

A religious tantra with mother

Added : 2016-01-25 20:35:37

Hi incest lovers, this is amit again. It's a very true story between Indian mother and her son and please don't think about it as fake. It happened between my friend and his mom. I am telling this story from my friend's perspective. I know it is very rare for such thing to happen in India but believe me it happened between these families. So please, let your fantasies and role playing is away for some time as what you are going to read is a true account of incest which blossomed in a traditional and conservative Indian family.

My name is anupam pandey. My parents used to call me manu at home. My father is a senior ias officer posted at shimla. I basically belong to banaras in uttar pradesh but i was born and studied in shimla until i went to punjab university chandigarh for my higher education. I used to home for a large part of my time. The reason was that my mother used to have some fits problem. Once she even fainted in the toilet. Though with all the care she was getting better and better. Being a government servant, my father didn't have much time so i had to attend to her needs. My mother was not like the other Indian Brahmin mothers. She had married my father early and my dad was 10 yrs older than her. So she bore my in her teens only and now when i was 17 she was hardly 35. Later on she went on to do a PhD in sanskrit literature .but she could pass for any college going girl in her looks. In fact when we moved on the mall in the evening, many mistook her for being my girlfriend. Not many people knew that we are mother and son. As she was the wife of a bureaucrat, she used to pay a lot of attention to her fitness and beauty. She visited parlor every third day. She was truly very beautiful. She very fair, with her 36dd breasts jutting out, she could excite many men around and at home. She was given to traditional an outfit at home which was normally a sari with a full blouse and bangles, bindi and all. I never had any sexual urges towards her. I always thought of her as my loving mother. She was also very religious and spent a lot of time in meditation and religious offerings. She used to dress up like a new bride with full jewelry and bangles and traditional bordered saris. Though it was strange that she still wore designer colorful bras and panties which i saw often drying in the sun at the back of the bathroom balcony. I often picked them up and smelt them and only put them down after masturbation. I think that was when i picked up this panty fetish. I loved each and every panty in the world. I also used to look at drying panties of my neighbor's wife who wasn't attractive but had nice torn panties. She also attended a lot of religious communions and spent a large part of her time in working with charities and other religious functions. Every morning, she used to bathe early and then after properly decorating herself, she did prayer and often woke me up by offering the prasadam of the prayer. She was just like my friend and with her i used to spend a lot of my time. And now when she was having fits, i knew it's the loving care of her son which she needs. I used to

take care of her medication and all. We were going smooth and happy and she was getting better all the time. Maybe, i was in love with my own mother!

After a few days, father told us on the dining table that he had arranged a vacation tour for us and he had to stay back for some official work and could join us only after 2 weeks. Mother looked at my and said that she would be so happy to go out and asked father about the tour details. Well, it was an amazing tour of snow capped mountains dad had decided for us. At every stop we could find rest houses so stay won't be a problem and we also had a driver and a servant more to take care of us. Dad had arranged it to perfection. I was only too happy to say that i was more than willing to take mother out.

We started early in the morning and mother came dressed in a floral white sari with a pink blouse. I had seen her for the first time in such exciting colors but there were more surprises later which i would tell. We sat at the back seat of the white ambassador car and it had dark windshields. There was also a partition between us and the driver. He could not see us. They kept our luggage and we started our journey. Initially we talked about general things and then my mother, he name is suryakantam pandey, started asking me about my love life. I was hesitant as i didn't have any girlfriends and i was still a virgin. Mother kept breaking the ice and soon she was talking naughty stuff with me. Then she told me how she used to tame boys in college with her looks. She said that she had brought a couple of her old college day jeans to wear i the tour and asked whether i would mind if she wants to dress in jeans for the tour. Obviously i said yes and to my utter surprise she pulled out a bag and started looking for them. She then took them out and i saw that they were really old and mom said that she will put the on later.

After a long journey, we reached a forest guest house at the height of 4000mts. It was the only building to be seen in the jungle. The huge mountains were towering from behind. There was also a small outhouse located at some distance from the big bungalow. The servants quickly got down with luggage and kept it in a room. There were a few officials of the guest house too but since my father was an ias, they all received us on their palms. They told us that in the evening no one stays here and we have the whole bungalow to ourselves. One of them was a friend of our driver so he also asked to go to village with them. Now we had only one servant left. Mother told him that if he wanted to go with them, he should do only after the food is ready and all the basic work is done. The servant then left us at about 8 in the evening after the food smelled well.

We were very hungry from the travel and quickly had our fill. Then, mom got up and went to the room and came after changing into her nightgown. Then she asked me to change too. I went inside the room and found that the bed was laid down with at least some 20 panties on it. I was spellbound to find even Victoria's secret and Roberto cavalli in them. My mother's luggage was

open and there was no hint of any much clothing in them but for a pair of jeans and some woolens. God, so many panties but why. I was about to smell their aroma when mom called me and i went out.

She was standing in the center of the hall with a book on her hands. I went up to her and asked what it is about. She asked me to sit down and not to tell anyone about what is going to happen tonight. I was excited as i was unsure what is going to happen. I quickly glimpse the book and found the photos of gods and goddesses on it. Oh god, maybe another religious lecture tonight! But it was not to be.

Mother then asked me if i knew anything about tantra. I obviously said no. Well, she went on to explain the mysterious powers associated with tantra and how it could finally bring about the best of spirituality in anybody. She said that this tantra has got many parts but the best is the part where lord Shiva has conveyed some mysterious powers to goddess parvati and this is called ' yoni tantra'. She went to explain that since it was very sacred and mysterious, not many people knew about it and this book that she was holding was given to her long back by some sadhu who knew about it. She said that she was only waiting for the right time to use this magical book. I took a look at the book. It had some handwritten sanskrit text and various drawings of mandalas besides numerous illustrations of the pudenda. I tried to understand the meaning of the words but they were in sanskrit so obviously i couldn't do it. I asked mother that i was still unclear what it was about and why had she brought the book on our tour. She told me that she has read the book completely and she wanted to use this tantra in tour only and for that she needed my help. then she told me that it is written in the book that one who worships the yoni of his mother will attain some secret power in the dream and the mother will become a goddess. Of course, i was ready and a little excited too since i had no idea what all this is going to be. My mother told me that after performing the yoni tantra she will get mysterious powers and might even become a shakti (goddess). I was surprised by her belief in these old Indian texts. Then she asked me if could cooperate with her for this tantric journey with her. I said yes that i would be happy to do anything for my mother. In fact she surprised me by telling that i will also reap some secret reward by doing this. It might come to me in a dream. I just said to go ahead with it and see what happens.

Then, my mother, the traditional devout Hindu Brahmin married lady with me as her alibi started out to test the ancient wisdom of sacred and mysterious oriental texts. She went out of the room and appeared with a block of marble shaped as a shiva-linga (phallus) and decorated it with flowers and then made some tantric figures with grains of rice and lit two candles by the side. Then she took out a chart from her handbag, unfolded it and threw some flowers on it. It was a mandala with a lot of erotic postures of copulation. Then she asked me to get dressed in a dhoti. My chest was nude and now i was just dressed

in a cloth wrapped on my thighs. Then to my utter surprise she removed the gown and dressed in beads of exquisite marigold flowers. Her nipples were covered by a natural bra of flowers and she had the same at her waist. She even wore bangles made of those and had a bunch on the head too. She looked like a goddess. For the first time in my life i felt my lund hardening seeing my mother in all her glory. Her luscious chuchies (breasts) were so inviting and her waist was so slim and i could see a bit of her fur through the flowers too. She smiled at me and asked me to sit down and perform the rites for the ritual. She asked me to recite “om kamdevaya namah, om shivaya namah, om ratidevi namah, om vyabhichaar namah, om asaya kamkrida shishuna drishyante, om matriyoni namah, om matrivakhsha namah, om matribhaga namah, om asaya sangamasya kaami putra putrid prajanante, om kamdevaya namah”

the whole room was resounding with the chants i and my mother made. By now, my mother had removed the flowers panty she had. Then she asked me to smear some indoor (vermillion) on her soft shiny black little tuft. I put some on it. Then she started me to work on it with my fingers. I started finger fucking my mother and she kept chanting with even more aggressiveness. Then in a moment she collapsed and cum was running from her thighs. She quickly collected some and smeared it on the marble linga. Then, she told me to go to sleep as it was complete.

The next morning, she was normal and we didn't talk about it. The driver took us to sight seeing and we were home by evening. This went on for a few days while my nightly tantric escapades with my mother continued unabated. Now, i started having fantasies about my mother. I used to imagine her as a mother taking care of me and then kissing me with the same mouth that had given me guidance. She had a body of ivory and her smile with her nicely loosened hair always made me fall love with her. I used to imagine her shapely breasts being suckled by my lips as a child while breastfeeding and now as a grown up sucking those lovely mountains of lust. I used to see them everyday but had never gotten to see the nipple, though her areola was pretty bigger and even a few flowers couldn't even hide it. Her breasts were unusually tight and very shapely that even they could make a round circle look square. Then, she had a maddening bellybutton on the top of her silky smooth tummy. There was a line a small black hair running from her bellybutton to her crotch making her look sexier. I started beating my cock thinking of my mother. I got up and went to her room one morning while she was out doing some exercises, i searched her bathroom and found the pair of her freshly used panties and i brought them with me to my room. I wrapped them on my face and jacked off bathed in the heavenly aroma of my mother's pussy and rich ammonia smell of her urine. Once i had done it, i started to feel guilty about the whole thing. Hell, she was my own mother. How could i be a pervert to do a thing like this? I cursed myself and struggled with these feelings all the time. After all, she was letting me make her cum just for religious purpose, and what a pervert i have been

thinking incest with my own mother.

That night, it was the eighth day of the ritual. She started the usual chants and then told me that it is written in the book that after one week she must do the linga pooja. She asked me to open my dhoti and my cock was all erect there. She rubbed some turmeric on it and washed my lund with gangajal (the water of holy ganga). Then she started to stroke it. It was overwhelming. My own mother jacking me off. I couldn't hold on for long and ejaculated soon. She took my semen and smeared it over the linga. Then, she said that the ritual is complete and she thanked me for helping her. I went to my room and slept. I had a strange dream at night.

a half naked woman resembling my mother came into my dream and said "i m rati, the goddess of incestual love. Now u can ask for a wish since you have completed the yoni tantra"

I asked for the power of making love to any woman i want and she granted it and disappeared saying that i just had to call her name while using this spell but i can use it for limited chances only. She said that when i called her name again the spell would stop.

I woke up in the morning and thought about the dream. My mother was up in the kitchen making some breakfast. I walked to the door and saw her in her flimsy nightgown. She still had those flowery bra and panty inside. I went up to her and hugged her in my arms from behind.

"good morning beta! Kya baat hai aaj bada pyaar aa raha hai" she said as i hugged her close.

"o ma! U knows i love you so much" i said while my hand rubbed her little fleshy tummy over her gown.

"acha, beta. Tell me how much you love me" she said with a distinct horniness in her voice.

"maami, i think you are the woman of my dreams. I would do anything to have you by my side" as i said this my hands were rubbing her tummy up to her milky melons brushing them from below.

"you always have my love since you are my son. My lovely beta, i love you too manu" my body had now aligned with the backside of mother making our touch very intimate. I had never in my past run my hand over her body for so long. I was just enjoying the feel while my head nuzzled through the smell of shampoo in my mother's hair. I could also smell the marigold flowers and it was just making me feel so secure with my mother. I loved her so much. Suddenly i was reminded of my dream and i thought of giving it a try. I just thought of

sex with my mother and said “rati” into her ear.

Well, it worked. My mother just turned around and pulled the hem of the gown ever so slowly raising it to her humongous chuchies and then flipped over her head. Now, she was exactly in the ritual dress but it was something else we wanted to do. She then undressed me quickly without saying a word and kissed me right on my mouth. I was thinking in my mind if it was really happening. Was it my own blood mother who was kissing me with her tongue entwined with me? I couldn't hold any longer and tore her flowery bra. The sight of her amazing chuchies in full was a heaven in itself. I needed nothing else. My essence seemed to melt by their fullness and ripeness. Before i could think of anything, i straightaway took them in my mouth and started sucking the nipples. Maybe the son's instincts but her nipples were becoming absolutely harder and bigger. Then i stopped sucking and for a moment saw my mother in just her flowery panties. God she was looking like one 18 year old but for her big jugs and a little flab on the waist. Nevertheless it added that extra charm to her fleshy chutar (bum). Then i started lapping up her wide pinkish brown areola. She was moaning with ecstasy but didn't say a word. Then i took the other nipple in my fingers and started nibbling it lightly while my teeth were literally chewing the other nipple in my mouth. My other hand reached to her bottom and i spanked her there. I spanked her again and again. My mother's hands were on my hand and gently caressing my hair. Then i switched her big boobies and gave them pleasure alternately. After having my fill for half an hour i proceeded down to her silky belly. I licked every part, back and front of her middle before smelling my birthplace. The hairline was exciting me and i finally tore the flower panty and she was for the first time in my life, fully nude. By heavens, my holy mother full nude in front of me. Her boobies all red by my endless mauling and her puss juices dripping a bit and that unshaven choot begged me to suck it. I was in a fix what to do when she took hold of my 7 inch lund and pushed me on the sink. She came atop me and straddled me. I picked her up with our genitals locked and carried her to her bed. There she humped me for multiple orgasms. It was an ecstasy to see her beautiful motherly breast jiggling and slapping in air while she jumped on my cock. Soon, it was difficult to hold back and i came inside her many times. Then, we slept with our bodies hugged together and in a kind of trance. That morning, i fucked my mother three times before the driver gave a knock at the door. I quickly said “rati” into her so as to break her spell. She was surprised by her condition and quickly wore clothes when the driver came. I knew she would ask me later about it.

Next in part two

We went to sightseeing that afternoon.

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