

MOM IS DOMINANT, MOM IS SUBMISSIVE

Ahabscribe

Son joins Mom and Dad in their BDSM fun, with a twist.

Incest/Taboo

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Here's something a tad different from my usual stories. I've never really tackled a BDSM Incest story, so I'll be very interested in everyone's comments. I'm not sure whether this will continue, perhaps your input will sway me one way or the other. As always, this is a work of fiction and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is purely coincidence. All characters exist only within the confines of my imagination. Enjoy!

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Growing up, I never really saw anything odd with my parents' relationship with each other. They always seemed happy and in love. I grew up as a single child in a happy, loving environment. That being said, I can't deny that Mom and Dad had their personality quirks. Lots of neighbors and friends would make little comments about how Mom wore the pants in our family. And there was a lot of truth to that, Mom certainly was in charge.

Mom is a beautiful woman. At age forty-eight, she still turns heads as she strides confidently down the sidewalk or through the local mall. My mom, Victoria is tall, five foot, ten inches, and has a lean, regal appearance. Mom always works out with a vengeance and there is very little fat on her bones. She has incredible legs that she shows off with short skirts and shorts. Her waist is narrow and she has medium sized, firm and perky, breasts. Her straight black hair is cut in a longish bob, the tips curling inward to frame her flawless face. Mom has brilliant green eyes that can burn right through a person like a laser beam. Best of all is her lush, full lips that just seem made to kiss.

Dad is less formidable looking. He stands the same height as Mom, has a runner's slender build. My dad, Tim, still jogs several times a week. He has the appearance of a nebbish bookkeeper which is what he is. He is not a confrontational or decisive person and has been happy over the years to lead Mom take the lead. He's been a good provider and despite his nickname Timothy the Timid (given to him by an asshole neighbor during a drunken Christmas party), he is I think, a strong person. I know I can always count on Dad.

As I have already said, Mom is basically in charge. She pretty much decides what goes on in our home, picking out vacations, deciding who does what chores and even picking out Dad's wardrobe, but she does listen to our input. Still, end the end, there is no doubt that "Victoria's in charge," as Dad likes to joke. It was never something that troubled me and it never seemed wrong. Mom and Dad were happy and so was I. In truth, I admired my mom's strong will and drive. I aspired to be as strong a person as my own mother.

Now when it came to sex, again, I never really gave it much thought. As long as I can remember and understood, I knew my parents had a healthy and steady love life. Many times I can recollect hearing their impassioned moans and cries emanating from their bedroom and sometimes from the master bathroom. They taught me early on that sex between two people that cared for each other was perfectly normal and nothing to be ashamed of.

Mom hasn't ever made a commotion about me occasionally masturbating in her panties, telling me just to make sure I put them back in the clothes hamper afterwards when she has walked into my bedroom without knocking only to discover me naked on the bed, with a pair of her silky underwear wrapped around my cock! Mom's smile told me that she was pleased that she could still make a young man's cock hard. Oh yeah, I've fantasized a lot over the years about my Mom.

Things changed the night my camping trip got canceled. I had just graduated from high school. A couple of my buddies and I were going to go camping upstate in the mountains, but as we drove up there, Deke's old Ford blew the transmission. Deke's Dad came up after us and arranged for the repairs upstate and then drove us back home. We were disappointed, but figured we'd get another shot in a week or so.

It was almost midnight when Deke's dad dropped me off in front of the house. I dropped my backpack and gear on the front porch and let myself in. I heard some noise in the den and saw that the lights in there were on. Figuring my parents were still up and watching a movie, I bounded into the room, saying, "Well, the trip's been canceled. That old car of Deke's blew up..." My voice faded into nothingness as I stared at Mom and Dad, seeing them as I'd never seen them before.

Mom was slouched down on the couch, her legs spread wide and her mostly naked body shiny with sweat. She was wearing a black corset-like garment that I later learned was called a "Black Widow," that left her breasts exposed and ended just above her crotch. In my head the word "WOW!" kept being repeated as I got my first really good look at my mother's pussy. Mom was blessed with the thickest, curliest pelt of black hair I'd ever seen in real life or in the fuck books I kept under my mattress. Her hairy bush was split wide as her long and thick pussy lips were spread, revealing glistening pink flesh. In one hand she held something that looked like a short whip with several leather strands at the business end.

The real shock was Dad kneeling between Mom's legs, his arms locked behind him in some sort of shackles. His back was red with marks that I realized had been made by the whip. Dad's body was wet with sweat too. Dad rose up at the sound of my voice and I felt a little dizzy as I realized that the dripping wetness that covered most of his face was Mom's pussy cream. I was shocked even more when I realized he was wearing a dog collar, a leash attached and draped near Mom's free hand.

Mom, Dad and I all looked at each other for several seconds in absolute shock. What the fuck had I walked into? For the first time, I wondered just what Mom and Dad had been up to in their bedroom all these years! I was stunned that my mother and father were into anything kinky!

Then Mom smiled at me. "Welcome home, Thomas. I'm glad you're okay." Mom's voice was husky and breathless. I realized she must have been on the verge of orgasm or maybe coming down from an orgasm. Mom then turned to frown at Dad who was backing up. "Did I tell you to stop?"

Dad's eyes grew wide as he glanced over at me. "Victoria, we can't do this in front of our son."

Mom snickered and shook her head. "Thomas is eighteen years old. That makes him a man. It's high time he knew how things were. I think he can handle the truth now. Now get back to work, slave."

Mom turned back to me and gesturing over at Dad's easy chair, said, "Have a seat, darling."

"Mom? I -- um, I can leave, its okay." I stammered.

"No, Thomas, I want you to stay. I think you might enjoy this," Mom said cheerfully, as if she was suggesting we all watch a television program together. Then she turned to Dad who was still edging away, and in a cold tone I'd never heard before, said, "Timothy, if your tongue isn't buried deep in my cunt in the next five seconds, hell will freeze over before you ever touch me again." With a twitch of her wrist, she flicked the whip across Dad's back for emphasis, leaving light red marks like the others already streaking his back.

By now, Dad's face was bright red with embarrassment and shame. He quickly glanced at me and then with head bowed, nodded and said, "Yes, Mistress Victoria." I watched in total astonishment as my father pressed his face eagerly against my mother's pussy. Some part of my blown mind wondered idly how it felt to have Mom's thick pubic hair rubbing against your cheeks as you rammed your tongue deep into her wet twat.

"Sit down, Thomas. Your father is excellent at cunnilingus. You might learn something useful," Mom said in a teasing voice that was strained with the pleasure she was no doubt experiencing. Mom stretched, raising her arms above her head and arching her body, throwing her pelvis up against Dad's face, allowing him to get his tongue deeper inside her juicy cunt. Her breasts were exposed to best advantage and I enjoyed the view of her pert tits and her big round nipples thickened I suppose from my nursing on them as a baby.

Mom let out a long drawn out moan as Dad's head bobbed furiously. Mom glanced over at me, a lusty expression on her face. We said nothing for several minutes, Mom and I, we just watched each other. Even as Dad's efforts brought her to orgasm, her body quivering and stiffening up as the fuck sweat poured off her body, Mom said nothing to me, just smiling and grinning and gasping for air as her chest heaved.

Finally, her body relaxed somewhat, although she gasped, "Don't stop, slave, don't you dare stop, emphasizing her command with another lash of her whip. Dad mumbled something along the lines of, "Yes, Mistress," although it was muffled by pussy flesh. His body trembled with exertion, his muscles tense with long term effort.

Mom's breathing took on a more regular tone and she looked at me again. "Are you enjoying the show, son?" I nodded unable to speak. Mom looked pleased. "Your father and I met at a sex party, Thomas, a Bondage sex party to be exact. We knew from the first that we were meant for each other. Your father was a submissive even then and the first time I ever commanded him to eat my pussy, I knew I was meant to be his master. We've enjoyed this lifestyle ever since. All the years before you were born, we were into a lot of sexy, nasty things. Bondage, S&M, orgy parties. We were very active in the swing scene of this town. You'd be shocked at what goes on, son." She raised a suggestive eyebrow at me. "Or maybe you wouldn't. You are our son after all. You might just enjoy it."

Mom groaned a little, "Yes, that's it, Timothy. I like your tongue there. Please your mistress and she might just let you cum tonight." She shifted her hips a little and then continued. I could hear Dad's sloppy slurping as he ate Mom's pussy.

"Of course, we gave a lot of that up after you were born. Your father and I pretty much kept things in the bedroommmmmMMMM," Mom shivered and slid her butt a little further out. "My ass, slave, get under me and lick my asshole right now!" Mom commanded my father.

Dad moved quickly, replying "Yes, Mistress Victoria," as Mom's juices literally dripped from his chin. He scooted under his wife, now on his back and nuzzled his face against her cheeks. It had to be

uncomfortable for several reasons. His arms were still shackled behind his back and now I could see Dad's erection, standing stiff and waving in the air. His cock was swollen and purple and clamped with what I assumed was a cock ring. I'd heard about them, but had never seen one.

"Where ummmysss -- was I? Oh yes. We pretty much keep our fun in the bedroom. You should see what we've done with the closets and all the naughty toys we keep there. The only time we come out to play is when you're sleeping over at a friend's or off on one of your camping trips. More tongue, slave," Mom said, slapping Dad's chest lightly with the whip.

"Any questions, son?" Mom smiled naughtily at me, her tongue running over her full lips. With Dad now beneath her, I was getting a perfect view of Mom's hairy and sopping wet pussy! I could feel my cock throbbing, a bar of steel aching to burst free from my jeans.

"Um...Dad really likes being um...?"

"My slave?" gasped Mom as Dad worked his tongue a little deeper between Mom's ass cheeks. She gently ran the lashes of her whip across Dad's erection. "What do you think?" She laughed at my inability to answer her. "Yes, your father is a born submissive and quite the masochist to boot. Then Mom commanded, "Enough, slave!" and stood up. She looked like a wrathful goddess in her erotic outfit. "Stretch out, Timothy, your mistress desires to ride your puny cock!" She had picked up his leash and jerked him to his knees in one violent motion.

Dad moaned happily and knee-walked clear of the couch, coming to rest on his back in the middle of the floor, his cock waving in the air. "Thank you for the privilege, Mistress Victoria," he said in a subdued, but happy voice.

Mom straddled him and lowered herself into a squat, stopping just short of Dad's penis, her flowered cunt flesh almost kissing his cock. Mom looked up at me with that piercing green-eyed stare of hers that demanded truth. "Are you enjoying this, Thomas?"

Without hesitation, I replied, "Yes, Mom!"

"Is your cock hard, son?"

"Yes," I said in almost a whisper.

"Is it hard because of me?"

"Yes, Mom," I answered, my face burning as I suddenly began to blush.

Mom smiled, very pleased with my answers. "May I see your cock, son?"

I didn't answer, but simply stood up and undid my belt and shucked my pants and shorts off, letting them pool at my feet. My penis was proudly erect, almost slapping up against my stomach, it was so hard. Mom stared long and hard at my erection. I was secretly proud that it was obviously longer and bigger than my fathers. I really hoped Mom noticed that as well.

"That's lovely, Thomas. Isn't your son's cock gorgeous, Timothy?" Mom said, taking her free hand to tilt his head back to view my penis.

"Yes, Mistress Victoria. I am very proud," Dad gasped.

Mom again turned her attention to me. "Would you like to masturbate while you watch Mommy fuck her slave, your Daddy? Would you like to watch me fuck Daddy, son?"

"Oh, god, yes!" I blurted out. I almost came right there.

Mom looked happy with my response. "It would please your mother as well. Very well. Please enjoy the view, Thomas!" Mom lowered herself the rest of the way, taking Dad's cock in one swift motion. Mom's slender but muscular legs began to pump and down. Mom's eyes never left me as I sat back down and began to stroke off.

Part of me was convinced I was dreaming. I was jacking off in front of my mother as she watched me while she rode my father's cock. I couldn't take my eyes off Mom. She looked so incredibly sexy in her black corset outfit, sweat making her athletic body glisten. She rode Dad hard, bouncing up and down with abandon, making him grunt as she landed on top of his crotch, driving his cock deep inside her. Mom played with her nipples as well, pulling on the large, round rubbery tips and pinching them.

Dad groaned with pleasure and I suspect with pain. I wondered how long Mom had forced him to stay hard, denied the pleasure and relief of release. I'd never seen a cock look that angry before. Mom was already climbing towards orgasm, her pussy already sensitive from Dad eating her pussy. From the power of the scent of sweat and pussy that hung in the room, I guessed she'd had Dad pleasuring her for quite some time.

Overwhelmed by the mind blowing scene I found myself in, I was about to explode as well, I was struggling to hang on, not wanting this to end. Mom sensed my efforts and gasped out, "Thomas, do you need to cum?"

"Yes, Mom, I'm ummm getting close!"

"Will you do something for your mother, son?" Mom asked. "Will you do something nasty?"

Oh God! Just her asking me that question made me want to cum! "Oh yes, Mom! Anything you want," I almost sobbed.

"Stand up, darling. Come over to Mommy," she said, her own approaching orgasm evident in her voice.

I did, kicking free of my pants and shorts. I kept stroking my cock, trying to not cum. I stood in front of Mom wondering what she might ask. I wondered if one of my many fantasies about her was about to come true. Maybe she'd suck my cock or ask me to cum in her face!

"Thomas, I want you to cum in your father's face. Aim for his mouth, baby!"

Dad and I both gasped. I didn't see that coming. I opened my mouth to say I couldn't just as Dad managed to get out, "Victoria, no! This isn't ri-AUGGGH!" He stopped to cry out in agony as Mom lashed his chest with the whip, striking him so hard it raised welts!

"How dare you question me, you fucking dog!" Mom roared. "Open your mouth and stick out your tongue, slave." Mom took Dad's chin and tilted it up. "Timothy, you will catch as much of your son's sperm with your mouth and tongue as you possibly can or I'll tear your balls off and feed them to you. Don't you dare swallow a drop of our son's precious seed."

Mom looked at me, her anger with Dad evident in her eyes, mixing with lust as she whispered, "Do it, son! Jack off in your father's face." She reached out and wrapped her fingers around my wrist. She guided my hand up and down on my throbbing cock and with a gasp, I began to cum!

My first ejaculation actually splashed Mom across her tits and her anger changed to amusement and she guided me into pointing my cock downward and my second spurt splattered across Dad's face, striking his cheek and nose and across his lips and tongue. I felt dizzy as I saw a huge glob land perfectly on his tongue.

"Yessss," Mom cooed. "More, son. Feed your spunk to your father!" Mom's hand tugged on my arm, urging me onward. I groaned as the pleasure exploded in my cock and I ejaculated streamer after streamer of thick semen, splattering my father's face. My knees grew weak and I thought at one point that I might tip over, but Mom tightened her grip on my arm and it seemed as if she passed me some of her formidable strength to sustain me.

Finally, I had milked the last drop of sperm from my still mostly hard cock. Mom pulled me to her and kissed my cheek. "Go back to your seat, son. That was lovely!" she said. "Enjoy the rest of the show!"

I staggered back and sat down while Mom slowly moved up and down and Dad's cock, studying his cum covered face. She ran her fingers across her breasts, scooping up the sperm I had splashed her with. Slowly, as my father watched her, Mom licked my semen off her fingers. "Mmmmmm, it's delicious, Timothy, isn't it?" Mom murmured smacking her lips.

Dad could only grunt a reply, keeping his tongue extended, now coated with my spunk. His face was even redder now from the effort.

"You did your job well, slave," Mom said. "I will award you now." Mom rose until only the head of Dad's cock was inside her, her labia clasp the crown. My cock throbbed and began to revive at that erotic image. Reaching down, Mom flicked a fingernail over a latch and the cock ring snapped open and fell away from my father's penis. As Dad moaned with relief and need, Mom promptly slid back down his cock and said, "Slave, you may give your mistress your pitiful seed!"

Mom then leaned down and took Dad's tongue in her mouth, sucking it clean of my sperm. When their nasty kiss ended, Dad sobbed aloud, "Oh thank you, Mistress Victoria," and bucked his hips upward and began to cum. Mom cried out in orgasm and ground her crotch downward, taking Dad's dick deeper. As Mom shivered and convulsed in orgasm, she sloppily licked my semen off Dad's face. For several minutes it seemed as if they couldn't stop orgasming. By the time they seemed to calm down, I was hard again.

Still gasping for breath, Mom got to her feet, swaying unsteadily. She came straight for me, looking like some carnal feline stalking new prey. Mom had her evil grin as she came at me. I was amazed at how sexy she seemed. Her nipples were like large, ripe grapes, ready to burst and semen glistened and ran down her thighs, so much cum had been pumped into her by my father. Thick wads of Dad's sperm hung in her hairy muff and great globs of the thick whitish seed oozed from her open pussy.

Mom leaned over me and kissed me on the lips, her tongue faintly dancing across my lips, allowing me to taste myself. "Quite a night, huh, son?" she said in a laughing voice. "Looks like someone really liked this," she added as she briefly stroked my again stiff cock.

"I love you, Mom!" I said. I really didn't know what to say at this point.

I think Mom sensed my shock. "I think this is enough for one night, Thomas. Go to bed, darling and we'll talk later." Mom kissed me again, this time thrusting her tongue into my mouth. I almost came right then as I instinctively let my tongue begin to dance with hers. As Mom ended the kiss, she whispered, "I'm so proud of you, son!"

As she walked back to Dad, giving me a fine show of her tight, firm buttocks, she said, "Tell your son how proud you are of him, Slave!"

"Thank you, Mistress Victoria," said Dad in a small voice. "You did well, Thomas, I'm very proud of you. Thank you."

Mom reached down and took up his leash, forcing Dad to his knees. "Clean me up, Slave!" Dad immediately began licking his own semen off Mom's inner thighs before again burying his face in Mom's hairy crotch. Mom looked up at me and said, "Go to bed, Thomas. Mom and Dad love you."

I stood up, gathered my clothes and mumbled, "Good night." I went upstairs to my bedroom, scarcely believing that it had actually happened. Still, I only fell asleep after jacking off again, reliving the entire naughty, nasty spectacle in my mind. My dreams were filled with insane, erotic and powerful images of Mom and me fucking and sucking with Dad hovering in the background, sometimes involved, sometimes watching from the shadows.

I awoke wondering if it was all a dream, but knowing deep inside that it had all happened. I got a shower and dressed, the smell of bacon wafting upwards from the kitchen. In the kitchen, I found Mom fixing breakfast and humming happily to herself. I watched her from the doorway, feeling my cock harden as I recalled last night yet again. Mom was wearing jeans and a off the shoulder blouse that showed barely a hint of her lovely bosom. You would have thought she was wearing a sheer negligee from the reaction my cock had just seeing her. My heart pounded and I knew that I would never feel the same about my mother again. Simple fantasies were now replaced with the exciting knowledge of my Mom's overpowering sexuality.

"Good morning, Mom!" I said, my voice thick with desire.

Mom spun around and smiled at me as she had almost every day of my life. "Good morning, son! Isn't it a beautiful day?" She came over and kissed me on the cheek and then returned to the stove to finish scrambling the eggs and frying the bacon. Mom set a plate down in front of me and then began chatting about the weekend plans.

I listened eagerly, awaiting word that what had started last night was about to continue, but Mom rambled on about going out to shop and about her singing a solo tomorrow at church. I ate my breakfast in some confusion, wondering again if maybe I had just imagined and dreamed the whole thing.

Mom took up my plate and gave me a couple of chores to do around the house and told me she was off to the malls. As she gathered up her car keys and purse, I worked up the courage to say, "Mom, could we talk about last night?"

Mom paused in the door and studied me. She sat down her things and walked over to me. I had scooted my chair away from the table to face her and without breaking stride, Mom swung one long, jean clad leg over me and sat down in my lap, straddling me. Her arms went around me and Mom hugged me tight as she stared into my eyes.

"Son, last night was incredible, naughty and fucking fantastic." Mom kissed me tenderly before continuing. "But, let's take our time and not rush things. We both need to take a few days and think about what happened and what could happen."

My expression was one of disappointment, but Mom reassured me by rolling her pelvis against my obvious erection and saying, "Don't worry, son. Mommy isn't done with this big thing yet." She climbed off me, letting her hand slip across the bulge in my jeans. "And don't think that your mother didn't notice that her son is a lot better hung than her husband!" Mom winked at me then, the sort of wink that promised all sort of future naughtiness!

After Mom left, I sat at the kitchen table for a long time, pondering Mom's words and actions. I was thinking about maybe going back upstairs and jacking off when Dad walked into the kitchen, still looking sleepy and tired.

"Morning, son," he said, trying to look me in the face, but blushing as he did so. Dad poured a cup of coffee and took some bacon off a plate, came and sat down across from me. "Are you okay, Thomas?" he asked.

"Yeah, I reckon so," I replied. I grinned. "Well, maybe a little freaked out."

Dad grunted and sipped his coffee. "I imagine so. Not every day you find out your parents are kinky perverts."

I laughed and said, "I don't think you guys are perverts. Kinky, um yeah, but nothing wrong with that."

Dad sighed and nodded. "Well, we raised you to be open minded." He looked up from his coffee. "So you're okay with me being such a wuss?"

"I don't think you're a wuss, Dad. I mean, if I understand this whole dominant-submissive thing, you're just doing what turns you on. You do like the way Mom treats you?"

"Oh yeah, son! Like you wouldn't believe! Your mother just barking orders around the house makes me um, hard as a rock! And when we're really into the whole BDSM thing, I'm in heaven. I feel my best as a submissive."

"And what happened last night, Mom having me, um, cum on your face. You enjoyed that? You enjoyed getting hit with that whip?"

Dad shrugged his shoulders, wincing as he did so. "Yeah, I love being submissive, being humiliated like that and I confess I'm a bit of a masochist too. You know, beat me, beat me, I love it." Dad blushed deeply now even as he laughed. "Your mother and I are a perfect fit. Your mother was born to be a dominatrix and I was born to be her slave."

"And now, I'm going to be joining the fun and games?"

Dad smiled and again shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it's been a fantasy of your mother's for a long time. She's dreamed of fucking you and rubbing my face in it...the ultimate humiliation of seeing yourself replaced by your son."

I was dumbfounded to hear my father talk like this. "And you're okay with this, Dad? You're not going to be mad if I fuck Mom?"

Dad just laughed and said, "Son, my cock's hard just talking about it. If I didn't have strict orders not to, I'd be masturbating in a heartbeat!"

"Wow!" I said, not able to think up anything more intelligent to say. It was slowly becoming clear to me how much this was a part of their lives.

"Well, if I can't jerk off," said Dad, "I might as well be out playing golf." Dad got up and walking around the table, patted me on the shoulder and tousled my unruly dark hair. "Just remember, son. No matter what happens, your mother and I love you."

And that was all that was said about it for the next few days. I stayed home that night and it was just a regular night at our house. Mom fixed a killer meal, we watched an action thriller DVD and after the news, Mom and Dad went on to bed. Neither said a word about what had happened Friday night.

The only hint of things to come was at church the next day. After Mom sang her solo, she joined Dad and me in the pew, sitting between us. As the pastor gave his sermon, I glanced over at Mom and she turned and smiled at me as any mother might look lovingly at her only son. Then she winked that sexy wink at me and her hand came to rest high up on my thigh. I spent the rest of the church service with a monster hard-on.

Sunday came and went. I spent the afternoon and evening with my buddies while Mom and Dad had dinner with Reverend Marshall and his wife. I remembered Mom's words, "We were very active in the swing scene of this town. You'd be shocked at what goes on, son," and my imagination ran wild. I had visions of Mom and Bonnie Marshall, a short, big breasted woman, Mom in her black corset using her whip to urge a naked and dog collared Bonnie Marshall to eat her pussy.

Things were still normal on Monday and Tuesday. I was working at a building supply store for the summer, and I spent my days in a funk wondering if anything was ever going to happen. Mom had turned back into her usual bossy June Cleaver self and hadn't as much as hinted at what had happened between us. Dad was busy with work, not getting home until very late. I think he knew this was weighing heavily on my mind and a couple of times we exchanged knowing glances and then he would just shrug and smile. My frustration grew as Wednesday became Thursday.

In my frustration, I gave what might happen a lot of thought. I considered all the possibilities of where I would fit in this relationship. I wondered how I would react when the time came. More importantly, I wondered what my place in the relationship would be. Fantasies and my own secret desires pushed to the surface

Friday, I awoke with a start, the sun shining through my windows, and realizing that I had overslept. I reached for the stupid alarm clock, but Mom's voice stopped me in my tracks. "It's okay, Thomas. I turned it off. I also called you in sick. Your boss said he hoped you would be feeling better soon."

I sat up in bed and looked around. Mom was sitting in my office chair in front of my computer, turned to face me. She looked incredible. She was wearing a black baby doll of sheer silky material. I could see her breasts completely through the transparent fabric, my eyes drawn again and again to her large, thick nipples. Mom stood up and walked over to the bed. The hem of her negligee didn't quite reach Mom's crotch and I got another good look at the black thatch of pubic hair between her legs and extending outwards in a rough "V" pattern to end high above her pubic mound

"Mom?" It was a question, no, many questions in a single word.

Mom stroked my face with the back of her hand. "All questions get answered today, son. Go shower and get cleaned up. Go downstairs and get some breakfast and then come up to Mommy's bedroom." Mom ran her forefinger and middle finger over my lips. They were wet and I realized that I could smell my mother's scent. I licked my lips and realized she'd just smeared her own pussy juices on my mouth. "Mom grinned evilly at my surprised look. "Hurry," she said softly and then turned and marched out of my room.

You bet your ass I hurried! I showered and shaved. I dressed casual, just some gym shorts and a T-shirt. I went down stairs and gobbled up a couple of bowls of cereal and then sprinted up the stairs two at a time. Standing in front of Mom's door, I collected myself. I mean, I was breathing hard and my heart was pounding. I hesitated for a second before knocking on the door. This was a big step, a step way beyond my wildest fantasies. As I went to knock, Mom opened the door and smiled at me.

"Whatever are you waiting for, Thomas?" Mom asked with a laugh. She preened in front of me, showing off her mostly naked body and then pressed herself against me, her breasts pillowing against my chest and her hairy bush brushing against my shorts. As she leaned in for a kiss, I could smell her perfume mixing in with her scent, the heady mix making me dizzy and making me hard! Her tongue slipped into my mouth and our tongues teased and danced for long seconds.

Finally, ending the kiss, Mom took my hand and said, "C'mon in, darling. Momma's going to rock your world." She led me into the room and walked over to a door next to her closet, pausing only to pick a set of keys off the dresser. I knew that Mom and Dad had converted the bedroom next to theirs into a store room and additional closet space, but the entrance to the room from their bedroom had always been locked with a serious deadbolt. Frankly, it never really piqued my interest and I had never tried to get into it.

Mom unlocked the door, flicked a light switch and led me into a short, but wide corridor. I gasped as I looked on the walls. All sorts of sex toys and costumes and other things were on shelves and hooks. Mom paused and laughed as I took it in. There were vibrators and dildos and what I recognized from the girlie magazines as vibrating eggs. There were several leather outfits and masks and various types of dog collars including the one Dad had been wearing that night a week ago. There were manacles and handcuffs and chains. There were paddles and whips and feathers and things I flat out didn't recognize!

Mom squeezed my hand and said, "We call this the Toy Chest. C'mon." She led me through the passageway and unlocked a second door. If I was stunned by the Toy Chest, I was absolutely shocked by what we next entered. "This is the Play Room, Thomas," Mom said.

It was a fucking dungeon is what it was! "Omigod, Mom!" I whispered as I stared. The walls and floor seemed to be a mix of foam and rubber, soft, but barely yielding to our weight. On one wall, chains and manacles were inset. An A-frame device in one corner also appeared to have chains and manacles for both arms and legs. An oddly shaped block of furniture also had manacles and I realized that if a person was draped over this face down that their ass would be offered up on high. My cock throbbed at the possibilities. In another corner were a comfortable easy chair with a adjoining mini-fridge and a bookshelf with books and CDs and a CD player.

Mom pressed the keys into my hand. "These are yours, son. You now have access to our little secret playground. The big key lets you in and the smaller key works on all the cuffs and little locks." Mom turned and put her arms around my neck. "Now, it's time to ask you to willingly join our fun and games." Mom leaned into me, again grounding her body against me. In a mocking, teasing voice, she said, "Is my little Thomas ready to become Mommy's slave?"

In a split second, I had an epiphany. I knew what I had to do and I embraced it heart and soul. "No." I replied.

Mom was grinning, rubbing her breasts, nipples hard and swollen, against my chest. "Mommy's going to love..." Mom's eyes opened wide and she looked up at me. "Did you just say 'no?'" she asked me, stepping back in disbelief.

I grinned at her and took her by the wrists, pulling her back against me, thrusting my groin against hers. "Didn't you ever consider another possibility, Mom? You've been the master for so long. Didn't you ever think that your master would arrive someday?"

Mom's eyes went wide and she exclaimed, "Not you. I'm the Mistress here and like your father, you'll serve me!" Even as she protested though, I could feel her nipples actually swell larger against my chest and the sweet, pungent scent of her cunt thickened in the air.

"Come now, Mom. You raised me. You served as my inspiration. You made me the strong willed individual I am. Tell the truth, Mom. You raised me and trained me to one day become your master." Just talking like this to my mother was a turn on. My cock felt like it would explode as I held Mom firmly against me. I leaned in and kissed her passionately, my turn to push my tongue into her mouth.

I'll give Mom credit, she fought back, struggling to break my grip on her wrist, trying to turn away from my kiss, but I pressed on, forcing my tongue between her lips. I almost came as I felt her moan and yield, giving me...offering me her tongue. We kissed like lovers, long and passionate and wet.

I ended the kiss, a long streamer of saliva joining our mouths. It snapped and splattered into her cleavage.

"Who's your master, Mom?"

Mom snarled and spat at my face. "Fuck you!"

I laughed and tightened my grip on her wrists, making her cry out. "Yes you will, Mom, but first acknowledge that your son is your master!"

Mom's face was a mask of pain and lust. "Never, you little dog! I'm your mistress! Let me go!"

It flashed through my mind to rip her clothes off, but I had a better idea. I squeezed her wrists tighter and Mom sobbed as she began to lower herself to the ground.. "Stop, Thomas. I -- I'm your mother! You're hurting me!"

"That's right, Mom. You are my mother and now you're my slave too and you love it!" Mom's knees hit the ground and I let her go. I loved the image of Mom on her knees before me and the taste of power was sweet! Mom looked up at me with tears in her eyes, but she was aroused. Her chest was heaving with excitement, her nipples swollen and erect, piercing through the filmy material of her negligee. Redness spread over her upper chest, her sexual flush betraying her true feelings.

"Admit it, Mom. You're excited. You want me to dominate you, to own and possess you. You've needed this. As much as you enjoy dominating Dad, submitting to me is an even bigger turn on."

Mom shivered and glared up at me, but said nothing. "Take that nightgown off, Mom. I didn't give you permission to wear it. Strip naked for me right now." Mom remained defiant and didn't move.

"Your ass now belongs to me, Mom! Get naked for me now and your punishment will be light. Keep me waiting and I promise you it will be harsh!"

Mom gasped at the harsh tone in my voice. I'd never spoken to her this way before, with so much menace and control. Fingers shaking, Mom reached up and pulled the straps of her babydoll off and let the thing fall apart and down. Now she was naked. "Very good, slave," I replied and scarcely believing I was doing it, I reached down and took Mom by her long dark hair and dragged her across the room to the bench I'd seen earlier. Yanking her up and over it, I stretched Mom across the bench.

My own hands were shaking as I locked Mom's arms into place and then her legs. The second set of cuffs had the effect of spreading Mom's legs wide, revealing her wet pussy in the middle of her furry muff which was sopping wet with her cream. I had a hard time getting the ankle cuffs on her, my face just inches from her beautiful cunt!

"Oh, Thomas, please, you can't do this to me. I'm your mother," Mom whispered hoarsely as I stood over her, admiring her helpless and exposed body, ass raised high offering me her most private parts.

"Yes, you are. You're my mother slut of a slave." I replied. "But I didn't give you permission to speak, did I?" I turned and walked back to the Toy Chest. I picked up a few items. Standing in front of Mom again, I held up a leather face mask. It had air holes to breath through and removable Velcro patches for the mouth and eyes. Mom gasped when she realized what I was about to do.

"Oh no, no, no, no, son! You can't, you wouldn't!" Mom said, struggling in vain to get loose.

"Oh yes, Mom! My momma slut slave needs to learn her manners. You can't speak unless given permission." I knelt down and with a minimal amount of struggling, pulled the face mask over Mom's head. Her protests were feeble and quickly muted. I could hear her crying through the leather.

"That's better, Mom. Learn your place, my little mother fuckslut whore. But punishment is still in order," I whispered in her ear. Quietly, I moved around behind Mom, now admiring her tight ass and the way her pussy was so wet, her juices were running down her thighs and dripping from her cunt to pool on the floor. Mom moaned again through the mask, but quieted down. I stood silent for several minutes as Mom strained her head pick up a clue, a glimmer of what I was doing.

A full fifteen minutes passed and then without warning, I lashed out with a wooden paddle I had taken from the Toy Chest and slapped it across Mom's shapely cheeks. Mom let out a squall that both broke my heart and made me almost lose my load. I gave her another whack with the paddle and another. Ten licks with the paddle in all before I stopped. Mom's asscheeks were bright red and I knew she'd be sitting a bit uncomfortable for the next day or two. I was about to cum in my shorts which were damp with precum. I knew that if I even touched my cock I would come. Mom's body shook enticingly as she cried.

I walked around and removed the Velcro patch over her mouth. "So, Mom, do you think you'll remember to not speak without permission from now on?"

Mom's mouth pursed into a pout and I thought for a second she was going to scream and curse, but she just nodded and said, "Yes, son."

I laughed and replied, "From now on, the proper response will be, 'Yes, my son and master,' understand, Mom?"

Mom snuffled back a sob and replied, "Yes, m-m-my son and master."

"Very good, Momslut of mine. Now, maybe soon I'll reward your obedience." I put the mouth patch back on and walked away. Back in Mom's room, the shakes overtook me and I had to sit down on the bed. I couldn't believe what I'd done. I'd just beaten my mother with a wooden paddle and we'd both enjoyed it! I could smell Mom's arousal all the way in here. My cock ached with need. I tried to calm down, but my own lust was overwhelming. I could not calm down.

Several minutes passed and I could resist no longer. I stood up and quietly walked back to the Play Room. Mom was sniffing behind her mask, her body trembling with pain and need. She cocked her head left and right, sensing my movement, but not quite sure where I was.

Her inner thighs were soaked, as was the floor underneath. Mom's pussy lips were literally quivering, juices oozing from her aroused flesh. I crept up behind Mom and aimed my cock for her pussy. I hesitated just shy of her flesh, relishing the sensation of heat emanating from her twat.

Mom's head perked up, her instincts warning her someone was near. To her credit, she didn't cry or call out, at least until I had thrust home, burying my cock in the sweetest, most wonderful place ever! Though her mouth was covered, still she gave a loud, muffled scream as with one stroke I buried my long, hard cock in her to the hilt.

I didn't say a word, not giving her the satisfaction of being positive it was me, but rather, I simply fucked my mother hard and fast with long strokes. Mom's pussy, used to a smaller cock, felt deliciously tight and silky as I pumped in and out. Mom's cunt walls tried clasping my cock as I fucked her, making the sinful sensations all the more delightful. I loved feeding it all to her, grinding my groin against her upraised ass and pussy mound, feeling her heavy, wild hair against my flesh, our pubic hairs tangling and then tearing apart.

Mom's pussy was a slick, wet inferno, a far hotter pussy than any I'd ever encountered. The few girls I'd been with paled in comparison with my mother's pussy. Suddenly, Mom's body began to spasm, her arms and legs straining against her bonds. Her cunt muscles clamped down tightly around my cock. Her pussy bathed my cock with a sudden torrent of fiery pussy cream. Mom was cumming! I was making her cum!

Just the thought that it was my cock making my mother cream sent me over the edge! With a growl, I thrust my cock as deep as I could inside my mother and yielded to the sweetest sensation a man could ever know -- filling up my mother with my hot semen! Mom screamed anew and her convulsions turned violent as my orgasm only served as fuel to make her own more intense. I came and came, emptying a tremendous load of my seed into my own mother's womb.

As my ejaculations ceased, I abruptly withdrew from her clasping vagina and moved around in front of her. I ripped off the mouthpiece of her leather mask and said, "Open wide, Momslut! Clean your master's cock." I pressed my cock, lathered up with pussy juice and sperm, against her lips and Mom opened her mouth and took me inside. My knees almost buckled from the incredible waves of pleasure that Mom's tongue produced as it rolled over my very sensitive cock and as Mom sucked the last remnants of my seed from my still erect penis.

I was a happy man as for the next several minutes I permitted my mother the pleasure of cleaning and then sucking my cock. Mom threw herself into it enthusiastically, working up quite a sweat, her

body glistening from her effort. She wordlessly groaned when I finally stepped back, my penis still long, thick and erect, and dripping with Mom's saliva.

I reached down and undid the mask, pulling it off to reveal Mom's sweat streaked red face, her luxurious black hair in a mad tangle. She looked up at me with some anger and fear. I smiled down and said, "You may thank me for making you cum, Mom."

Mom scowled, her eyes blazing even as she said meekly, "Thank you for my orgasm, my son and master."

I grinned and said, "You're welcome, Momslut. Would you like more?"

Expressions of desire fought with Mom's dwindling resistance to being submissive. Desire finally won and Mom whispered, "Yes, my son and master. Please fuck me again."

"Gladly," I replied. I walked around behind Mom again, her cunt now gaping open and dripping both semen and pussy juice on the floor. I put both hands on Mom's tight butt cheeks and spread them as wide as I could, exposing Mom's little brown asshole. Mom gasped, realizing what was about to happen even as I pressed my cock against her anus. As I pressed into her, forcing her anus to yield to my saliva covered dick, I said, "Mom, you have permission to yell and scream all you want." Then I popped my cock into her ass, her sphincter muscles suddenly relaxing as my swollen cockhead forced its way inside Mom's ass.

Mom cried out loudly in pain, her whole body going rigid as my cock invaded her anus. I groaned as her hot skin enveloped my cock. Her muscles seemed to pull me along and with several quick thrusts, had most of my cock up Mom's ass.

"OHGODOHGODOHGODOHGOD!" Mom sobbed over and over as I sank deeper and deeper into her bowels. Mom's ass was tighter than anything pussy I'd ever had before and beyond my own amazement for having had the nerve to assfuck my mother was my new found appreciation for a woman's ass.

Mom's cries of pain slowly leveled out to be replaced by moans of pleasure as I settled into a steady fucking rhythm. "MMMMMMYesssss! Fuck me, Thomas, fuck me my lord and master! Fuck Mommy's ass my son and master, with that big hot cock!" Despite being restrained, Mom made every effort to drive her ass backwards to meet my thrusts, desiring to take me deeper.

It wasn't long before Mom began to make "I'm cumming," noises. I began slapping her already reddened ass cheeks to urge her on. Mom began to shriek, louder with each slap of my palm, the mixture of pain and lust bringing her pleasure to new heights until she screamed incoherently as she again began to orgasm. Soon after, I exploded again, emptying a massive load of sperm in my mother's ass.

I withdrew and left the room, commanding Mom to be quiet and to not make a sound. I returned shortly from Mom's bathroom with a wet wash cloth. Mom, who tried to look subservient the entire time, sighed visibly when I bent down and unlocked her restraints. As I undid Mom's ankles, I admired the lovely sight of both Mom's anus and pussy leaking my seed. I was amazed at the amount of semen and pussy juice pooled on the floor

I walked over and set down in the easy chair. "Stand up, my Momslut."

Mom moaned and eased herself off the furniture block. Her body shook from the stress of the past hour or so. "Look down, slave. Look at the mess you made."

Mom stared down at the puddle of our mixed cum. "Did you have permission to leak my precious seed from your body, Mom?"

Mom flashed me a momentarily scornful look, but as I raised an eyebrow and lifted my paddle, she looked down hurriedly and softly said, "No, my son and master."

"Then you must be punished. Lick it up, Mom."

My mother glanced up astonished, her face flushing anew. "I can't, Thomas. Don't make me, please. I'm your mother."

"YOU'RE MY MOMSLUT, SLAVE!" I roared. I stood up and Mom cringed back a little. I felt both ashamed and exhilarated to have intimidated my mother so. "You will lick up our cum juices or I'll beat you and then you can lick it up."

Mom whimpered, but quickly sank to her knees and began lapping up the puddle of semen and pussy juice. Tears ran down her face as she did so, but I noticed that her nipples were as swollen as tight as ripe grapes. Watching Mom obey was already making me hard again. Mom was diligent and within a few minutes, had licked the floor's surface clean. "Did you enjoy your little snack, Mom," I asked. "Be truthful. I'll know if you lie."

Mom looked ashamed as she said softly, "Yes, my son and master. It was delicious."

"Good, I'm sure you'll have many such snacks in the future. Now, crawl over here and clean me up!"

Mom complied without argument and my cock came to full mast as I watched her sexily crawl across the room like a sleek jungle cat. She took the washcloth from me and proceeded to lovingly and gently clean my cock off. She kept glancing up at me, her eyes now simply filled with desire.

"My son and master, may I speak?" Mom whispered.

"Permission granted," I replied.

"My son and master, your magnificent cock is hard and swollen again. May I have the honor and pleasure of sucking my son's cock?" Mom raised her head up and smiled at me...the same smile I have treasured my whole life.

"I'd love that, Mom!" I said, reaching out and stroking her tear stained face. Mom proceeded to give me the blowjob of a lifetime. She took her sweet time, stretching it out, easing off when I came close to cumming and then resuming. Mom's tongue seemed almost supernatural in its ability to create pleasure. It was my turn to be trembling and sweating as over what seemed to be an eternity, Mom sucked and licked my throbbing dick.

As Mom brought me closer to the point of no return, she whispered, "Would my son and master like to cum on Mommy's face?" I nodded quickly and Mom wrapped her lips around the head of my cock and fluttered her tongue across the top of my cock and then began stroking my shaft as she let me slip free from her mouth. "Cum for Mommy, son. Please, cum for Mommy, my son and master."

And so I did! With a groan, I began cumming, shooting thick ropes of semen into Mom's face, splattering it across her forehead and into her jet black hair, across her nose cheeks and into Mom's hungry, open mouth.

The day went on from there. Mom seemed to quickly come to terms with her new status. We spent the day exercising a few erotic fantasies. I couldn't believe how many erections I was able to muster. In late afternoon, we took a long nap in Mom and Dad's bed, Mom in my arms, wearing nothing but a studded black leather collar that I thought looked good on her and that sexy black widow from the previous Friday.

After we woke up, we talked about the future and Dad and everything. I told her what I wanted to do. Mom made a few suggestions and then we went back to the Play Room to await Dad's arrival home from the office.

When Dad arrived, he found us locked in passion's embrace. Mom's arms were suspended from the A-Frame, she barely able to stand on tip toe and I was fucking her in the ass again from behind, my fingers teasing the clamps attached to her swollen nipples. Mom was wearing a ball gag, which did little to muffle her moans and sobs. My semen leaked from her pussy as well, having just finished depositing my third load of the day in Mom's sweet snatch.

Dad stood in the doorway, mouth gaping open in disbelief. His son covered in well earned fuck sweat and his wife's sweaty, jism smeared body taking her son's cock in the ass.

"There's a new Sheriff in town, Dad, so strip down and put on your slave collar. My Momslut's cunt needs a good licking and you're just the dog to do it!" I snarled.

Dad looked just dumbstruck and said, "Um, what?" as he stared at me pistoning my cock in and out of Mom's ass. "Uh, Victoria, what the hell is going on?"

"Mom's not in charge anymore, dog!" I crowed. "I'M THE MASTER NOW! GET MOVING, YOU FUCKING SLAVE OR MOM WILL BE WEARING YOUR BALLS FOR EARRINGS!" I roared.

Dad shivered and swallowed hard. He turned around and walked back to the Toy Chest, removing his shirt as he went. Over Mom's shoulder, I watched as my father hurriedly stripped off his clothes and put on his regular slave collar. His cock was so hard it slapped against his belly like it probably did when he was a teenager.

He came timidly into the room and with an expression of extreme humility, asked, "Master, do I need to use a cock ring?" He looked at me hopefully.

"Of course, dog....not that you'll be doing much cumming around here anymore." I said with scorn. Dad clamped on the cock ring and then returned to the room. I commanded him to kneel in front of Mom and eat my sperm out of her cunt. With amazement, Dad immediately went to it. Mom moaned and cried and shivered and had orgasm after orgasm, culminating in a monster cum as I gave her what I think was my seventh load of the day!

Exhausted, I pulled out, my cock throbbing with a dull, not unpleasant ache and staggered over and collapsed in the easy chair. "Slave, what are you waiting for? My Momslut has an asshole full of her son's spunk, go clean it out. Don't swallow it, though, she's probably ready for a snack!"

As I watched, Dad hurried around behind Mom and spreading her ass cheeks, buried his nose in her crack as he lapped my spunk out of Mom's butt. Mom continued to shake, barely able to keep on

her toes as orgasmic waves of delight rippled through her body.

When Dad finished his tasty chore, I instructed him to remove Mom's ball gag and kiss her, sharing with her my thick, still warm seed. I ordered Dad to release her from her restraints and had her brought over to me. She curled up at my feet, her cum smeared face resting on my thigh. Dad was forced to kneel in front of me as I explained the new way of the world to him.

"I'm the master now. Mom belongs to me, not you. You're the low man on the totem pole, you're sucking hind tit for the rest of your life."

"Yes, my son and master," murmured Dad, his hard on throbbing more than ever.

"My word is law. If I am not here, then Mom is your master and you will continue to obey her every whim."

"Yes, my son and master," replied Dad.

"One last thing, Slave," I said. "There's a change in our sleeping arrangements. I'm moving into the master bedroom with Mom. She needs a firm hand and a large cock all the time."

Dad's jaw clenched a little. He was truly caught in a catch-22. I was taking his wife from him and rubbing his face in it, but his masochistic side really loved it. In a tight voice, Dad replied, "Yes, my son and master. Shall I move myself into your old room?"

I laughed derisively. "No! A proper dog always sleeps at the foot of his master's bed! You will make your bed on the floor of our bedroom where you will always have the privilege of listening to me fuck your wife's brains out every night!" This has been one of Mom's suggestions. She knew it would get Dad's masochistic rocks off.

Dad was shivering with effort now. His cock looked as if it might burst. "In a strangled voice, Dad muttered, "Thank you, my son and master!"

And so our evening ended, Mom and I watching Dad with some amusement as he fixed a little nest at the foot of the bed. I allowed him to take off the cock ring and masturbate while watching me fuck Mom on their bed. My head was swimming as I tried to grapple with the heady rush of the power I suddenly had over my parents. I mean, there we were, Mom spread-eagled on the bed, begging me to fuck her harder while I rammed my cock in and out of her while Dad stood off to one side, stroking his erection.

I commanded him to cum on Mom's face and within a few minutes he did. The sight of Dad's jism dripping off his wife's face was too much for me and I felt my balls tighten and the wonderful sensation of a cum racing up my shaft. I pulled out of Mom and scrambled up to straddle her chest, managing to hold off my own orgasm until I could splatter the meager remnants of my seed in her face (in my wildest masturbation crazes, I'd never cum eight times in one day!) Mom sucked the last drops of my semen from my aching, weary cock and then I ordered Dad to lick her face clean

My first night as lord and master of my parents' household ended with Dad, lying at the foot of the bed in a nest of blankets and pillows, no doubt embarrassed and aroused as Mom and I cuddled up on what used to be his bed, whispering sweet nothings to each other.

The last thing I remember is the sweet sensation of Mom's warm flesh pressing into mine, her long, shapely leg draped across my legs and her thick, furry muff scraping deliciously against my thigh

and her lips nuzzling my neck as I drifted off to sleep, dreaming of our future. I dreamed of Mom dominating Dad and myself dominating Mom and all the exciting adventures that were our future.

The End?