it and hence talking to my Dad would only blow this issue out of proportions. When I returned home after an hour, I had made up my mind to let the secret be as it is. But, I wasn't sure if I would not forgive my mother nor our relationship would remain the same after the rude shock she gave me. I have only read such things happening in some erotic stories and was unable to come to terms with the real situation which looked worse than the imaginary situations. Why should my mother do this? I kept asking myself many times.

I had a few plans for the weekend all of which went for a toss. I lay on my bed a confused man, still unable to believe what I have seen or rather what I shouldn't have seen at all. I was grown up enough to think about the sexual implications of whatever my mother did and for a moment even wondered if my Dad's passion for excellence in his career could be one of the reasons for her straying ways. Whatever it is, she was supposed to lead a life, expected of a typical conservative Indian woman notwithstanding the several temptations. I even feared that my mother could try something sinister like attempting suicide unable to withstand the indignity of her son witnessing her act of infidelity. While I kept squeezing my brain repeatedly thinking about the sequence of events again and again, my mother stepped in after gently tapping the door.

Her saree was wrinkled while her blouse exposed her bra strap on the right shoulder. She sat besides me on the cot and glared at me tilting her head. I reciprocated her stare as I was fuming inside and thought of even asking her how she dared to sit close to me after the preposterous act she had committed.

"I know you are shocked," She spoke gently without even batting her eyelids and looking straight into my eyes." You probably never expected this from me, I suppose." I sighed in disgust and really did not feel like replying to her.

"You must understand that your mother is also a woman; with flesh, bones and a few emotions," She kept talking as though she never expected me to respond to her. I decided to be tight lipped as she started narrating her disappointments in life and her frustrations caused because of my Dad's insatiable hunger for money. Soon, she was treading dangerously as she touched upon masturbation and its futility to justify her search for someone who cared to please her sexually. Strangely, I started paying attention to whatever she was telling once her talks started centering on eroticism. The more she spoke, the keener I was listening to her and realized that I was getting a hard on. I reached out for a pillow to place it on my laps to conceal the bulge which was causing me extreme discomfort. Not intending although, I glanced at her while she leaned back sideways, letting her saree to slide down a bit to reveal a portion of her right breast under the cover of her blouse. I also noticed the opening in front of her blouse revealing her cleavage right in the middle of her huge breasts which appeared to be in fantastic shape. My mother was soon on the cot completely, lifting and placing her legs menacingly closer to me. The clean flaps of saree meticulously folded and inserted in between her petticoat and stomach further induced my arousal. I feared that my swelling dick would burst like a cracker sooner or later.

As I switched to her eyes, I found that they were static and still into my eyes. I thought if the day would be a witness to more events than what had already happened. We were staring at each other with mixed thoughts and time was ticking. Am I being a bit harsh

with my mother? I asked myself. Should I convince her that I wish to forget whatever happened today? Will a gentle pat on her shoulders do? I thought it won't be a bad idea to touch her for the purpose of consoling her and let my right hand to stretch towards her left shoulder. As I faintly touched her shoulders, the slippery silk saree skid through her shoulders exposing her bloused breasts and the sexy cleavage. My mother smiled before her fingers started undoing the clips on her blouse. I watched breathlessly as she got rid of her blouse from her body. Her globes hardly held in her tight bra, swung as she breathed. She closed her eyes while her palms slid under her breasts to squeeze them. She was biting her lower lips after every squeeze and was letting a hissing sound release through her lips. My dick had swollen to unimaginable size while I watched her with thorough excitement. Soon my mother fell flat on the cot stretching her entire body. Her fingers descended onto the petticoat and a gentle pull was all she did to release her waist and below from the cover. She lifted her legs, folded them to push the petticoat through and out of her feet. My heart was beating fast while my mouth was getting dry.

She was whimpering on the bed showing her breasts as though I should feel them. I got closer to her lying back and letting our bodies touch in the process. She immediately relieved her left hand from the breast cupping assignment and it soon started searching between my thighs. All the ill feelings have gone for good and I was getting curious as to when she would take off her bra. Her finger nails were trailing the soft skin of my inner thighs and teasing over my bulge. I felt like closing my eyes to enjoy the feel of my mother's fingers on my erection. It was brief although as she grabbed my zip to scale it down in a flash.

"Take off your trousers," She whispered into my ears and kissed my cheeks. I sheepishly obeyed and got better by pulling off my shirt, looking at her naked body all the while. My dick stood upright ferociously after the release from its captivity. I trembled as her hands held my naked dick for the first time in my life. I opened my eyes to reinstate them into her eyes again so deeply that her cheeks turned pink in blush. For once her hands rushed to cover her face only to open soon. She regained her grip on my shaft letting her fingers to brush the balls beneath. It was high voltage current when she descended on to my dick placing her mouth on it and planted a scintillating kiss. The tip of my dick felt as if being massaged with a feather duster as her lips started feeling its sensitivity. Her tongue started getting into the act as it began moisten my organ all around. I was spreading my legs wide apart letting my mother to cramp inside with her head positioned just above my upright dick, which soon got arrested in her hands. Her tongue wandered over my entire dick and soon she had my dick well inside her mouth to make me groan in joy. Like an expert sucker, my mother continued her tryst with my dick while I was swinging on the bed. My excitement was taking me to the cumming point, much earlier than I wished and soon I exploded inside my mother's mouth. She gulped the thick loads of hot fluid, while my hands shook her head fiercely. As she looked up, my dick was sliding through her mouth loosing its short lived vigor.

My mother moved up again to fall over me letting her naked breasts to press against my chest. As if magic, my dick soon recovered from its recession to start growing harder and longer feeling her nipples pricking my chest. My hands became adventurous as they gripped my mother's hips firmly. Soon the grip loosened to allow my hands to trail over her bare back caressing her soft skin and the bulging flesh on her waist.

"Get rid of that bra," I shouted. She smiled at me and replied, "Try doing it by you." I struggled to unclasp the hook for a while and pulled it apart loosing all my patience. She removed the bra to throw it away to expose her jiggling tits inches away from my eyes. I

pulled her towards me to let my mouth to have a go at her huge breasts one after another. She repelled from me not letting me to suck her breasts, jerked her head backwards and started squeezing her tits again. She successfully foiled my attempts to rise and suck her boobs to tease me a bit.

"What are you up to, my son?" She laughed mockingly.

"I want to hold them and squeeze them really hard." I screamed.

"Then?"

"Suck them one after another."

"Then?"

"Bite them; take those nipples in between my teeth and pull them."

"Do it my boy!"

My mother lowered her body, helped me take her tits inside my mouth one after another by holding them and kept switching me between either side as I went through the motions, squeezing, tweaking, licking, sucking and even biting. My mother began moaning as our foreplay ended up inducing my dick again into a furious erection. It was hardening and getting bigger feeling my naked mother humping on it. My mother soon started swaying her head feeling my throbbing dick pressing against her moist pussy, wanting to get its way in. She was grinding her waist to position her pussy exactly where she wanted, right on top of my dick's huge head. It took a while and a few motions before my tip felt the gentle friction of soft flesh. It was the final moment of my sexual awakening as I didn't need any further clues. My waists moved up and down in a frantic pace pumping my dick deeper and deeper inside my mother's pussy. She was letting out louder moans while her body was equal to the task flexing itself to cope up with my momentum. The harder I pumped, her pussy felt smoother. My mother was panting my name while her waist moved faster to let my dick to stir inside her deep pussy. Her huge breasts were jiggling in frenzy as we fucked faster.

"Fuck me like an animal," she pleaded as both of us were getting thoroughly excited the way we were pleasing each other. I was letting quick gasps as my dick kept rigging in her hole to quicken the pace beyond imagination. Is she about to cum? Am I going to explode? Is it now? Or?

"Oh," my mother screamed as she approached her orgasm and my dick sending thunderous loads of semen into her. Our bodies shuddered and she fell all over me with just the sounds of our gasping filling the whole room. After a few minutes, she slowly raised her head to look into my eyes again. We smiled at each other while our breathing was getting stable. I pulled her face towards mine, kissed her lips and said, "My dear mother, I fucked you!"

Well, my mother's tryst with classical music came to an end. But we never had any dearth for harmony at home.