

# **MY MOTHER WAS FRAMED!** (F/

*m incest, mother/son, oral, fucking)*

**By Oediplex** ([oediplex@hotmail.com](mailto:oediplex@hotmail.com))

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**[My mother was framed! Yes that's her the "White Lady" in the painting everyone knows. But let me tell you the story you don't know, the real scandal that came from the picture was not just me, but me and her!]**

**{Adult fantasy literature. The author neither advocates nor encourages any illegal or harmful activities which may damage oneself or another; either physically or emotionally or in any other way. If you find sexual situations offensive you are free to not continue reading this story. This story is based on real people, real situations and real desires. The characters and plot are fictional, but not far from the truth or our passions.}**

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**My mother is the "White Lady" Her famous portrait hangs in our living room. In our living room for God's sake! The image itself is arresting. A classic beauty, bending over slightly, twisting her torso a bit and looking over her right shoulder. Her full breast pokes a pretty point in the black fabric of her dress, which contrasts with the pale white skin of her limbs and hip. Mother's face reflecting the pale blue moonlight which lit the pose. A famous painting in my country.**

**Famous, not just because that my mom's ass, pussy and all, are exposed by the dress being above her hips, the panty-less buns cheekily parted to display my parent's privates publicly. Famous, not because it was reproduced in every form of public media at the time, (some did air brush out the bush and arse). Famous, not because I was the reproduction of the union of my parents, as made notorious by the painting's discovery and infamous by it's ignominious display and freely dispersed image. Famous because of my father fall from grace.**

**But of course all that went into the whole of the uproar. I am a bastard child of a nationally renown, highly celebrated celibate, revered religious figure,**

who impregnated a royal Princess of the First House, namely my mother. The revelation of my papa being Pater, and my mater being mixed up with him, in an torrid affair made big headlines. Especially when the evidence of his transgressions, the icon of his indiscretions, hung on the wall of his private inner sanctum of secret sins. A personal memorabilia of the sordid liaison, painted by 'the stiff pontiff' as he was dubbed by the press. My mother's body for all to see.

My mother's body hung for all to see in our living room. The original art, framed in the same eighteenth century frame, which my disgraced father had set it in. Mother had gotten possession of me, the painting and a small fortune from my cleric dad, who didn't need a vow of poverty after mom got through with him. The lawyers sorted out the financial end, but my mom could hardly go out ever again in public. She was dubbed the "White Lady", though everyone knew who she really was.

But my mother was framed. She did have a night of abandoned with his Holiness. But just one, under his spell, influenced by his well known charm and charisma; seduced by his unknown cunning and careful planning and carnal lusts. He took a photo of her in the moonlight in his private gardens, on a warm spring night. Mother taunted him that he was only after one thing, and the royal rebel raised her dress, no panties, to show him what he was missing and he snapped the pic. She was naughty in her pose, she was indiscreet in bedding the Holy Man.

But, she was innocent of posing for the painting. She had no idea a portrait would be painted from the photograph, by her "one-audience-stand" unrighteous paramour. Many people thought that she had posed for the painting, and since she also had gotten pregnant by the Seer of St. Celelia; they wrongly concluded there must have been a long lasting affair, but there wasn't. It was just on that one and only visit, when he 'knew' her in the Biblical sense. Like I said, my mom was framed.

Why my mother put the "White Lady" picture of her butt sticking out, with her sex exposed, in the center of our living room for any to see; was a mystery to me for many years. Finally, after I was old enough to understand a little of it, my mother explained. Everyone in our country had seen the image. It was an embarrassment (bare ass I meant) unless it was a bold statement, by that sultry maiden, the rebel princess, the wronged woman, the mother of the son of His 'HOLE-ye-ness'. It said, "Yes, I did it. And you discovered us, and mocked us and shamed us and insulted us, and castigated us. But, I DO have a great ass, and though you saw it back when, now the only place you can see it is in our home."

It's in the living room; if you visit you must confront your lust and her past and get past it. Then once people have done so, past the point of

awkwardness, people forget the issue and it is as if the painting is invisible. They never see it again. They don't look at it, as if there were bare wall there. Unless they think they are alone. Then, man or woman, all go up and stare at my mom's hindquarters. Amazed at the beauty, agawk at the history, aghast at audacity, mesmerized by their own lust, (both men and some women too) they have to, have to look. I've seen it. And I've done it myself, many times.

Since the "White Lady" 'lives' with me, both of them, in my home, I spend time with her often; both of them. I lust after my mother in my secret inner desires. In my time with her picture, I let the fantasy out, it comes and plays with me until I cum too. I have masturbated to my mother's icon, worshipped her with my body, offered sacrifices of cream - gallons, and used a forest worth of tissue in communion with the spirit of the "White Lady". From the living room wall, she who's scowl cannot mask her beautiful face and who's other attributes were never in dispute as to their appeal; she, my mother, is my object of devotion and love, my deviant desire.

Despite the bare butt prominently in place in our 'palace', nudity is not usual in our home. It is just mom and I, and a couple of servants who have been with the family for years and some pets. But, causal dress would sometimes provided glimpses of mom's body. As I grew older and interested in what I saw on the wall and in the gaps of mom's robe, I sought 'innocent' ways I could exhibit my growing man-meat to the object of my desires, the "Lady" of my lust.

After all, with a naked lady in the parlor, there was not quite the mystery of what mother looked like beneath her skirt, as in most other households. So an inadvertent exposure was not an unheard of event, nor made much of in our mansion, but they were always pictures I kept stored in my head. Like father like son in that way, wanting an image to drool over when the real thing was absent. I knew when mom would be getting dressed in the morning and I'd try to walk in on her then. Or, when she showered at night and walked around in nothing but a big towel wrapped around her, I would always stick around then hoping that someday the knot would come undone.

Then one day, when the servants were away on holiday and we were all on our own - all alone...

I knew mom was luxuriating in the time off and taking her time in getting up. Since I would hear her alarm go off when she roused, that would give me enough time to snatch my pants, the lube and tissues and make a dash the other way before my mom could come down the hall and catch me cumming, as I'm getting off on the picture of her white ass. A couple of times it was close, but so far so good. So inasmuch as beating off to mom's painting was so good I decided to go so far as to try my luck in getting my morning stiffy

his AM jollies, while mom was still in bed, which is where I really wanted to be anyway!

So I got the lube and a box of tissues; with that image to face every day of my earliest adolescence, I always had them handy. I planted my butt in the plush sofa with the red patterned fabric which was so soft. The cushioned couch was both broad and had a slightly reclined back, good for slouching and jacking off. I had my shorts at my ankles, and had taken a few dry strokes to reinvigorate my meat and was about to reach for the lube when I heard my mother calling me. What happened to the damn alarm, I never heard it?!

I pulled up the shorts. They were the ones my mom had given me several weeks ago for Valentine's Day. Boxers, with little red hearts. I usually wear briefs. My mother had insisted that I model them for her when she gave them to me, so I had gone to my room and changed. Just the hearts to hide my hard-on. Mother was obviously amused but tried to keep a straight face.

What she couldn't hide either was the way the rosy nipple of her full breast poked a pretty point in the diaphanous fabric of her nightgown she was wearing at the time. When the head and shoulders of my penis poked out the loose fly, my mother cracked up and I fled, her laughter fading in back of me. I wasn't embarrassed, I had to leave before I came in front of my mother! God how I wanted to sin with her like daddy did!

Now, with her calling me, I stuffed the tissues and lube bottle under the couch, their usual spot. Mom called again. "Honey, bring me a towel!" Rita our maid had forgotten to replace the towels before leaving. Well, she was only human, besides this might work to my advantage. Who knew? I went to the main linen closet.

There were big fluffy bath towels a plenty, but on a whim of humor and whiff of lust I took a mid-size hand towel instead and went to my folks bedroom. They had a private bathroom and I went to the door and knocked. Mom poked her head out around the door careful not to expose too much. She had a large towel wrapped around her head to dry her long black beautiful hair.

I handed her the skimpy terry-cloth I had brought. She took it and disappeared back into the steamy toilette. I heard some unidentifiable noises from my mother's throat. The she spoke to me in an very odd tone of voice. "Please go to the living room and wait for me, I will join you in a moment. There is something we have to talk about." I expected laughter, or anger, but this was not something I was not prepared for. Was I finally going to catch hell for all those peeks? What was going to happen? I hate this kind of anticipation.

My mother walk in wearing the big towel... still on her head. The one I had

brought was tied around her chest, but the knot was just below her lovely cleavage. The inadequate clothes edges gaped to show her navel and the bottom hem was higher than the neatly groomed brown bush that ascended from the aperture between my mother's legs! She wore it and it covered nothing! It occurred to me in the midst of this wonderful and strange joyous vision to my horny hot eyes, that she could have used the bigger of the two towels to cover herself with. She was displaying herself to me, I knew my mother, she was up to something.

I know myself, and I knew I would be up for whatever she had in mind, as long as it had to do with her body. Her body and mine, if you know what I mean! "Look!" she pointed to the towel, "it fits!" Of course my eyes could be nowhere else at the moment, but at her fit figure. "Do you see what you want to see? Take a good long, hard look!" Her left eyebrow raised as she gazed at my stiff pecker poking the heart covered fabric of my Valentine's Day underwear.

Then she startled me by barking a command. "PULL DOWN YOUR PANTS, NOW!" Talk about being scared out of your pants! I pulled the boxers down to my thighs, that way I could still run if I needed to, though where would I go? "I knew you had an erection!" (And I had a good one at that, you can well imagine.) "Well, DO you see what you've want to look at all the time?. Better than a pale and flat imitation of the real thing, don't you think?"

Mom flopped down in the couch before me. She took the two white throw pillows and put them behind her back for support. She took my hands and drew me close to her. I stood between her two legs and looked past the eye of my purpled headed mast down to spy the pink slit my mother. "You have 'The Devil's Tool' same as your father!" the flesh and blood Lady exclaimed. 'Satan's Crowbar', call it what you may, was bobbing at the door to heaven. "I know what you hide under the couch," she continued, "I know what you do in here when you think you are alone, I know!"

"Baby, Honey, Sweetie, don't you yet understand? Like everyone else, you must confront your dirty urges and my past and get past it. You can't go on the rest of your life having a pent up passion to make love to your mother. I am going to take 'The Picture' down. It is too much for you, too tough to have to your mother's pussy shoved in your face everyday.

I shook my head, "Mom, I would be glad to have my face in your pussy any day." She laughed at my joke. "Mother, you have had so many men in your past. What would one more be, even if it is your own son?" Please let me try what so many have enjoyed?" I had another thought. "Surely, you don't think it would be a sin?"

This made mother laugh. (I later learned that laughing is an aphrodisiac if

used in combination with other things which also lighten the mood and loosen inhibitions.) The little brown nipples on her breast had puckered up to be hard like a kind of chocolate candy to be kissed and sucked on and eaten. Mom's neatly groomed delta of delight I so wanted to delve into, showed a rosy gash which looked moist. But not from the shower, as the aroma of female desire as wafting in the air.

"I love you, mommy!" I leaned forward and kissed her lips. "If it is a sin, then it would only be a little one since we love each other..." I tried to use a warped theology since the whole idea of incest was out in the open between us, but the subject of consanguineous relations is inherently a non-logical subject. "Please Mommy, let me make love to you, please! If you liked being penetrated with 'Lucifer's Lance', then why wouldn't you like being drilled by my 'demon dick'!?"

Her throaty chuckle was interrupted as I kissed her again and slipped my tongue between her lips. She hesitantly returned the kiss with tongue of her own. Her breathing got heavy and deep. Her thighs seen to relax and spread wider as I stood between them with my cunt-compass pointed to true home. My mother was clearly turned on. I didn't know what was the catalyst which was creating the opportunities for such liberties, but I was determined to make the most of the moment.

I leaned forward once more and touch my mom's nipples. She shivered and place her right hand on my left shoulder to steady me as I hovered over her, and her left reached down and began to stroke my cock. She looked into my eyes. She saw more than me. She gazed as if viewing another image, then she looked up at the picture of herself. Lewd, lustful, licentious, luscious, lascivious, lurid; the 'White lady', looking down on her next sin.

Sin with her son, it was a conclusion which was inevitable, a completion of the cycle of sensual abandonment to the carnal connection with Cardinal's seed once more, now grown to young manhood. Her gentle pull on my peter drew me toward the holy of holies, she place the tip of my penis to the dewy nether regions of her open crotch.

She looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Sin in me son. Let your dirty demon deluge flow into the vessel you were born from. Plant your wicked seed where your evil father planted you. Sin in mommy, Baby! Sin with me . . ." With that she removed her digits from my dick and made her whole body an open object for my long held-in and hidden lust.

I felt the slippery slit oiling the tip of my peter. I mashed the shaft along the gash, widening the groove as it nudged mom's clit. She moaned and thrust her hips upwards to bring my cock head lower on her mound again, seeking our union. The fluids of pre-cum and her drippings mingled in a soup of

passion's anticipation. Her movement centered the end of my poker at the place of pleasure, the entrance to ecstasy.

Mother's eyes closed as the bulb of my boner bit by bit crept into the spot my gonads had desired for all my adolescence. The ring of her pussy swallowed it with the hot heat of burning desire. I savored the moment by repeating the 'key unlocking the vestibule' movement. Mother's hips raised for deeper incursion and captured another inch inside. I drew back and thrust more confidently and now I was half in, I stretched over her as the shaft sank further. I felt her pussy fur tickle my balls, her soft tender breasts were squeezed against my chest now. Mom's eyes popped open in realization that full penetration was seconds away. I pushed my tool forward.

Then I was all the way to the root. I had my cock completely in my mother's cunt. I shoved even harder and pressed her flesh for the last half inch. I felt the nubs of her womb, as my knob probed the final frontier. I began to stroke as mom's torso flexed to hump her hips in time with mine. We had the rhythm right as the 'Devil's Ancient Dance' was beat out with the slapping of flesh on flesh. Flesh from her flesh returned to merge in an incestuous orgy of unbridled wantonness, the wedding of our flesh in sin.

The feeling in my cock as the best I had ever in my young life experienced. Every square millimeter was hyper-sensitive. The skin seemed to be drum tight and the head was a knob of raging red-hot steel. I could feel the rising river of semen pooling in my banging balls. My scrotum tightened and even my little asshole as tingling. I was getting close to climax, but I wanted to make this as great as I could make it. Either to remember if there was never another time, but better yet to make it so good mom would want to do it again too.

She must have really been enjoying our illicit liaison. She drew up her knees to widen her crotch and get me as close as possible. Her arms held my back, as her hips humped in horny abandon. She grew increasingly verbal, moaning and saying "Yes!" And lots of "OohH's... Uh-ahh-woo-eeh!" Her lips sought mine and while we worked on the wild wiggling of wanking we communicated our love as we kissed, though the undulations impaired our osculations. Her body began to perspire and made her whole skin slippery and extra sensual and especially sexy.

Then our panting and grunting and moans and shouts and squeals reached crescendo. I slammed as hard and in and as deep as I could go. I could feel her uterus seeming to clutch at my dick as if to slurp up the coming cum. The whole of her vagina began to contract around my cock and that pulled my trigger. I let loose a fire hose. The jumping of my balls was bouncing against mother's butt cheeks.

The heat inside must have gone up to boiling as that is just what happened. My testicles released a torrent of frothing semen, even as the gushing cum of mommy's cunt bathed it with her own suds. The white river of our spume poured out of her vessel, proof that our love had been consummated, that our sin was baptized in lust, that our immorality was now and for always an act that had happened and could not be taken back.



What a picture that was. The 'White Lady' and the scion of her indiscretion had now succeeded in repeating the sacrificial act of intercourse, giving their bodies to one another. Unholy? Wholly pure love? I'm no religious authority, I only know I got to fuck my mom. It was good, hot, sensual, fun, - way better than masturbation! This sin was secret, though. No painting to memorialize our passion, no public humiliation. The 'White Lady' is my mom, and my lover. She was framed, before, but now the only thing encompassing her are my arms!

**END**

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