



Big Fat Cock by silkstockingslover

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Summary:

A lengthy series of a young man who learns the power of having a big fat cock.

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Big Fat Cock: A Hot Mommy Seduced

Summary: Nerd discovers the power his big, fat cock has over women.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story doesn't come until a sequel (if enough people express interest), later on in the sexual journey of our protagonist Kevin.

Note 2: This is a **HALLOWEEN 2018 CONTEST STORY** so please vote.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Robert, Wayne and Well_Hung_Well_Off for editing this story.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced

My Dad and I never got along.

Partly because he divorced my Mother after cheating on her with not only her best friend, but also with her sister and her mother... yes that's right, my father fucked my aunt and grandmother... I would later learn he'd done it often and sometimes at the same time.

Partly because he was a lazy slob that did fuck all, and yet he always had some well-off hot woman giving him her favours and money. I guess you could call him a gigolo, except the arrangements were never formal... he just demanded and got things... and gigolos are supposed to be suave and sophisticated, where he just had the manners of an entitled dickhead.

Partly because he was an athlete, or used to be before the beer gut, where I am no more than a lowly scholar with the athletic ability of a turtle. Brilliant but shy.

Partly because he still treated my Mother like shit, and my Mother let him. I hated watching my pretty, sweet, smart (she was a prominent attorney), normally strong-willed Mother getting treated like shit by him, even after their divorce.

Partly because he was an asshole and had always spent almost no time with me. He was a social butterfly, I was a loner.

Then this past summer, suddenly he wanted to hang out. I rejected his offers for summer camping trips, but in October, a couple months into my senior year at high school (I was already eighteen because I'd originally started school a year late) my Mother reminded me I only had one father. I pointed out that what I had was only one sperm donor so no biggie, which just made her sigh. So to please my Mom, who urged me strongly to give my Dad a chance after he had stopped by, looking flustered with her cheeks red, I assumed they'd had another all-out yell fight like usually happened when he came over. They talked, they disappeared, they yelled, Mom looked flustered and upset, and the cycle continued.

So alas, I found myself at a lake, a mosquito-filled lake of course, in mid-October of all times, with my father and his ridiculously pretty girlfriend, who was only three years older than I and whose daddy owned many hotels, when my Dad and I discovered the greatest secret ever.

I was on the boat with him fishing... which was without a doubt the most boring thing I'd ever done in my life, when I told him, "I've got to pee."

Dad, a beer in one hand and his fishing rod in the other, said, "So? Piss off the edge of the boat."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Sure, what other option do you have?" He asked.

"We could be civilised and go back to shore," I suggested.

"Not yet," he refused. "We haven't caught our quota."

"I'm not peeing off the edge of any boat, there are other people on the lake," I argued.

He shrugged, not caring what I wanted as usual, "Then hold it."

And I did... for twenty more minutes... but when I again pleaded to return to shore and he again refused my request, I sighed, glaring at him, "Fuck it!" I then stood at the edge of the boat, pulled down my shorts and started pissing.

It felt so good to finally release it, because of having such a full bladder almost as good as my orgasms when I jerked off (which I did at least twice a day), when I was startled by my Dad exclaiming, "Holy shit, you at least inherited one good thing from me!"

"What?" I asked, even as I kept pissing and looking at my father, who was staring at my cock while I pissed. It was fucking weird.

"You have a big, fat dick too, my boy," he approved, looking proud of me for the first time ever.

"Why are you perving on my pissing?" I asked, as I continued the longest piss in world history.

"I'm not perving," he denied, "I'm just glad to see that my son has indeed become a man."

"Well, stop staring, it's creepy," I objected, as my marathon urination began trickling to an end.

"Nothing wrong with admiring what my son is packing," he told me.

"This is so weird," I complained, finally putting my dick away.

"You have no idea what a blessing it is for you to have a dick that large," he pontificated, as he stood up and pulled down his sweats.

"Dad, what are you doing?" I objected as I looked away.

"Showing you that we at last have something in common," he explained, seeming to be excited about it.

"We both have dicks; wow, thanks Dad," I dismissed sarcastically.

He sighed, like he always did when he was disappointed in me, which was often, "Kevin, stop being a wuss. Seeing another guy's dick isn't a big deal." He then added, roaring with laughter at his own version of wit, "Except this time it *is* a big deal. Now check me out."

"I'm good," I said, looking away, grossed out by this entire conversation.

"Now!" he ordered, using the authoritarian tone he used when he was pissed off and demanding to be listened to.

"Fine," I agreed reluctantly, hoping the sooner I looked at his dick, the sooner this stupid conversation would be over. I looked over and saw that his dick was almost identical to mine.

"See? You inherited my dick," he said, "and then some," waving his big cock around with no shame. He was right, his was almost as big as mine.

"Does that mean I also inherit your ability to *be* a dick all the time?" I asked sarcastically.

My father ignored my sarcasm as he answered, "Actually, it does."

"Really?" I asked, even as he put his dick away, which was admittedly quite big, although not quite as big as mine, and tossed out his line to try for another fish.

"You know how the girl with the biggest tits, the nicest ass or the prettiest face gets all the attention from the guys?" he asked as we sat there with our lines in the water doing nothing.

"Yeah," I nodded, knowing all too well the hierarchy that was high school.

"The same thing can happen to you once the sluts know what you're packing down below," he explained.

"Yeah, sure," I laughed, knowing how ignored I was by the cheerleaders, the athletes and, well, almost every girl around, truth be told. I was also disgusted by his disrespect for women by using the term 'sluts' instead of 'girls' or 'women', or even the not much better 'babes'.

"I'm serious," he said. "How do you think I get all the hot chicks?"

"Blackmail or cash," I speculated, only somewhat joking. Actually, I'd always wondered about the answer to that exact question. I mean my Dad used to be an athlete and in shape, but he was hardly a catch now... not to mention he always behaved like a sexist asshole.

He laughed, "You're not the first one to assume that. Nope, it's all about dick size."

"So you just stroll around getting women because of how big you are?" I asked. Although the idea sounded stupid and superficial, I was already well aware that most girls were superficial and sometimes stupid, and this could be the answer to one of the greatest mysteries I had yet to figure out...how my Dad got gorgeous woman after gorgeous woman. This year alone he'd dated a cheerleader from the Patriots, a model who was on the cover of lots of fashion magazines, and now a hot young bombshell who had more money than most movie stars.

"It's sure not my witty personality," he admitted, making a joke for once.

"That I can believe," I agreed.

"Look, I know I've been a shitty father, but now we have something in common, which means that now I can finally give you some fatherly advice, and good advice even," he said, looking excited about his son for the first time ever. Usually such excitement was reserved for the Patriots, Red Sox, Celtics or Bruins.

"About how to use a big cock?" I asked sardonically.

"Exactly," he beamed. After a pause, he asked, "Are you still a virgin?"

My face suddenly burning red likely giving him his answer, as I didn't say anything.

He chuckled, "No worries son, that is going to change very, very soon."

He actually called me 'son'! He *never* called me son. It was either Kevin or dumb-ass, but never son.

But I only answered with, "I doubt it."

"My boy, everything has just changed. Now that I know you're like me down there, the whole world is about to open up for you."

"I don't see how," I said, still skeptical, but also becoming intrigued, "even if you're right, which I'm not saying you are, it's not like I can just announce at school: 'Hey everybody, guess what I have.'"

"Actually you can," he disagreed, before adding, "or wait for word of mouth to do the job once someone finds out."

"Whatever," I scoffed, still finding this conversation bizarre and trying to hide my own curiosity about his theory. Plus, even though I didn't realize it until now, I did like discovering something in common... deep down I'd always wanted my Dad to see me as his son, not just as his sperm deposit mistake.

"I'll prove how powerful a big, fat cock can be," he said, at last putting his boring fishing rod away and cranking up the boat.

"How?" I asked, being drawn in by his confidence.

"It'll be better if I show you," he put me off, and headed the boat back to shore. I had no idea what he was thinking, but as the boat surged loudly across the water, it was no longer easy to carry on a conversation.

Once we were on the shore he ordered, "Leave the shit in the boat and come with me."

Being relatively lazy myself (something else I had inherited from my father... LOL), and by now quite curious about my Dad's promise of demonstrating his point to me, I followed him off the boat and back to the cabin... which, by the way, was twice the size of the house I currently lived in with my Mom.

Once we'd gone inside, Dad ordered his newest girlfriend, who by the way was dressed in a bikini top, a short skirt and some much-appreciated pantyhose (which made no sense at the lake, but which prompts a detour in my story). I appreciated her apparel because I have a massive nylon fetish. This is because of my hot Mom, who wore them every day of her life. She wore them when she was dressed for work, under her jeans, even under her robe in the morning or before bed, which was always something I never understood but nevertheless got off on looking at. My Mom's legs and feet in nylons were one of my three biggest jerk off fantasies, the other two being our high school's huge-busted but bitch of a principal; I often fantasized just shutting her up with my cock in her mouth or sodomizing her ass (I can't explain it, but I am way more intrigued by anal sex than vaginal), and my third jerk off fantasy was to somehow turn my lesbian English teacher straight; she being such a feminist that I often imagined shutting her up with my dick, too.

Now, where was I? Oh yes, my Dad was ordering his girlfriend to "Go get our shit out of the boat."

"Sure, honey," she agreed, setting down her cocktail, sauntering over and giving him a kiss while my Dad mauled her ass, before heading out.

No please, no thank you, just 'Go get our shit out of the boat,' and it got done. I joked, "Nice manners, Dad. You're a real gentleman."

"Sluts don't want manners, they want a man who's in control and who has a big, fat cock."

"Oh, okay," I said, shaking my head at this ridiculous sexist philosophy... which I was sure he actually believed.

"You mock me now," he said, "but wait and see. Women will do almost anything for a big, fat cock."

"In the porn movies, sure," I agreed, having watched a lot of porn on the internet and indeed noticing that I was bigger than almost every porn star, and that women seemed completely hypnotized by the size of their cocks... in porn the bigger the better seeming actually to be true.

"Trust me, it's psychological," he said.

Unable to help I myself, I taunted him, "Can you even spell that word?"

After a pause he shrugged, "Probably not, but I *have* done a lot of research to prove my point."

"You should write your Master's," I joked.

"Funny you should say that," he chuckled.

"What? Why?" I asked. No way my Dad would ever be academically qualified enough to get his Master's, or a college degree of any kind... he admitted he'd only managed to get his high school diploma because of his athletics.

"Because I'm a Master to a lot of women," he said.

"Of course you are," I responded, making it clear I wasn't buying any of his bullshit... I mean that's what *he* did all the time... talk bullshit.

"You'll see," he said. "Why do you think a hot, wealthy girl like Portia is not only out here with me, but willingly doing menial tasks like getting our shit out of the boat?"

"Because she's as dumb as they come," I said, the majority of his women being as bright as a ten-watt bulb.

"Actually she's attending Harvard," he said. "Third year. Biochemistry."

"No way," I scoffed, that just not seeming possible. She looked and spoke like a bimbo.

"True story," he nodded, "she's as brilliant as you are, yet she flew out here just to be my slut for the weekend. And she paid for the cabin rental."

"No way," the idea too ludicrous to be true, yet why else would she be here with someone twice her age... with a guy who was a four at best, while she was a twelve out of ten.

He ignored my response and continued, "But all chicks, smart or dumb, feminist or not, get weak in the knees at the sight of a big, fat cock."

"That's ridiculous," I repeated, still not buying his bullshit... his entire life had been full of bullshit.

"You're a genius, right?" He asked.

"I'm in the top ten percent," I shrugged, although it was really more like the top one percent, but I wasn't a blowhard asshole like someone else in the room.

"What happens to your Mensa brain when you see a hot girl, a big pair of tits or you're watching porn?" he asked.

I didn't respond right away, as he'd finally made a point I couldn't argue against. Once the blood started rushing into my lower head, my upper head changed. I wasn't as smart, but in my fantasies I became a much different person... suddenly in a stunning flash of dismayed clarity I realized I became just like my father... dominant and smug... both things I wasn't in real life. Well, even at normal times I could be smug around people I found insipid.

"Exactly," he said, reading my mind. "Women aren't as different from men as society would like us to think. They like sex, but they're not supposed to admit it. They crave big cocks like we crave big tits. In the end, behind the façade of propriety is the truth: given the opportunity, most women have an inner slut who wants to come out and play."

"And your big dick provides that opportunity?" I asked, only partially sarcastic.

"Almost every woman will indeed take the opportunity once they know what I have," he bragged.

"Just the sluts," I countered, not able to fathom any classy woman falling for his malarkey, even though some of the women he'd been with since the divorce had seemed classy... at least at first.

"Is your Mother a slut?" he asked.

"Huh?" I asked. I was stunned he would have the gall to ask that. Since he left us Mom hadn't dated anyone. She was anything but a slut, and he knew I would support her over him every time.

"Do you know I still fuck your Mother?" he asked, a smug smile on his face.

"No way," I denied, even though I could see he was telling the truth. He was too arrogant to lie: he was who he was and if he said something you didn't like, tough shit.

"She still even dresses the way I expect her to," he added.

"The nylons," I said, instantly knowing, having noticed that his women were always in nylons, but somehow had never made the connection it was his doing. For a smart guy, I can be pretty dumb sometimes.

"You noticed," he nodded. "It's my thing."

Before I even had time to think, I acknowledged we had something else in common as I added, "Mine too."

"Cool: like father, like son," he said, before adding, "you see, once you give a woman the fucking she craves with a big, fat dick like the ones we have, she can never say no to you."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. I have fucked a woman on her wedding day, both before and after her forever 'I do's'. I have fucked a church minister's wife *and* daughter while he was giving a sermon. I have fucked more than one woman while her small-dicked husband watched, and I have fucked your Mother in dozens of wild places, including in the ass at your debate championship," he listed proudly.

"You did what?" I asked, astounded, in awe of his list of crazy shit, but blown away at hearing him say he fucked Mom's ass, and worse yet while

they were supposed to be watching me as I won State.

"No offense son, but debate championships are the most boring things ever," he said.

I wasn't surprised he'd ditched it, but Mom had too, and to get her ass fucked???

Finally I said it, my tone one of disbelief, "You sodomize Mom?"

"Never used the word sodomize, but yeah she loves it in the ass, and since I don't want kid number two, I *only* use her mouth and ass," he admitted.

"You're a dick," I said, disgusted.

"And a big one," he agreed, just as Portia returned to the cabin.

"Not as big as mine," I said smugly.

"There ya go," he roared, before he said, "Babe, do you know what I learned today?"

"No, what, honey?" she asked.

"My son has an even bigger dick than mine," he announced, in the same way my Mother would brag about my debate championship.

"Good for him," she said, looking at me with a smile as she slipped out of her runners, which looked ludicrous with her outfit anyway. Then, like I did anytime a woman was in nylon-clad feet in front of me, I stared at her purple painted toenails, encased so attractively in her mocha-coloured nylons.

"I also learned he's a virgin," he added smugly.

"I didn't know eighteen-year-old virgins even existed," she said, not in a cruel way, but in a genuinely surprised way.

"I'm out of here," I said, mortified at being humiliated like this. How dare he out me like that? And to a girl!

Portia suddenly showed some real class when she grabbed my hand and brought me to a dead halt saying, her voice so soft and sweet, as my cock instantly hardened, "Sweetheart! It's okay. We were all virgins once."

"Yeah, until I was like fourteen," my Dad joked.

"Don't listen to your father," Portia said, "there is no right or wrong time to lose your cherry."

"How about now?" Dad asked.

"What?" Portia asked, looking at him surprised. I too had a similar look. Was he going to let me fuck his super- hot girlfriend? Would I actually do it?

"Well, he loves nylons and hot sluts and you love a big, fat cock, so it looks to me like a match made in heaven," Dad pontificated benignly, as if this were the most logical thing ever.

"He's your son," Portia pointed out the obvious.

I couldn't say anything; I was completely speechless.

"Look at the tent in his pants," Dad said, pointing to my very erect dick. "He seems to like the idea."

"Dad, I...." I began.

"Just show it to her," Dad suggested.

Portia interjected, "William, this isn't appropriate."

"Whip it out right now, son," he ordered, ignoring the woman's common-sense objection, just like he always did with Mom.

My cock was awkwardly stuck in a weird position in my underwear, and for some reason I wanted to show this hot woman how big I actually was, and to see if my Dad's theory was actually true. He did say a woman would do anything. And sucking her boyfriend's son's dick right in front of him would be a real good descriptor of anything. So I pulled down my pants and underwear in one quick plummet and let my Dad's girlfriend see my nine-and-a-half-inch-long cock with its seven-inch circumference.

"Jesus Christ!" she gasped as she stared at my cock. I wasn't sure if it was the size making her gasp like that, or the fact that her boyfriend's son had just whipped out his dick in front of her.

"Told you it was big," Dad bragged.

"Even bigger than yours," I confidently said again, getting a rush of adrenaline at the reality of this beautiful girl staring at my cock with the awe girls usually reserved for the hot guys at my school.

I looked at Dad smugly, but he just gave me a nod... as if giving me silent permission to use his girlfriend. Feeling a confidence I never had other than in some of my jerk off fantasies, I moved my hands to Portia's shoulders and firmly pushed down... just like I often did in my fantasies.

Like in my fantasies, I watched her fall for the idea instantly and allow herself to drop in front of me, her pretty face and delicious lips now poised right in front of my raging hard-on. I watched in awe as she wordlessly put her hand on my cock, not even able to wrap her hand entirely around it.

"Told ya, son," Dad said, smiling. "They become completely entranced by a big, fat cock."

Portia didn't deny his statement; instead she stared at my cock and stroked it slowly... completely captivated by it. The next words out of my mouth shocked me completely as I heard myself order, "Suck it, Slut."

She seemed to be about to say something, but I took the opening as my cue and slid my cock in her mouth.

"That's my boy, just take what you want," my Dad said proudly. I looked up at him and he was beaming approvingly at me for the first time ever. It gave me a rush.

Nothing can prepare you for your first blow job. You can imagine it. You can use a flesh light or some other sex toy. You can even try to fuck a pie like in the American Pie movie... which by the way is just messy and not very pleasurable... but the real thing is unlike anything you can ever imagine until it happens.

She bobbed on my cock slowly... thank God, as I could already feel my balls boiling in seconds, and I wanted this to last. Her mouth was so wet, which is a terribly feeble description to be coming from a Mensa brain like mine, but that's the best I could do at the time. Her tongue was pleasuring me, her lips were pleasuring me, her wet oasis of wetness was pleasuring me (yeah, I know, pathetic; deal with it).

The sight of her lips wrapped around my cock only enhanced the pleasure, as her actions were so submissive: on her knees, bobbing on my cock, serving me.

Of course, I didn't last two minutes.

I held back as long as I could though... before I grunted and without a word spewed my load down her throat.

The orgasm from oral sex was a million times better than my hand jobs could ever achieve. My entire body shook, my legs gave out a bit, and I actually needed her shoulders for balance as my load rocketed into her mouth.

She kept bobbing, milking my cock and retrieving all the cum she could... which was so fucking hot.

Suddenly Dad was there, I'd briefly forgotten he was even in the room, that my first blow job was not only a gift from his girlfriend, but she'd done it while he was here looking on. Portia was still slowly bobbing as he lifted her butt up and she somehow kept my cock in her mouth as he repositioned

her onto all fours. He said, "Keep sucking, slut. A young first-time stud like my son will have another load ready for you very soon."

Her response was to moan on my cock as he flipped up her skirt and slid into her cunt. I noticed her pantyhose were crotchless, which I had only seen in porn films, and that added to the hotness as I realized I was actually spit roasting a woman with my father! Bucket list item: check! (The spit roasting part, not because it was with my Dad on the other end.)

This was, without a doubt, the weirdest father-son bonding in history.

Dad explained, as he grabbed her hips and began fucking her hard, and she became a sexual rocking horse, "See my son, they can't resist big, fat cock."

"What if it's only big *or* fat?" I asked, now wanting to learn from the master, no longer doubting his expertise or philosophy.

"It needs to have both to get them to do anything," Dad said. "Sure, long is nice, but the thickness spreads her mouth, her pussy and her ass in ways that totally enhance her pleasure."

"Giving a blow job is pleasurable for her?" I asked.

"Fuck yeah," Dad nodded. "Serving a dominant man and making him happy is a major turn-on for a woman. Your Mother still loves sucking my dick. She blew me while you were packing."

"While Portia was there too?" I questioned.

"Portia understands I'm not a one-woman man," he said. "She just appreciates that she's at the top of the hierarchy right now."

"Surreal," I said, as I watched her taking both our cocks at once.

"If you want, you can fuck her too," Dad offered, "I'm sure she'd love your cock in her cunt or her ass... she really screams like a banshee when she takes it all in her ass... but on the other hand I think you'll appreciate it more if you recruit your first cunt slut yourself."

Although I did want to fuck this hot slut, Dad had a point. I needed to earn it; I needed to find my own slut. And with this new-found confidence, I somehow knew I could. I nodded, "Can I use her mouth all weekend?"

"Anytime," Dad agreed.

"And I do plan to fuck her too, once I get my own cum slut," I confidently said.

"I'm sure she'll meet you anytime, anyplace to ride that cock or take it up her back door," Dad agreed.

"Or both," I added.

"There ya go, you really are a Walsh," Dad beamed proudly.

"Now let's double-team this slut," I said, enjoying my new confidence, this fantasy becoming reality, even as I began sounding like just as big a dick as my father.

"You're definitely my son," Dad laughed, as I began to fuck her face as he fucked her. It was awkward at first, but soon we were all in unison.

She came first... backing her mouth off my cock so she could scream in ecstasy.

I slid it back in and scolded, "Don't you *ever* take my cock out of your mouth without permission."

"That's it son, set clear boundaries," Dad approved, before he grunted and shot his load into her.

As he pulled out, I grabbed her head and roughly face fucked her like I'd often fantasized doing to someone, so roughly that my balls bounced off her chin and her slobbering/gagging sounds were echoing around the room.

"Use her, son," Dad approved. "Show her who's in charge," he added a dozen strokes later. "Train her to be a perfect cock sucker for Walsh men."

"Oh yeah, slut, here it comes," I declared, as I pumped as fast as I ever had... and shot a second load down her throat.

I kept pumping until I was spent, then I pulled out of her and collapsed on the nearby couch.

Portia looked dazed, confused and well fucked. As she looked blearily up at me from where she was lying on the floor, she said, "Holy fuck."

"Did you enjoy that, my little whore?" Dad asked.

"It was so perversely twisted," she said, looking like she was just now processing the reality that she'd just gotten spit-roasted by a son and his father.

"And?" Dad pressed.

"And it was fucking amazing," Portia summarized, as she staggered to her feet only to collapse in a chair.

"You're going to be his slut all weekend," Dad added.

Not at all fazed by being given to another guy she asked, "you're serious that I can't fuck him?"

"That's up to him," he said.

Portia looked over at me and leered at me, "Lover man, I'm revoking your v-card before the weekend is over."

"You'll be taking a lot of loads, that's for sure," I promised.

"Whenever you're ready for more," she offered.

"Give me a few minutes," I said.

"Go finish making supper, slut," Dad ordered. "We men need to talk."

"Hopefully it's about double penetrating someone," she smiled, reaching down and cupping my balls before settling in my lap and giving me my first kiss that wasn't something awkward with a relative from a different generation. Fortunately, theirs hadn't been wet and hers was, and it was long and lingering.

While we were still kissing I realized I'd gotten my first-ever blow job before my first-ever kiss.

I then realized I was swapping tongues with a woman I'd just shot two loads of cum into.

Weird. Cool.

"So, son," Dad said, as she eventually left for the kitchen, "what do you think of my theory now?"

"Tell me more," I said, wanting to learn all I could from this unexpected mentor.

He told me everything over the weekend.

There were rules, and they included:

1. This was the golden rule: never, ever, tell anyone you love them. (He'd done so only once, to Mom, and he would never make that mistake again).
2. Be proud of who you are. This was something I'd always struggled with because of my average looks and non-athletic body. I mean I knew I was smarter than all my peers, and I assumed that college would be a lot better in regard to popularity... still, a small part of me had always resented that I never fit in.
3. Confidence is key. Pussyfooters don't get any pussy.
4. All women have a submissive side: you just need to draw it out of them. I asked about lesbians, and he laughed. He bragged that he had turned more than one lesbian into a cock-hungry slut, although he admitted he'd also struck out on just as many occasions.

5. Learn to understand women and their physical cues. They may say no, but their inner slut will say yes. To clarify, he didn't mean rape (thank God), but he explained how a constant verbal attack on a slut's moral code interspersed with sincere compliments would eventually melt her resistance and turn a flat No into an eager Yes. And the sincerest of compliments is your hard dick, demonstrating how exciting you think she is.

6. Push their limits. Fuck all three holes. Use them in public. The reality is they will do anything for your cock, so make them prove it. They'll thank you for it.

7. Always make them wear nylons. This was a Walsh thing he'd learned almost from the cradle, as my grandfather also had a nylon fetish.

Over the weekend, I deposited twelve loads in Portia's mouth, or on her face or tits. I also shot a load all over her nylon-sheathed feet from my first-ever nylon foot job... another fantasy come true. Check!

Then she finally convinced me to fuck her.

"Please, Kevin, just once," she begged lustfully, a load of my cum still dripping from her chin.

"No," I said, "I'm saving myself for my first slut."

"*I'm* your first slut," she protested, before adding, as she got on all fours and wiggled her tight ass for me, "plus, you're bigger than your father."

"Good, I want to teach you a lesson," I said, as Dad loaded the car, giving us some alone time.

"Teach me, stud," she said.

"Fuck, are you tempting," I sighed, desperately wanting to fuck her.

Finally she tried brightly, "Then how about you just pound my ass? Then technically you'll still be a virgin for your first slut of your own."

"*That* idea has some merit," I allowed, thinking it would technically keep me a virgin, and I wouldn't mind being one of the only guys in the world who got both a blow job and anal sex before his first vaginal probing.

"Fuck my ass, Kevin," she said, pulling her ass cheeks apart. "Fuck my ass right now."

"I don't know," I said teasingly, now just playing hard to get.

"Fuck my ass and I can get you a face to face with the dean at Harvard," she offered.

"How so?" I asked.

"Daddy donates millions to them," she admitted.

"And if I come to visit you, will you have some Harvard Sluts around to share me with?" I suggested.

"One word from me about what you're packing, and they'll love you," she said. "Now pound my asshole with that ferociously fat fuck stick."

"Fine," I sighed dramatically as I moved behind her. "The things I do for you."

"My holes are open for you twenty-four seven, Kevin," she declared and then giggled as she added, "That rhymed."

As I positioned my cock at her inviting ass, I laughed, "You're a poet and you didn't even know it."

She moved back on my cock and I pushed all of it inside her.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, surprised by the sublime difference between her mouth and her ass.

This was tighter... warmer.

"Oh, fuck indeed," she moaned, as she slowly began to sodomize herself on my cock.

"I should have been fucking this hole all weekend," I enthused, enjoying the pleasure as she clenched her ass around my cock almost like a vise.

"That's what I was telling you," she moaned.

"You should have told me harder," I joked, even though she *had* tried very hard to convince me.

"Asshole," she said.

"I'm in one now, thank you," I joked, my geek sense of humour still on board.

"That you are," she agreed, as she spent the next ten minutes riding me.

Dad walked in and asked, "cunt or ass?"

"Ass," I said.

"Fucking tight, hey?"

"Like a vise grip," I joked.

"Women love our cocks in their asses," he said.

"Yes, we do," Portia agreed. "Now give me your cock, too."

"I guess I can unload once more before the drive," he laughed, as he slid his cock in her mouth and we spit roasted her together for the second time.

Again, Portia came first.

I followed, shooting a load in her ass.

Dad coated her face once more and we headed out... my cock actually sore from so much attention.

During the drive Dad said, "So during Christmas holidays, Portia, her sister and I are going to Hawaii for a week. Want to come?"

"On the trip or on Portia's face?" I asked, glancing at her in the back seat. On the drive home she was in the back seat; my position in the hierarchy had advanced, and I was loving it.

"Both," Dad laughed.

"And my sister and I share everything," Portia added.

"That they do," Dad said with a smile, implying he had already fucked the sister, and with Portia's help.

"Come, Kevin, you'll love it," Portia urged me.

"Now?" I joked.

"If you can, definitely," Portia agreed, reaching forward and grabbing my cock.

Portia was insatiable, and it made me wonder if all girls really got this slutty when a big, fat cock was around. It seemed so, according to Dad.

"I'll think about it," I said, as I pondered whether Principal Appleby would become a slut for my big, fat cock.

Portia asked, as she rubbed my hard cock, "What you thinking about?"

"You with my cock in your ass," I lied.

"Come back here and do it then," she invited.

"Go ahead, son," Dad approved, "no one can see into the car."

"If I have to," I joked, unbuckling, moving into the backseat and letting Portia suck my cock. She even tried to slyly slide my cock into her cunt as she straddled me. So I spanked her and called her a bad girl. She giggled as she lowered her ass onto my cock, "You can't blame a bad girl for trying."

After depositing one final load in her ass, I returned to the front seat and Dad said, "So one more piece of advice, to guarantee sluts will be begging for your cock."

"A poster listing my cock stats?" I joked.

"Not a bad idea," he laughed. "No, my advice is that you'll have much better sex with older women."

"Really?" I said, glancing back at the not-much-older-than-me Portia.

"Sure, girls your age or college coeds will devour your cock once they get past your generic boring exterior, no offense because yours is no worse than mine, but young girls are much shallower," Dad explained.

"That I believe," I nodded.

"Older women on the other hand, only want one thing: to get what they usually aren't getting at home," Dad continued.

"My Mom would love you two," Portia chipped in.

"You okay with my fucking your Mom?" Dad asked... always the gentleman. Kinda.

"Sure," Portia agreed, "as long as I get to watch you turn the pretentious posh into a slobbering slut."

"That I can do," Dad smiled, before adding, looking at me, "Portia's Mom was Miss Universe in 1988."

"And I was Miss Massachusetts twenty-six years later," Portia pointed out.

"That you were," Dad agreed.

"My first blow job came from a recent Miss Massachusetts?" I asked, suddenly starstruck.

"As did your first ass fuck," Portia added. "Toldja I was a prize."

"True enough," I agreed with a laugh.

"Anyway, older women appreciate a man with a big fat cock in a way that is almost inexplicable," Dad continued.

"Try," I said.

"Well, in simple terms, older women love young studs with big fat cocks. Single women, married women, MILFs, grandmothers, it doesn't matter... they're the easiest targets, as they're often neglected by their husbands or turned off by the dating pool. And they don't want to date... or to fall in love... they just want to be fucked," Dad explained, sounding like a sex philosopher.

"You've fucked grandmothers?" I asked.

"Oh yeah, they're often the greatest cock suckers," Dad said.

"Weird," I said.

"If you got someone pregnant, and you're already old enough to do so, your Mother would become a grandmother," he pointed out. "And she's only forty-two."

"True enough," I agreed, my head having to get past the idea that grandmothers were in their sixties or seventies.

"Although I've had sex with women in their seventies as well," Dad added.

"Gross."

"They appreciate it way more, son," Dad explained.

"I imagine so."

"Don't be an asshole," Dad scolded. "Women of all ages are beautiful, and they want cock. Who am I to deny them such pleasure?"

Regardless of the source (*Dad* telling someone not to be an asshole?), I had to admit he was making a good point.

"You're Robin Cock," Portia joked.

"I like that," Dad laughed, before turning to me, "But I'm serious. Older women are usually better cock suckers, better lovers and willing to do the things your younger bitches won't."

"Excuse me?" Portia said archly.

"What *some* younger bitches won't," Dad corrected himself. "Portia here is in a class by herself."

"Therefore, I still expect a double penetration from you two, and soon," she added.

"Soon, slut," I agreed.

"It'd better be," she said.

"One last thing," Dad said, as we arrived back in the city.

"There always seems to be," I joked.

"I'm sure there is lots more, but the downside is now that you've been blown and you've ass fucked a slut, masturbation will be pretty anticlimactic," he said.

"So I'll need to find a slut, and soon," I realized, although I still wasn't sure how I was going to make that happen. Truth was, in spite of an amazing weekend, I was still just an average-looking shy nerd.

"Yes, but to make things easy, whenever you need to shoot a load, just go over to see Ms. Chan," Dad informed me.

"As in Ms. Chan two doors down in a wheelchair?" I asked, her husband having left her after she got in a car accident that left her legs paralyzed. What an asshole!

"Yes, she's an amazing cock sucker, and she doesn't get it as often as she likes," he said. Before adding, "She also loves cum in her coffee."

"I can't fathom," I said, not to the cum in coffee, although that was surprising too, but to Ms. Chan. I delivered groceries to her house every Tuesday, and did a variety of yard work for her. She was a sweet and adorable Asian woman in her late forties I'd always had kind of a platonic crush on and I just couldn't fathom her as a cock sucker.

"Many Asian women are naturally submissive," Dad said. "And she's someone who doesn't just give you a blow job, she *worships* your cock."

"I worship both your cocks," Portia added, clearly not wanting to be forgotten.

"You're a good cock sucker Portia, but maybe real soon I'll have to take you over to Ms. Chan to give you lessons in cock-sucking perfection."

"Does she eat cunt too?" Portia asked, something I realized I hadn't done yet even with all that sex this weekend, something I definitely wanted to do.

"If you order her to, she will," Dad answered, as we pulled up to my house.

"Well, thanks for the enlightening weekend, Dad," I said, my entire world view having changed in a couple of days.

"No problem, son," he said, putting his hand on my leg. "You have a great gift. Share it."

"Oh, I plan to," I said, as Mom walked out of the house to greet us... in nylons, as usual.

"In a few minutes I'm going to fuck your Mom in the backyard if you want to watch or listen in," Dad mentioned casually.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, I want to make it clear to you how much power our cocks have over women, and since you know she hates me to the core..." Dad said.

"That she does," I agreed, my Mother having used many less than flattering terms to describe my Father.

"And I can get one more load to go," Portia added.

"You're insatiable," I laughed, impressed with my will power not to fuck her cunt and lose my last remaining virginity.

"For big, fat cock I am," she bragged proudly as we got out of Dad's crew cab truck.

"Hi, Mom," I greeted, trying not to act like I knew she was a slut for big, fat cock.

"Hi, honey," she greeted, pulling me into a hug. She asked, "Did you have fun?"

"Surprisingly, it was one of the best weekends of my life," I told her. Truthfully it was *easily* the best ever, but I didn't want to look too excited and hurt her feelings.

"That's great," she said.

"We need to talk, Joan," Dad said.

"And I need to shower," I lied, wanting to hurry upstairs and open my bedroom window.

"Can I use your washroom?" Portia asked.

"Sure," Mom and I said in unison.

I headed inside as I heard Dad say, "Let's go talk in the back."

"Not now, William!" I heard Mom object as I closed the front door and hurried upstairs to my room to open the window so I could listen in on whatever was going to happen.

Portia asked, in a whisper since we could clearly hear my Mom and Dad's voices as I sat near the window and sound would travel both ways, "Want me to suck that big dick of yours or take it in my ass?"

"You mean my big, fat cock," I corrected, also whispering.

"Definitely your big, fat cock," she smiled, dropping to her knees to fish out my well-used tool.

"Suck it this time," I ordered. "I want to listen to this."

"Don't you believe him?" she asked.

"Actually I do," I nodded, "but hearing it will make it official."

"Don't tell your Dad, but I like your cock even better than his, which is really saying something," she told me, just before she took my flaccid cock in her mouth.

Dad said, "Bend over Joan, this needs to be quick."

"William, not now with Kevin home," Mom pleaded, although her tone wasn't her usual assertive one. She already sounded needy and desperate.

"Do you want my cock or not?" Dad asked, sounding annoyed.

"Damn you," Mom sighed. "Why can't I just say no?"

"Because you love my big, fat cock, don't you, slut?" Dad asked. My window was on the side of the house so I couldn't see anything, which was frustrating, but I could hear every word very clearly.

"Yes, dammit," Mom admitted, with a moan as Dad obviously slid inside her.

"Say it," Dad demanded, exercising a dominance I wanted to emulate when down the road someday I dommed some bitch.

"I love your big, fat cock," Mom moaned.

"You love it where?" Dad pushed, wanting me to hear my impressive Mother being turned into a submissive big, fat cock slut.

"I love your big, fat cock in my ass, damn you," Mom declared, frustrated and horny as hell. "Now pound my asshole hard and fast."

"Beg, bitch," Dad ordered, enjoying dominating Mom... especially while knowing I was listening in.

"Damn it, William," Mom cried out in frustration, as I imagine Dad stopped fucking her... that's what would happen in porn films or erotica. And she did indeed beg, "Please just slam that big, fat cock in my ass even though our son is right inside the house."

"That's better," Dad purred, enjoying how he could turn my dominant non-sense Mom into a bimbo ass slut.

"Oh FUCK, that's good," Mom moaned, as Dad fucked her so hard I could hear their bodies slapping into each other.

"You have such an ass cum trigger," Dad laughed, informing me of Mom's anal quirk.

"Shut up and ream me, why do I need this so much?" Mom begged, sounding both frustrated with herself and horny as hell at the same time.

Then for a couple of minutes, there was just the squishy, fleshy sounds of fucking, Mom's moans getting louder.

"Come for me, you dirty ass slut," Dad ordered.

"Oh yes, harder, fuck my ass harder," Mom begged so loud I could probably have heard her in the shower, sounding close to orgasm.

"Would you two exhibitionist perverts go inside?" a male voice, our neighbour Mr. Dieks demanded from nowhere.

"Fuck off, or I'll come over and fuck *your* wife next," my Dad shot back.

Mom must have been mortified, yet her next words were just an orgasmic, "Sorry, Harold, *oohhh!*"

"Tell me where you want my load, you bimbo ass slut," Dad ordered, ignoring Harold and really revelling in the power his cock had over my Mother.

Hearing Mom come was all it took to get me off as I spewed my load in my Dad's girlfriend's mouth.

"Fill my ass, you fucker," Mom offered.

"Jesus H. Christ!" Mr. Dieks contributed angrily.

"Your wife is next, cuckold," Dad threatened, before he grunted and assumedly shot his load in Mom's ass.

"Fuck you," Mr. Dieks yelled.

"No, I'll fuck your wife," Dad shot back. "Again."

"William, stop," Mom demanded.

"What? He started it," Dad protested.

"Let's just go in the house," Mom sighed, finally thinking clearly after her anal orgasm.

"Leave," I whispered to Portia.

Portia smiled, "You're going to fuck your Mom, aren't you?"

"You're such a slut," I teased.

"And real soon you'll be such a Mother fucker," she smiled, standing up.

"And then I'll fuck your mother, too," I added.

"She's all yours," she agreed, leaving my room.

I put my dick away and headed downstairs just as the front door opened.

"We're out of here, son," Dad said.

"Thanks for the weekend," I said as I examined my Mom's face; her cheeks were red and her hair was mussed.

"Anytime," Dad said.

"Mom, are you okay?" I asked. "You look a bit dishevelled, and your face is all red."

"I have the ability to make your Mother go beet red at the drop of a hat," Dad bragged smugly, trying to be sly, knowing I knew exactly what he meant.

"Just go, William," Mom urged, clearly embarrassed.

"See you soon, son," Dad said.

"It was a real *pleasure* meeting you, Kevin," Portia said, stressing the word pleasure and slyly squeezing my dick as she sashayed past me.

"The pleasure was all mine," I returned, as they headed out.

As soon as the door was closed, Mom asked, "Did you actually have fun at the lake, Kevin?"

"Surprisingly, yes," I nodded. "I learned a lot."

"Like what?" Mom asked skeptically.

"How to fish," I said, before adding, my explanation dripping with hints, "For example, when it comes to fishing, it's all about the rod."

"Not the lure?" Mom asked.

"The rod *is* the lure," I said bluntly.

"Oh, okay," she said, not understanding what I was talking about. "Supper will be ready in twenty."

"I'm going to take a shower," I said.

"I thought you already did that," Mom said.

"Oh, um," I babbled, never a good liar. "Sorry, yeah, I ended up chatting with Portia."

"You're almost the same age, so that makes sense," Mom said, taking a shot at Dad.

"And she goes to Harvard," I revealed, where I planned to be a year from now.

"No way," Mom said.

"Yep," I nodded.

"I figured she was more of a Trump University kind of girl," Mom said.

I shrugged, another hint that she wouldn't catch onto, "Looks can be deceiving."

"I guess so," Mom said. "Sorry, I'm being snarky."

"It's okay, I'm guessing Dad really gave it to you out back."

"Pardon?" Mom asked, her eyes going wide, her cheeks returning to her previous just-fucked red.

"Doesn't he always give you the gears about how you parent me?" I asked innocently.

"Oh, yes," Mom nodded, "he was his usual brazen controlling self."

"I'm learning he usually gets what he wants," I said.

"That he does," Mom sighed.

"Why would *you* say that?" I asked. "It seems you're the one person he can't get, at least not anymore."

"Oh honey," she said, pulling me in for another hug. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom," I said, wondering if there was any way she could become my first conquest.

That night, thinking of Dad's older woman thing... and my own fetish for older women... girls my age were so shallow and insipid I could barely stand to talk to them (although truth be told, they could barely stand to talk to me either).

I thought of my principal... but wasn't sure how to go about fucking her.

There was the librarian at the local library. She wasn't pretty, but she had big tits and always wore a skirt and pantyhose.

There was our next-door neighbour Mrs. Dieks, who was always sunbathing out back, never naked, but she was in my fantasies... and it seemed Dad had fucked her already... unless he was just fucking with Mr. Dieks.

Of course Ms. Chan seemed like a sure thing, but not so much a conquest as a cum deposit... which sounded both convenient, and yet still kind of unbelievable. She was such an intelligent, sweet woman who just oozed kindness and had always given me the impression she was wiser than she let on.

Then there was Mrs. Walker, a teacher from another school in the district, who was hot, who also always wore nylons, and who I would see next weekend when I tutored her son on the math part of the SAT's.

There was also Ms. Watson, a teacher who had come out as a lesbian, but

she was likely not a first conquest... or a second... but rather a major challenge for down the road if I inherited my Dad's seduction abilities.

And, although I knew it was wrong, there was my Mom. With all the Intel my father had given me I now knew she was submissive, loved sucking cock, took it in the ass and particularly loved big, fat cock. On top of that, she always wore nylons. Plus of course, she was at home, often no more than an arm's reach away.

That said, the idea of incest was hot, but it was just a fantasy. But was it an unachievable one?

Monday, October 22: Day 1 of Project Mother Fucker

The next day, encouraged by Portia's tantalizing words yesterday, I decided to start what I called Project Mother Fucker. I wasn't sure I would be successful, but my Dad's old saying that I'd always hated, now seemed appropriate in an ironic way: go big or go home.

So while she was at work I did something I'd never done before... I came home at lunchtime and snooped in her room and her laptop.

In addition to a few sex toys... two vibrators, a butt plug pack and a large suction cup dildo, I found a box of old pictures in the very back of her closet.

Looking to be from the late eighties, they were mostly pictures taken at parties and beaches, but then I came across a small collection of raunchier ones.

One of her smiling directly into the camera with what was clearly a man's cum all over her face.

One of her kissing a very pretty girl about her age. (They appeared to be around twenty.)

One of her sucking a tit belonging to the same girl. The tit was massive, seeming way too big for the girl's frame.

One of the same girl feeling up my Mom, alas over her dress. But they were also sharing a wet kiss, and that was really hot.

One of her and the same girl all over some guy... who wasn't my Dad.

I took photos of each, flipped them over and saw they were from 1988, and the other girl was named Jenni Jones.

I then logged into her computer, her password was actually Kevin2000, duh, I'd been a Y2K baby, and searched everywhere.

Unlike mine, which would have two-thirds of the computer full of porn, she had none. Which is what I would have expected before last weekend.

Yet, her search history was more interesting. This month she had been to the erotica site Literotica; she had also been on Pornhub, a lesbian site Girlsway, and a site called Naughty America. I learned she had subscriptions to the latter two, which explained why she didn't have any porn hidden away on her computer... she could just watch it on the websites.

I was mortified... not because I'd learned my Mother watched porn... no, that she paid for it. It's 2018... who pays for porn???

At Girlsway it was clear she preferred videos where a younger woman seduced the older; at Naughty America, she liked most anything... but bookmarked almost every My Friend's Hot Mom. On Pornhub she searched for gangbangs, interracial, lesbian, moms. She had even watched a couple of scenes with incest between a mom and son. Although not enough to convince me she'd be into that sort of thing for real.

On the Literotica site she predominantly read submissive women stories which included a wide range from gangbang, interracial, lesbian, illustrated and incest. Stories like: 'Backseat Mommy', 'What Mom Doesn't Know Fucks Her', 'Pet Mommy' and 'Mommy Slut'. In most of those, the mother was submissive to her son.

Not going to lie, I almost burst right then and there. I pulled out my cock and stroked it as I read the entire "Mom-Son" series.

But as Dad said, jerking off was no longer the orgasmic euphoria it had been before my sexual awakening.

I came, but it was no longer enough... and I missed the entire afternoon of school, too.

Day 1 of Project Mother Fucker included pampering her. To her surprise, when she got home I had supper ready... chicken Parmesan. Unlike most guys my age, I could cook. One of the consequences of having a Mother who works, often late, and an MIA father.

"You made dinner," Mom acknowledged, walking into the kitchen in a blue blazer, white blouse, blue skirt and black nylons... her heels already left behind somewhere near the front door.

"It's the least I could do," I said. "I mean, you work all day to support us."

"You're so sweet," she said, walking over and giving me a hug. My cock being hard, I slyly flinched it as it rested against her nylon-covered leg.

If she noticed, she gave no sign as she let go of me and said, "So what did you make?"

"Your favourite," I replied.

"Steak and lobster?" she joked.

"Okay, your second favourite," I laughed. "The creek out back was out of lobster."

"Chicken parm," she sniffed and guessed. "Yummy."

"And pasta," I added.

"You're such a sweet boy," she gushed, as I thought, *You wouldn't think that if you knew what my ulterior motives are.*

We ate and chatted, did dishes together and ended up watching Ready Player One on 4K... a book I'd read and thought was cool. The movie made

many changes as all movies do, but it was still pretty good. Mom loved all the 80s references, while I loved staring at her nylon-clad feet all during the movie. I wondered if she had any clue of the impact her silky feet were having on her horny son.

That night I jerked off again... after reading a couple dozen incest stories... again, I wasn't satisfied.

Tomorrow I would be dropping off groceries to Ms. Chan. I texted Dad: **So how do I let Ms. Chan know I want her to suck me?**

He texted back: **Tell her you talked to your father. She will understand.**

Tuesday, October 23rd: Day 2 of Project Mother Fucker

After school I picked up the groceries and stopped by Ms. Chan's like I did every Tuesday.

I walked in and she greeted me like she always did... warmly. The engaging lady always asked what was new and if I had a girlfriend yet. My answers were usually 'not much' and 'nope'. And she always reassured me the girls would figure it out soon enough.

Today though, I had different answers. When she asked, "So what's new with you, Kevy?" She was the only person in the world I allowed to call me 'Kevy.'

I answered, "Been spending some time with my Dad."

"Really?" she asked, genuinely surprised, knowing how much I detested him.

"Yeah, he was giving me some tips on being a man," I told her, trying to hint at what I'd learned.

"Oh, good," she nodded, noticeably interested. "It's important to learn these things while you're still young."

"Yes, it was very eye-opening," I said, trying to figure out if those petite lips could really do wonders like Dad said.

"The transition from boy to man is full of learning," she said, almost sounding like a fortune cookie.

"I also learned that you have a craving for something I can't buy for you at the grocery store," I said brazenly, horny as hell, and lacking patience.

"Pardon?" she asked, looking startled by my words, not worried, but eager to know what I might say next.

"According to my Dad, you enjoy a very special kind of homemade cream in your coffee," I said bluntly.

"Oh, Kevy, you bad, bad boy," she said, her tone scolding, but the smile on her face delighted.

"I'm just saying that if my Dad is telling me the truth, you now have access to a ripe, fresh source that will enable you to extract this homemade cream any time you want it," I said.

"Any time?" she asked, making no secret that she was looking at my crotch.

"Morning, day and night," I offered.

"That's a lovely offer, Kevy. Do you think I might access some of that fresh cream right now?" she asked, rolling her wheelchair towards me.

"I think you might access a real bellyful," I admitted, in awe that everything my father was telling me was true. Portia, then my Mom, and now Ms. Chan.

"You understand this extraction technique must remain our trade secret," Ms. Chan said, looking down at my crotch with a lick of her lips and then up to my face with a wink.

"Of course," I agreed.

"Would you consider it best if this proffered bellyful of cream were to be personally extracted by a second party?" she asked coyly, reaching for my pants.

"I do think that would be best," I agreed, loving our elegant wordplay and giddy with excitement at what it meant was about to happen.

She fished out my already hard cock and gasped, "Oh my Kevy, like father, like son."

"I'm bigger," I clarified, very proud to indeed be bigger.

"Yes, you most certainly are," she agreed, looking at my cock with impressed wonder as she stroked it gently, and added, in a cock daze, "It's so majestic."

I wondered if I should tell her to suck my cock, as she slithered her tongue down my shaft.

I wondered if I should shove my cock in her mouth.

I wondered if I could be dominant like my Dad when a situation wasn't set up by him.

I wondered if I wanted to be like my Dad, as she slithered her tongue back up to my sensitive crown.

She asked, "Do you want me to suck your cock, Kevy?"

"God, yes," I nodded.

"You sure?" she teased, as she swirled her tongue around my cock head.

"Definitely," I said, and then sensing she wanted to be told what to do, as if she were waiting for a clear order, I added, "Now get sucking, Ms. Chan."

"Yes, sir," she purred, as she promptly opened her mouth and welcomed me in.

"That's it," I moaned, as she slowly began bobbing, although only taking a couple inches in her mouth.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned, as she swirled her tongue around my cock with each retreat of her head. Unlike Portia who bobbed like a cum slut, Ms. Chan moved slowly, worshipping every inch of my cock that she could reach.

For a few minutes she did just that. But as she slowly bobbed, taking more of my cock in her mouth with each slow penetration, she also somehow created this abundance of saliva. I can't explain it, but it was like my cock was being massaged by a whirlpool. It felt so amazing... relaxing and exciting at the same time... a strange but true contrast... and completely different from Portia's adrenaline-rush blow jobs.

I know it's a terrible simile, but it was as if she were a cock sucking washing machine with extra suds.

She would bob down, move back up and her tongue would then swirl around my cockhead, and then repeat... the entire time somehow producing this crazy oxymoron: an abundance of wetness, and yet her lips were like a suction cup.

Although I had enjoyed Portia's mouth bobbing on my cock and she'd made me cum like crazy, she was clearly an amateur compared to Ms. Chan.

Not surprisingly, in no time her masterful lips and tongue had my balls boiling like a volcano about to erupt.

And like said volcano, when the eruption hit, it was a massive explosion. I warned her just seconds before blast off, respecting her more than I did Portia, "I'm about to come."

Her response was nonverbal as she simply shifted into full speed suction bobbing.

She milked my cock, and a few more bobs were all it took for my warm cream to be deposited into her mouth, even as I wondered if I should have

pulled out and given her the homemade cream in her coffee.

She easily swallowed my load, her bobbing not slowing down at all. When I was finally completely drained, she slowed down and leisurely bobbed for a couple more minutes, reluctant to part company with my sacred cock.

When she finally removed me from her mouth, the first thing she said was, "Delicious!"

I began tucking myself away, but she stopped me. "No, leave it out. We can talk for a while, but you still owe me the taste of Round Two.

"Do you really enjoy the taste of cum?" I asked.

"It's my favourite snack," she said in the afterglow, still relishing the taste of mine and licking her lips.

"I read somewhere it was salty, tart and gooey," I said, having done some research on the taste of male and female cum.

"It can be all those things, but for me it's more addicting than chocolate," she answered.

"I see," I said.

"But moving on. Do you want some advice?" she asked.

"Sure," I said, curious about what kind of advice she'd be able to give me.

"You could be more confident," she told me succinctly.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You're too nice," she added.

"And nice guys don't get the girls?"

"Correct. Not at your age," she agreed.

"My Dad gets the hottest women, and he's a complete asshole," I pointed out.

"It's the nature of the beast," she said, giving my exposed cock a playful tug, "literally."

"Do all girls like assholes?" I asked, still not understanding the psychology of why women would go for disrespectful jerks. Maybe Ms. Chan could enlighten me on this mystifying enigma.

She sighed ever so slightly. "Truthfully, it's pathetically simple. Most women, and please keep in mind I'm stereotyping here, live a parallel existence to a man's."

"How so?" I asked, going to a chair and sitting down, my cock still on display, although Little Kevy seemed content to rest for now.

"First, women want it all. A good and caring husband who can provide for her and the kids, as well as a great sex life where the man understands her needs," she began.

"Of course," I nodded.

"Unfortunately, more often than not, a good, loving, caring man can't give her the sex life she desires, no matter how badly he might want to."

"Why not?"

"He loves his wife and puts her on a pedestal," she explained.

"And that's a bad thing?" I asked, getting more confused.

"At most times no, that's what women want," she continued, "but in the bedroom they often want the opposite."

"I'm not comprehending this at all," I said, feeling more than a bit slow. This must be what all those annoying football jocks must feel like in math class or when reading Shakespeare.

"I'm not doing a good job here," she admitted. "Okay, so have you ever heard the saying that a man wants a wife who is a lady in the parlour but a freak in the bed?"

"No," I admitted.

"Regardless, women are like that. They want to be treated like a princess in public and a submissive slut in the bedroom," she finally clarified.

"All women?" I asked.

"Almost all," she answered, "although many won't admit it or ever let themselves succumb to their internal, carnal lust because they think it's not dignified, or it would be a hundred steps backwards for the feminist movement."

"I wouldn't believe any of this if I hadn't learned my Mom's secret," I admitted, as I processed this. "Do you know she still allows my Dad to fuck her? She can't even stand him, but apparently all he has to do is whip it out and she turns into a needy slut. That's not like her!" This was something I normally wouldn't tell anyone in the world, but Ms. Chan had always been like a mentor to me (although never a sexual one until now) and she'd assured me many times over the years that all my secrets were safe with her.

"Yes, so your father has told me. Juggling their expectations against their needs is a frustrating conundrum for many women, what they want almost always being at odds with what society expects from them as they try to decipher all the complex hats they're expected to wear."

"Hats?"

"Yes, it's a lame metaphor, but there are so many mixed messages given to women from a very young age," she continued.

"Barbies," I joked.

"For starters," she nodded. "Girls are supposed to be cute, wear dresses, let men open doors for them, and yet also to be independent. Growing up

female is full of oxymorons."

"I never thought of it that way," I admitted.

"Why would you?" she says, "you live in a parallel male universe where you're supposed to hide your feelings, never cry and always man up... you have different rules you're supposed to follow but they're still nonsensical rules, and the only real difference between the societal trap you're stuck in and a woman's, is that you have a more privileged status."

"I've never seen myself as privileged," I said, although I agreed with the male expectations bullshit, and was beginning to grasp the idea of different rules but same trap.

"You're white and male," she pointed out.

"I guess," I said, having thought we'd moved past this sexist, racist hierarchy by now, although that was obviously a foolish thought.

"Trust me. I'm Asian, female and disabled," she explained, not in a woe-is-me way, but as simple facts.

"I don't see you using any of that as a crutch," I appraised, "although you're always polite, you're also very assertive," always having thought she was one of the strongest women I knew, after my Mom.

"No, I try to avoid crutches, except for my unavoidable wheelchair," she agreed, then continuing with, "I'm just trying to explain how the world works. It's still easier to be a man than a woman, as the men primarily hold the power."

"In my world I see the opposite," I said, thinking of the entitled cheerleaders.

"I can see why you would. But if you'd let a few girls know what you're packing, you would ascend in the hierarchy very quickly," she said.

"But how does that happen?" I asked,

"Ay, there's the rub."

"Quoting Shakespeare," I smiled.

"I try," she shrugged. "Women want to enjoy sex, but they get derailed by the idea they're supposed to be this sophisticated, evolved woman."

"How did you eschew it?" I asked.

"Nice SAT word," she smiled.

"I try," I shrugged with a smile. *I like this woman! And even though she just finished sucking my cock, she really understands things.*

"I'm Asian," she continued, "and we are decades behind Westerners in the women's equality movement. And at least on the surface it appears we are naturally more submissive, although I'm not sure if that's because of our DNA or because of the long, ingrained history of female expectations by Asian men," she answered.

"So women are naturally submissive, naturally sluts (not meaning that in a bad way), but they resist that role because of societal expectations," I said, rephrasing her main idea. "Is that what you're saying?"

"Exactly. And the same idea goes for incest," she continued.

"Pardon?" I stammered. "How did incest get into this conversation?"

"It all ties in with our sexual needs conflicting with society's dictates. In Asia, incest is more common. Daughters often please their fathers and mothers, and later on they often use their sexuality to motivate their sons," she explained as if this were common sense.

"I wish," I joked.

"I assume you want to fuck your Mother, which is why I brought up incest," she said, seeing through my joke.

"I plead the fifth," I said.

"It's a natural drive," she said as if she were the Dr. Ruth of incest. "You have spent your entire life admiring her, even if you didn't realize it. Plus, incest is just a label. To be truthful, I'm surprised we haven't moved on from the outmoded stigma that it's inherently wrong."

"Really?"

"Sure, what person do you love the most in the whole world?" she asked.

"Emilia Clarke," I joked, Emilia recently named the hottest woman in the world.

"Smart ass," she said.

"Actually that term is dumb, as nobody's ass is smart; unless by ass you mean donkey, but they're smarter than horses, so in that case the term is redundant," I pointed out.

"This is why you're single," she informed me. "You're a nerd."

"Touché," I agreed.

"So I'll repeat the question. Who do you love the most?"

"My Mom, of course," I answered.

"And you would do anything for her, right?"

"Of course."

"And what better way to show her your love than by giving her pleasure?" she asked, even though the question seemed rhetorical.

"Seems logical," I agreed. I mean, any thought promoting my hope of fucking my Mom was something I could agree with.

"So why the stigma about incest?"

"The law."

"Fuck the law. It's made by white, uptight men who cheat on their wives or suck other men off in glory holes," she said.

"That statement took a turn," I laughed.

"Just saying, the most pompous self-righteous assholes are often the most morally corrupt."

"Tough to argue," I said. "After a pause, I asked, "Have you ever committed incest, no offense?"

"Kevy, you can always ask me whatever you want, and I'll never take offense. But to answer your question, I've *enjoyed* incest many times: once when my Mother got sick, so I had to take over her role of submissive pleaser," she explained. "It was the first time I ever felt close to my emotionally distant father."

"Wow, that's so kinky!"

"Don't judge me for that, when you yourself want to become a Mother fucker and your kinky Asian friend wants to help you to succeed," she said wickedly.

"Ms. Chang, language," I mockingly acted shocked.

"Language be fucked. Now get over here and face fuck my mouth," she ordered with a grin. "Time to start your training to become a man."

"So you want to be my slut?" I asked, as I stood back up, my cock hard and ready to deposit load two.

"I want you to use me as your cum deposit, your submissive cum bucket, and your Asian MILF slut," she listed off, each term making my hard cock flinch. "Right now I don't want your respect; I want your cock, your dominance, and your hot load all over my face."

"I think I can do that," I said, as I slid my cock in her mouth and began bucking my hips.

Last time she worshipped my cock and gave me a blow job... last time she was in charge.

This time I was.

I started slowly, sliding half my cock in and out of her mouth.

It felt weird to face fuck Ms. Chan. Part of me wanted to face fuck her roughly like I had Portia, the other part of me saw her as the sweet lady down the street.

After a couple minutes of slow pumping, I felt her hands on my ass, and she pulled me into her mouth until she was balls deep around my cock.

She held my crotch against her face for what felt like an eternity, but which was likely only fifteen seconds before she let go and backed off.

"Am I your cum slut or your prissy girlfriend?" she demanded, saliva dripping off her chin.

"Cum slut," I answered.

"Then take control, buster. Use my mouth for your pleasure. Face fuck me and fill my mouth until your balls bounce off my chin. If I gag, keep going. Be the man who knows what he wants and takes it," she instructed, easily the most surreal lesson of my life.

"Okay," I said, sliding my cock back into her mouth, trying to draw out the inner dominant I knew I had in there somewhere.

I began truly face fucking her, sliding my pole in and out of her mouth rapidly. Each forward thrust went deeper into her mouth.

Her slobbering sounds excited me as she easily took my cock in her mouth, while still creating this turbulent ocean of saliva that enhanced the pleasure exponentially.

Trying to be like some of the dominant men I watched in porn, I pulled out and asked, "What do you want, slut?"

She smiled, "That's better."

I loved hearing that, but tapped her mouth with my cock, "Answer the question, my personal MILF whore."

"I want you to face fuck me as hard as you can and shoot your cum down my throat," she answered.

"And what if I want to come all over your pretty face?" I asked.

"You're in charge, Master," she answered, as she ripped open her blouse, a button flying, "shoot that big load of cum wherever the fuck you want."

"Show me those tits," I ordered.

"You can come on these, too," she offered, as she ripped off her bra to show me her small breasts.

"Don't think I won't. Now suck my cock like the porn slut you wish you could be," I ordered.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned, as she took my cock in her mouth and devoured my cock, deep throating me with each forward bob.

"Oh yes slut, take it all," I groaned, impressed by her ability.

And for a few minutes she sucked me constantly, never slowing down.

Finally I was close and knew where the load was going. I waited until the very last second, pulled out and exploded all over her face.

She opened her mouth to catch some of my cum there as I sprayed her forehead, nose, lips, chin and tits. Fucking exhilarating! Didn't know I had it in me!

Once I was done, she leaned forward and took my cock back in her mouth, nursing out all the last remnants of cum lingering inside.

When she stopped a couple of minutes later, she said approvingly, slut gone, mentor returned, "That was much better."

"It took me a while to get there: I respect you," I admitted.

"And I appreciate that," she nodded. "Actually, you have the potential to be that rare man."

"Which one?"

"A nice guy in public and a dominant in the bedroom," she said.

"Or the living room," I joked.

"Or any room you like, boss man," she grinned, looking so hot with cum spattered all over her face.

"You're staring at my cum-coated face," she said.

"It looks so hot," I admitted.

"Well, you can paint it that way anytime you wish," she promised.

"I plan to keep you to that," I said, as I finally stored my cock away.

"You'd better," she said. "I expect at least a load a day."

"I hear it keeps the doctor away," I joked.

"You may need to work on your humour," she sighed.

"You love it," I said.

She squeezed my cock through my pants, "Yes I do."

"You're insatiable," I laughed.

"I can never get enough cum," she shrugged.

"Luckily, I have a lot of loads a day," I said.

"Mmmmmmm," she smiled, as I then helped put her groceries away before heading home.

I got home and Mom was making supper, "You're later than usual."

"Ms. Chan needed me to help with her dinner," I said, amused at my sly response.

"Oh? What is she having?" she asked, gazing at her legs in attractive black nylons.

"Sausage and cream," I said, before adding, not sure how to word it, "with corn." Ms. Chan was right, I need to work on my humour.

"That's a strange meal," she said. "No salad?"

"She did have this warm glaze she was using," I added, feeling really proud of my innuendos.

"Well, we're having sloppy Joes," she said.

"Great," I said, it being one of my favourite meals.

We finished supper and I asked, "Mom, why do you let Dad treat you so badly?"

"I don't," she said, even as her cheeks went red.

"Mom, he's a complete asshole to you," I said.

"It's who he is," she defended him. "I can't change him."

"But you act differently around him," I pointed out.

"How so?" she asked.

"Well, every time he's around, you aren't yourself," I said vaguely.

"He does exhaust me," she admitted.

"And you often look dishevelled," I pointed out.

"Do I?"

"Yes, even your cheeks get red," I said. "Does he hit you?"

"What? No!" she denied, "he would never do that."

"Oh, good," I said, "I just wouldn't want him to treat you disrespectfully."

"Well, I can't deny he does that," she confessed. "Like I said, it's who he is."

"Why do you even allow him to come around?"

"For you."

"For me?"

"Yes, he wants to have a relationship with you, and I agree with him that it's important," she explained, adding, "especially since he's finally getting interested in your life."

"He is?"

"Yes, he called today asking if you were free, weekend after next."

"He did?"

"Yeah, on your phone," she said. "You left it home."

"Aaah," I said.

"So I told him you'd call him back," she said.

"Okay," I said, "I will."

"Your Dad didn't say anything about me over the weekend, did he?" she asked, looking worried.

"No, why?" I lied.

"Nothing," she said, as if she were about to say more.

"Mom, I love you," I said, going around the table to her, pulling her up from her chair and giving her a hug.

"I love you too, honey," she said, giving just the slightest hint of a sigh.

After a moment, I told her, "Go, I'll do the dishes."

"You're a sweetheart," she said lovingly.

I did the dishes and called Dad.

"Hey, Dad, you called?" I asked.

"Yeah, I was wondering if you wanted to go and tour Harvard in November," he said.

"I'd love to," I said.

"Good, we can do a school tour and then a slut tour," he said.

"Sounds like fun," I said. "Will Portia be there?"

"Yep, and some of her friends," he said, before adding, "and she's already told them about you."

"Oh," I said.

"Yep, you may be very busy that weekend," he predicted.

"Well, I'd better get going on my own conquest," I replied.

"You really are a Walsh," he approved. After a minute, "I'll pick you up after school."

"Okay, thanks," I said, and he hung up.

Well, that meant I had less than two weeks to seduce someone... and that someone I had decided... would be Mom.

Thursday, October 25th: Day 4 of Project Mother Fucker

Wednesday was pretty uneventful, just school and homework and a pleasant evening doing not much with my Mom. Then Thursday morning I went to Ms. Chan's and deposited a load in her coffee after a great ten-minute blow job, then as she sipped her cum-flavoured coffee I asked, "How do I get girls to know about my special package?"

"Well, word of mouth will eventually be the way," she said, "pun intended."

I laughed, "But how do I get my cock in their mouths in the first place?"

"Well, your Dad's method was unorthodox, but most of the time it worked."

"What was his method?"

"Believe it or not, he just whipped out his dick one day and asked if I was hungry."

"No way."

"Yeah," she nodded. "I was shocked at first, but his cock was just so big and fat I couldn't resist. It helped that I'm a cum addict and I was craving it even before he made his ummm... 'generous offer.'"

"I'm not convinced that would work for me."

"You could first practice the move on someone receptive."

"Like whom?"

"Well, Mrs. Dieks was a regular when he still lived here, so was Ms. Swanson and Mrs. Sinclair, and both Mrs. Grady and her college-aged daughter," she listed.

"No way," I said. Ms. Swanson was an anchor for the local news channel and not completely unbelievable and Mrs. Dieks I'd already assumed, but the other two were wild. For one, Mrs. Sinclair was in her seventies, and Mrs. Grady and her daughter were black, which wasn't the surprise, actually it was a fantasy of mine to be with a black woman, but Mr. Grady was a church minister... had he been the church minister Dad had referred to as fucking both his mother and daughter during a sermon? O...M...G! I know, not a term I've ever used in my life, but it suddenly seemed like the right time to roll it out.

"I'm sure there were others, those are just the ones he told me about."

"Did he just whip it out for them too?"

"Not sure about most of them, but Mrs. Sinclair and I have coffee regularly and I told her about his gift, and one day when he was fixing her air conditioning she offered her services, and your father is never one to deny a hungry woman her cock fix," she explained.

"He is a generous man," I said sarcastically.

"That he is," she smiled, hearing my sarcasm but choosing to ignore it.

"So I should just whip it out in front of any of those women?"

"It would likely have the effect you desire," she said. "I mean, I know Mrs. Sinclair would suck that cock in an instant and then beg you to fuck her."

"She still has sex?" I asked.

"She's insatiable," she informed me. "I dine on her pussy at least once a week, and sometimes I find a delicious creampie waiting for me."

"No way," I said.

"What, I can't eat cunt?" she asked, smiling at me.

"No, you can eat all the cunt you want," I said, "I just can't fathom Mrs. Sinclair as a slut."

"Like I told you yesterday, every woman has an inner slut, many just don't fulfill that side of themselves."

"Well, I need to get going," I said with a sigh, "School."

"You have time for one more morning deposit, don't you?" she asked demurely.

"How can I say no?" I smiled, as I slid my cock back in her eager, expert mouth.

At lunchtime, unable to focus on learning, besides which I seldom learned anything new anyway, Harvard would likely be more challenging, I decided to do my own learning. My problem was, I couldn't decide who I wanted to test my whip-it-out experiment with. I drove home and decided to walk next door to Mrs. Dieks, as she was already one of my fantasies, and was my Dad's slut already. I went to my room, looked outside and was happy to see she was in a bikini on her back, her nice big tits calling to me.

A confidence brimming inside me from my recent sexual encounters and buying into my Dad's big, fat cock theory, I changed into swimming trunks, walked over to her house and strolled into her backyard. Her eyes were closed as she baked in the sun. I startled her by saying, "You'd better not fall asleep in this sun."

She jumped slightly and said, "Oh hi, Kevin."

"I just came over to apologize for my parents," I said, before adding, "especially my Dad."

"Oh, why?" she asked.

"Well, they were acting like teenagers last Sunday having sex outside, and they were quite loud," I explained.

"Oh, that's no big deal," she dismissed it as if it were commonplace.

"Well, my Dad also threatened Mr. Dieks with fucking you," I said bluntly, thinking bluntness and swearing might speed up this process... patience is not a skill I possess.

"He did, did he?" she asked, obviously not surprised.

"Yes, he implied he's fucked you before," I continued before asking, "Is that true?"

"Kevin, that's a very inappropriate question," she said, clearly surprised at this sudden turn.

Deciding it was now or never, I jumped right in with, "What was inappropriate was that Dad made a commitment he couldn't follow through on," as I pulled down my trunks to reveal my hard, big, fat cock. I then added, as she gasped in shock at what I'd just done, "but I can."

"Kevin!" was all she could muster as she stared at my cock.

"Mrs. Dieks, I only have twenty minutes before I have to get back to school," I said, as I held my cock in my hand and waved it towards her face, "so if you want this cock, we don't have time for any feigned resistance. Now get sucking."

She was completely stunned, yet her eyes never left my cock, never looked up at me. I wasn't sure if her stunned look was because of the size of my cock or my sudden demand, but she was filled with indecision.

I said, "And yes, in case you're measuring me up, I'm bigger than my Dad."

"Kevin, we can't do this," she said, her words saying no, but the lust in her eyes and her lack of moving away saying yes.

I sighed, "Slut, we both know you're going to suck it, we both know you need to have it between those pretty sucking lips of yours, so stop pretending you're a dignified woman. You're a slut, sauntering out back in this skimpy bikini, tempting me all this time. You've wanted me to come

over and use you like the next-door MILF slut you are; now suck it or I'll give this big, fat cock to someone else."

After a slight delay where she was obviously fighting herself, she sighed, and said, "I can't believe I'm doing this."

As she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth, I moaned and said, "Yes, you can. You're a proven cock sucker for big-cocked Walsh men."

She, of course, didn't respond since she had a big mouthful of cock, so I just stood there and enjoyed the fruits of my natural gift... the evidence that my big, fat cock could control a woman.

"In case you didn't notice, I'm bigger than my father," I pointed out again. I'm really not the confident, suave man-of-the-world you may think I am, so you may pity the braggart in me if you wish. No? Ok, see if I care.

She took my cock out of her mouth and stroked it as she agreed, "Yes, you are. You're so fucking big."

She moved to my balls and sucked them into her mouth while stroking my cock and said, "I can't believe you've been hiding this snake all this time."

"I just discovered the power of a big, fat cock last weekend," I said.

"That it morphs proud women into submissive bimbos?" she asked, moving back up my cock.

"Exactly," I said, "now get sucking, I need to get back to school."

"Will you fuck me?" she asked.

"In time, if you earn it," I said, which sounded ludicrous, and yet was something I now felt I could say and get away with.

"I'll do anything for you to fuck me with this big, fat dick," she bargained, before devouring my cock back into her mouth.

"You'll give me that tight ass of your?" I asked.

She responded hungrily, "Want to pound my asshole right now?"

"Shit, why not?" I shrugged, thinking this gifted life was still too good to be true.

"Oh fuck, yes," she said, bobbing on my cock for a few more seconds, before tugging her bikini off and getting on all fours.

"Beg for it in your ass, slut," I ordered, as I moved behind her... all my respect for her gone with her bimbo-like lustful desperation. Now she was just a fuck toy to be used as I wished... and although Ms. Chan had been similar, I respected Ms. Chan. Any dominance I had over her felt like role playing. With Mrs. Dieks I could put my heart into it.

"Oh fuck, Kevin, slide that big, fat cock up my shit hole and pound me like my husband can't," she whined, looking back at me.

Needing to blow my load and wanting to fuck her hard, I slid inside her ass... which was so fucking tight. She whimpered, "Oh fuck!"

"Such a tight ass, you slut," I groaned, as I pushed deeper in her.

"You're so fucking big," she moaned, as I filled her ass.

"Ride my cock, you dirty fuck slut," I ordered, wanting to watch her bounce back on my cock like a bimbo whore.

She didn't say anything... she just obeyed... slowly beginning to ride my cock.

I looked at my watch and realized I needed to get going soon, so I ordered as I slapped her ass, "Bounce back, bitch!"

"Yes, spank your slut," she moaned, as she began to really ride my cock.

I spanked her ass every few seconds until I was close, then decided to really see how dirty a whore she was, so I pulled out and ordered, "Suck it, slut."

Just like in porn, she spun around and devoured my cock, not at all put off that it was just in her ass, as she bobbed hungrily until I shot my load down her throat.

As soon as I was done, I pulled out, grabbed my trunks, put them on and said, "You may fuck yourself with that suntan lotion bottle if you want to come."

Looking at me, she grabbed the bottle, and did just as I suggested.

"See ya, slut," I said, walking out.

"Come by any time, stud," she yelled with a moan.

As I went back to school I considered my mixed feelings. On the one hand, I loved the power my big, fat cock had over her. Yet I also was disappointed by how easily she succumbed to me... becoming a simple, bimbo slut the second my cock came within view.

That night after dinner, I decided to try and continue advancing my attempt to seduce my Mom. She was on the couch when I sat down beside her and asked, 'Mom, would you like a foot massage?'

"What? No, that's okay," she said.

"Mom, I know you used to love when Dad gave them to you," I coaxed, "and since I'm the man of the house now, I need to take over the tasks he used to do to keep you happy," my words dripping with foreshadowing.

"You don't have to," she said.

"Put your feet on my lap," I ordered, but not in a demanding way.

"It *was* a long day," she admitted, as she gave in and moved her stocking-clad feet onto my lap.

"Then you deserve this," I said, as I took her foot into my hand, instantly getting hard from the feel of her nylons in my hands.

"Thanks, honey," she said.

"No problem," I said, and we watched Wheel of Fortune as I rubbed.

And for twenty minutes I just massaged her feet. I massaged the soles of her feet, I massaged all ten toes individually, and I massaged up to her calf.

She sighed, "That feels so nice, Kevin."

"These nylons are so soft," I replied.

She paused a second before agreeing, "Yes, they are."

"They really showcase your legs, too," I said, wondering if this was going too far.

"Thanks," she said, allowing me to continue.

"You know, you deserve a great man, Mom," I said, as I flinched my hard cock against her foot for the first time.

"I'm not ready to date yet," she said.

"Dad has moved on," I pointed out.

"But I have you with me," she said, as I flinched my cock again.

"I'll certainly agree with that. And I'm here for you in every way," I said, still trying to sneak in subtle hints.

"That's sweet, honey," Mom said, as she moved her feet away.

"Any time you want a foot massage, just ask," I offered.

"I may keep you to that," she said.

"Please do," I smiled, as I stood up and adjusted my cock right in front of her.

I went upstairs, knowing Mom had seen me adjust my cock, and likely had felt my cock flinch... was the seed planted? I hoped so.

I called Mrs. Dieks' cell, her number was on the fridge as she was one of Mom's contacts (we both watched each other's house when the other was away) and when she answered I said brusquely, no nonsense, "Your garage in five minutes."

"Kevin, I...." she began, but I hung up.

I headed out, as Mom was in the shower, and walked next door. The side garage door was unlocked, and she was in there waiting for me.

She pleaded, "Please Kevin, not now."

I whipped out my cock and asked, "You sure?"

"Damn you," she sighed, staring at my cock.

"Get sucking, slut," I ordered.

"My husband is right in the house," she said, even as she walked towards me.

"Your choice, my cock or his," I said, even as she lowered herself in front of me.

"Yours," she said, as she shook her head at her own weakness and took it into her mouth.

"Good slut," I approved, as she began bobbing.

After a minute or two of hungry cock sucking, clearly the risk of getting caught had her in full-throttle dick-blowing hurry-up mode, I explained, "You are my twenty-four-hour, seven-day-a-week cum deposit, is that clear?"

"Yes sir, anytime, anyplace," she agreed desperately, as she sucked my dick like it was her only purpose in life. This I still didn't understand. I could

understand the rationale of women being hungry to get fucked by a big, fat cock, but what was the pleasure principle for sucking one? It didn't touch on any of their erogenous zones. Seriously, why risk getting caught by your husband while you're sucking an eighteen-year-old's dick in your garage, while I leaned against hubby's 1980s Camaro? It really made no sense to me, and as a debating champion I could rationalize almost anything.

She resumed sucking my cock, and in a couple of minutes I was ready to blow. Wanting to give her a facial and further humiliate her while literally painting my dominance on her, I pulled out and ordered, "Beg for my cum all over your married face."

I thought she might hesitate, but she obeyed instantly, looking up at me with what could only be described as cock lust, and begging, "Shoot that big load of cum all over your slut's face."

"More," I demanded, as I stroked my cock, aiming directly at her face.

"Coat my married cock sucking lips that were made for your big, fat cock," she said.

"More," I repeated, really enjoying watching her humiliate herself for the privilege of wearing cum on her face... something else that didn't make a lot of sense to me.

"Use my mouth for your pleasure, pound my pussy or ream my asshole whenever you wish, and cum on my face, on my tits, down my throat, in my cunt or up my ass," she listed, offering me a variety of fun future options.

"Mouth closed," I ordered, as I wanted every drop of my load coating her face.

She obeyed and within seconds I grunted and blasted five big wads of cum all over her face.

Fuck, was it a rush to coat a pretty woman with a load of cum.

Once I was done I ordered, "Suck me clean, slut."

She took my cock back in her mouth and nursed out any remaining cum.

After a minute to recover I instructed, "That load stays on your face until you go to your bedroom, get in a pair of nylons, which I expect you in from now on, and take two pictures of yourself. One close-up, smiling with my load all over your face and a second one in a mirror, of you naked wearing only stockings."

"Oh my," she said, as I put my dick away.

"Be a good slut and I'll be back soon," I said, before walking out the door, leaving her still on her knees.

I returned home and wasn't surprised when five minutes later I received the photos. The first was a close-up of her face still wet with cum... and she was smiling, apparently sincerely. The second was her posing in front of her mirror in a garter-belt and stockings, both black. To my surprise there was a third picture of her with a big dildo at the entrance to her pussy and a question: **May I fuck myself, Master?**

Holy shit!

She *was* a complete slut.

She had called me Master.

Fuck, was that hot.

I responded: **You may, slut. But I want a picture with that dildo all the way up your cunt.**

She texted back immediately: **Yes, Master.**

A moment later I received another text and a picture with the entire dildo nestled in her cunt.

I texted back: **You may come, thinking of my dick in your asshole.**

She texted back: **Thank you, Master.**

I shook my head at the reality that women really did seem to care about sex as much as men did.

Friday, October 26th: Day 5 of Project Mother Fucker

The next morning, I decided to push the envelope with an 'accidental' dick flashing, as I wasn't quite ready to whip it out and see how Mom reacted. I just wasn't that brazen yet, knowing that even though she was a big, fat cock slut for Dad, that didn't mean she would be willing to be a big, fat cock slut for her son and willingly commit incest. Even if Ms. Chan maintained it was a natural thing, society would beg to differ.

I went downstairs after my shower in only a towel and said to Mom, who was getting ready to leave for work, "Mom, I have an idea."

"What, honey?" she asked, as she slipped into her heels.

"We should dress up for Halloween like you and Dad used to do," I suggested.

"I don't know," she said, that being a tradition of theirs until she caught him fucking an eighteen-year-old in our backyard on Halloween.

"I insist," I said, "it will be fun."

"I guess," she said, not too convinced.

"Mom, you used to love Halloween," I argued, "and that shouldn't change because of one asshole."

"You're right," she decided. "Plus, it will be fun to do something special with my favourite son."

Yes, we can play a very special game of trick and treat, I thought to myself as I promised, "And I can make a fuss over my favourite Mom. We'll make it a night to remember."

"Any costume ideas?" she asked, Mom and Dad always sharing a theme.

I'd already thought of this and nodded, "How about I be Superman and you be Lois Lane?"

"Super," she smiled, "I'll call Sally ASAP."

Sally was her friend who always made special costumes for her.

"Great," I said, as I allowed my towel to drop to the floor.

Mom's eyes went wide as she suddenly found herself looking at my big, fat, (although flaccid) cock.

"S-s-sorry," I stammered, as I reached down for my towel.

Her face was red as she shrugged, "No worries, honey; I've seen your penis before."

I said, as I wrapped the towel back around me, "I hope it's bigger than last time you saw it. I think I was eight."

She laughed, "It definitely is."

I then asked, "And who calls it a penis anymore?"

"That's the politically correct term for it," she defended herself.

"Fine," I sighed, before adding, "but it makes me feel like I'm twelve and still have a tiny one."

"Oh honey," she disagreed, "trust me, you don't have a tiny one."

"I don't?" I asked, acting insecure, loving this conversation.

"Honey, yours is *very* big," she said. "In truth, it's one of the biggest I've ever seen."

"You have to say that, you're my Mother," I said, still acting insecure.

"Kevin," she said, coming over to me, as a part of me wondered if she was going to drop down in front of me and take it in her mouth right now, "trust me, your..." she paused, then continued with a smile, "...your *dick* is very big."

"I prefer cock," I joked.

"You're gay?" she joked, able to go tit-for-tat with me.

I responded seriously, yet letting her know I was a virgin in hopes that may intrigue her, "I definitely like pussy, although so far that's only in theory."

"Oh honey, the time will come," she said.

I joked, knowing she'd seen my cum-stained underwear in the laundry, "Oh I come a lot, just not when I'm with anyone."

"Kevin!" she gasped.

"What?" I asked, "I need to be able to talk to someone about this... and Dad sure isn't around enough."

"And I can only imagine what kind of advice *he* would give," she allowed.

I nodded, "Yeah, his advice is, and these are his exact words: 'Any chick will suck a Walsh dick.'"

"Poetic," Mom said, looking disgusted as she shook her head.

"I know," I said, "plus, my experience with girls doesn't provide any evidence towards proving his elegant hypothesis."

"Honey, you're a great young man, and once women get to know you, things will change," she said.

"I don't know," I said, continuing the insecure side, which although it was real, I never showed her.

"Trust me," she said. "Once you're out of high school, girls will become less superficial."

I thought to myself, *That doesn't seem to be the case with the cock-hungry desires of Ms. Chan and Mrs. Dieks*, but I just nodded sheepishly, "I hope so."

"Sweetheart, we can talk more later," she said. "But I have to go, I'm meeting a client at 9:15."

"Okay."

"You're okay?" she asked.

"Yes," I nodded, as she hugged me.

"Have a good day," she said.

"You too," I said, and she was gone.

I got dressed and headed straight to Ms. Chan's for two reasons: one, I needed clarity on this obsession with cock I was provoking and two, I needed to drop a load since I was now horny as fuck after my conversation with Mom.

After I deposited a load down her throat and she thanked me for breakfast I said, "There's still something I don't understand."

"What is it?"

"I understand the reason a woman would want to be fucked by a big, fat cock like mine, but I don't understand the motivation for a woman to be equally eager to suck a cock, where she gets no sexual pleasure from it."

"That's where you're wrong," she contradicted.

"How so?"

"Sure, sex is a physical act, and for most men it's almost *completely* a physical act, but for women it is just as much, if not even more, of a mental experience," she said, which didn't clarify anything for me.

"I'm not following."

"Well, you get hard and horny, so you come, and then you return to your normal state," she said. "Right?"

"Sure."

"And then the cycle begins again."

"A few times a day," I joked.

"Well, for women, the cycle is a lot longer," she said.

"Really? Please explain that."

"Sex is about connection, intimacy and desire," she began, "and a woman has a natural desire to please. So for her, the act of sucking cock is an act of real intimacy and giving, and thus, although our physical cunts aren't directly involved, our mental sexuality is."

"Mental sexuality?"

"Yes, we get stimulated by the act itself. As a man when you're horny, your other head takes control, and for women it is much the same, but in our cases it's our entire psyche that is consumed in a sexual act. For us, sucking a cock is as much mental as it is physical."

"Feels pretty physical to me," I joked.

And *that* is a major difference between a man and a woman," she stated. "The mental part for men is almost non-existent, sex is just an act of pleasure, pure and simple; but for women, sex is connected with intimacy, and oral sex is about surrendering completely to a submissive act of giving pleasure. And if we're fortunate, our surrender is complete."

"Do you feel anything down there when you're sucking my cock?" I asked.

"No, not usually," she answered, "but I still get what to me is the important part, the mental rush of giving pleasure." She then added, as she looked down at my still hard cock, "and as you know, I love the taste of cum."

"Do most women?"

"No, it's hit and miss," she answered, "many women don't love sucking cock, but they do like pleasing their man. Some women only swallow cum for the same reason."

"Same for facials?"

"Yep," she nodded.

I then asked about the other thing bothering me. "One more question: why do older women appear to be like you're describing so much more than girls my age?"

"Experience," she said, before adding, "and growing up."

"Growing up?"

"Teenagers are selfish and shallow," she answered.

"But isn't it shallow to worship a big, fat cock?"

"Touché!" she laughed, as I approached close enough for her to stroke me. "But the difference is, when they're still at a young age, girls don't yet understand sex or use it to get what they want. When they get older, sex changes from a manipulative game to one of pleasure. I mean most teen girls don't even climax from sex, and that's because they don't invest themselves in it. Instead, they try to detach themselves from it, and unfortunately for them, too often they succeed."

"Really?"

"Sure, an experienced older woman understands her body, understands the needs of a man, and understands her own needs," she said. "Plus, a woman my age still feels the need to be worshipped or wanted, which is why she is more likely to suck your cock to completion and not expect anything in return, while a teenager may suck your cock for a bit and feel like you owe her because she's done you such a huge favour."

"That I believe," I laughed thinking of the entitled pretty girls in my school.

"Now, as usual, I'm stereotyping here," she said, "there are some girls who discover their true sexual identity much younger. I did."

"Because you were a daddy fucker," I teased.

"Jealous?" she teased, before adding, "Since you're obviously not yet a Mother fucker, poor baby."

"Well, I did fuck Mrs. Dieks in the ass," I pointed out. "She's a mother."

"Good for you," she nodded, "now give me my morning coffee cream, you somebody-else's-mother fucker, you."

"If I have to," I mock-begrudged her, wondering why I respected her so much, and yet not Mrs. Dieks, who I only could see as a three-hole cum slut to use whenever I needed to dump a load, not caring at all about her marriage or her husband... although she didn't seem to either, since she'd let herself become my slut and seemed to be enjoying the ride with only the occasional worry.

After depositing my second load, this one in her coffee cup, which was wickedly hot whenever I watched her sip her coffee with my homemade cream, I headed to school.

I studied various girls I would like to fuck... wondering if the big, fat cock theory would work with them. I walked past our big-busted but ball-busting principal Mrs. Appleby and wondered what she would do if I whipped out my dick on her desk. I sat in English class and wondered if I could turn my out and proud lesbian teacher into a hungry cock sucker... did the mental

aspect work for lesbians too? One would think so. But did it work only on cunts for them? Oh, the things yet to discover.

I got home after school and saw Mrs. Grady the minister's wife from across the street walking into her house with a bag of groceries and the trunk of her car still open... wearing a nice dress and nylons. I rushed over and asked, "May I help you with those?"

"Oh sure, Kevin," she smiled warmly. I didn't go to church regularly, sleep being more important than a minister babbling on about money and our immortal souls, usually in that order, but Mom and I sometimes attended on special occasions.

I grabbed the only remaining bag from her car, slammed the trunk and followed her into the house. I put the bag on the kitchen counter and asked, "Is Mr. Grady home?"

"Nope, he's preaching in Bigstown this week," she said.

"And Tamara?"

"At college until Thanksgiving, I hope," she said, unaware my questions had a purpose.

"So you're home alone?" I said.

"Until Sunday night," she said with a sigh.

"You don't like being alone?" I asked.

"It's okay," she shared. "I mostly miss Tamara."

"Yeah, that's a long time to be alone," I agreed, as I pondered whether I was going to try and get her, too. I wanted to, she was hot as hell, but part of me didn't want to taint the image of her as a proud woman. Although if he had told the truth, my Dad had already tainted that.

"Too long," she agreed.

"Did you know my Dad?" I asked.

She paused for a second, giving me a cautious look before she answered, "A little."

From her visual cue I was now pretty sure the mom from the 'mom and daughter in the church' was her, so I said, "Actually, Dad told me he knew you quite well."

"He did?" she asked, her cautious look now screaming worry.

Confident I was right and wanting to see her on her knees sucking my cock, I said, "Yes, he told me you really know how to worship, and not just at church."

"Um, Kevin, I..." she began.

I pulled down my pants, confident Dad's theory was almost foolproof for certain women, "He also mentioned your fascination with his godlike shrine."

"Kevin, you're being way inappropriate," she rebuked me, even as her gaze was far from disapproving as she looked at my cock, semi-erect, looking back at her.

"It's also inappropriate to join your daughter in fucking my dad while your husband preaches about who knows what moral wrongs," I pointed out.

"Oh my God!" she said, not at my dick unfortunately, but at the sticky situation she suddenly found herself in.

"I imagine you screamed that when my dad fucked you," I speculated, "or did he just fuck your daughter?"

"Kevin, please leave," she said, showing a little strength, which I found impressive.

"You sure?" I asked. "I don't offer the privilege of worship to just anyone."

"Just go," she said and then added weakly, demonstrating her insecurity and doubt, "Please."

"Okay, Mrs. Grady," I shrugged, keeping my cock hanging out a bit longer before putting it away. "When you change your mind, I'll expect you to beg to worship at my shrine and to be wearing some sexy lingerie. I'll stop by after dinner in case you decide you need a creamy dessert."

She didn't say a word as I then walked out, hoping this rejection was a temporary one. On the one hand, I was happy to see a woman with the willpower to say no. At least not *every* woman was a mindless bimbo. Yet her rejection also turned me on, making me more determined to make her my mindless bimbo... which was ironic. On the third hand, I was horny now, and I needed a release.

I texted Mrs. Dieks but she wasn't home.

So I went back to Ms. Chan's to deposit a load and walked in on a lesbian act. She had given me a key after the first day, so I could walk in any time I wanted to use her mouth.

A large-breasted Muslim woman, completely naked except for her hijab, was sitting on the kitchen counter, legs spread with Ms. Chan hard at work between them.

Since I was fascinated by race and culture, I found this completely erotic... an Asian pleasuring a dark-skinned Arabic-looking Muslim woman I didn't recognize.

The woman looked up at me, her hand holding Ms. Chan in place, "You must be Kevin! We were just talking about you."

My confidence brimming even after my recent rejection, which I hoped would be brief, I said, "I'm assuming it was about my big, fat cock."

"Indeed it was," she nodded, as she added, "I hear you have a huge one."

"So I've been told," I replied, trying to act casual.

"Pull it out," she ordered.

"You want to worship the great white snake?" I asked smugly.

"I may, if it's as big as my slut here tells me it is," she equivocated, as she pulled Ms. Chan's face deeper into her pussy.

"If you want to see it, you understand you're becoming my slut," I clarified.

"He's already learning," she said approvingly to Ms. Chan.

Ms. Chan agreed, "Our Kevin is a quick study."

I dropped my pants and presented my cock for inspection, which was already hard from watching the lesbian act, and I offered her a choice, being a gentleman, "You may either suck my cock or take it in the ass,"

Ms. Chan chipped in, "He's a good boy; he's saving his virginity for his Mother."

"Of course he is," the Muslim women said, not at all surprised by such a controversial definition of virtue, as she let go of Ms. Chan's head. She hopped off the counter to face me in front of Ms. Chan's wheelchair, leaned forward and ordered, "Lick my asshole, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," Ms. Chan replied equably, pulling the Muslim's ass cheeks apart and burying her face between them. I think the telling difference between Ms. Chan and your run-of-the-mill bimbo slut was that, although she loved to get berated with trash talk and she said all the right words and did all the right submissive things no matter how disgusting, I never once saw her grovel. Ever.

"Bring that big cock over here," the naked woman ordered me.

I pulled my feet out of my pants, walked over and stood directly in front of her.

"You think like I do," she smiled as she took my big, fat cock in her hand, "This is definitely a cock worth worshipping."

"Then suck my cock, slut," I ordered, wanting to make it clear there was a new hierarchy in town, and she wasn't at the top of this one.

She licked my cock head as she corrected me, "In Arabic you would say *sharmuta*."

"Which means cock, or slut?" I asked, receiving a language lesson while getting pleased.

"*Sharmuta* means slut, and *qadib*, *alat*, and *zubur* are all Arabic words for penis," she informed me, before taking my cock in her mouth as Ms. Chan continued eating her asshole... I was curious what that would feel like, but that experience was for another day, another time.

"Then suck my *qadib*, you dirty *sharmuta*," I said experimentally, I imagine butchering both words.

She didn't try to deep throat me like Ms. Chan could easily do, but she did bob like a *sharmuta* until I asked, "Ms. Chan, is that ass ready for my cock?"

"It appears to be wet and willing," she answered, looking up at me. I was dominating my *sharmuta* and she was calling my *sharmuta* Mistress, yet she wasn't calling me Master. Not a problem, my hierarchical relationship with Ms. Chan was flexible: it was whatever it was at the moment. Sometimes she was my slut, sometimes she was my sexual guru.

The Muslim woman walked over to a bag and grabbed a small piece of carpet, which she then placed on the floor in front of me before taking my cock back into my mouth.

I looked at Ms. Chan who explained, "She is a 'cock Muslim.'"

"A cock Muslim?" I questioned.

"Well, since she is on her knees so much, she carries around that little rug everywhere she goes, so when she is presented with a nice big, fat cock or a ripe, juicy pussy, as she has a thing for young white girls, she can place it on the ground before she worships one of Allah's greatest creations," Ms. Chan explained.

"That may be the hottest thing I've ever heard," I said, fascinated by the idea. I then added, "So she's a cunt Muslim too?"

"It's called a *kus* Muslim," the woman, whose name I still didn't know, furthered my education between bobs.

"Kus means cunt?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded, before returning to sucking my cock.

"What is this sharmuta's name?" I asked Ms. Chan.

"That depends. When she is being a submissive like right now, her name is sharmuta or bimbo, since she likes to be ridiculed whenever there is a dominant man or a young white female to serve, but when she's the one in charge, her name is Mistress Aaleyah."

"A switch," I said.

"Yes," Ms. Chan nodded.

"What does Aaleyah mean?" I asked, knowing that Muslim names usually had specific meanings.

"One who is exalted or of high social standing," my sharmuta answered, with a hint of pride.

"On all fours," I ordered, which she quickly obeyed. I chuckled as I mused, "Then your name is rather ironic."

"It can be," the eager sharmuta replied, "but you may call me Bimbo if you wish, Master," turning around to offer her ass to me.

"And I assume there is a term for ass in Arabic?" I asked.

"*Teez*," she supplied, before adding, "although the term also means 'boring, stupid, or ugly.'"

"I see," I said, as I moved my cock up to her inviting ass and handed Ms. Chan my phone. "Film this."

"Please don't," Aaleyah requested, as Ms. Chan turned the phone towards the sharmuta on all fours about to receive my pole.

"What do you do for a living, Bimbo?" I asked.

"I'm a Professor," she answered.

"Teaching what?" I asked.

"Feminine Studies," she answered.

"Wow, that is so utterly ironic," I laughed, as I slid my cock in her ass.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, lowering her head to avoid the phone.

"Look up at the phone and tell me how much you want my cock in your tight teez," I ordered, as I filled her ass.

"Fuck," she cursed, before looking up into the phone and begging, like all my sluts had done so far, "Please fuck my teez with your massive fucking qadib."

I grabbed her hips and began fucking her ass. "Yes, fuck the slut," Ms. Chan cheered me on as she filmed.

"I wish I could fuck you," I said.

"God, me too," Ms. Chan said, before adding, "I'd fuck the shit out of you."

"Funny, that's what I'm doing to her right now," I joked.

"Oh Allah," the Aaleyah moaned, which somehow seemed so much dirtier than 'oh God'... although I don't know why.

"You like my cock in your ass, Professor?" I asked.

"I fucking love it," she said, her earlier worry of being filmed long gone as she spoke directly to the phone.

It didn't take long, two or three minutes, and my balls were boiling as I ordered, "Sharmuta, get ready for God's great gift," purposely using 'God' instead of 'Allah'.

She wasn't fazed as she spun around on her knees and took this cock that was just in her ass into her mouth... I used to think that only happened in porn, but I had now used back-to-back ass-to-mouth sluts.

She bobbed for just a few seconds before I pulled out and splattered my load all over her face.

As soon as I was done, Ms. Chan ordered, "Look at the camera, bimbo."

Aaleyah was clearly not used to being bossed around by the submissive Ms. Chan but she obeyed, turning with cum dripping off her chin and smiling.

"Now Mistress, kindly allow me to clean your face," Ms. Chan said, obviously also a switch, as she handed me the phone and began to lick my cum off her Aaleyah's face. Another hot fucking moment.

As they did, I realized I needed to get home for supper and begged off with, "That was fun."

"Anytime," Ms. Chan said.

"My office hours are every afternoon from one to four if you want to use this sharmuta," Aaleyah said.

"Good to know," I smiled, before adding, "do you get to munch on much ripe, coed pussy?"

"A couple times a week," she answered.

"I may have to come and offer my services to those coeds," I said.

"They would love you to," she said, before adding, "especially with that big, fat cock. As would I; so please hurry up and fuck your Mother."

"I'm working on it," I answered then asked, "Did my Dad used to fuck you?"

"No, never met the man," she answered, as she stood up, put one foot on the wheelchair and ordered, "Now back to where we were before we were so nicely interrupted."

"Yes, Mistress," Ms. Chan obeyed placidly as they resumed the hierarchy that had been in place before I walked in.

Great, I thought to myself at the thought that my new sharmuta was my first conquest that Dad hadn't already corrupted with his cock.

As I walked home, I saw a text from Jaime: **Want to come over and play some D & D?**

Of course I did, so I went home and left Mom a note saying I was staying over at Jaime's tonight... the seduction delayed a day... although I had already decided my execution day would be Halloween... not meaning I'd be killing anyone, but I would be Superman and Lois Lane would never say no to the Man of Steel as I executed my seduction plan.

Saturday, October 27th: Day 6 of Project Mother Fucker

I got home a little after noon and realized I had completely forgotten about my promised nighttime visit to Mrs. Grady.

Oops.

Seeing her car in the driveway, I figured I'd give her a second chance before shooting my load, likely in Ms. Chan's expert mouth... since I hadn't shot a load in fifteen hours, which these days seemed like an eternity... although I

did wonder if I could seduce Jaime's mom, who wasn't good looking, but had a great Latina ass that I wouldn't mind playing with. Alas, I was torn, not sure I wanted to ruin a friendship, and I did like her and was reluctant to diminish my respect for her if she did indeed succumb.

I knocked on the Grady door and waited a minute before it was opened. Even I was slightly surprised to see she was in a short robe and red nylons, which were a sexy-as-fuck colour, in clear view. She said, looking sheepish, "Please come in."

Once I was inside I ordered, deciding there was no point in beating around the bush, although I sensed she didn't have one anyway, "Drop the robe; let's see if you obeyed my simple instructions."

"This has to remain a secret," she worried.

"Don't worry, I don't face fuck or ass fuck and tell," I reassured her.

"You really are just like your father," she sighed.

"But bigger," I clarified, always wanting that on record.

"Let me see it again," she said as she slipped off her robe to reveal a skimpy red negligee that really showcased her big tits, with garters holding up her stockings.

"You're not kicking me out?" I asked, as I admired her body.

"I'm sorry about yesterday," she apologized as she lowered herself to her knees in front of me. "I was taken aback by your aggressive behaviour; you surprised me."

"And now?" I asked, as her hands unzipped my pants.

"Now I want to service this big cock," she said, pulling down my pants.

"This big, *fat* cock," I corrected.

"Yes, indeed, your big, fat cock," she agreed, as she stroked it to full mast.

"Take me to your bedroom," I instructed her, realizing I hadn't yet had any sex in an actual bed.

"Okay," she said, standing up and taking my hand. She demurely led me to her room and returned to her knees.

"You really want this cock, don't you?" I asked, as she took it back in her hands.

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about it since you left," she admitted.

"Have you been wearing this sexy outfit ever since last night?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded. "I was beginning to fear you weren't coming."

"Oh I plan to be coming," I quipped.

"I hope so," she smiled, as she leaned in to suck my cock.

I put my hand on her forehead, "Have I given you permission to suck my cock?"

"No sir, I'm sorry, I just thought..." she began.

"Does a bimbo think?" I asked.

"No," she said sheepishly, clearly humiliated by being called a bimbo.

"And you are a bimbo for big, fat cock, is that right?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Say it with pride, bimbo," I demanded, "It doesn't seem to me that you really want this cock."

"Sorry," she repeated, looking up at me. "Yes, I'm a bimbo for big, fat white cock."

"Do you like white cock?" I asked, noticing her adding the 'white' descriptor.

"I know I shouldn't," she said, a slight look of shame contrasting with her obvious lust, "but it's so taboo that I can't resist."

"So you prefer white cock over black?" I asked, as I traced her lips with my cock.

"Yes," she admitted.

"And would you rather worship at church or in front of me?" I asked, as I continued to tease her.

"You," she admitted again.

"Is your daughter a white cock slut too?" I asked.

"Yes, although she prefers white pussy," the mother revealed.

"Have you two ever tasted each other's pussies?" I asked.

She didn't answer, yet the look on her face was answer enough.

"Reveal your sins to me and I'll baptise you as my cock sucker," I said, knowing this sounded corny as fuck, but yet it kind of worked. I then slid my cock into her mouth and pulled it back out.

"Yes, we have," she whispered.

"Lots?" I asked.

"Just once, for your Dad," she admitted.

"At church?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded, looking ashamed.

"Did you enjoy it?" I asked.

"In the heat of the moment yes, but I've been riddled with guilt ever since," she confessed.

"Mmmmmmm," I said, "nevertheless, that I would like to see."

She then pretty much tossed her guilt away... maybe that was something she'd felt obligated to say... by pretty much offering to commit incest with her daughter for me when she informed me , "She'll be home for Thanksgiving."

I accepted the offer immediately by smiling, "When you can both give me thanks," as I snapped my fingers and pointed to my cock.

She asked, "May I suck your big, fat, white cock?"

"You may, slut," I approved, and watched this church minister's black wife taking my white cock in her mouth. I loved the look of the contrasting skin tones. And of course how it felt.

"That's it, get it nice and hard for that big black backdoor booty," I said, appreciating my alliteration while letting her know my intentions.

Mrs. Grady responded with a moan on my cock. Fuck, I thought anal sex was as rare as a day without a Kim Kardashian tweet, but that sure didn't seem to be the case, as every woman I'd met this week other than Ms. Chan had eagerly taken my cock up her ass... and there's no question Ms. Chan would do that too if it were possible.

The black preacher's wife sucked my cock slowly... using her tongue as she did... while also using her left hand to cup and fondle my balls.

As she sucked, I decided to deposit two loads with her... the first all over her pretty black face as I thought the white cum would be a hot contrast, and I would decide later where load two would go... perhaps on her breasts, on her ass, or inside her ass. So many choices, so many loads. I already imagined spewing a load up her cunt on Thanksgiving and watching her hot daughter Tamara lap up my creampie.

So I began face fucking her, which gave me a rush. The reality was that treating someone like a slut gave me an adrenaline rush... and face fucking a minister's wife only added to that rush.

Slobbering sounds echoed off the bedroom walls as I roughly face fucked her, making her gag twice as I tickled her tonsils with my cuckolding cock, feeling my balls bouncing off her chin like a drum, which was also hot.

This only lasted a minute before I pulled out and without warning, spewed my white seed all over her black face... fuck, was it hot! She looked startled at first, but then instinctively closed her eyes and opened her mouth like a good cum slut.

Once I was done I ordered, "Don't move," as I reached for my phone and snapped a quick picture, before I slid my cock back in her mouth and took a couple more pics.

Then I decided it was time for another first... my first taste of pussy pie. I ordered, "Crawl onto your bed and spread those legs."

She got off her knees, her face plastered with my cum, and crawled onto the bed. She scooted up to her pillow, lay back on it and spread her legs.

I climbed onto the bed and between her legs as I placed my hands on both her legs and moved them up, savouring the feel of the nylons.

"You're just like your father," she told me.

"A big cocked stud?" I asked, knowing she was really referring to the nylons.

"That too," she laughed, "but he loved my nylons."

"They *are* pretty sexy," I confirmed, as I bent down to get an up close and personal look at her pussy... the pink looking so deliciously prominent when surrounded by her dark skin.

"I'm told my pussy tastes amazing," she said.

"Did your daughter tell you that?" I asked.

"Actually she did," she smiled, before adding, "but so did your Mother."

"Fuck off!" I gasped, shocked to the core.

"She's come over the past few Sunday nights," she said, "when my hubby is at church doing youth group."

"No way," I repeated my shock, even though there was no reason for her to lie.

"She's given up on men after your father," she explained.

"My Mother is a lesbian?" I gasped, even though I knew Dad had ass fucked her just this last Sunday. If she was gay, that would be a major road block to my seduction plans.

"She seems to be," she shrugged.

"How long have you and my Mother been having sex?" I asked.

"Less than two months," she said.

"I can't believe it," I said.

"She has an amazing tongue," she offered.

"Did she come over last Sunday?" I asked.

"Yeah, but she was in a rush, as she had to get home before you got back," she said.

"Wow!" I said. After a pause, I asked, "Is she coming over tomorrow?"

"She's supposed to," she nodded.

I demanded, "I want a video... or at least pictures."

"You want to see your Mother eat me out?" she asked.

"Do you two do anything else?" I asked back.

"I usually fuck her with my strap-on," she admitted.

"I definitely want a video of that," I said, sitting up.

"I don't know, that seems wrong," she said.

"If you want this cock, you'll do it," I threatened, noticing it was hard again.

"You drive a tough bargain," she purred, moving her foot to my shaft. She then asked, "Ever have a nylon foot job?"

"No," I said, as she moved both her feet to my cock. "Ohhhhh," I moaned, as her silk-covered feet began to stroke my cock.

"Mmmmmm, your cock is so fucking big," she purred as she stroked it. She then asked, "Are you going to try and fuck your Mother?"

"Think she would do it?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered, before adding, "but she *is* very submissive."

"I want you to try and role play some incest with her," I suggested.

"Hmmm, I'll try to come up with something," she said.

"Now let's get back to what I was about to do," I said.

"Sodomize my asshole?" she asked nastily.

I spread her legs and said, "First things first, which is your cunt. I've never done this before," I finished as I buried my face in her pink pussy.

"Mmmmm, this time it's like *Mother*, like son," she moaned, "you're good at it already," as I licked my first pussy.

It tasted sweet, a little fishy, a little fruity, and a lot delicious. I took my time exploring every crevice of her cunt as I processed her shocking revelation... my Mom was a submissive lesbian, too! Wow! Yet, the more I thought about it the more I realized this news only helped advance my plan.

"Oh yes, that feels so good," she moaned, as I kept exploring.

Horny as fuck after eating her pussy and learning about Mom, I sat up and asked, "Ready for some backdoor drilling?"

"Definitely," she nodded, before she added, "maybe you should shoot your load in my cunt tomorrow before your Mom comes over, then she could unknowingly have a naughty creampie."

"Mmmmm," I moaned, the idea deliciously nasty, although I still wanted Mom to be my first cunt fuck.

"How do you want me?" she asked.

"On your side," I said, deciding to try a new position.

"As you wish," she said, rolling onto her side as I moved behind her.

I positioned my cock at her ass and slid it in, while I reached around and cupped her huge tits.

"Yes, fuck my ass," she moaned, as I filled her.

"I can't believe all you sluts love it in the ass," I said.

"Your Dad trained us all to love a big cock up our butts," she admitted.

"Had you been an ass slut before him?" as I began bucking my hips.

"No, I thought it was disgusting," she admitted.

"And now?" I asked.

"Now I come hardest this way."

"You can come from anal sex?"

"Big time," she enthused, as she began moving her hips to meet mine.

"Hot," I said, as we began crashing into each other.

"Oh yes, fuck my black ass with your big white cock," she moaned.

"Tell me what you are," I said, loving to hear women degrade themselves.

"I'm a bimbo butt bitch for big white willies," she declared, and then continued, "I'm a slutty sinner for stout sausage."

"And an ass slut," I added.

"Yes, sodomize your dirty church wife," she urged me, her moans getting louder, "and breed my shit hole with your dominant cum." That last one made no sense at all, but it was still hot and I was learning my big, fat cock made stumbling bimbos out of even the smartest of women.

"Come for me, slut," I demanded, "come from getting sodomized. you devilish tramp."

"Oh yes, fuck, fuck my ass, sodomize my hole, ream my shit hole," she babbled as she furiously fucked back onto my cock until she screamed, "Yes, I'm a sinner!"

She stopped bucking back, but I kept slamming into her ass as she came... the sounds escaping her mouth a delight to hear and the trembling of her body fun to watch.

A couple more minutes of reaming her rear, and I was close. I pulled out, pushed her onto her back and decided to give her a pearl necklace... thinking the white cum against her dark skin would be cool to see again.

"Come all over your black big-breasted bimbo butt slut," she cried wickedly, cupping her breasts together as she impressively did a four-word alliteration.

"Lift your head up so I can give you a homemade necklace," I ordered.

"Okay," she obeyed, just as I began to shoot my second straight load.

I aimed my cock like a spray-paint nozzle, I know a poor descriptor, as I tried to create a cum necklace. It wasn't perfect, but it was pretty good if you ask me, as I shot four big wads onto her.

"Nice," I admired my handiwork when done.

"Well, I've been asking for a pearl necklace for years from Derrick," she said, "but he said they're a white woman's piece."

"Well, I think this one looks very natural on you," I said, as I got off the bed and grabbed my phone.

"I hope these are for your private collection," she said, as I aimed my phone at her naked body.

"Of course," I said, deciding I wanted to have at least one photo of each of my sluts.

"Please do keep them to yourself," she requested.

"As long as you're a good slut I will," I agreed.

She smiled as she moved her nylon-clad foot to my cock, "I'm more of a bad girl."

"That you are," I agreed, as I got dressed.

"So do you want to come in my cunt before your Mom munches on my chocolate box?" she asked, her words sounding doubly nasty coming from a minister's wife.

"I'd love to," I said, "but I want Mom to be my first."

"Aaaaaaah, how sweet," she smiled, "you want to be a Mother fucker."

"That I do," I said.

"Well you could drill my ass again, then cum on my cunt and I'll shove it in," she offered.

"That I think would work," I agreed, thinking it was a great idea.

"She usually comes over at 6:30, once you leave for debate club," she said.

I did have debate club practice every Sunday night, but this week I would have to be late, as I was definitely going to give Mrs. Grady a unique creampie, that hopefully my Mother would dine on. "I'll stop by before then."

"Sounds great," she nodded, as she got off the bed and walked to the mirror. "Fuck, this *does* look good."

"Don't wash off my cum until you go to bed tonight," I said.

"You really are like your father," she said, shaking her head.

"So I'm told," I said, as I headed home.

Mom wasn't home, she'd left a note that she got called into work... which happened on Saturday sometimes... she was a workaholic.

I showered and ended up playing Fortnite for a few hours, Mom not arriving home until after dinnertime.

When she did, she came directly to my room and asked, "Have you had dinner?"

"Not yet," I answered.

"Want me to order pizza?" she asked.

"Sure, I'd love some pie," I hinted slyly.

"I'll order some," she said.

"You look tired," I said.

"It was a long day," she nodded, yawning.

"Well then, you probably need a foot massage," I offered, wanting to touch those nylon feet again.

"I could use one every day," she told me.

"Luckily, today is a day," I joked, as I added, "why don't you come lie down on my bed so you can order the pizza while I massage your feet?"

"Sounds good," she agreed, as she collapsed on my bed.

I dropped out of my game even though I was only one of five left, and went to join her. I took her right foot (which was sleek and lovely in beige nylons) in my hand as she ordered the pizza.

"That feels nice," she said a couple minutes later when she hung up.

We chatted about her day and mine, me leaving out my afternoon rendezvous, before I apologized, "Sorry about yesterday morning."

"There's nothing to be sorry about," she dismissed it, "accidents happen."

I lied, "You're the first one ever to see my penis."

"Really?"

"Yeah, girls my age don't pay attention to me at all," I explained, which was true.

"College will change that," she said.

"I hope so," I said. "I don't want to be the real life Forty-year-old Virgin."

"Can I be frankly honest with you?" she asked.

"Of course," I said, "I hope you'll always be," as I massaged each toe individually.

"You're very big," she said.

"Big how?" I asked, playing dumb.

"Your penis is..." she paused, not sure how to say it, or perhaps even *if* she should say it, "...massive."

"Really?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't get an up close and personal look of course," she said, "but it may be the biggest one I've ever seen."

"Really?" I repeated, wanting to see how far she would take this conversation.

"Yes, honey," she said, "and once women discover what you're packing down there you will become quite popular."

"So size matters?" I asked.

"Big time," she nodded, and then laughed at her pun.

"Well, that may be true, but it's not like anyone is looking under the hood," I complained, using a lame car metaphor.

"I know high school is difficult, honey," she said, "it was for me too."

"It was?"

"Yes, I was quite a bit chunkier in high school," she admitted.

"Really?" I asked, and thinking about it now, realizing I'd never seen any pictures of her during that time. I'd seen a single baby picture, and then only ones from her wedding and afterwards... plus the hot college ones with that Jenny girl.

"Yes," she nodded, "but in college I came into my own."

"Well, for me that's almost a year away," I sighed, moving to her other foot.

"The time will fly by," she said.

"It's actually going at a snail's pace."

"Well, trust me, college girls are less superficial," she reassured me.

"Isn't cock... I mean lust for penis size a bit superficial?" I asked, still not completely understanding women's obsession with size... although since I preferred big tits over small ones, maybe it was just the natural mental concept of sexual beautification.

She nodded, giving a slight chuckle, "I guess so, but...."

"But what?" I asked when she stopped.

"This conversation is getting a bit weird for a mother and son," she said.

"Would you rather I ask Dad?"

"God, no," she laughed. "Okay, I'll soldier on. The reality is that women are no different from men."

"Meaning?"

"Men are usually pretty shallow, but so are we gals."

"How so?"

"We're attracted to looks just like guys are, and just like guys like big breasts, Latina butts or long legs, we like men with big penises," she said.

"Does a big one feel better than a smaller one?" I asked.

"Wow! My son is asking me what kind of penis feels best in his mom's vagina? This *is* getting weird," she said, looking a little uncomfortable.

"If you don't mind, Mom. I don't really know who else to ask these things," I replied innocently, not mentioning Ms. Chan.

"Well okay then, this is getting *really* personal, but... yes, I usually prefer a large one, ummm... in there," she answered.

"Is it about length or girth?" I asked.

"Both."

"Is one more important?"

"Different women would answer that differently."

"How?"

"Well, for some, length is more important for the obvious reason of the depths it can reach, while others focus more on girth, as it gives a different pleasure sensation," she explained, looking awkward telling me such intimate details. Nevertheless she added, "But all women would love to have both."

"All women?" I asked, as I got off the bed.

"Well, almost all," she corrected, glancing down at my crotch... and the tent in my pants... I had gone commando for just this effect.

"I can't believe women are as bad as men."

"It's not a bad thing, it's just human nature," she said, just as the doorbell rang for the pizza delivery. "Plus, sex isn't a bad thing, it too is human nature."

"So it's okay for me to have sex?" I asked.

She got off the bed, "As long as it's with someone you care about."

Deciding to drop one final hint, a less than subtle one, I replied, "But Mom, the only woman I care about is you."

The doorbell rang again, and I said I'd go get it, leaving those words to linger in my Mom's head.

The rest of the night we didn't talk any more about sex... eating pizza and watching Mom's favourite movie on TV, 'A Few Good Men,' the whole time I was thinking she only needed one good man... ME!

Sunday, October 28th: Day 7 of Project Mother Fucker

Sunday I went to church for the first time in months, and ended up getting a blow job in the minister's office.

That afternoon I went and deposited a load in Ms. Chan's coffee, as I hadn't visited her for a couple of days. She offered that if I wanted to watch some lesbian sex, Mrs. Sinclair would be over that night around eight. I said I might stop by, but that I had debate practice first.

I also tutored Mrs. Walker's son and chatted with her, but I didn't make a move on her. Although I now had a lot of confidence putting the make on my Dad's sluts, I still wasn't sure about my ability with someone new. (Ms. Chan's Muslim friend had been a special case, having been pretty much been handed to me on a platter.)

When I got home, Mom called me into her bedroom... the ultimate fantasy... although it wasn't to fuck her... of course... but it was to try on my costume. She said, "Try this on honey, so in case it's the wrong size Sally can do some last-minute alterations tomorrow."

"Man, she is fast," I said.

"Sally is the Supergirl of the designer world," Mom joked.

"I should have asked you to be Supergirl," I realized.

"Why?"

"Because you're super," I answered.

"That's the corniest thing you've ever said," she scoffed playfully, handing me the costume.

"I try," I shrugged, as I took it.

"Try it on," she said.

"Okay," I said, considering stripping right in front of her... but sticking to my plan... and my target date of Halloween.

I went to my bedroom and found that the costume was a bit tight... tight in that it completely showcased my cock. I thought this would only help with my Wednesday seduction and took it back off. I returned it to Mom and she asked, "Too small?"

"Perfect," I said.

"Why didn't you keep it on to show me?" she asked.

"You'll have to wait until Wednesday," I teased.

"In that case you'll have to wait until Wednesday as well," she shrugged.
"Actually, I'll have a bit of a surprise for you."

"I can't wait," I said sincerely, knowing better than to ask.

We had dinner early, as I told her I had to head out early to meet with my team before the big debate in three weeks. I drove a block, then parked and walked around to the back of Mrs. Grady's. I walked in the back door as planned, and she was waiting for me... in black stockings and a black lace bra... sans panties.

She smiled, "Like?"

"Next time I want to see you in white stockings," I said, curious how white nylons would look like against her black body.

"I'll have to buy some," she said, as she walked up to me.

"Then buy some," I said flippantly, as she dropped in front of me.

"I will," she nodded as she went to fish out my cock but stopped. "May I please suck your cock?"

"You may," I said, amused by our strangely civil conversation as she unzipped me and pulled out my flaccid cock.

"I love making a dick hard in my mouth," she said, as she took my softness between those luscious lips.

It felt amazing to feel my cock getting hard in her mouth as she swirled her tongue around it. Once it was hard, she began bobbing and I watched, still in awe of each woman who worshipped my cock... especially when it was being worshipped by a woman of God. That just enhanced the whole experience.

She asked, "So do you want me to suck you until you're close, or do you want to fuck my cunt and give me a creampie, or ream my ass and then spew your load all over my cunt?" she asked.

"All the above," I joked.

"I hope so," she smiled, as she moved to my balls and sucked them into her mouth.

After a couple of minutes I said, knowing time was of the essence, "Bend over the table."

"Yes, sir," she agreed submissively, quickly getting in position like the cock slut she was.

I moved behind her, slid inside her ass and began fucking.

"So what are your plans for my Mom?" I asked.

"For you to come all over my cunt and then your Mom to lick it all up," she said.

"Where?"

"Right here."

"Where's the camera?" I asked.

"I could set up a camcorder, but I thought you might like to watch from the closet over there," she suggested.

"HMMMMM," I pondered, "when is she coming over?"

"I can tell her to come over right now if you'd like," she said, reaching for her phone.

"She'll come right over?" I asked.

"She's a submissive cunt-hungry slut," she explained, as I kept fucking her. "She'll *rush* right over."

"And then she'll eat my cum," I said.

"Exactly," she said, as she called, putting her phone on speakerphone. "Hi, slut," she said, when Mom answered.

"Hi, Mistress," Mom replied.

"I have a big white cock in my ass right now," Mrs. Grady said.

"Really?"

"Yes, and I expect you over here in ten minutes, dressed in the sluttiest thing you own, so you can eat my anal creampie," Mrs. Grady added.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom replied.

"Oh yes, fuck my ass you big-dicked stud," Mrs. Grady moaned to me.

"Can I come and watch?" Mom asked.

"Then he'd take your ass too," Mrs. Grady responded.

"Is he big?"

"The biggest I've ever had," Mrs. Grady answered, as she turned and pushed me back. "Actually, I'll send you a pic."

"Yummy," Mom said, as Mrs. Grady snapped a quick picture of my cock.

"Sending," she said.

"Wow, that *is* huge," Mom agreed enthusiastically, as I wondered if she'd recognize it as the one she'd seen a couple days ago.

"And it feels great in my ass," the black slut bragged as I slid back into her ass and began really fucking her.

"He's pounding you hard, isn't he?" Mom asked.

"He's really *reaming* my shit hole," Mrs. Grady moaned.

"Fuck, could I use a good ass reaming," Mom said.

"I thought you were a dyke now."

"I've been craving a big fat cock for a couple of days now," Mom admitted, which just conveniently matched up with when she'd seen my cock.

"Well, play your cards right and I'll share this stud with you," Mrs. Grady moaned loudly, as I fucked her as hard as I could... their conversation really turning me on.

"Please," Mom said.

"He would treat you like a cheap three-hole slut," Mrs. Grady warned.

"I hope so," Mom said, "I badly need some big-dicked stud to take charge and use me," something I loved hearing!

"Then get dressed in something slutty as fuck and sashay your butt over here," Mrs. Grady ordered, and hung up.

"You probably have three minutes," Mrs. Grady smiled.

"I won't need that long," I said, my balls boiling, unsure if I wanted to come in her ass or on her cunt.

"Shoot it right up my ass, baby," she moaned, "let's make this as nasty as possible."

"Good call," I grunted, close to coming.

"Oh yes, shoot a big load up my ass for your Mom," she said wickedly, which was the perfect trigger to get me to do just that.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned, as I filled her ass with my cum. "YES!!"

I deposited a full load before I pulled out and ordered as I pulled my pants up, "Make her beg for it."

"I always do," she assured me as she remained bent over... some of my cum beginning to leak out of her ass.

I pulled out my phone and crept into the closet, keeping the door open just enough to be able to watch and film my Mom's debauchery.

Mrs. Grady phoned my Mom, "Just walk right in and come into the kitchen."

"Okay," Mom said, and we heard her entering the house a few seconds later.

"Get your ass in here," Mrs. Grady yelled.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom called back, coming into the kitchen in a trench coat.

"Take that shapeless thing off," Mrs. Grady ordered, still bent over.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom repeated, shrugging off the trench coat and revealing she was in black stockings, a plaid skirt that was so short I could see the tops of her stockings, and a skin-tight tube top.

"Hot," Mrs. Grady said, before adding, knowing I wanted to see my Mom naked, "now take off the tube top and skirt."

"Then why did I get all dressed up?" Mom asked.

"Because I wanted to see what you would wear."

"Fair enough," Mom said, as she quickly threw off her skimpy clothing, revealing she'd had nothing underneath but the black thigh highs and a body even hotter than I'd ever imagined.

"Now get over here and eat my asshole," she ordered.

"He's gone?" Mom asked, disappointed.

"Yeah, he deposited his load in my ass and left," Mrs. Grady said.

"Shoot," Mom said, as she moved to Mrs. Grady and dropped behind her. "He left cum everywhere!"

"Clean it up," Mrs. Grady ordered, as I filmed Mom eating my cum... easily the hottest thing I'd ever witnessed, and I'd just experienced a week-long marathon of hot shit.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom said, as she added, "I could go spelunking in here, he really gaped your ass."

"Like I said, biggest dick ever," she crowed as she felt my Mom's tongue in her ass. "Oh yes, eat my asshole and slurp up all that yummy cum."

"So good," Mom moaned, as she tongued deep inside Mrs. Grady's wide-open ass.

My cock was hard again... part of me wanted just to sneak out, creep up behind her and fuck her, but again I resisted the temptation.

"Get your tongue way up my shit hole, slut," Mrs. Grady ordered.

Mom ate my cum and her asshole for a couple of minutes before Mrs. Grady turned around, hopped up onto the counter and asked, "Hungry, slut?"

"Famished," Mom said, as she stood up and bent down, giving me an amazing look at her ass (which was almost porcelain white and not athletic, but just round and fleshy enough to jiggle when she walked and make a good couple of handfuls), and buried her face in the black pussy.

"That's it slut," Mrs. Grady moaned, "eat my cunt."

"I love this cunt," Mom crooned, as she hungrily lapped the sweet sushi.

Then for a few minutes I watched Mom eating cunt.

I listened to Mrs. Grady's moans increasing until she grabbed Mom's head and began grinding her face up and down on it as she looked right at me, grinning.

I smiled back as I filmed her orgasm at the tongue of my Mother. "Yes, eat my cum, bitch."

Mom didn't stop licking until Mrs. Grady let go of her head and asked, "Want to get fucked?"

"Is your cunt delicious?" Mom asked.

"So I'm told," she smiled, as she hopped off the counter and ordered, "Hands and knees, slut."

Mom obeyed.

"Crawl into the bedroom," Mrs. Grady ordered, offering me a great look at my Mom on all fours, her ripe peach showing clearly below her curvy ass cheeks as she crawled away.

I could follow and watch Mom get fucked, or head to my debate meeting... I sighed. And in the hardest thing I ever had to do, I crept out of the house as I heard Mrs. Grady order, "On the bed on all fours, dildo slut."

I headed out and drove to the debate meeting... my balls desperate for another release.

Nine o'clock that night, I stopped by Ms. Chan's house and deposited a load.

She asked, "So have you fucked your Mother yet?"

"Wednesday," I said.

"Once she's your slut, I want to taste her pussy," she said.

"That can be arranged," I agreed, "although she seems more of a pussy eater."

I headed home and was surprised to find Mom was in bed already... maybe Mrs. Grady had fucked the shit out of her.

Monday, October 29th: Day 8 of Project Mother Fucker

Like most mornings, I deposited a load in Ms. Chan's coffee.

At noonish I arrived at Mrs. Dieks' for a lunchtime deposit. As she sucked my cock, her phone rang.

"Get it," I told her.

"But it's my husband," she objected, standing up.

"Answer it anyway," I ordered.

"Why?" she asked.

"Do you want my cock in your ass?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then answer it and get back to sucking while you talk to him," I said, orchestrating something I always found hot in porn movies.

"Hi, honey," she said, as she dropped back down in front of me.

I pointed to my cock and she told her husband, "Just snacking on some lunch," before taking my cock in her mouth.

I smiled at her descriptive answer.

The phone was at her ear as she slowly swapped bobbing and conversing.

"Sausage," she answered.

A couple more bobs.

"I'm going for a workout next."

A few more bobs.

"I'm hoping to really work my ass off," she said, each response a naughty one in response to the oblivious husband's questions.

A few more bobs.

"I'm not sure," she answered, pausing for a quick bob, "Maybe your reception sucks."

I stifled a laugh.

A couple more bobs before she answered, "Mmmm-hmmm," still sucking.

"I don't know, it's a hard decision," she answered.

I pulled her up, moved onto her bed and lay down. She shook her head as she climbed onto it and straddled me. "Actually, I think I'll go for a drive."

As she lowered herself slowly, taking my cock in her ass, she said, "To the gym for a full workout, I told you that already."

As she began riding my cock she continued the conversation. "I'll do some squats first."

A few deep bounces.

"Then ride the bicycle," she suggested, as she rode me.

She moaned, then explained, "This sausage is just so good."

A few seconds later, "Actually I'm completely full."

As I was getting close, I began bucking my ass up to meet her downward movements as she let out a yelp, "Sorry, I just got poked."

"By a big stick," she answered, as I tried to imagine what he was saying, how he was reacting.

I lifted her off me and began jerking off as she said, moving her face close to my cock, "I've got to go. I need to gobble down some creamy dessert," then paused to listen before replying, "I know I said that, but there's always room for something creamy."

And as I spewed my load all over her face she told her husband, "I love you too."

She hung up as I finished coating her face, tossed the phone aside and giggled, "I'm glad you made me do that; it was so much fun!"

"Almost everything you said was dirty," I said.

"And he had no clue," she chortled.

"He's a fucking dumb ass," I said, shaking my head.

"He lost interest in me long ago," she sighed.

"Like I said, a fucking dumb ass," I repeated, as I got off the bed. I then added, feeling sorry for her, "You deserve a man who understands your needs and sees you for the beautiful woman you are."

"Thanks," she said gratefully, obviously not used to getting compliments.

"But you're still my slut," I said, slapping her ass.

"Are you going to fuck my cunt soon?" she asked.

"Maybe," I shrugged, loving the heady power of just using a slut's mouth and ass.

She shrugged too, "Either way, I'll take your cock wherever you want to stick it."

"That I will," I said, and headed back to school... late for the third time in six days.

That night I gave Mom another foot massage... flinching my cock sporadically against her foot as we chatted idly and watched television.

I didn't plant any new seeds, as I really had no creative ideas for adding anything new. I just enjoyed spending time with her and massaging her nylon-clad feet... thinking, *Two more days... two more days.*

Tuesday, October 30th: Day 9 of Project Mother Fucker

My morning routine continued with two loads for Ms. Chan: one for her breakfast and another for her coffee.

I had debate club at lunch, so I was carrying a full load when I arrived home, but neither Mrs. Grady nor Mrs. Dieks were home, so I went to my sure-thing cum receptacle: Ms. Chan.

For the second time, I walked in on Ms. Chan with another woman... this time it was Mrs. Sinclair, the woman in her seventies.

Mrs. Chan wasn't licking Mrs. Sinclair, she was fucking her with a vibrator.

Mrs. Sinclair looked over and asked, as she was fucked by Ms. Chan's large looking vibe, "Kevin, why haven't you stopped by to give me a snack of your sausage?"

"You're on my list," I admitted, as I watched the kinky act.

"Let me see that cock," she moaned.

I pulled my pants down, always willing to show off my big, fat cock.

"Very nice," she nodded as she looked it over.

"I'm told it's better than nice," I countered.

"Okay, it's a big fucking cock that needs to spend some quality time inside me," the elderly woman elaborated, staring at my cock with the same lust I've seen whenever I revealed my cock.

"That's better," I nodded, "now get over here and show me how badly you want my cock."

Ms. Chan pulled the vibe out of the elderly woman and smiled, "Hi, Kevin."

"Hi, slut," I greeted, "how many visitors do you get?"

"Not enough," she answered.

"That I can understand," I agreed as the elderly woman, still fully dressed, came up to me and dropped to her knees.

"I've been looking forward to this ever since slut Chan told me you were in the game," she said, stroking my cock.

"Well, show me what you got," I offered.

"She's a great cock sucker," Ms. Chan approved.

"Okay," I moaned, as the elderly woman began sucking. I don't know what she was doing, but she had her lips wrapped around my cock like a vise, so tight, even as she bobbed.

"Over fifty years of cock sucking experience," Ms. Chan added.

"That is... crazy," I moaned, the idea that Mrs. Sinclair had been sucking cock longer than my Mom had been alive was surreal.

"She tells me the fifties were pretty wild," Ms. Chan said.

"It wasn't all about the Beaver?" I asked.

"If the show was about gangbangs and lesbian orgies," Ms. Chan said.

"Delicious," I groaned, as Mrs. Sinclair really worked my dick over; I was pretty sure I was going to come soon.

"As is your cum," Ms. Chan added.

"So I'm told," I said, as I grabbed the elderly cock sucker's head and began face fucking her.

"Oh yes, face fuck your granny cock sucker," Ms. Chan demanded, always seeming to enjoy watching another woman be used.

"Oh, yes," I agreed, as my balls bounced off her chin and I deposited my load down her silky throat.

She eagerly swallowed it all and kept sucking until I pulled out.

She looked up at me and said, "Yummy."

"You're a great cock sucker," I said.

"I'll do you anytime you need to deposit a load," she promised before adding, "anywhere."

"I'll keep that in mind," I nodded, as I put my cock away and she got off her knees.

"Enjoy," I smiled.

"Oh I will," the elderly woman said, returning to Ms. Chan.

I was walking home when an idea popped into my head.

I went inside and took a picture of my cock. I then sent it to Mom with the message: **Want my cock???**

I then waited for my Mom to arrive home, suddenly worried: *What if she recognises this as the same cock she saw in Mrs. Grady's photo?*

She arrived a few minutes later and immediately called me into the kitchen saying impatiently, "We need to talk, young man!"

"About what?" I played innocent.

"About this," she said, showing me my text and picture.

"Oh dear," I said, pretending to be embarrassed.

"All you can say is 'oh dear'?" she demanded, clearly angry.

"Sorry," I apologized.

"I assume this wasn't intended for me. Who was it for?" she asked, making no mention of Mrs. Grady, for which I breathed a huge inner sigh of relief.

"Kim," I lied.

"Kim, your debate partner?" she asked.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Are you two having sex?" she asked.

"No, I'm still a virgin," I said, telling the truth. "I just thought I'd try and let someone know I have a big dick. You know, spread the word? Maybe get lucky some day?"

"Oh honey," she softened, realizing I was pathetic.

"I know, I know," I said, "it was a dumb idea."

"Oh honey," she repeated, pulling me into a hug. "It was misguided, yes."

"I just want someone to notice me," I said, sounding so fucking pathetic.

"Don't you worry, they will," she said.

"When?"

"All good things come to those who wait," she quoted, as I flinched my hard cock against her leg and hoped she was right, as my plan was coming close to fruition.

"I hope so," I said, with a dramatic sigh.

"I promise," she said, "you'll find someone who loves you for you."

"And who will let me fuck her?" I asked, pushing the boundaries as I flinched my cock three times against her leg.

"Kevin," she gasped. "I felt that."

"Sorry Mom, I've been having strange feelings recently," I explained.

"Oh," she said, as she moved away. She mentioned, "You know it's okay to masturbate."

I laughed awkwardly, "That no longer works for me."

"Pardon?" she asked.

"I, um, well..." I acted awkward.

"It's okay, you can tell me anything," she said.

"I can't really come like that anymore," I lied. I still could, it just wasn't as pleasurable as a woman's mouth or ass... and I assumed as a cunt.

"Oh," was all she said, clearly not knowing where to go from there.

"It's like I have constant blue balls now," I lied.

"I'll do some research," she offered, looking at me, concerned.

"Okay," I said, figuring I'd now planted enough seeds for tomorrow's conclusion to hopefully be climactic.

"I promise, I'll do whatever it takes to help you," she added, seeming even to take a glance at my hard-on, which I hoped to use when I test-drove her tomorrow.

"You're a great Mom," I said gratefully. And that was no lie.

"And you're a great son," she returned, totally over her mad.

Wednesday, October 31th: Day 10 of Project Mother Fucker (THE BIG DAY!!)

I woke up excited... like I used to on Christmas mornings.

And if all went well, I was going to have my Christmas on Halloween... getting the best present ever... losing my final remaining virginity to my Mother.

After I deposited my first load of the day in Ms. Chan's mouth she asked, "So are you going to fuck your Mommy today?"

"That's the plan," I nodded. "Tonight."

"I want to hear all about it," she said.

"You really are a little nympho," I said.

"You should have known me before the accident," she smiled. "I wasn't happy if I went eight hours without a cock in one of my three holes, or even all three."

"Or a cunt to munch on," I added.

"Well, of course," she shrugged.

"Fair enough," I laughed, as I headed out, giving her only one load this morning.

I stayed at school over lunchtime to watch the costume competition and see all the slutty outfits. I chose not to wear mine because of my belief that school activities sucked. There were a dozen-plus hot outfits, as I pondered who I may try and offer my big cock to first. Yet it was a cute, nerdy girl, Heather, dressed as an adorable anime character, who really got my attention. She was in some of my classes, and she was sweet and smart. I wouldn't want just to fuck her, like I would any of the bitchy cheerleaders or athletes; no, I would want to date her... but alas, and believe it or not after all I'd been doing in the past week or so, I was way too shy even to talk to her.

I got home and got into my costume... without underwear... the pants extremely tight... not leaving anything to the imagination. I then put on some glasses, a dress shirt and dress pants over the top of it... I would be Clark Kent to start and Superman to finish.

Mom came home, late by a couple of hours, and apologized, "Sorry, work was crazy."

"No worries," I shrugged, "it's been busy here, too."

"It'll be a nice evening though," Mom said, before adding, as she looked at my Clark Kent disguise, "Cute."

"Thanks," I said before giving her a slight order, "now go get your costume on."

"Yes, sir," she said, saluting me playfully.

"Good girl," I responded playfully, even as I was subtly trying to condition her.

I handed out candy to a couple of kids before Mom walked downstairs in an outfit that instantly had my cock hard and wedging itself into an awkward position in my tight outfit.

"Wow!" I blurted, in awe of her outfit.

"You like?" she asked, posing with both her arms in the air and flexing her muscles.

"You look amazing," I said, as I checked out her breasts. Their shape was fully revealed by her Supergirl outfit as if the top had been painted on. She also had the short red skirt, matching boots and mocha-coloured nylons in between.

"I was hoping you'd like it," she said, before explaining, "the Lois Lane costume was rather bland, and I wanted to look sexy tonight. Plus, you did say I should have been Supergirl. Since we're only dressing up for each other and the trick-or-treaters, I wanted to dress to impress."

"Well, that you most certainly did," I said, "you look really sexy," as I realized we were now wearing incestuous costumes... Supergirl was Superman's cousin after all, and if they were dating, then... which only added steam to what I hoped was about to transpire.

"Thanks," she smiled, "although it feels weird to be called sexy by my son."

"Mom, you *are* sexy," I stressed, "not to mention hot, beautiful and a complete MILF."

"Oh my God!" she gasped, clearly knowing what MILF meant.

"What?" I asked.

"You just called me a MILF," she objected, as the doorbell rang.

"You're the *ultimate* MILF," I added unapologetically, letting that thought linger as I got the door.

I returned a minute later as she was getting a drink of water. I said, "We should take some pictures."

"Agreed," she said, as she grabbed her camera. She loved taking photos, and it was always nearby. She put it on the tripod, pressed some buttons and came over to me. "Smile."

We took a couple and then she said, "Now take off the Clark Kent costume."

I said, "I need a girl to tell me that."

"I am a girl," she pointed out, as I unbuttoned my shirt.

"No, you're a woman," I corrected.

"No, tonight I'm a girl... Supergirl," she laughed, giving me another two-armed flex pose.

I pulled down my pants, tossed them aside and adjusted my cock right in front of my Mom... my hard cock tightly encased, so completely in view beneath the formfitting fabric.

"Oh my," she said, as the doorbell rang again.

"I'll get it," I said.

"Okay," she said, her cheeks slightly red.

I handed out candy to three kids and waited for another group that was already walking up. When I returned, Mom looked nervous. I asked, "Did you mean we should take some pics as Superman and Supergirl?"

"Sure," she said, although she was definitely rattled... I assume by my cock, which was by now fully erect and its shape in plain sight... only some thin latex-like fabric holding it in place, angled upwards.

I asked, "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine," she said, although she was clearly flustered.

"You sure?" I asked, knowing my cock was in full view and she was affected by it.

"Yes," she repeated, as the doorbell rang.

"Okay," I said, smiling as I went to get it.

I returned a couple minutes later after a parade of kids had trouped past our door.

"Let's get these pictures done," I said, as again I adjusted my cock in front of her.

"Okay," she said, as she got the camera ready and we took a couple photos.

After candying some more kids, I returned and saw Mom was out of her boots, her newly painted red-painted toenails in clear view in the sheer nylons. She said, "Sorry, these boots aren't comfortable."

"No worries, you look even better without them," I complimented, as I stared at her feet and adjusted my cock in front of her yet again.

"I do?" she asked.

"Mom, you look good in everything you wear," I assured her.

"You're so sweet," she said, bathing in the compliments. "But everyone looks sexier in nylons," she laughed.

"What?" I asked, feigning obliviousness.

"That's what your Dad always says. He has a nylon fetish, you know," she mentioned.

"Is that why you always wear them?" I asked, even though I knew the answer.

"I guess," she admitted.

"But why do you *still* always wear them?" I asked, just as the doorbell rang again.

I left that question lingering as I went and got the door... hoping this parade of kids would be ending soon.

When I returned she didn't answer my last question, instead asking, "Did you wear that costume to school today?"

"No," I said, as I adjusted my cock again.

"You should have," she said, looking down at my crotch and not being subtle about it.

"Why?"

"The girls would have seen what you were packing down there and gotten interested," she said with a slight smile.

I looked down, acting surprised, "Oh, is it that obvious?"

"A little," she said.

"Not a lot?" I smiled, adjusting again.

"Well since you ask, a lot is exactly what you have," she admitted.

"Shoot, I guess I should have worn it then," I sighed.

"You likely would have been sent home," she said.

"You would have been too," I added.

"What? Me? Why?" she asked.

"I can clearly see your nipples, and they're hard," I pointed out, thinking it was time... and now that it was getting close to eight, hopefully we wouldn't

be disturbed.

She looked down at herself and gasped, "Oh."

I adjusted my cock again and said, "Sorry, this outfit is a little tighter than I thought when I first tried it on."

"No worries, honey," she said, before adding, "although it doesn't leave much to the imagination. Is it even comfortable?"

"Actually you're right, it's *too* tight," I complained, moving both my hands to my cock, "this is even beginning to hurt."

"Take it off, then," Mom advised me, concerned.

"Okay," I said, as I turned around and asked desperately, "Can you hurry and unzip me?"

"Sure," she said, doing just that.

I quickly pulled the one-piece costume down and completely off and was suddenly completely naked as the day I was born... but with a much more impressive wee wee.

I turned back to Mom and told her, my fully erect cock pointing directly at her, "That feels so much better."

Mom was staring at my cock.

I joked, "Do I have a super cock, Supergirl?"

Mom looked up, realizing she had been staring, as she stammered, "L-l-like I said before honey, it's very impressive."

As I relished the way she kept glancing back down at my hard cock, "I asked, "More impressive than Dad's?"

"Uh, Kevin, that isn't an appropriate question," she said, completely flustered.

"Neither is staring at your son's big, fat cock," I countered, as I closed the couple of feet and reached for her, deciding the time was now or never.

"Kevin!" she gasped, backing away even as she couldn't resist looking back down.

"What? Ms. Chan says there is no purer thing in the world than incest," I said.

"You talk to Ms. Chan about having sex with me?" she asked, dazed and confused.

"Usually after depositing a morning load down her throat, but before I deposit a second load in her coffee," I answered honestly.

"Kevin, I..." she began, but I interrupted.

I put my hands on her shoulders like I'd seen in so many porn films, and said, as I pushed gently, "Mom, you know you love big, fat cock."

To my surprise, she didn't fall to her knees like in the pornos, instead she said, although weakly, "Kevin, you're my son."

"And you're my Mom," I countered. And as I pointed down to my cock I added, "And you created this masterpiece." I then added, "And you can stop pretending you've never fantasized about being fucked by your son, I checked your browser history."

"You know?" she gasped, looking ashamed. She then protested weakly, her mind and body at war with each other, "But that was just fantasy,"

"And now we're going to make both our fantasies come true," I said, feeling rather suave.

"Incest is illegal," she pointed out, each argument weaker than the last.

"Incest laws are silly," I said, "there is no better way to show how much I love you than by giving you what you need."

"What I need?" she asked, actually raising an eyebrow, even as she again gazed down at what she needed.

"You need my big, fat cock," I said bluntly, before adding, as I again pushed down on her shoulders, and this time she did give in, "and you need to be my Mommy-slut," I finished as her knees landed on the carpet.

"Kevin," was all she could say, as she was now staring eye to eye at my cock.

"Go ahead Mom," I said softly, "we both know you've been craving this cock ever since I dropped my towel."

"That was on purpose?" she asked, clarity seeming to creep in.

"As was the pic of my dick," I added, as I slowly stroked my cock, her mouth just inches away... my fantasy the same few inches away.

"And that was you fucking Mrs. Grady?" she asked, the lightbulb going on, staring at my hand stroking my cock like it was a hypnotist's watch. "That cock was awfully big, just like yours."

"In the ass," I clarified, "So far I only fuck my sluts in the ass."

"So I've already eaten your cum?" she questioned, even though by now the question was rather rhetorical.

"I'm told it tastes much better directly from the source," I said slyly, as I leaned forward and offered her my cock.

And just as I had hoped... dreamed... just as my cock touched her lips, she opened them.

She didn't bob like every other cock slut the second they had my cock between my lips, she just sat there with three thick inches in her mouth, as if pondering what to do next. I encouraged her, "Go ahead, Mom, suck my big, fat cock..." I then added, knowing from my limited experience and from hearing Mom begging for Dad to sodomize her that she liked dirty talk, "...and become my Mommy-slut."

I waited a few seconds... although it seemed like an eternity... before she began bobbing.

"Good girl," I purred, encouraging her obedience, "that feels so good."

She was tentative at first, likely still trying to come to grips with what had just happened, sucking only the first four inches into her mouth.

She'd just begun bobbing faster when the doorbell rang. *Again!*

"Fuck!" I sighed, I'd meant to turn off the lights before I began the last stages of the seduction, but they had happened so quickly.

Mom got up and joked, "You'd better not get it this time."

"Probably not," I laughed, as my Supergirl flew to the door.

She came back a minute later, looked at me still standing there naked, and said, "Kevin, we mustn't do this."

"Mom, we already are," I pointed out.

"No, the doorbell was a sign," she said. "A sign that we should stop before it's too late."

"Or it was just random trick or treaters coming to our house," I countered, walking back to her.

"Don't," she said.

"Don't what?" I asked, as I reached her again.

"Don't make me do it," she said weakly, her resistance as fragile as a leaf in autumn.

"Don't make you do what?" I asked, as I returned my hands to her shoulders.

"Kevin," she said, looking down at my cock again.

"Go ahead, Mom," I suggested, again pushing her down to her knees, "we both know you desperately want my big, fat cock, almost as much as I want you to have it."

She returned to her knees as she sighed, "Damn you, Kevin."

"Tell me how badly you want it," I said, as I stroked my cock in front of her.

"Just shove it in my mouth, Kevin," she sighed, opening it for me.

"You sure?" I asked, wanting her to beg for it now... for her to make the next move.

"Yes, dammit!" she cursed, frustrated by her own weakness and lust.

"Yes, what?" I asked.

"You're so goddam much like your father," she said, shaking her head, "always playing mind games."

"But I'm bigger," I pointed out.

"Yes, you are," she agreed, as she reached out and replaced my hand with hers.

"Do you want to suck it?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Pardon?" I asked, now reveling in the power I had. "Could you please explain?"

"Yes, I want to suck your big, fat cock," she said, "is that what you want to hear?"

"Yes, Mom," I nodded. "That's what I've *longed* to hear for over a week. Go ahead and suck my cock, show me how much you want it."

"I'm going to burn in hell for this," she sighed, before she leaned forward and took me back in her mouth.

Unlike the last time where she'd taken her time, this time she replicated my previous cock sluts, immediately bobbing with reckless lust.

"Oh yes, Mom," I moaned, "show me how much you love my big, fat cock."

She bobbed faster, stroking it at the same time, while moving her other hand to my balls and beginning to fondle them.

Because of the rapid sucking, the ball cupping and the reality that it was my own Mother sucking my cock, I didn't last long, groaning in under two minutes, more likely just over a minute, "I'm going to come."

Like all my other cum sluts, she kept bobbing and was rewarded with my load in seconds... swallowing it all.

Also like my other cock sluts she didn't stop, although she slowed down, nursing my cock to completion.

I pulled out, pulled her up and said, "My turn."

"You don't have to," she said, as I lowered myself below her and was surprised to see she was wearing crotchless pantyhose and no panties. Now it was my turn to be shocked!

I pointed out the obvious, "You're not wearing any panties."

"I often go commando," she informed me, cocking her head and gazing down at me with the sexiest look I'd ever seen.

"Do you also often wear crotchless pantyhose?" I asked, as I stared at her completely shaved and very wet pussy.

"No, I did that for you," she said.

"You did this for me?"

"I wasn't sure, but just in case," she grinned playfully, her mind apparently already prepared to be my Mommy-slut,. "You know, can't hurt, might help?"

"In case?" I asked.

"Well I'd done some thinking and I was pretty sure you were the one who ass fucked Mrs. Grady, I felt your cock flinching against my feet and thigh all those times, and you didn't look at all embarrassed when you dropped that towel, so I had a hunch you were going to try and do something like this," she said.

"Do what?" I asked, as I moved a finger to her pussy.

"Make me your Mommy-slut," she answered with a moan.

"And do you *want* to be my Mommy-slut?" I asked, as I slid the finger inside her.

"Yes," she moaned with a tremble.

"Yes, what?" I asked.

"Yes darling, I want to be your Mommy-slut," she admitted.

"And why is your cunt so wet?" I asked.

"Because I'm a big, fat cock slut for my hot son," she answered, giving in without hesitation.

"Mmmmmmm," I responded, as I leaned forward and licked her pussy.

"That's it my baby boy, lick your Mommy's wet cunt," she moaned, getting turned on by the incestuous aspect.

And I did, wanting to get my Mom off with my tongue.

"Oh God," she moaned after a couple minutes of licking, "I love your tongue on Mommy's cunt. William has never done that for me, he thinks it's

beneath him."

"That's because Dad doesn't love you as much as I do. Now come for me, Mommy," I ordered, as I continued licking and began fingering her.

"Oh yes, finger fuck Mommy's cunt, suck on my clit, fuck yes, lick your Mommy," she babbled, as her hand went to my head and she pulled me deeper into her heavenly wetness.

I kept attacking her pussy, inside and out, until she screamed, "Yes, Mommy's coming!!" as she flooded me with wetness.

I licked up her cum, my cock already hard again, as her body quaked and she used my shoulders for balance.

Once she returned to earth she asked, with a sexy, seductive smile, "So is Superman going to fuck Supergirl, or what?"

"That would be incest," I pointed out.

"They're related?" she asked, surprised.

"They're first cousins," I answered.

"Well, I guess that makes sense," she said, as she took my hand and led me upstairs to her bedroom.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked.

"To your new bedroom," she answered, making my already hard cock flinch, as this new intimacy promised to become more than just a one-night fuck fest.

Once we arrived in her... no, *our*... bedroom, she went to the bed, sat on the edge and said, "Come here."

"Are you Supergirl or Mrs. Robinson?" I joked, as I walked to her.

"Both," she smiled, as she patted the bed and said, "Lie down."

I did as she suggested, lying on my back, and she climbed onto the bed still standing and walked up to my face. "Have you ever wanted to suck on my toes?"

"All the time," I told her as she put her left foot into my mouth, using the wall for balance.

I took the toes into my mouth, sucking on them.

"That feels so nice," she moaned, as I also massaged her foot with my hands.

She changed feet after a minute and I replicated the attention. She then moved her foot to my bare chest and rubbed her nylon foot all over it. She asked, "You like?"

"It feels great," I said, as my cock saluted her attentions.

"How about this?" she asked, a minute later, as still leaning against the wall, she stretched a foot back to my cock and rubbed it up and down.

"Also great," I said.

"How about this?" she asked another minute later as she then kneeled down and straddled my cock, her pussy rubbing on the top of it.

"I wasn't lying, you know," I said, "I'm still a virgin."

"But you fucked Mrs. Grady," she said, looking at me surprised.

"Yes, and Mrs. Dieks, and Dad's girlfriend Portia, and some Muslim friend of Ms. Chan's whose name I can't remember, but only in their assholes," I said.

"Oh," she said.

I added, "I was saving my true virginity, my cunt virginity for someone special."

"Oh," she repeated, this news fazing her.

"I saved it for my wonderful Mommy-slut," I said, as I bucked my hips up and entered my Mom's cunt.

"Ohhhhhhh," she moaned as I entered her... the moist, welcoming warmth of a pussy so different from a mouth or an ass.

"Ride me, Mom," I ordered, "take your son's virginity."

"Fuck yes!" she agreed "Thank you for saving it for me, baby," she groaned; whatever hesitation she'd ever had was now completely vanished.

She began riding me and I watched her expressions of pleasure for a couple of minutes. I then realized I still hadn't seen her tits up close and personal. I was about to order her to remove her outfit, when she seemed to read my mind, pulling it off in one quick movement. "You like Mommy's titties, my big boy?"

"They're amazing," I said, as they bounced around right above me.

She leaned forward and asked, "And do you want to suck your Mommy's titties?"

I responded by cupping them both and leaning up to suck a big, hard nipple into my mouth. I then began bucking up to fuck her.

She moaned, "Yes son, fuck Mommy's needy cunt."

"From now on I'm going to fuck you all the time," I told her as I tugged on her nipple with my teeth.

"You'd better," she moaned.

I sucked on her other tit until she sat back up and began bouncing.

"Hottest thing ever," I moaned, watching her ride me, her tits bouncing and her lips pursed in concentration.

"What about my lips wrapped around your cock?" she asked.

"That was great too," I said, "as was watching you eat my creampie from Mrs. Grady's asshole."

"You were there?" she asked, although she no longer seemed surprised by anything.

"In the closet," I said.

"At least I know you're not in the *metaphorical* closet," she said, using air quotes.

"You thought I was gay?" I asked.

"I thought maybe," she said.

"And now?" I asked.

"Now I think you're my big, fat-cocked Master," she answered.

"Master, I like that," I said, "I like that a lot," as I grabbed her hips, flipped her onto her back and took charge of the fucking.

"I'll obey any order you give me," she promised.

"Any order at all?" I asked, the term's meaning very broad.

"Yes, Master, anything at all," she agreed confidently, as I slid back in her cunt.

"I'll keep you to it," I said, as I grabbed her ankles, pushed them up near her head, used them for balance and began to piledrive her.

"Oh yes, fuck your bimbo, ram that big stick into your Mommy fuck slut," she moaned.

"Bimbo?" I asked, surprised, as she was one of the smartest women I knew. She was a successful attorney, for heaven's sake.

"For your cock I'm a mindless fuck toy," she admitted. "We can discuss rocket science some other time if you want."

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned, as I dwelt on how this had gone even better than I'd anticipated.

"You'll seduce some college coed and bring her back to me for a threesome?" I asked.

"Yes, Master," she moaned.

"You'll wear a load of my cum all over your face and go out in public?" I asked.

"Yes, but preferably when we aren't in this city," she answered.

"Yes, a lawyer is pretty recognizable," I allowed.

"Yes," she nodded, but added, "now fuck Mommy hard and breed her."

"You want me to come in your cunt?" I asked, although I had already planned to do that.

"I want you to shoot your cum in my cunt, I want to feel a full load all over my face, I want a load decorating my tits, I want a pearl necklace, I want a load deep in my butt," she listed.

"That's a lot of loads," I said.

"Are you up to it?" she asked.

"I think I can manage," I smiled, as my balls boiled and her moans got louder.

And for a couple of minutes I fucked her hard, holding back as long as possible until I grunted and spewed my load in her warm cunt, which triggered her second orgasm as she screamed, "Yes, fill Mommy's cunt!!!"

Of course, I was already doing that.

I kept fucking her throughout both of our orgasms, until I pulled out and collapsed beside her.

"Fuck, do I love your cock," she said, after about four minutes of complete silence.

"And I love all your holes," I replied.

"How do you know?" she asked playfully, as she wriggled down the bed until her mouth was next to my cock. "Don't you want to be sure?"

"You really are insatiable," I moaned, as she took my cock back in her mouth.

"For this cock I am," she said.

"This big, fat cock," I corrected.

"Yes, this big, fat cock," she agreed, as she sucked tantalizingly on a cock that was just considering springing back to its full vigour.

THE END of A Hot Mommy Seduced Story

Possible follow ups include the already in the works:

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy

Nerd takes mom's last forbidden hole in epic role play fantasy.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun

Kevin takes his mom's ass; with Mom's assistance, Kevin gives Ms. Chan her first fuck since the injury and dp's both women.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Blonde Cheerleader (not sure how yet)

Cheerleader learns the power of Big fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy

Where Kevin's aunt and grandmother discover his BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy

Where Kevin has a great weekend touring the school.

BIG FAT COCK: Hot Principal (not sure how yet)

Kevin's BIG fat cock dominates bitchy principal.

BIG FAT COCK: In Toronto (or some other location... thoughts?)

During a trip, they explore voyeuristic sex.

BIG FAT COCK: Interracial Incest 3some

Kevin fucks Mrs. Grady and her daughter.

BIG FAT COCK: Jasmine Walker

Kevin offers mother of student he is tutoring is BFC.

BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher Story

Kevin's BIG fat cock turns lesbian into eager cock sucker.

BIG FAT COCK: Mom's College Friend

Kevin's BIG fat cock seduces psychologist he is seeing.

BIG FAT COCK: Pregnant MILF

Kevin fucks a pregnant MILF and discovers he is going to be a daddy.

BIG FAT COCK: The Happy Ending

Kevin finds a girl who loves him for him and not just for his BIG fat cock.

Big Fat Cock: Anal Mommy

Summary: Nerd takes his submissive mom's final hole... her ass.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni**, who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first story and isn't in this one either.

Note 2: This is the second part in a potentially lengthy story of one nerd's discovery of the power having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

Note 3: Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** who loved the first part and suggested a more complex story of a young man coming to grips with who he is. He also suggested and worked with me on the plot as we went back and forth. I hope you enjoy. Also, thanks to **Tom** for the anal rimming idea.

Note 4: Thanks to **Tex Beethoven, Robert, and Wayne for editing.**

Continuing right after part one... BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy

As we both recovered from our second orgasms... my second load still leaking out of her cunt... Mom asked, "So tell me everything."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"How you switched so suddenly from shy and nerdy to expert cocksman," she smiled.

So for half an hour, mixed with both of us going pee and rehydrating with some H₂O, I told her of my entire wild week and a half of learning the

power of my big cock.

After listening intently through my lengthy, almost unbelievable, story (a fictional porn story would be more believable), meanwhile stroking my cock which was finally flaccid, Mom, insatiable now that she had a big, fat cock available in her own house again, finally asked, "And all this was because you wanted to seduce me?"

"Partly," I agreed, before adding, "you know from my story I'm not a one-eager-cock-slut-only kind of guy, even though two weeks ago I was totally inexperienced with anybody at all. So a large part of my whoring around was just because I'd learned that I could, kind of like a natural foods kid released into a candy store; but the entire time, I was obsessed by my hope that I could manage to fuck you."

She sighed, as she leaned her head down in an attempt to get my cock hard again, "Like father, like son."

As she took my cock into her mouth, trying to get it ready to give her one more treat, her very own dirty version of trick or treat, although I suppose it was more trick *and* treat, I said, "A couple of weeks ago your telling me I was like Dad would have been the biggest insult you could have ever given me."

"And now?" she asked, her tongue swirling around my cock head as my shaft hardened.

"Now I'm not sure one way or the other," I admitted. I still resented him for cheating on my mom, still resented him for leaving us, and still resented him for being such a shitty father... yet, I had him to thank for alerting me to the power I had because of my big, fat cock. Without his setting me on this path and giving me his short list of easy sluts within easy walking distance, I wouldn't be in my mother's bed right now as she sucked my cock in hopes of obtaining a third load.

"You're the best parts of your father," she assured me, my cock now at full mast and saluting my beautiful cock-hungry mother.

"Except I'm bigger," I joked, as I pondered whether she was correct. Or now that I'd discovered the magic power of my big wand, would I turn into an arrogant, sexist, asshole like Dad was?

"And you have more stamina," she added, "do you realize how many hours we've been going at it tonight? And don't look now..." as she straddled me and lowered herself once more on my big, fat cock.

"I'm the Energizer Bunny of big, fat cocks," I joked, as I watched her begin bouncing on my cock.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned, cupping her tits.

However, as she rode me, I couldn't get the thought out of my head, *Am I becoming my father?*

My treatment of all the women I'd been with recently, except for Ms. Chan and my Mother, was almost exclusively one of domination, as I watched them become cock hungry bimbos for the privilege of sucking my cock or taking it in their asses. Truth was, I had no respect for Mrs. Dieks at all, and I wasn't sure of my opinion of the others, which, I imagined, was exactly how my father viewed most women... just pretty packages containing three holes for him to deposit his loads.

I wanted to be more than that.

I wanted to find love.

I didn't just want to find love, I wanted to find love with someone who loved me for me, not because I had a big, fat cock.

I knew then I would have to chat long and often with the one woman who seemed to understand me better than anyone else... Ms. Chan.

But that would have to wait until tomorrow... right now I had a Mom to fuck. Again.

I moaned, beginning to meet my Mom's downward bounces, bucking up into her.

"Oh yes," she moaned loudly. "Fuck Mommy."

After a couple minutes in this position I was getting tired, it had been a long night, so I ordered her, "Lie on your side."

"Mmmmmm, Yes, baby," she moaned, quickly getting off me and rolling onto her right side, eager to please me.

I moved behind her, slid into her wet cunt, moved my left hand around to cup her breast, and began fucking her.

"Oh yes, fuck me, you big-dicked Mommy fucker," she moaned, after a minute or two of deep thrusts.

"You love that we're committing incest, don't you?" I asked, loving mom's wicked mouth.

"I know I shouldn't," she moaned, "but yes, it fucking turns me on to get pounded by my son."

"And being your son's cum slut," I added, pinching her nipple.

"Oh yes," she whimpered, "I *love* being your Mommy cum slut."

"And tomorrow being my morning wake-up deposit," I continued, loving my power over my mother, loving having her succumb completely to me.

"I do love breakfast in bed," she responded wickedly, her orgasm again building.

"Fuck yourself on your son's cock, Mommy slut," I ordered her, tired from the marathon day of fucking and in the mood to be pampered.

"Yes, baby," she moaned, beginning to bounce back on my cock, her legs clad in nylon wrapping around mine and thrilling me with silky sensations as they glided against my skin.

"Tell me what you are," I ordered, as she really fucked herself.

"I'm a Mommy-Slut," she declared, then corrected herself, "or better, *your* Mommy-Slut."

"More," I ordered, as my entire cock was engulfed by her furious bucking.

"I'm a son fucker, a bimbo cum slut, a three-hole whore," she listed off, between more moans and frantic fucking.

"I still have one hole to fuck before we make that last one real."

"Any time, Master," she moaned, close to coming.

"I want you to come for me now, my full-time fuck slut," I ordered, feeling my balls boiling again and thinking her ass would have to wait for tomorrow.

She was already a well-trained slut, likely because of my father, so the moment I gave her permission, she erupted, "Yes, oh yes!!"

She stopped bucking as she came, and her body gave in to the intense pleasure. I pulled out, rolled her onto her back and straddled her, sliding my wet cock between her tits.

She smiled, as she squeezed her tits together, "Yes son, fuck Mommy's big tits with your big, fat cock."

I pumped my dick between her tits, another fantasy coming true (literally, as I was about to come), as I groaned, "Ready for your pearl necklace?" One of the many ways she'd already listed she wanted me to shoot my cum.

"Yes, baby, spray your seed all over my neck," she urged me, lifting her head up so she could watch.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, as I fucked her tits.

"Come for Mommy, baby," she encouraged. "Come all over your bimbo fuck slut."

"Aaaaaah," I grunted, as my final load of the evening coated my mom's neck.

"Yes," she moaned, as if having a load of cum jetting onto her was its own orgasmic experience.

I finished coming, leaving a nice artistic load all over her neck and chest area, then got off and collapsed back into the bed.

"Did I finally wear you out?" she asked.

"I am pretty tired," I admitted.

She moved closer to me, leaning against my chest, "Then close your eyes and sleep with me."

"Just sleep?" I joked, even as I reached my arm under her to pull her closer so we were face to face.

"Well, we've already done the other type of sleeping together," she pointed out, kissing my chest.

"That we have," I smiled sleepily, closing my eyes.

"I can't believe we just did that," she said, after a brief pause. Long enough for the adrenaline high to dissipate and for reality to settle in. She'd fucked her son. She'd committed incest.

"We did it three times," I pointed out sleepily.

She laughed, then paused for a while before asking, her tone suddenly one of insecurity, not a tone I was used to hearing from my usually strong-willed Mother, "So Kevin, no regrets?"

What? My eyes snapped wide open and looked directly into hers. "Oh, Mom. You're still my Mom, and I still love you in that role."

"But you also want to fuck my face, pound my pussy and ream my ass," she growled, shocking me, shifting from insecure to confident and nasty in a

heartbeat.

"Is that bad?" I asked with a smile.

"It's very, very bad," she agreed, leaning up and kissing me. She broke the kiss and added, "It's so bad that it's also very, very, *very* good."

"I love you, Mom," I told her earnestly, kissing her once more.

"I love you, too," she responded, pulling herself closer to me.

I closed my eyes again as I added dreamily, "And I also love that you're my Mommy-Slut."

"And I love that I gave birth to a big, fat-cocked mother fucker," Mom said, as we both drifted off to sleep.

.....

The only thing that could possibly match the thrill of losing my virginity to my mother was awakening to the sensations of my mother sucking my cock.

I opened my eyes and watched her slowly bobbing on my cock for a couple of minutes before I said, "I didn't think you would actually do this... to be my full-service alarm clock."

She looked up and said, "You told me you wanted me to."

"Yes, I did," I nodded.

"And I am your completely obedient Mommy-slut," she said proudly, stroking my cock, "except when I need to be your mother."

"So no regrets?" I asked.

"Only that we waited this long, my love," she said, taking my cock back in her mouth.

"Me too," I moaned, as I moved up onto my elbows so I could watch my Mom worship my cock. Unfortunately, like all my morning orgasms, I didn't last long... maybe two minutes.

She swallowed my cum and kept nursing my cock for a couple more minutes after my load had been fully extracted.

She sat up and said, "I have to get to work. But I expect you to fuck your mother's ass tonight."

"If I have to," I joked over-dramatically, as if it would be a chore.

"Obey your mother young man, you do have to," she teased, squeezing my cock. "Because I can't brag about being your three-hole fuck slut if you don't fuck all three of my holes."

"That's a very good point," I agreed, still in awe of how wonderfully my seduction of my mother had gone... better than planned.

"Yes, this is a lovely point," she agreed whimsically, bending down and giving me one last suck. "Fuck, you're turning me into a complete cock whore."

"Too late, cock whore," I smiled, getting up and slapping her ass.

"Brat," she said, heading out of her bedroom. No, out of *our* bedroom.

"Have a good day, slut," I called out.

"Be ready to ream my asshole and sodomize the fuck out of me," she called back, words no son ever imagines hearing.

I shook my head at my good fortune before heading to the shower.

Ten minutes later I was at Ms. Chan's and she too had my cock in her mouth. It took much longer than her usual quick morning breakfast protein, since I'd already shot a load in Mom's mouth, but Ms. Chan's expert mouth was very determined. Yet, she noticed I wasn't my usual quick trigger self

and asked, with a smile, as she stroked my hard cock, "So congratulations are in order, you're obviously now a mother fucker."

"How do you know?" I asked, hearing Ms. Chan call me a mother fucker feeling so hot.

"Because this load isn't coming so quickly, plus your confidence is brimming even more and if you're allowing anyone else to extract your morning cum besides me, it had better be your mother."

"Yes, it was," I admitted.

"Blow job?"

"Yep."

"Cunt?" she asked.

"Yes," I nodded, loving to hear this sweet Asian in her wheelchair use the 'C' word.

"Asshole too?"

"Not yet," I answered.

"Interesting," she nodded.

"What?" I asked.

"Well, with everyone else you only face fuck and ass fuck, but your mother is the other way round," she observed.

"Meaning?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, "it's just interesting."

"I plan to take her final hole tonight," I admitted.

"I see," she said, "want to try something a little kinky?"

"Kinkier than fucking my mother?" I questioned.

"Well, not kinkier than that, but a little unorthodox," she said.

"You have me intrigued," I said.

"Bend over and put your butt in my face," she instructed.

"Excuse me?" I asked, that not being what I anticipated her saying.

"Trust me," she smiled, "I'm going to show you a pleasure you didn't know existed."

"What are you going to do?" I asked skeptically.

"Analingus is the correct term, rimming is the most common term, and ass eating is the dirty term," she listed.

"You want to eat my ass?" I asked.

"I'm going to eat your ass," she corrected.

"Why?" I asked, this not sounding appealing at all.

"To introduce you to a side of pleasure you didn't know existed," she answered.

"Isn't it gay?" I asked.

"Taking it in the ass is perhaps gay. Craving sucking cock all the time may be gay. Thinking a guy is hotter than a girl likely implies you're gay. Being pleased in any fashion whatsoever by a hot Asian slut definitely isn't gay," she responded.

"I don't know," I said.

"Trust me," she said. "Have I steered you wrong at all so far?"

"No," I admitted, still not super excited about this.

"Now turn around and let me see that sexy ass of yours," she ordered.

"Okay," I said, turning around.

"Such a tight ass," she said, squeezing both my cheeks.

"Yeah, it's all my working out," I joked.

"Lately you *have* been working out a lot," she countered.

"True enough," I laughed at her version of working out.

I felt her pull me closer to her, pull open my cheeks and I stiffened.

"Relax," she said. "This will feel good."

"Okay," I said, although I couldn't. I wanted to say no to her, but she was the one woman in addition to my Mom I respected enough to trust.

I then felt hot breath on my butt, which sent a shiver up my spine.

I was nervous and it was awkward, but then I felt her tongue. It was disarmingly nice. I couldn't explain it much better than that. Her tongue first moved randomly with a swirling pattern, followed by quick taps right on my asshole, then a zig zag pattern, followed by more quick taps and a variety of other movements.

My cock, which had deflated during the discussion of this analingus thingy was back up and raring to go.

Did it feel weird?

Yes!

Did it feel awkward?

Yes.

Did it feel good?

Better than good actually, amazing even. It actually made my cock twitch as I concluded there were erogenous zones in and around my butt that somehow connected directly to my cock.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" she asked, as she purposely blew hot warmth directly on my buttocks.

"I plead the fifth," I trembled, not yet ready to give her the satisfaction that she was right.

"Oh, you'll be pleading for the fifth and sixth time pretty soon," she said, bathing my hole with her wet tongue.

Then she slithered her tongue down my butt and close to my testicles, which I discovered were also rather sensitive.

"Oh," I moaned for the first time, my body taking control of the pleasure.

"There you go," she purred, as she returned to my asshole and reached around to my cock. "Mmmm, I think Little Kevy likes it."

"Still pleading the fifth," I moaned, as she began stroking my cock while eating my ass.

"Don't waste that cum," she warned, as she multitasked on me in the most surreal way yet.

"Never," I groaned, as I felt my balls beginning to boil.

Another minute of the double pleasure and I lost control of myself and had to spin around and slide my cock into her mouth and fuck her face.

I didn't last a dozen pumps before I spewed my second load of the morning into Ms. Chan's velvet mouth.

When I was finished, I pulled out and said, "You really are one wicked woman."

"Oh, if you would have only known me before the accident," she said.

"I can only imagine," I said, thinking this was perhaps a good time to dig deeper into her past.

"If there was a submissive slut Olympics I would win gold every time," she said.

"That may be an Olympics I would watch," I said, always hating the two weeks where the world became obsessed with athletics.

"Gather enough sluts of your own and you could create your own version of it," she suggested.

"Best blow job," I said.

"Best rimmer," she shrugged.

I laughed on the fact it was so close to best swimmer. "Fastest cock rider."

"Quickest cum retriever," she said.

"One day I may have to do just that," I said, the idea of such a competition kind of fun.

"Just make sure I get to compete," she said.

"I promise," I nodded.

After a pause, I asked, "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course, always," she agreed, sipping her coffee.

"How can I make sure I won't turn out like my dad?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, even though she knew what I was asking, wanting me to elaborate on my concerns.

"It's just that... sometimes my cock takes control and I turn into an arrogant asshole," I explained.

"Many women like arrogant assholes," she told me, "at least during sex."

"And some like eating assholes," I joked.

"Some certainly do," she smiled.

Getting back to my concern, I added, "But he's always like that."

"And you're worried you'll become just like him," she surmised correctly.

"Exactly," I responded, a worry I couldn't push out of my head. For my entire life until recently I'd been focused on trying to be the opposite of my father, and yet for almost the past two weeks I'd watched myself becoming more and more like him.

"The fact you're asking the question is a good start," she said.

"But how do I make sure I don't?" I asked. "I mean when I fuck someone like Mrs. Dieks, I feel no attachment to her, just dominance. I don't respect her, but I still want to fuck her."

"There are different levels of sexual attraction," Ms. Chan explained. "One level is raw lust, where it's just sex, nothing more."

"I've never felt that way before," I said, pretty sure that was true. Although in fantasy I often went there. Cherry the entitled head cheerleader; Vanessa the rich bitch; Shelly the bully, not to me but to my friend Pamela; Elizabeth the tall basketball player who treated 'lesser' races with disdain.

"Because deep down you're a good man," she said.

"Am I?" I asked, no longer sure.

"Oh, Kevy," she smiled warmly, "the fact we're even having this conversation proves my point. Sex is sex, and when the game is raw lust and passion, you're allowed to become whatever the woman wants, whatever she needs and craves. Some of these women need you to be an asshole for them, and so you become one."

"So treating someone like an object and calling them names is okay?" I asked, even though I knew it was, based on my recent experiences.

"Yes, but only when it's called for, of course," Ms. Chan said. "Just as you get off on dominating some women, on being in control, even humiliating them, many women have the complementary drive: they just want to let go of the expectations the world puts on them and become no more than a slut, a fuck toy, a cum bucket, humiliated. Truth be told, I'm never more alive than when I'm pleasing someone, guy or girl. There's been an occasion or two when you've treated *me* like a bimbo cum slut, because I let you know that's what I wanted, although most of the time you're gracious enough to treat me with respect."

"I do feel that way when I'm dominating someone," I agreed with her assertion, "I really do get off on it," now feeling better about having the feelings I did.

"Now back to my theory," she said. "There is the opposite version of sex, which is making love. It's intimate and tender, but it can be equally as pleasurable and even equally as raw."

"That I want to have, too."

"And you will when you meet the One," she promised.

"I hope so."

"Then there is hierarchy sex. Master and submissive. A relationship where someone is dominant and the other is subservient. This practice is becoming more and more common," she continued.

"So I'm learning," I smiled, thinking of my own recent sexual experiences.

"The rest of the sexual varieties are variations of the first three. Bondage, group sex, same gender sex, cuckolding, cuckqueaning, etc." she listed.

"I don't even know what some of those words mean," I said.

"Google them," she smiled.

"I will."

"Now give me my morning coffee cream," she demanded.

"You'll really have to work for this load," I warned her, as I glanced at my watch and realized I was going to be late for school.

"I'm not afraid of some hard work," she smiled, taking my cock back in her mouth.

As she sucked, I found myself wondering for the first time: did Ms. Chan's pussy work? Was she paralyzed from the waist down or just her legs and feet? Could she have sex? Could I fuck her? Could I eat her pussy? Did she masturbate?

She blew me for over thirty minutes (some things are more important than school) before I finally pulled out and shot my load in her coffee, then went and microwaved it for her since it had gotten cold.

She smiled, "That was quite the morning workout."

"Sorry," I apologized.

"Tomorrow can you promise me the first load?" she asked.

"I can try," I said, thinking my Mom may be disappointed.

"Consider it my birthday present," she said.

"Tomorrow is your birthday?"

"The big four-oh," she sighed.

"You're still so young."

"You're sweet," she took a sip of her coffee and said, "and so is this."

"May I ask another question? A personal one?"

"Sure," she said, "by now you should know you can ask me anything, don't you?"

"Yes, but this question is really personal. Can you feel things down below?"

For the first time since I'd happened upon this crazy new power and Ms. Chan became my sexual mentor, she looked insecure and suddenly small, as if her aura had just shrunk.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, "I didn't mean to upset you."

She took a deep breath. "No, it's okay; you're asking because you care. I haven't had sex since the accident."

"But you can?" I asked.

"I still feel all the sensations down there I ever did, but my legs are useless," she said, suddenly looking so vulnerable and insecure it almost broke my heart. But I felt, maybe insanely, I needed to keep asking her these questions for her sake. I'd never seen her like this. This wounded.

"Do you masturbate?"

"Often," she nodded.

"And you can still come?" I asked as gently as I could.

"Yes," she admitted, now not even making eye contact.

"Ms. Chan," I said, taking her hands in mine, "you are a beautiful woman."

"*This* is why you're not your father," she said, looking up at me with tears in her eyes.

"I mean it," I said.

"No one wants to fuck a woman in a wheelchair," she disagreed sadly.

"Well," I said, knowing I had to go. I needed to be on time for my second class today as I had a test. "Maybe we'll have to change that."

"Kevin, it's not that easy," she still put me off.

"Just think about it," I said, putting my cock away.

She looked as if she was reminiscing as she responded, "Oh Kevy, I think about it all the time."

"I'll make sure to have a nice birthday present for you tomorrow," I promised.

"I hope it's your big, fat cock fucking my face," Ms. Chan responded, obviously more comfortable when the focus wasn't on her body. I'd just learned that everyone has insecurities.

"I may even wrap it," I joked, before I headed out.

At lunch, I researched women with paralysis and subsequent changes in their sex life. I was fascinated.

I really wanted to pay Ms. Chan back for her tutelage, for her motherly guidance, for being who she was.

I learned paralysis didn't affect a woman's libido or her need to express herself sexually, although many women struggled through the transition from before to after... thus it wasn't uncommon for a woman enduring a recent paralysis to stop having sex.

On the other hand, unlike men who typically become completely insecure after paralysis and often even incapable of having sex, some women adapted better to their new sex life, even if it was in a more passive way.

What fascinated me and what made me think Ms. Chan fit this model perfectly, was that she had made it clear to me her level of sexual desire before and after hadn't changed at all, but like many women faced with her condition, her level of activity had dropped to zero for no reason other than her difficulty in finding a partner. And tragically she'd given up looking,

although she was courageous enough still to fully exercise her drive to please others.

I read some more and learned that many women with paralysis will incur mental blocks where they convince themselves nobody wants to fuck them, and they eventually give up. Just like Ms. Chan. Ironically, she had enough courage to be selfless but not enough to be selfish. She deserved better.

The good news was that in reality a paralyzed woman can have sex and they can have orgasms, if they can become trusting and comfortable with the person they are with.

I read some more about positioning and decided tomorrow I was going to give Ms. Chan more than just some birthday cream... I was going to fuck her... she would have actual sex... although I would likely need my Mom's help.

But first I had an ass to fuck... my Mom's.

Well, and two more boring classes to attend first.

Near the end of lunchtime, I watched Elizabeth (the arrogant basketball star I mentioned earlier) spread her scorn over a shy Mexican girl and I wanted to walk over there and shove my big, fat cock in her mouth to shut her up.

I also watched Cherry and the other cheerleaders flirt with the jocks from their perch at the top of the lunchroom hierarchy. God, it would be fun to tumble the applecart of high school stereotypical social status that culminated at that table. I watched Cherry with her arm wrapped around football quarterback asshole Ethan and wondered what Cherry would do if treated to the sight of my cock; I knew from gym class that Ethan was physically bigger than me in all ways but one, but in that region I was twice the man he was. Would she drop to her knees and forget I was an untouchable nerd and beg to suck my cock? Would she bend over in her cute cheerleader uniform and offer me her cunt? Would she willingly take my cock up her poop chute?

Fuck, this was the dark Dad side of me, the arrogant *I'll show them* side. Yet, I was oddly okay with this dark side of me. If I could put people in their place with my cock, if I could avenge past wrongs with my cock, why shouldn't I? I could become the hero I'd sarcastically called my dad... Robin Cock.

I smiled widely as Ken walked by me, another football Neanderthal, and he asked, "What you looking at, faggot?"

He didn't wait for an answer, just spread his vitriol and swaggered on. What is it about jocks calling others unpleasant gay terms like faggot? What does it do for them? I bet *he* is the actual faggot, hiding in a closet because he can't accept his sexuality. Some people stuck in that headspace desperately try to deny having any femininity at all, as they date hot cheerleaders and bully smaller guys.

Maybe I should offer my cock to his girlfriend Amy and see if he's the one who begs for it. I'm not gay at all, but watching an asshole like that beg for my cock would bring a rather satisfying exhilaration with it.

Before the discovery of the power of my big, fat cock I would have just wanted to get out of high school and never look back; my revenge would be becoming a successful lawyer like my mother, and likely prosecuting some of these deadbeats who peak in high school and don't even know it's going to be all downhill afterwards. I mean if the best years of your life are during high school, the rest of your life is really going to be shit.

Anyway, I made it through the school day, fantasizing in English class about making the rumoured lesbian teacher Ms. Watson suck my cock. I had always liked proving people wrong, always liked attempting things people said were impossible... so the idea of making it with a lesbian (she had never officially said she was, but the rumours said so, and it was also implied by much of her commentary) was an ultimate high. Imagining her on her knees, in front of her desk, sucking my big, fat, cock was rather stimulating.

Thus, I was quite horny by the time I got home.

I was surprised to discover not only was my mother home early, but she was dressed in the hottest costume I'd ever seen in my life. She was dressed in a super sexy, super slutty, Hermione costume.

I know, probably stereotypical, but my favourite books were the Harry Potter series, and my ultimate fantasy girl was without a doubt Emma Watson.

I was staring as I pointed out, trying to act casual as my cock raged, "Halloween was yesterday."

"You don't like?" Mom teased, as she moved her hands down her white thigh high stockings, which were a hot modification from the knee-high socks Hermione usually wore.

"'Like' is definitely not my first word choice," I smiled.

"Love? Lust? Longing? Thirst?" Mom listed off confidently, posing sexily in her grey Gryffindor schoolgirl dress with a very revealing neckline; although her striped tie covered some of her generous valley of flesh, it didn't come close to covering any of her lace top stockings.

"All the above and more," I approved, still taking in her entire outfit, the black wizard cape and white collar making the slutty outfit look pretty authentic.

"I kept the boots off, since I know you love my nylon-clad feet," she said, wiggling her toes.

"Excellent decision," I agreed, as she gave me another sexy pose.

"By the way," she said, handing me the empty bag it came in, with a photo of a girl wearing the same costume who was also hot, but not as hot as my Mom, "read the packaging summary."

I read the blurb:

Hogwarts has never had a teacher like this, but you may be assured that Harry Potter, Hermione Granger and their friends could learn a thing or

two from this adult naughty wizard teacher! This deluxe sexy costume has everything you need to cast your own love spells - just a flick of the wand, and perhaps a hike of the skirt, and Amorous-affectious!

I smiled, "I thought you were actually Hermione."

"Oh, I can be whomever, or *whatever* you want me to be," she smiled, waving her magic wand.

"You've just made every dream of mine come true," I said, in awe of how thoughtful and sexy my mother was.

She walked up to me, waved her wand and spake, "*Alohomora.*"

"You want to unlock a door?" I asked.

She nodded and pointed the wand towards my crotch, repeating, "*Alohomora.*"

"Aaaah," I smiled, getting it, as I unbuckled my belt, pulled down my zipper and released my already hard, big, fat cock. Waving my cock at her like a magic wand I used another spell, "*Descendo.*"

"It's magic," she smiled, as she lowered herself before me.

"I'd do an adapted aguamenti spell, but I don't think I'll need any magic except yours to produce a mighty explosion from my wand," I smiled, using Harry Potter references during sex a twisted fun activity.

"Mmmmmmm, how long has this wand been loaded?" she asked, licking my shaft and moving to my balls.

"Ever since you sauntered out of my presence this morning," I admitted.

"Well then, I imagine it is primed indeed for a magical release," she purred, as she sucked my balls into her mouth.

"This wand may go off on its own at any moment," I warned. "It has a mind of its own."

"Mmmmmm," Mom moaned, as she sucked my balls for a minute or two, before *Slytherin* her tongue back up my shaft.

I traced my Mom's lips with my cock as I intoned, "*Imperio*."

Mom smiled, "Unnecessary, Master. You removed my free will when you revealed your big, fat wand."

"Just wanted to make sure I was in the open about making your decisions too," I added.

"I'd do an *engorgio* charm, but obviously this wand doesn't need to get any bigger," she teased playfully before taking it into her warm mouth.

"I think I was charmed at puberty," I moaned, as she began to bob.

As she sucked, I watched, enjoying her experienced lips and her sexy-as-fuck-costume. I replayed her list of places she wanted my cum. She had already swallowed a load, taken one in her cunt and had received a pearl necklace. Still left were a load on her face, a load on her tits, and one in her ass. I also had a fantasy of coming all over her nylon-clad feet, so I needed to add that to the cum shooting bucket list.

That said, this first load of the night was definitely going to go all over her face. I mean who wouldn't shoot a load on Hermione's face if given the opportunity?

When I was ready to erupt, I pulled out, stroked my wand, and grunted, "*Aguamenti*," but instead of a jet of water coming from my wand it was a warm, gooey, load of cum.

Mom closed her eyes and mouth and allowed me to cast my cum spell all over her face.

Once I was done, I looked down at her, thinking she looked utterly amazing with a massive load of cum on her face.

She opened her mouth so I could slide myself back in for her to milk out any last remnants.

She eventually allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth and she wiped a glob of cum from her left eye and scooped it into her mouth, before she opened both eyes and asked, "Did you like giving Mommy a facial?"

"Are you a Mommy-slut?" I asked in response.

"Why yes I am, good sir," she smiled primly, even while scooping cum off her chin and putting it into her mouth.

"And I'm a mother fucker," I added, loving that term.

"Yes, yes, I'm happy to agree that you are," she agreed, scooping more cum off her face.

"I'm hungry," I said.

"For food or Mommy's cunt?" she asked.

"Both actually," I realized, my stomach growling a little.

She went to her phone and ordered pizza before returning, "I dealt with one hungry."

"And I'll deal with the other," I smiled, as I pushed her playfully to the couch.

"Are you going to eat Mommy's cunt?" she asked.

"I'm going to devour it whole," I promised, as I buried my face in her very wet cunt.

"Mmmmmmm, yes, eat your witchy Mommy," she moaned, before adding, as I felt the wand tap the back of my head, "*Incendio.*"

At first I didn't understand, but then I caught on: she was spelling her pussy on fire. Or acknowledging that I was doing so.

I used my small magic wand, the pink flexible one, to create wetness and pleasure, loving to lick my mother, loving to hear her moan.

"Oh yes, baby, eat Mommy," she moaned.

"You like having your own mother licker?" I asked.

"And mother fucker," she added, as she handed me the wand.

"You want me to fuck you with this?" I asked, just after flicking her clit with my tongue.

"Yes, baby, fuck Mommy's cunt with that wand," she demanded.

I slid the thin wand inside her and began pumping it while I continued to worship her homemade pie.

"Oh yes, fuck me, eat me, make Mommy come," Mom babbled, as I furiously pleased her inside and out.

As she was close, her moans undeniably giving away just how close, I ordered, "*Caterwauling.*"

"Oh, fuck!" she screamed, creating a high-pitched shrieking noise instantly as her orgasm ripped through her as if the charm I'd just cast had actually worked.

I licked up her flooding cum as if I were being baptised a mother pleaser, loving the taste of her cum.

When she was done, she looked down at me, her wetness all over my face, "Your tongue is as magical as your wand."

"I like to be good at everything I do," I shrugged, which was true. If I decided to do something, I went all in. I always wanted to be the best.

"That you are," she said, as she tried to regain her breath.

I moved onto the couch and sat beside her and turned on the television. "Want to watch Jeopardy?"

"As long as you're going to fuck Mommy's asshole after," she said.

"I don't know," I said coyly.

"See here, young man," she said, shifting into authoritative mom mode and tone, "if you know what's good for you, you will fuck my shit hole until you deposit a load deep inside it and enjoy every fucking second."

"Yes, Mom," I agreed, as if I were reluctantly agreeing to do the dishes.

"Good," she said, before asking, "can you get me a glass of water?"

"Sure," I agreed, leaning in and giving her a quick kiss.

"What are you doing kissing me, you cad?" she gasped. "I know where your lips just were!"

We both laughed as I went and got us two glasses of water, although I went pee first.

When I returned, Mom was walking into the kitchen with the pizza.

"Did you answer the door dressed like that?"

"I think I just gave the pizza boy a heart attack!"

"I imagine so," I replied, with a laugh.

Once we were in the living room watching Jeopardy, I asked, "Did you know it's Ms. Chan's birthday tomorrow?"

"No, I didn't," she answered.

"I have the perfect gift for her," I said, before rephrasing, "well, gifts."

"I imagine it has to do with a big, fat cock," she said, as she turned sideways to rest her feet on my lap, one foot on each side of my cock.

"As well as someone's cunt and strap-on," I added.

"Excuse me?" she asked, surprised by my implication she was to be part of the present.

"I'm going to start by giving her a creampie for breakfast," I revealed, thinking that way I could fuck Mom and still give Ms. Chan what she'd asked for... albeit in a creative way.

"You didn't tell her you fucked me, did you?" she asked, concerned.

"Certainly not."

"Thank God," she sighed.

"But she deduced it and I didn't deny it," I added.

"Kevin," she cautioned.

"What?" I asked. "She isn't going to tell anyone."

"That isn't the point."

"My point is that I need someone to be able to talk to about all this crazy stuff recently," I insisted. "it's been very confusing."

"Talk to me," she offered.

"I can now and thank you," I said; "but I couldn't before."

"I can't believe you told her," she still objected.

"I promised she could eat your cunt once I accomplished becoming a mother fucker," I added.

"Oh, Kevin," she sighed nervously, "that's even worse."

"What?" I asked. "She loves eating cunt and you're a bisexual slut, so it just makes sense."

"This secret we have is so fragile," Mom explained as if I didn't already realize this. But she was feeling fragile, so I didn't mind.

"I understand," I nodded, "but we're both adults."

"It's still illegal," Mom pointed out.

"Thank God I know a lawyer," I joked.

"This is serious, Kevin," she worried. "I want this. I actually need this. But it can't be like when I was with your father."

"What do you mean?"

"He almost cost me my career more than once."

"How so?"

"He had me suck three guys at his Christmas party, had me go down on a woman at a movie theatre where we got kicked out, had me get triple penetrated by some frat boys, he had me wear a vibrating egg in my cunt during a trial that he turned on and off throughout the testimony including during my cross-examination, he had me suck off the lawyer I had just beaten in a case, he made me wear his cum through airport security," she listed.

"I would never make you do any of that," I said, stressing, "I would never make you do anything you didn't want to."

"That's the problem," she said in frustration. "I loved every kinky thing he ever made me do. When he was in charge, I obeyed. I *wanted* to obey. I got off on it. Yet, once it was done, I was often mortified. Not by the act, I love wild, kinky sex, but by the risk that one incautious reveal and my prominent career would be over."

"I'll protect you," I promised, understanding her insecurity and her lust... a balance she obviously struggled with.

"I need you to do just that," she said. "I really want to be your Mommy-slut, I want to obey your every order, I want to do wild, kinky shit with you, but I also want to keep my professional career intact."

"I understand," I nodded, as she began rubbing the soles of her feet on my flaccid cock.

"So you understand I want to be a dirty, submissive Mommy-slut to you in private, but still a professional and respected member of the community in public?" she asked.

"I do," I nodded, "and I fully support all of it," as my cock began to grow.

"Good," she smiled, "because I need to trust you completely with both of those polar opposite goals, far better than I'm able to trust myself."

"So you trust me completely?" I asked, even though she had just said she did.

"As your submissive slut, I have to," she answered.

"But I want you to trust me not just because you have to," I told her, my cock hardening. "This has to be a willing decision made while you're thinking straight. While you're being my responsible mother, not my slut."

"Well, I *am* getting a bit cock hungry again," she smiled, but added, "but right now I'm clear-headed and I understand what I am giving you."

"What, exactly?" I asked, not actually sure myself.

"Everything," she said, my cock now hard as she began giving me a slow nylon-clad foot job. She added, "I'm entrusting you with my body, my mind and my soul. So don't fuck it up because if you do, I won't be able to stop you."

"Ooooooh," I moaned out of both pleasure and the scope of her gift.

"I trust you completely, you're my son. My Master. Lover. Mother fucker. Magic Wand Stud," she listed, as she kept giving me a slow foot job.

"And I'll always respect that trust," I pledged, feeling this trust was the ultimate gift, more so than all the wild sex we'd shared in the past twenty-four hours. *Wow! It's been less than twenty-four hours since Mom submitted to me!*

"So," she moved us forward, "are you going to sodomize your mother or what?"

"Kindly describe the 'or what'?" I requested, agreeing with her apparent decision that our serious talk time was over for now.

"You little brat," she objected, tapping my cock with her foot.

"I'm a lot of things, but little isn't one of them," I countered.

"True enough," she smiled, as she got up and went to the kitchen, returning a moment later with some lube.

"Do you always keep lube in the kitchen?"

"When I'm expecting to get ass fucked by my son's big, fat cock I do," she answered, as she squirted some lube on her hand and stroked my cock with it.

"Oh, that feels nice," I moaned, realizing I'd not yet gotten a hand job from her.

"This will feel a lot nicer," she promised, as she straddled me and lowered her ass onto my cock.

"Descendo," I intoned.

"Actually," she moaned as my cock disappeared inside her asshole, *"evanesco."*

I laughed, *evanesco* being a charm to make things vanish, "You really are almost as big a Harry Potter nut as I am."

"They should make a Harry Potter porn movie," she suggested, now sitting down fully on my cock.

"There is one," I said, having watched it many times, not to mention a bunch of role play scenes on pornhub which were better than the movie.

"No way," she moaned.

"Yeah, 'Harry Twatter'," I informed her.

"No way," she moaned, as she began riding me, her ass so fucking tight... which was slightly surprising since I knew she'd been regularly ass fucked by my father, including recently.

"Yeah, in search of bush," I added.

"Fuck off," she laughed.

"Oh yeah, it takes place at the Whore's Wart's School for Witches & Wizards," I added.

"Now I know you're shitting me," she objected, slowly riding my cock.

"I'm serious," I continued.

"So what is the plot?" Mom asked, really taking her time as she got accustomed to my big, fat cock in her ass. It seemed perhaps the strange conversation was distracting her from the discomfort I may have been causing her. I couldn't tell though, since she was facing away from me.

"All the girls have hairless cunts and Ron forces Harry to cast a spell, making all the girls' pubic hair grow quickly," I said, easily the dumbest plot ever.

"How hair raising," Mom moaned, the worst pun ever.

"Truthfully, there are hotter scenes made by cosplay amateurs," I admitted.

"Imagine if we made one," she added.

"I think we are," I said, "Harry Potty and the Disappearing Wand."

"Harry Pothole and the Deep Dive," Mom moaned, beginning to ride me faster.

"Harry Porno and the Secret Passage," I groaned.

"Harry Pounder and the Coming of Age," Mom continued.

"Harry Porks-her and the Snake of Sin," I countered.

"Harry Potter fucks the shit out of Hermione's tight asshole," Mom said, the wordplay game over as we focused instead on the task at cock.

Mom got off me, knelt on the couch, resting her body forward and begged, using a British accent, "Come, good swain and plunder my arse."

"Are we switching to Pirates of the Caribbean? Aargh my wench?" I asked, as I moved behind her.

"I can't role play anymore," she said. "I just need to have your big, fat cock buried in my shit hole."

"Such magical words," I said, as I slid my cock into her gaping asshole.

"Yes, fuck Mommy's ass," she moaned, as I filled her.

I began fucking her and she begged, "Harder son, ream my asshole, drill my shit hole, pound my butt."

And for fifteen minutes give or take, I did just that.

I slammed into her ass hard.

She began bouncing back to meet my forward thrusts as she became a bimbo ass slut, completely obsessed with the pleasure of my big, fat cock.

She talked nasty throughout the ass reaming, begging for it harder, using every possible term for her ass and constantly calling me Master, son, ass

fucker, mother fucker and many others.

She also came as she frantically rubbed herself throughout the marathon ass fucking.

Then she begged, "Come in my ass, son. Fill your Mommy-slut with a massive load of cum up her asshole."

"Oh fuck," I grunted, spewing my load in her ass and checking off another gem on the cum bucket list.

"Oh yes, I love the feel of your coming in my ass, son," she moaned, coming a second time from the deep ass fucking.

Exhausted from the intense physical workout ... I definitely needed to get in better shape... I pulled out and watched cum leak out of her gaping ass.

I collapsed on the couch as she kept coming.

Finally, she said, "So, was ass fucking your mother and coming in her ass all you imagined?"

"Is being a submissive ass slut for your son all you imagined?" I countered.

"Definitely," she nodded, as she stood up.

"Cum is leaking out of your ass," I pointed out.

"Why don't you come and join me in a bath?" she invited.

"I don't mind if I do," I said, the bathtub in her bedroom bathroom (my bedroom bathroom now too!) being a large Jacuzzi tub.

We spent the next hour in the tub relaxing and chatting about everything but sex.

Finally, I told her, "Tomorrow morning we're going to Ms. Chan's."

"You still want to do that?"

"I do," I nodded. "You promised to trust me, correct?"

She nodded doubtfully.

I ignored her doubt and said, "Good. Well you can trust me when I tell you that anything we tell Ms. Chan, and anything we do with her, is as safe as if one of your clients was telling you something compromising. She's a one-of-a-kind friend and mentor, and when it comes to sexual fulfillment she has more wisdom than Dr. Ruth. Do you believe me?"

She nodded, the doubt mostly seeming to fade.

"That's settled then. When I play the trust card, I won't ever let my mother down. So let us plot together, Mommy-Slut. I want to give Ms. Chan a morning surprise, where after she dines on your cream pie, she and I will dp you."

"Okay, I'm in. How?" Mom asked, curious.

"I ass fuck you while she fucks you with a vibe," I suggested.

"Or..." she said, smiling.

"What?" I asked.

"We need to go sex toy shopping," she said, getting out of the tub.

"Now?" I asked.

"It's not even eight," she pointed out.

"Really?" I asked. "It seems so much later."

She laughed, "We need to work on your stamina. You need lots of practice, my boy."

"Practice makes perfect," I shrugged, getting out of the tub too... hard again.

She looked at my cock and teased me as she walked out to the bedroom, "Self-control, self-control."

I grinned at just how amazing my life had become as she added, "Plus, I want you to meet someone."

"Who?"

"That is for me to know and you to find out," she smiled, knowing that before this wild sex extravaganza I had hated secrets.

Half an hour later we were strolling into a sex shop on the other side of town, looking respectable for the moment.

We walked in and Mom went right over to a massive wall of sex toys. She'd obviously been here before.

Proving my theory, as she looked for whatever she was looking for, a woman about my mother's age greeted, "Joan, long time, no see."

Mom turned around and smiled warmly, "Yeah Katie, like four hours."

Katie was a larger Latina woman, with a pretty face and a massive chest. She asked, "And who is this?"

"My new boy toy," Mom answered.

"Cute," Katie said, checking me out. I wondered if she could recognize the family resemblance.

"Yeah, and he has a big, fat cock," Mom revealed.

"Delicious," Katie said, still checking me out. For the first time in my life I was being objectified and I wasn't sure how I felt about it. My ego enjoyed it... it's nice to be noticed and checked out; my intellectual side though had always disliked the objectification of women and the unfair and undeserved attention jocks get because they can throw a ball, catch a ball, dribble a ball... simply play with a ball.

"Definitely delicious," Mom nodded proudly, as she grabbed a harness. "Aha! This is what I was looking for."

"Who will be wearing that?" Katie asked, even as she kept looking at me peculiarly, as I tried to figure out what it was. The harness looked too small to go around someone's waist.

"Another one of my stud's sluts," Mom answered bluntly, showing no shame in front of this person. It made me wonder how well she knew Katie. Made me wonder if they'd been involved sexually at some time.

"Interesting," Katie nodded, "you look too nice to have multiple sluts."

Deciding to take control, having been silent throughout this surreal conversation, "Trust me, looks can be deceiving."

"Oh, that I know," Katie agreed, looking directly at my crotch.

Mom grabbed what was definitely a strap-on, before she asked, "Do you have any help here tonight?"

"Yeah, Beth is here," Katie answered.

"Want a snack?" Mom asked, as she smiled at me.

"I *am* craving a big sausage," Katie said, again looking directly at my crotch as I had indeed become just a piece of meat.

Deciding to go along with it, kind of curious to see what this big breasted woman, not to mention her Latina booty, would look like naked, I said, trying to show my dominant side, "It's the biggest you'll ever have."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Katie purred, before she looked up at my face again and this time gasped, her unasked question suddenly answered, "Oh, my God."

"Don't say it," Mom said.

"You little slut," she teased Mom with a huge grin.

"Actually she's the big, submissive, obedient variety of slut," I corrected.

"I bet she is," Katie mused.

"Hey, you did it first," Mom pointed out, as I suspected I knew what they were talking about but still wasn't sure.

"Well, better late than never," Katie smirked, as she reached directly to my crotch and whispered to us both, "Go to Booth Three."

I groaned as she squeezed my cock before walking away.

"How do you know her?" I asked.

"High school," Mom answered.

"Aaaah," I said. "And now she works at a sex shop."

"Don't judge," Mom scolded, her motherly tone still able to appear at a moment's notice.

"Sorry," I said, agreeing 'who was I to judge?'

"Plus, do you know she makes more in a year than I do?" she pointed out.

"Working at a sex shop?"

"Owning four of them," Mom corrected me.

"Oh!" I said, realization hitting me as I realized I had prejudged Mom's friend exactly the way I hated to be prejudged.

"Do you guys fuck?" I asked, loving to be able to ask blunt questions of my mother while also learning about her secret complexities, as Mom led me out of the toy section, past a costume section where Mom had likely gotten the costume earlier today, to a hallway marked 'Video Booths'.

"We have done," Mom answered, as we entered Booth Three and I realized I was in a glory hole room. It was tiny and had a bench, a small television

screen in the front wall with porn playing, and holes in each side wall.

Mom said, "Before I had my own personal cum producer, I came here to get my fix when I was craving it."

"You frequent glory holes?" I asked, this somehow more shocking to me than everything else I'd learned.

"Not all the time," she answered, "but it was a quick and efficient way to get the cum I craved."

"Crazy," I said, as she fished out my cock. I added, "At least now you have your own home-grown cream whenever you crave it."

"Yes, fortunately I do," she smiled, stroking my cock to full erection.

"Crazy," I repeated, more to myself than her.

"Katie and I did a lot of crazy things in our senior year," Mom teased, as she licked my shaft.

"Like what?" I asked, curious. I loved to learn more of my sweet mother's secret nasty side.

"Well we had a threesome with her dad," she said.

"Oh," I said, yet another shock in this whirlwind filled with them.

"Your mother has been a secret slut for a long time," she smiled, talking in third person, taking my cock in her mouth.

"So I'm learning," I said, trying to imagine my mother as a teenage slut, a college slut, as anything but my slut.

There was a knock at the door. Mom stopped sucking me and opened it.

Katie walked in. The tiny room was suddenly very crowded even after I sat down to make some room.

"I see you started without me," Katie smiled, looking at my big, fat and very exposed cock.

"It's literally irresistible," Mom smiled, as she stroked it fondly.

"Shit, he's bigger even than that dirt bag ex of yours," Katie said, really analyzing my cock.

Mom agreed, "And he can reload in seconds."

"Mmmmmm," Katie smiled as she added, "Let me take a look at that *pija* up close and personal."

Mom and Katie swapped places which was awkward in the cramped space made for one, and then Katie lowered herself in front of me.

She asked, as she stroked my cock, "Has your mother told you... don't bother denying it... that she ate my cunt pretty much every day of our senior year?"

"She did not," I said, looking up at Mom.

"I was getting to it," Mom said.

"She did share with me she and you had a threesome with your dad," I said.

"More than once," Katie smiled, as she swirled her tongue around my thick mushroom top.

"What else did you two do together?" I asked.

"Gangbang at prom," Katie said.

"Lesbian foursome with our science teacher," Mom added.

"Getting fisted together by a butch lesbian at the lake," Katie continued.

"Lesbian orgy at church retreat," Mom upped the ante.

"A lesbian orgy at a church retreat?" I repeated, this vision one of the hottest I could ever imagine.

"Some of the dirtiest sinners are regular church goers," Mom reported.

"Yes, because they can conveniently ask for forgiveness," Katie joked, before taking my cock in her mouth.

"As they get baptised by cunt cum," Mom added.

"Plus, they are usually repressed and once that fire is awakened, they explode into slutty sinners," Katie added.

"Fucking hot," I moaned, Katie definitely having sucked a few cocks in her life.

"She was called Cum Queen Katie in high school," Mom revealed.

Katie took my cock out of her mouth to add, "And your mother was Moaning Joan."

"And she was also Backdoor Booty," Mom added.

"And your mother was Cunt-Munching Jones," Katie said, that one not as catchy, I thought.

"The fact grandma named you Joan when your last name was Jones has always baffled me," I pointed out.

"My father likes alliteration," Mom sighed.

"Then that explains why your sister is a Jennifer," I acknowledged.

Katie quit sucking and asked Mom, "Can I fuck him?"

"Ask him, he's the Master," Mom said, making our relationship clear.

"That's not at all surprising, knowing Joan," Katie told me. "May I fuck you then, Joan's Master?"

"My name is Kevin, nice to meet you Katie, and yes, you may fuck me," I nodded agreeably.

"By the way," she continued as she stood up and lifted her dress up to her waist, "I was your mother's first Mistress."

I looked at Mom and she shrugged, "What can I say, I've always been submissive."

"Could you imagine if the lawyers whose nuts you crush knew this?" I said, knowing she was a ball buster in the courtroom.

"They'd never believe it," Mom said, as Katie turned around, pulled her panties to the side and lowered herself onto my cock, as unfortunately I didn't get time for much of a look at her big booty. "I keep my professional and slut lives separate."

"So you do," I moaned, as the Latina engulfed my cock.

Curious, I reached around and cupped her breasts... or tried to. They were so fucking massive I couldn't get my arms around her and grab them fully.

"They always go to my tits," Katie chuckled, as she began riding me.

"Who wouldn't?" Mom asked, as she reached for her friend's dress and pulled it up and off, although it wasn't a smooth process at all. "Although your ass is bootylicious too."

"You sure never could resist either of them," Katie added.

"Your booty and boobies have always been spectacular," Mom added, as she unclasped the bra that managed to help Katie defy gravity.

"Even when I was nursing," Katie revealed, as she rode me, the idea of Mom sucking on those massive tits while they were full of milk incredibly taboo and hot.

"I do love homemade milk," Mom smiled naughtily, looking first at Katie's tits and then my crotch.

"Let's see those fucking big tits," I ordered, frustrated I couldn't see them or play with them.

"I was wondering if he would take charge," Katie said, as she stood up, turned around, each of her massive tits literally larger than my head, pulled my legs around so my cock was at the end of the bench, and lowered herself back on my stiff rod.

She then leaned forward and slapped her massive tits back and forth across my face in the most unique (and painless) variety of S&M ever... tit slapping.

Mom moved behind to help balance Katie as she resumed riding me.

I reached up and cupped the massive tits, that were incredibly heavy, and her nipples huge. It was like I was in Gulliver's Travels' fictional Brobdingnag land of giants and worshipping their queen.

"Suck on my nipples, stud," Katie ordered, after a minute of my just squeezing, cupping and staring.

"Yes, ma'am," I obeyed mindlessly, just so captivated by her massive tits, even though her excessive mass was beginning to hurt my legs which were carrying the brunt of her weight as she rode me.

"Ma'am," Katie laughed, as I sucked her right nipple, "I'm definitely not a ma'am."

Regaining control of my senses after being in awe, I corrected, "Would you prefer slut?"

Katie moaned, "I'm definitely more a slut than a ma'am."

Mom added, "Cum Queen Katie bears many accolades. She's a gangbang slut, an incest whore, a train whore."

"Train whore?" I questioned, as I moved to her other tit, always knowing you can't give attention to one and not the other... my personal quirk was equilibrium... my room was like that and so would my sex life be.

"She gets on all fours and has guys take turns fucking her," Mom explained.

"While I simultaneously suck on a lineup of nice cocks," Katie added.

"Well, that goes without saying," Mom laughed, as Katie grabbed my head and shoved it between her massive tits.

I began to lick her deep crevasse, as the tit spanking continued on both sides of my face, as she began riding me faster. Truthfully it was a wild ride, as she bounced on my cock furiously as if I were a very sturdy rocking horse, and in the end, I just tried not to suffocate as I was buried within her massive valley of living flesh punching bags. Except that her boobs were the ones doing the punching.

I finally backed up a bit for some breathing room and watched her tits bounce all over the place in wildly creative ways, but after another minute my legs were getting weak from her weight as well as the somewhat uncomfortable position. I ordered, "Bend over slut, it's time to fuck that ass of yours."

"Oh, he *is* like his father," she said, looking at Mom as she got off of me.

"Mine or hers?" Mom asked me, I think playfully.

"Better fucking be mine," Katie said, before adding, "remember bitch, you're still my cunt-licking slut."

"And you're both my three-hole fuck sluts," I chirped in, making the hierarchy clear.

"Agreed," Katie said, as she bent over, still standing, and using the bench for balance. "You can use me as you please and I'll even call you Master if you want, so long as your mother is at the bottom of the hierarchy."

"I wouldn't imagine being anywhere else," Mom said contentedly, as she knelt beside me and I stretched my legs a bit as they had gone numb.

"Eat her ass, Mom." I ordered, while also showing my dominant power, and also testing how obedient my mother would be to me in the presence of her

Mistress.

"Yes, son," she said, still liking to mention the incest angle even in front of someone else. Mom moved behind the large woman, pulled her ass cheeks apart, and licked the butt hole.

"Just like old times," Katie moaned, as I imagined my mother had been ordered this exact task, on this exact ass, many times before.

I watched for a minute, looking at the amazing big booty, before I said, "My turn to fuck this ass."

"It's called a *colo*," Katie informed me, as I moved behind her.

"A what?"

"Colo," Katie repeated, "it's a Spanish term for ass."

"Mmmmm, I like that," I said, as I squeezed both ass cheeks, amazed at how tight they were. Dressed she looked overweight, but undressed she looked big boned and curvy. Again, appearances can be deceiving. Again, judging someone based on limited information is wrong in both senses of the word: unkind and incorrect.

"Now fuck your puta in the colo," Katie ordered, as she looked back with lustful hunger for my big, fat cock.

"*Put*a means slut?" I guessed, as I slid my entire cock in her backdoor booty.

"It does," she whimpered, my fat cock stretching her a bit more I imagine than most sabers that plundered her treasure. (I liked the idea of pirate dirty talk role play.) She added, "Put*a* can also mean bitch, whore, tramp, tart, hooker and dyke."

"A word that can multitask," I joked, as I began fucking her tight colo. "I like it."

"And I like your big, fat *pija* up my colo," she moaned, informing me, "*pija* means dick."

"So do I," Mom added, not wanting to be left out.

"Don't worry Mommy-slut," I said, as I pounded her friend's ass, "I'm not done with you yet tonight."

"You'd better not be, young man," Mom said, her tone motherly and firm.

"Yes, Mommy," I smirked, as I began fucking this Latina ass harder.

And for a few minutes I fucked the Latina hard. She moaned and talked nasty, sometimes in English, sometimes in Spanish and sometimes a mixture of the two.

As I was about to come and warned her I was, she demanded, "Cum en mi culo con tu gran polla semental."

I had no idea what that meant, but I recognized 'cum' and did just that, spewing her ass with my full load, which triggered her orgasm.

I kept pumping until my entire load was deposited and I pulled out.

Before I could even order it, Katie did instead, "Eat your son's cum out of my colo, you fucking *mamacita-puta*."

"Yes, Mistress," Mom eagerly obeyed, burying her face between those amazing ass cheeks and retrieving my cum. It was, of course, fucking hot.

Ten minutes later we had two new toys and a fresh supply of anal lube and were back in the car. I questioned, "I thought we were keeping the whole your being my three-hole Mommy-slut cum bucket a secret?"

"If you can tell one trusted person, I can tell one trusted person," she shrugged.

"Fair enough," I said. I then asked, "What was that weird toy you bought?"

"A face cock," she said.

"A what?"

"The harness goes around a person's head and the dildo goes over their mouth," she explained.

"Oh," I said, for once a little speechless. I did not know such a thing existed, nor could I see a real purpose for it.

She continued, "I wore one in college a lot to fuck Katie or some of her friends."

"Really?" I asked, enjoying the gradual revealing of Mom's past.

"Yeah," she nodded, seeming to like sharing it too. "Sometimes I would fuck four or five girls with my face, other times eat four or five girls."

"You really are an enigma, Mom," I said, imagining such a sexy lesbian orgy.

"You don't know the half of it," she smiled, reaching over and squeezing my cock. She then pulled over and said, "Hey, you drive."

"Okay," I said.

We swapped spots and she fished out my cock as I just sat there, pretty much overwhelmed by the evening and all the revelations about my Mom's slut past.

After about a minute she broke into my reverie with, "Well drive the car, sexy."

I gave her a sheepish grin as I put the car into drive and she leaned down and took my cock in her mouth. Man, my life just kept getting more and more surreal.

She slowly sucked me the entire drive home. At one light, I pulled up beside a tall pickup truck and the guy looked over and could clearly see

what was happening.

He looked stunned as I just gave him a shrug.

The light changed and I resumed driving, feeling incredibly good about who I was becoming and the power of my big, fat cock.

At home, back in our bedroom (*our* bedroom, I still couldn't get over that), I fucked her one more time, using all three holes and finished off every cum shot spot she had listed last night as I spewed my last load all over her tits after a lengthy fuck session that included two more orgasms for Mom.

And as we drifted off to sleep in each other's arms, my cum drying on her fantastic tits, I thought to myself, *Tomorrow is going to be a special day as I gave Ms. Chan a very special birthday.*

THE END... of ANAL MOMMY.

Coming soon:

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun

Kevin takes his mom's ass; with Mom's assistance, Kevin gives Ms. Chan her first fuck since the injury and dp's both women.

Plus....

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Blonde Cheerleader

Cheerleader learns the power of Big fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy

Where Kevin's aunt and grandmother discover his BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy

Where Kevin has a great weekend touring the school.

BIG FAT COCK: Hot Principal

Kevin's BIG fat cock dominates bitchy principal.

BIG FAT COCK: In Toronto (or some other location... thoughts?)

During a trip, they explore exhibitionistic sex.

BIG FAT COCK: Interracial Incest 3some

Kevin fucks Mrs. Grady and her daughter.

BIG FAT COCK: Jasmine Walker

Kevin offers mother of student he is tutoring his BFC.

BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher Story

Kevin's BIG fat cock turns lesbian into eager cock sucker.

BIG FAT COCK: Mom's College Friend

Kevin's BIG fat cock seduces psychologist he is seeing.

BIG FAT COCK: Pregnant MILF

Kevin fucks a pregnant MILF and discovers he is going to be a daddy.

BIG FAT COCK: The Happy Ending

Kevin finds a girl who loves him for him and not just for his BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun

WARNING: In addition to my usual incest, stockings and other wide-ranging kinks, this story additionally includes paralysis sex. I did a fair amount of research to try and understand the physical and psychological aspects of how paralysis may affect sex, the challenges and the workarounds. Hopefully you'll enjoy and I won't offend anyone.

Summary: Nerd DP's mom and paralyzed Asian on same day.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first two stories, and isn't in this one either.

Note 2: This is the third part in an already lengthy saga (around 59,000 words so far) of one nerd's discovery of the power that can come from having a BIG, FAT COCK.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin claiming his mother's final forbidden hole while having some fun with kinky role play. It also has Kevin learning about his mother's slut past, and it sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in not only her mouth, but now her two other holes (which is the story this latest chapter will tell).

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven who loved the first part and suggested this detour to help tell a unique, complex story of a young man coming to grips with who he is. He also suggested and worked with me on the plot as

we created, I believe, a very authentic chapter with hopefully some emotional charge (authentic as incest stories go anyway... LOL).

Note 4: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Robert and Wayne for editing.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun

I woke up the next morning and rolled over to gaze fondly at my mother, who was still asleep; she looked so peaceful in this tranquil state. It was hard to believe she could become such a cock-hungry three-hole cum slut so easily, especially for me, her only child.

How she could transition from caring and supportive mother to my Mommy-Slut.

How she could shift so smoothly and naturally from professional lawyer to an eager cum slut.

How she could go from wise, strong-willed assertive woman to submissive slut.

It really was amazing, and I realized since she was also submissive to Mrs. Grady from across the street; and to Katie, her friend from back in high school and more recently from the sex shop across town; and of course to her ex-husband (my dad); it wasn't only about big, fat cock. No, it was much deeper than that: she was a natural submissive who received the most pleasure from pleasing others and from being obedient. I strangely felt a strong paternal instinct towards her: that even though I was only eighteen and she was forty-two, I was the one who needed to protect her from herself (while, of course, still using her for my own pleasure).

Mom was, I imagine like most women behind their conservative exterior or whatever exterior they wear in public, at core a sexual being. This seemed obvious in retrospect, but before my Dad's revelation to me a couple weeks ago of the power of big, fat cock, I'd always assumed that only the men were the sexual deviants who allowed their lower region to decide their actions.

Yet, I now knew that wasn't completely true. It seems both genders are equally sexual beings, equally controlled by their own inner desires; it's just that women do a better job of concealing their secret sexual side... at least in public.

In addition to experiencing the thrill and pleasure of the past couple of weeks, I was also learning a lot about women, about sex, about psychology. It all fascinated me. I loved to learn, and unlike most of my education which had heretofore been from books, this was the first time I was enjoying *'hands on'* learning. And on such a rewarding subject! Sex beats calculus for fun, hands down!

I gently woke Mom up and whispered, "Mommy-slut, it's time to go give Ms. Chan her first birthday present."

"What time is it?" she asked groggily, without even opening her eyes.

"Time for a morning cream pie for Ms. Chan," I declared.

"You still want to do that?" she asked in a yawn.

"Today is *all* about Ms. Chan," I informed her, as I got out of our bed and stood at the foot of it, just so I could admire her as she got around to opening her eyes.

"I can't believe you want to fuck me in front of our neighbour," she said, waking up.

"You're the one who bought a crazy dildo to strap on her head, not that I'm complaining, so I'm guessing after you finish waking up you'll find yourself back on board with it," I pointed out. I loved to hear Mom say the phrase 'fuck me'. Although I wasn't overly concerned about this next point, there was a small part of me that worried she might experience next morning remorse.

"I bought that when I was horny," she reminded me.

I stepped over to where her head was, pulled out my cock and tapped it against her perfect cock sucking lips. "Do I have to remind you who's in charge here?"

"This damn big fat cock is," she sighed, as she took my cock into her mouth, her resistance, as always, as fragile as an autumn leaf.

I let her suck me to full erection before deciding, "I like the way you think when you're horny, so let's get you into the right state of mind."

I climbed back onto the bed and guided my cock between her legs as she asked, "Are you going to give Mommy a nice morning fuck?"

I slid inside her as I answered, "Not to completion, just enough to wake you up."

"And to get me all horned up and willing," she moaned with a wicked smile, as I filled her to the brim.

"Well of course," I smiled. "I need you to be a compliant, submissive slut this morning."

"I'm always that," she moaned, as she wrapped her legs around me and pulled me deeper inside her. "At least I am for you."

I fucked Mom for a couple of minutes, just enough to get my balls boiling, my morning load on the brink of being extracted, and her moaning, but then I pulled out before I erupted prematurely.

"You fucker," she whined, wanting to continue getting fucked. It amazed me how quickly she could go from sleeping innocent to cock-hungry slut.

"Mother fucker," I corrected.

"Then be one," she demanded.

"I will," I promised, "but first let's go whip up some delicious anticipation in Ms. Chan before presenting her with her birthday pie."

"You really are such a bad boy," she sighed, as she got out of bed.

"And you love it," I smiled, slapping her bare ass not hard, just playfully.

"I hate that I love it," she sighed again, as she went to the bathroom.

"Just put something casual on," I ordered; she was still wearing her thigh highs from last night.

"Fine," she said, as she pulled a pair of jeans on.

I got dressed myself and went downstairs to meet Mom.

"I'm still not sure this is such a good idea," Mom said.

"Yesterday you introduced Katie to our secret," I pointed out.

"I guess," Mom agreed grudgingly, as I leaned in and kissed her.

I added, "Plus, Ms. Chan already knows I'm a mother fucker and that you're a three-hole submissive for big, fat cock."

"I can't believe you told her about that too," she worried.

"I can guarantee she won't tell anyone, just as I believe you when you tell me Katie would never out us," I reassured her, not for the first time, as I grabbed the bag with the head cock in it. "Plus, I'm sure Dad told her all about you a long time ago."

"I bet he didn't with that thing on her mouth," Mom joked, pointing at the bag.

"Probably not. Ready to get fucked for an audience?"

"Do I have a choice?" she asked, as we walked outside.

"Of course," I said. "I'll never force you to do anything you don't want to."

"So if I say no?" she asked.

"Then you can watch and remain horny while Ms. Chan gets my morning load," I shrugged.

"Damn you," she sighed, but playfully. "The things I do for you."

"The things you do for my big, fat cock," I corrected.

As we reached Ms. Chan's door, she agreed more cheerfully, "I'm your sub: let's do this, Master."

"Yes you are and yes we will," I nodded, as I used my key and we walked into the house. I called out, "Ms. Chan! Your birthday present is here."

"Bring it to me in the kitchen," she called back.

"Hungry?" I asked, strolling towards the kitchen holding Mom's hand.

"Starving," she answered, as we entered the kitchen to find Ms. Chan sitting in her wheelchair as usual.

She looked surprised to see my mom, but only slightly. "Good morning, Ms. Walsh."

"Happy birthday, Ms. Chan," Mom greeted with a shy smile, bag in hand.

"I thought I'd give you a tasty treat for breakfast," I said.

"I love tasty treats," Ms. Chan replied, indicating she was ready for whatever I had in mind, while also being noncommittal about what the treat might be, and giving no sign that she knew about my mother's submission to me.

"I was thinking we might enjoy a little change from our usual morning routine," I continued, also not giving anything away: yet.

"You have me curious," Ms. Chan replied, glancing up at my mother rather nervously.

"Ever had a birthday breakfast cream pie?" I asked, now making it crystal clear I wasn't talking about Danishes, and that at the very least, Mom would be a witness to our doing something naughty.

"For breakfast yes, for my birthday, no," Ms. Chan answered with nary a flinch, now studying my very red-faced Mom with great interest.

"I thought we might do this Teppanyaki style and prepare this meal in front of you," I added.

"That would be most interesting to see," Ms. Chan smiled.

"Mom, get undressed," I ordered.

"You're okay with this, Ms. Chan?" Mom asked, still full of trepidation, yet already reaching for her jeans and unfastening them, willing to do immediately whatever I instructed her to do.

"In case it helps you to relax Ms. Walsh, I'd like you to know that when I was young I fucked my dad for several years," Ms. Chan offered with an unusual brand of graciousness, exhibiting no shame at all about revealing her incestuous past.

This admission did indeed appear to relax my mother who joked, "It's only been a couple days for me."

"Fucking your Dad?" Ms. Chan asked playfully.

Mom finished taking off her jeans as she laughed and replied, by now fearlessly, "No, I never fucked my Dad, and I've only been my son's slut for a couple of days: since Halloween."

"I've been Kevin's slut for longer than that," Ms. Chan replied.

"So I hear," Mom said, before adding, "in fact I believe I owe you many thanks for your wise tutelage of my son."

"Happy to help," Ms. Chan responded openly and casually, which only enhanced how hot and yet safe this situation was.

"Ms. Chan was a great help in turning you into a son fucker," I added, loving the dirty talk.

"And you into a mother fucker," Mom agreed with a smile, relaxing, by now surrendering to the situation with obvious pleasure like I knew she would, and totally naked except for her thigh highs, as she dropped to her knees and fished out my cock.

I allowed her to extract it before I offered, "Ms. Chan, would you enjoy preparing me to fuck my Mom?"

"I'll be most happy to," she replied, and opened wide as I walked over to her wheelchair and slid my cock into her expert mouth.

Watching avidly, Mom stood up, came closer and said, "That looks so nice. Get that cock nice and hard so my son can fuck me."

Ms. Chan moaned on my cock, and her focussed expertise had me hard and ready for action in only a few seconds.

"Hop up on the kitchen table, Mommy-Slut," I ordered.

Mom, no longer displaying any reservations at all about having an audience of one while we committed incest, hopped up onto the table, gave me an eager grin and spread her legs.

I pulled out of Ms. Chan's amazing mouth and she turned to admire Mom's spread-open legs. "Ms. Walsh, I have to tell you that's a very yummy looking pie."

"It'll be even more delicious once I add my special cream topping to it," I bragged, as I moved between my mom's legs, grabbed her hips and pulled her right to the edge of the table.

"So you're really going to fuck your Mother while another person watches?" Mom asked coyly, as I rubbed my cock up and down her wet pussy lips.

"That depends. Are you really going to allow your son to fuck you in front of our neighbour?" I returned the question, tapping her clit.

"Just slam that big fat cock in Mommy's dripping pussy," Mom demanded, her legs twitching with each tap of my fat cock head against her swollen clit. Her desire for me, in addition, I think, to our having an audience, already had her in full anything-for-cock mode.

"She's so insatiable," I shrugged, looking at Ms. Chan with a sly smile, as I slid inside my mother, adding a bit of twerking for my mentor's benefit.

"Oh yes, fuck Mommy with your big, fat cock," Mom moaned loudly, now thoroughly enjoying our audience while giving in once again to her natural submissive nature and to my cock.

"Yes, Kevy, give your Mother what she needs," Ms. Chan chimed in.

"What does she need, Ms. Chan?" I asked, even as I pumped my cock in and out of my mother.

"Your slut mother needs to be fucked *so hard* by your big, fat cock," Ms. Chan answered, before adding, "but what she needs more than anything is to demonstrate that she's your complete, submissive, Mommy-Slut cum bucket."

"She's right, I'm your Mommy-Slut," Mom agreed as she wrapped her legs around me to pull me in even deeper.

"And he's also your lover," Ms. Chan added.

This new concept both surprised and intrigued me. Could I be both master and lover to my Mom? The two terms seemed to contradict each other. Yet oddly, that combination described very well how I felt when I was with my Mom. On the one hand I wanted to face fuck her, to pound her and sodomize her; I wanted to eat her cunt, suck on her tits and spew my load all over her and everywhere inside her, all three of her holes. Yet on the other hand, I also wanted to hold her gently in my arms, to sleep beside her, to kiss her tenderly and to fiercely protect her from anyone who might try to take advantage of her weaknesses.

In retrospect, I'd already done all those things except I hadn't yet had the need to protect her, but I'd never labelled them in any way.

My attention now divided, I looked back over my shoulder and asked, struggling with the concept, "Is that even possible, Ms. Chan?"

"Harder, Mother-fucker," Mom demanded, bracing her shoulders against the table, raising her ass and very impressively beginning to buck her hips to meet my thrusts.

Ms. Chan gave me a teasing grin. "Priorities, Kevy: fuck your mother first, and later we can chat."

"Good idea," I nodded, as my mother and I shifted into furious fucking... both of us very soon close to orgasm, almost forgetting we had an audience.

"Oh yes... fuck me son... fill my cunt... with your cum... for your little... Mommy-slut," Mom babbled in short gasps as she met my strokes. That single sentence had taken over half a minute, as her breathing was erratic and almost all of her attention was riveted on her imminent orgasm.

"Come for me now, Mommy-Slut," I ordered, about to spew my load inside her, "Come for your Master."

"Oh yes," Mommy moaned loudly, as she felt my load shoot inside her, which triggered her own orgasm... both of us coming together.

"Give me access to my present," Ms. Chan demanded, sounding lustful herself, even as I continued coming inside my Mom.

"As you wish," I said, pulling out and shooting my final rope of cum onto my Mom's clitoral area before backing completely out of the way.

"I'm so hungry," Ms. Chan groaned, as she rolled her chair between my mother's legs and buried her face in her cunt while she was still coming.

"Oh yes, eat my cunt, you fucking cock sucking slut," Mom moaned, obviously perceptive enough to know that this abuse was exactly what her

newest pussy-licker would want, even though she was still distracted by her own orgasm coursing through her.

"Happy birthday, Ms. Chan," I chirped, watching her lap up the creampie as if it were her last meal. I realized we hadn't used the head dildo. Oops... save it for tonight, I guess.

"Suck it all out, you dirty whore," Mom demanded, grabbing the back of Ms. Chan's head and roughly pulling her deep into her cunt while it was still flooding, during her extended orgasm.

I watched for a couple of minutes as the two women enjoyed different aspects of my big, fat cock. Mom was still enjoying her intense orgasm, extrapolated by Ms. Chan's eager and experienced tongue. Ms. Chan was enjoying her morning load, this time wrapped in a pink gift box.

Mom finally let go of Ms. Chan's head and said weakly, "I can't be having orgasms like this just before going to work."

"Can you think of a better way to start your day? I asked.

"God, no," she said, "but trying to focus on work today will be a real bitch."

"Alas, the hardships of a submissive slut," I shrugged, not too worried about her first world problem.

"I know," she said, shaking her head. "My life will never be the same."

"That's the plan," I promised her.

Ms. Chan finally came up for air and crowed, "Best birthday pie ever!"

"Your tongue is amazing," Mom said, sitting up to look down gratefully at the wet-faced Asian.

"And your cunt is heavenly," Ms. Chan complimented back, as I mused at what was passing for neighbourly conversation. A lot more interesting than 'how's the weather!'

"I imagine it's even tastier with my son's big load in it," Mom said.

"Yes, his added ingredient definitely enhances the dessert," Ms. Chan agreed.

"Well, I hate to get fucked, come, get munched and go," Mom quipped, "but I need to shower and head off to work. I have a trial today."

"Big case?" Ms. Chan asked, rolling her chair back.

"It may be," Mom nodded.

"Well, good luck with it," Ms. Chan wished, the conversation back to mundane subjects.

"Thanks for helping Kevin through this confusing time," Mom said, as she closed her legs and climbed down off the table.

"It's been a pleasure," Ms. Chan smiled.

Both Mom and I quipped simultaneously, "Pun intended."

"You two really are a lot alike," Ms. Chan laughed, shaking her head.

"And yet we're completely different," I agreed/disagreed, as Mom pulled her jeans on.

"People's differences are often what brings them together, so they can then share the things that make them the same," Ms. Chan said, sounding a little like a poorly written fortune cookie.

"Love you," Mom said, giving me a very I'm-not-being-your-Mother-right-now kiss.

"Love you, too," I said, as she went over to Ms. Chan, leaned down and kissed her too.

Mom said after breaking the kiss, "And I'll have another present for you tonight to repay you for all you're doing for my son."

"You don't have to do that," Ms. Chan demurred.

"Oh, yes I do," Mom insisted, I'm not sure whether it was because I told her to or because she wanted to... I like to think it was both.

"Well, you know where I'll be," Ms. Chan said, her tone sounding ever so slightly sad, as if she were sick of being trapped in this house. That was something to keep in mind going forward. She may not be my Mom, but she was nevertheless a valuable part of my life and deserved some real happiness. I wondered for a moment whether my Dad had any idea what a gem she was. He hadn't given me any indication that he did when he told me about her; to him she must seem like just another slut.

"Don't be late for school, young man," Mom said to me, shifting rather effortlessly into her mothering role.

"Yes, Mother," I said.

"I've already gotten a couple of calls from your school about tardiness and an unexcused absence," Mom pointed out.

"Sorry, some of that is likely my fault," Ms. Chan apologized.

"My new school is right here," I announced. "I mean I've learned more in this kitchen in a couple of weeks than I have in school all year."

"I imagine that's true," Mom said with a soft laugh. "But you can't allow your grades to drop and to lose scholarships because you're getting laid all the time."

"Yes, Mom," I nodded, knowing she was right, but added, "but for the record, I'm usually the one doing the fucking."

"Of course you are," she smirked before she turned and walked out.

"So back to our conversation before Mom so rudely interrupted us with her desire to be fucked like a horny slut," I quipped.

"I know: the nerve of her," Ms. Chan replied deadpan.

"So how do I be both a dominant master and a caring protector?" I asked.

"First of all, by understanding your own needs," she said.

"How so?" I asked, that reply not at all what I'd expected to hear.

"What do you want from this newfound relationship with your mother?"

"I'm not sure," I answered, this question making me begin to reflect on the question, I guess for the first time.

"Think about it," she encouraged me. "Sure, there was the rush of seduction, the thrill of the conquest and the adrenaline of doing the very thing that almost every son in the world fantasizes about doing at some point."

"Okay," I nodded, all three of those points definitely true.

"But now what?" she asked. Three simple words, yet no apparent answer.

"That's what I'm asking you," I pointed out, getting just the slightest bit annoyed at her questions without answers.

"It's not my question to answer: you need to find your own answer to my original question," my guru of sex deflected, "what do *you* want in this relationship?"

After a long pause as I pondered this simple yet complex question, I offered, not because I thought it was the best answer, but more like brainstorming to get one thought out there in hopes it might pave the way for a better one, "I want to have my cake and fuck it too."

She laughed, "Cute, but that doesn't really answer the question."

"Okay," I said, trying out a more serious approach. "I want her to be my slut, but also to be my mother."

"Both of which I witnessed some of this morning."

"But I also want to protect her from herself."

"Oh? How so?"

"Well, I'm very concerned that her submissive side could get her into trouble at work if she can't control it," I said. "And if she did, I'd feel responsible. Hell, at this point I think I'd even *be* responsible."

"She seems to be doing a pretty good job so far," Ms. Chan pointed out.

"I guess," I said, not sure I was explaining it properly. "But my Dad never shied away from putting her at risk, and she told me she never refused him until she'd finally had enough, and she stood up on her hind legs and insisted on a divorce. During the past two days she's never denied me anything, either."

"Kevy, that tells me you're both responsible for her and not responsible. You're responsible for never going out of your way to put her at risk, but you're not responsible for every decision she makes. But in addition, and this is important, you need to be her base, her foundation, the rock she can cling to for security. Remember when I told you sex was about connection, intimacy and desire? What I meant was that a woman needs all three of those essentials if she's going to be balanced. That's why even after a wild fuck fest... when a woman has been dominated, sodomized and a load of cum is still leaking out of her ass... she still wants to cuddle and maybe to talk," she explained.

"And even though an important part of your role in keeping her happy is ordering her to perform extreme sexual acts, to stretch her boundaries, at the same time she must always feel she can tell you anything at all without being judged. Which, by the way, is a favour you cannot allow her to return to you, at least not fully. Although if it helps, you can always tell *me* anything.

"And your mother is at the pinnacle of your caring and concern; if you aren't going to behave like your Dad and be totally self-centered, the other women you relate to will also need chances to express themselves to you and to benefit from your guidance. Although in their cases (and in my own

case since this is definitely present company included), the level of your responsibility will vary as you judge what is best for both you and for them. And you needn't do all of this perfectly, especially as you learn the ropes; you just need to keep your eyes open, learn from your mistakes and do what you can to correct them. I'll be very happy to advise you as you go along, just as I've been doing."

"I see," I said, as a lightbulb went on inside my head. "So what I think you're saying is that one main difference between men and women is the aftermath of sex. For women I don't care about like Mrs. Dieks, I can just dump my load and leave, although even for her not always; but for the women I care more about such as Mrs. Grady, there needs to be a deeper connection."

"Yes, the most basic human need is to be wanted," Ms. Chan continued "And that need applies to everything. Certainly a woman wants to be perceived as sexy and alluring, but she also wants to be needed. Your mother is the rare woman who has the opportunity to get it all from one person... and that person is you. But she can't receive those things if you don't give them to her... and I mean all of them."

"And how do I do that?" I asked, knowing that was exactly what I wanted: to be my mother's everything.

"Well, the sex side is obvious, and it appears you're doing a bang-up job there," she said, smiling at her own playful pun.

"I'll just keep banging away until I've perfected it," I quipped back, going along with her pun.

"I know you will," she nodded with a warm smile. "But she also needs to be needed in her maternal role as a mother. She needs *you* to need *her* in that very different role. She's not just some bimbo slut, no matter how much you both enjoy that role for her; she's also a wise, nurturing, strong woman who's raised you well, so she still needs you to lean on her when that's appropriate. But like I said about her returning the favour, you can't lean on her totally: if you ever fell completely apart in front of her, it might shatter her world. I *think* that last point is true, anyway. She might instead astound

the hell out of us both and be a pillar of strength for her beloved son: who can ever tell for certain about such things?"

"I see," I nodded, most of that making perfect sense to me, especially the first part. Mom needed to balance these two very different, clearly contradictory sides, and I not only needed to allow that, but to go out of my way to help her do it. Which seemed to mean paradoxically that in order to be strong for her, sometimes I needed to be weak and vulnerable; but not *too* much so.

She continued, somehow reading my mind, "Achieving the balance is the tough part, especially when your sexual urges are so strong and virile at your age."

"I'm always horny," I agreed.

She looked down at my hard cock, "That's part of your charm, at least for some of us. But for your mother you'll need to learn to understand her needs, her desires and her own complexities."

"That's what I'm not sure about."

"Remember my telling you about mental sexuality?"

"Kind of," I said, having heard, but not necessarily absorbed, so much thought-provoking information from her.

"The mental part is different for men and women. For men it's a 'let's do it' thing, you're stimulated simply by being. I mean, you'll get hard from a cool breeze," she explained teasingly.

"I will not," I protested.

"Yeah, yeah," she waved at me. "You get turned on by almost anything."

"Okay, I'll give you that: it *is* tough to argue," I agreed after a moment's thought.

"As I mentioned before, for women it's the act itself that excites us. We get pleasure from pleasing others, since our psyche is controlled by the sexual act itself. Sucking cock isn't primarily about the sensations of sucking cock, at its core it's about giving pleasure to someone else, about giving one's self to the act or to the man. It's about fulfilling a natural hierarchy created by the Lord himself to serve as a caregiver for another. This could also apply when it's between two women. The point is that women, by nature, by evolution, by creation, were born to please," she summed up, as if this were just the way it is and has always been.

"All women?"

"Well, I'm grossly overgeneralizing in order to make my point, and there are exceptions to every rule, and at the moment I'm talking more about the inner woman than whether someone has a vagina or not, and everyone has at least some feminine traits on the inside so this applies in varying degrees to everyone. But disclaimers aside, what I'm describing applies pretty much to most women, and it absolutely applies both to your mother and to me," she said, "if that's as clear as mud," as she poured herself another cup of coffee... black coffee... a cue that it was almost time for me to supply her with the homemade cream she liked so much.

"I see."

"Now women are stimulated by visuals too," she continued. "Your big fat cock is an appealing visual for a woman that stirs a fire inside, a fire that we often can't control. Sure, we try. But the truth is that the more we deny our own inner carnal lust, the more miserable we become. The women you find who are the most miserable on the one hand or complete bitches on the other are almost always sexually unsatisfied or repressed, even if they don't realise that's the cause of their unhappiness."

"You should host your own talk show: 'Sex Talk'," I only kind of joked.

"That would be a stimulating job," she deadpanned. God, she was a funny woman.

"On that note, where's your inner carnal lust level right now?" I asked, having pretty much recovered from my recent orgasm and feeling ready to make a second morning deposit.

"On a scale from one to ten: seventeen," she quipped, just before I slid my cock in her mouth.

Ten minutes later I deposited a load into her open mouth, which she then spit into her coffee mug.

"I'm bringing you supper tonight," I said.

"You really don't have to," she said, as she sipped her cum-flavoured coffee.

"What's your favourite food?" I asked.

"Chinese of course," she smiled.

"Not American sausage?" I asked.

"That's more of a snack."

"I've never been more insulted in my life," I faked outrage.

"But a snack I could enjoy a few times a day," she soothed.

"It *is* low on calories," I tossed back to her, as I put my pants on.

"You're going to be late again."

"It's too bad I can't tell my teacher why."

"Is your teacher a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"Then why not? Perhaps not in front of the class, but you could try whipping out that one-eyed monster you show to me all the time," she smiled. "I imagine she'd understand immediately."

"Something worth considering," I laughed, wondering if it could really be that easy. I mean up until now it had been, yet my test cases had been a carefully selected few (selected by my Dad), so I still wasn't at all confident about my own ability to seduce anyone from a standing start. Having proud possession of a big, fat cock was only a seductive weapon if the woman knew about it.

"Trust me," she assured me. "She'd be on her knees begging for it."

"That I'd like to see," I said, thinking of Mrs. Camden, a larger Latina woman, with a wide butt and a cute face. The idea of her babbling incoherently in Spanish as I plunged into her ass was kind of hot.

"So would I," she replied.

As it happened, it was Mrs. Camden's class that I was only five minutes late for this time, and then I spent most the hour wondering what her lips would look like wrapped around my cock. Wondering what it would feel like to drill her big backdoor booty. She always dressed in a skirt that showcased her wide ass, but never nylons. That would have to change should she become my slut.

The day was uneventful, although I couldn't help but admire (not in a sexual way this time) Heather, who in English class recited a poem she'd written about gender equality. A few kids snickered, a couple of them whispered lesbian; most weren't even listening, but I saw her as being so brave.

Heather was considered a wallflower by most people in the school. She didn't play sports, she wasn't a cheerleader, she got marks as high as mine. Yet I saw her as far braver than any of them. Even though the poem expressed the fear of coming out in a sexist, shallow world, I didn't think she was a lesbian, although there was no evidence to support the idea either that she wasn't, or that she was straight. Mostly I just hoped probably selfishly, that she was straight.

I couldn't explain it, but I was drawn to her. Partly because she was smart and was in all my advanced classes; partly because she clearly shared my resentment of the jock mentality of our school; partly because she was a

sweet girl who seemed to be nice to everyone, even the ones who weren't so nice to her; partly because she stood up for what she believed in; partly just because she was so darn cute. It also didn't hurt that she often wore what looked to be pantyhose to school, a rarity in a school of over a thousand students, where even the teachers seldom wore them.

As I daydreamed about her somewhat, I thought it would be cool to have a partner in crime as I solved injustices by making rich bitches, cheerleaders and stuck-up jocks become cock hungry sluts for my big fat cock. Fat chance of that happening though because so far as I knew, she didn't even date.

The only other particular moment of intrigue that day was when Ms. Watson asked if I would tutor Amber. Amber was the blondest, dumbest cheerleader in the world... the one who could be the poster girl for every blonde joke ever coined. I tried to repel the idea, but Ms. Watson said it would look good on my resumé, and she would owe me a favour (my first thought was *My big fat cock in that pretty pussy-licking mouth of yours*), so I reluctantly agreed... and plans were made for Amber to come to my house the next afternoon, which was a Saturday.

The day ended, I went to the bookstore and purchased the book I'd had them order for Ms. Chan, then I returned home and waited for Mom. I giftwrapped the book, inscribed a gift card ("Happy birthday to my guru of life") and waited for the clock to do its job.

When Mom texted me she was heading home, I ordered Chinese food to be delivered to Ms. Chan's house at 5:30.

I texted back to Mom: **Bring the toy you bought that we forgot to use this morning.**

Mom responded: **Will do. I also got a couple other things.**

I asked: **What?**

Mom responded: **You'll have to wait and see. I have a wicked idea.** I was glad to see this sign that even when we were playing, she didn't *always* feel

she had to be submissive.

So I strolled over to Ms. Chan's with the wrapped present a little before 5:30. I walked in and found her watching a soap opera. I joked, "Watching those suds will rot your brain."

"Too late," she smiled, then as I handed her the gift she objected, "you shouldn't have."

"Of course I should have," I responded, as she opened the envelope.

She read the card and said, "Of only life?"

"All sex is a part of life," I pointed out, wondering if my truism sounded Zen enough.

"You're learning, Grasshopper," she smiled.

"Thank you, sex sensei," I responded, placing my hands together and bowing slightly, martial arts *Silat* style.

"And I'm also your cum-craving cock-sucking servant," she countered.

"Of course," I laughed, as she unwrapped the book.

"Are you trying to tell me something?" she asked as she saw the title.

"I'm foreshadowing the rest of your birthday present," I said. The book I'd bought her was "Regain That Feeling: Secrets to Sexual Self-Discovery".

"Really?"

"Sensei, you were born to be a three-hole slut. And you can't fulfil that destiny without trusting someone to help you," I said, sounding helpful and like a pervert both at once.

"Food's here," Mom called out from the front door.

"To be continued," I said.

So we ate dinner chatting festively about inconsequential, and Ms. Chan blew out candles from the cheesecake Mom had bought.

It was Mom who then announced, "Birthday girl, it's time for the rest of your present."

"I'm not so sure about this," Ms. Chan said nervously and looking unsure, which was both adorable and heartbreaking at once. She was such a strong woman, she was continually giving me such amazingly helpful advice, and yet she was insecure within her own body.

"Tonight, I'm in charge, Yu Yan," I claimed.

"What? How could you know to call me that? No one calls me Yu Yan anymore," she said, surprised.

"Three hours of chasing down Google leads. That *is* your real name, correct?" I asked.

"Yes, it is," she nodded.

"And its meaning is so apt," I assured her.

"What does Yu Yan mean?" Mom asked.

"Woman with a beautiful smile," I revealed.

"Then you're aptly named indeed," Mom agreed.

"You two are so sweet," Yu Yan said, blushing like a schoolgirl.

"As are my cunt and my son's cum," Mom interjected, killing the precious moment.

"Can't argue with that," Ms. Chan laughed.

"Now open your first present," Mom ordered, handing her a wrapped box.

"How many are there?" Yu Yan asked.

"Two," Mom answered.

Yu Yan opened the present and examined the strange head cock contraption. "Believe it or not, I'm not completely sure what this is for."

"It's to fuck me with," Mom answered, before adding, "while my son fucks my asshole."

"Aaaahhh," Ms. Chan nodded, turning it around in her hands and looking at it more closely. "It goes over my mouth doesn't it?"

"It does," Mom nodded, strapping it onto Ms. Chan's face.

"That looks really weird, but so hot," I said.

"Get naked, son," Mom ordered, as she began doing the same.

"I thought I was in charge," I mock objected, as I did as Mom requested.

"Today we tag team our slut," Mom said, her earlier concerns clearly gone.

"Our slut?" I asked, now naked, and Mom wearing only a black garter-belt and stockings.

"We need to begin gathering our own collection of sluts," Mom informed me.

"An additional form of mom and son bonding," I joked.

"Indeed," Mom agreed with a smirk, as she rolled Ms. Chan in her wheelchair into the living room. "Yu Yan, I suspect you're a switch, am I correct?"

"I can be, although I'm definitely much more a submissive. I assume tonight I am to address you as my Mistress, am I correct, Mistress?"

"For now, yes. Good girl," Mom replied, completing the formalities.

"Mom, I'm still not sure where you're going with this," I said.

"Oh, you'll see," Mom answered evasively, as she rolled our pet's wheelchair to the back of a couch.

I still wasn't sure what Mom was envisioning here, but she ordered me, "Kevin, go stand on the couch. On the cushions."

I did as she instructed, and then watched as she sat herself on the backrest of the couch from the far side straddling the wheelchair, settled her feet on its wide arms and asked, "Son, can you steady me so I don't fall backwards, and pull the plug out of my asshole?"

"The things I do for you," I sighed, as I braced one hand against the small of her back and reached down with the other to pull it out, in awe of the position she was trying for. I looked around for someplace to dispose of the plug, and smirked as I reached over to deposit it in an empty candy dish on a side table next to the couch.

"No Master, the things I do for you," she corrected, as she shifted around until her pussy was lined up with the dildo head cock. Right now I didn't feel at all like her Master but intrigued, I continued following her lead.

"Now fuck my cunt, Slut," Mom ordered Yu Yan.

I had to lean forward and off to the side before I could see Yu Yan leaning forward to position her face cock in mom's cunt, and even then all I could see was the back of her head and the harness strapped around it.

"Fuck me, Yu Yan," Mom ordered, "it's time to make you into more than just a cock sucker and cunt licker."

Mom's new slut obeyed, beginning to move her head forward and back. I could see what Mom was hoping for, and it was definitely awkward.

It got even more awkward when she ordered me, after a couple minutes of fast fucking, "Plug my ass, baby. DP Mommy."

"How? Won't I hurt you?" I asked. The front of the wheelchair, its wheel locks engaged, was pressing against the back of the couch, Mom's cunt was

being fucked by a fake cock, and from my vantage point, her anus in clear view, yes, I guessed I might get my cock into it. Maybe.

"Just shove it right in," she demanded. "I used plenty of lube for the plug."

"Okay," I said, thinking we were going for some pretty crazy acrobatics... an act that would normally only be performed in a sex circus, not that there was anything normal about a sex circus.

I made a few attempts: but if I knelt on the couch my cock was too low; if I stood on the couch to fuck her, my knees couldn't reach the back of the couch to brace myself, but if I didn't brace myself on something other than Mom, then in order to get my cock to the same height as Mom's ass, my severely bent legs would be subjected to excessive strain, and my balance would be very precarious. Instead of steadying Mom, I'd be in danger of tumbling us both backwards to the floor. "Mom, this isn't going to work."

"Stand on the wheelchair arms like I am," she said.

"Then we'd both be way off balance, and even if we didn't fall, the wheelchair could break," I pointed out.

"Damn it," Mom cursed, clearly wanting to experience a double penetration, as she climbed back down to the floor next to the wheelchair.

Ms. Chan lifted her head dildo up and suggested, "If you laid me down somewhere on my back, you could ride my face while Kevy fucks your ass. And if you should happen to be enjoying yourself, your tasty juice would drip into my mouth, and I promise not to complain one bit."

"Good idea," Mom nodded.

"Yeah, I don't think my body was made for the acrobatic position you were suggesting," I said.

"It was worth a try, and I like variety," Mom defended herself.

"Good to know," I nodded, as I got safely down off the couch, Ms. Chan unlocked her wheelchair, and I wheeled her into her bedroom; I knew where

it was from helping her with a few household fixes over the years.

"Ever imagine you'd be in this room getting ready to DP your slutty Mom?" Ms. Chan asked.

"No," I laughed. "Although there have been quite a few 'never imagines' becoming reality lately."

"I imagine so," Ms. Chan smiled.

I moved the pillows several feet down from the head of the bed. Ms. Chan clasped her hands around my neck and I helped her onto the bed easily, our having done this a few times in the past, although never for such a kinky purpose. One effect of her long-term impairment was that her upper body had become surprisingly strong, so this transport was not at all difficult.

Once she was lying comfortably on her back (with her feet still on the bed because she was so short, in case you were concerned), Yu Yan repositioned the head dildo on her face and Mom lowered herself onto it.

I watched from beside the bed as Mom began riding the dildo, and I loved the rapturous expressions passing across Yu Yan's face. It was incredibly hot.

After a couple of minutes, Mom demanded, "Come plug my ass, son. I haven't been double penetrated in forever."

"We can't have that sad state of affairs remain for a moment longer," I laughed, wondering who else had DP'd her. How many times had Dad shared her? What an asshole... my Dad, I mean. Mom's asshole was amazing.

I climbed onto the bed, maneuvered myself behind Mom and slid into her asshole, which was still nicely gaped from her plug.

"Oh fuck!" Mom screamed as I filled her ass.

"When was your last DP?" I asked.

Danai and Tamara Grady," Mom answered, doing it with this mother-daughter team across the street from us sounding absolutely delicious.

"Next time I get to watch," I asserted, as I began sliding in and out.

"As you wish," she moaned, as she leaned forward and braced herself for better balance.

For a few minutes I fucked Mom's ass until she came from the double pleasure. "Oh fuck, yes!" she screamed as she collapsed forward, both cocks slipping out of her satisfied holes.

I ordered, "Take off the cock, Yu Yan."

She did and joked, "Thank goodness, I thought I might drown!"

"Oh shit, sorry," I apologized, not having considered we might hurt her.

"No, it was great," she bubbled happily, "it's not too often anymore I get to try something new."

"Your birthday night is just getting started," I informed her.

"I get more? Then face fuck me," she demanded.

"I've just been in Mom's ass," I pointed out.

"Obviously," she sighed, shaking her head as if I were an idiot.

"If you wish," I shrugged, actually happy about her willingness to do this, as it solved my next problem. I wanted to give Ms. Chan another tasty cream pie, but I didn't want to go from ass to cunt in my Mom. Although with some of the other sluts like Mrs. Dieks, perhaps I would.

"I do wish," she assured me, so remaining on the bed, I crawled up beside her and slid my cock, somewhat awkwardly, into her mouth.

I started slowly, it was awkward because the left side of my body was crowded against the head of the bed and I was worried I might hurt her, but

she gave my right buttock a hearty slap as a clear sign all was well, so I began doing as she requested, face fucking her. At this point in her life she had become a deep throat champ, and at this angle I could really go deep, so in no time at all my balls were bouncing off her chin like a bongo drum.

As I felt my balls boiling I ordered, "Mom, squat down on the other side of Yu Yan's head and spread those legs wide, this load is going up your cunt."

"Yes, baby," she said, as she impressed me by placing her right toes under the top of Yu Yan's head and her left ones under her neck, grasping the head of the bed with her right hand for balance. It was another awkward position but this one was doable, and when I drew out of one of my favourite mouths, we could both rock our hips forward and join together while providing Yu Yan with an extremely close up view.

Which we did like a well-oiled machine as we slammed together at the very last moment so I could spew my load inside her, as the enterprising Yu Yan decided to lift her head and suck on my balls.

Moments after we backed away from each other, Mom spun around to straddle Yu Yan's chest and lowered her cream pie towards her face saying, "Here's your second birthday cream pie, dear slut."

"Delicious," Yu Yan praised, as cum was dripping onto her face even before Mom's cunt touched down on it.

I watched for a couple of minutes before getting off the bed to reach across to unfasten Yu Yan's trousers and pull them down and off.

Her hand slapped at mine, but confined as she was between Mom's knees, her efforts to stop me were completely ineffective and her protests were muted by Mom's cunt.

Ignoring her objections, I also pulled her panties down and off.

Mom raised herself off of Ms. Chan's face and she immediately began protesting, "Please don't, Kevin; you mustn't!"

I backed away from her and asked, "Yu Yan, you know how you've been advising me to become more of a man?"

"Yes," she replied, her face overcome by worry, looking so vulnerable I almost wept for her. Almost. I'd done my research and I had a plan.

"Please relax and trust me: I know what you need," I assured her. "I understand your reservations, but tonight is all about you. Mom and I want you to receive the pleasure that for years you've only allowed yourself to give to others."

"But I'm helpless down there," she said, looking totally scared and feeling useless. "Nobody's wanted to touch me since the accident."

"Your legs don't work," I nodded, "but you told me your pussy still does, yes?"

"Yes, but..." she began to protest.

"No buts," I interrupted, before adding, "unless it's my cock in your butt."

"Or mine," Mom chirped in.

"You're not disgusted by these?" Ms. Chan queried nervously, as she pointed to her legs with their sadly atrophied muscles. It was true they weren't very attractive in the normal sense, they looked like unused sticks. And yet...

"Ms. Chan," I began, gazing into her moist eyes, "*Yu Yan*, I find you beautiful, because you've proven to me time and again that you're a beautiful person. Everyone has physical defects, like for instance I could stand to lose twenty pounds. But you're perfect because you're you."

"Kevy, that's the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me," as the floodgates broke, and tears began to stream from her eyes, down the sides of her face and onto her pillow.

"Well, pretty soon my words won't be quite so sweet," I pointed out, "but they'll be just as caring," as I approached the vee between her legs.

"If I'd known anything like this would be happening I would have shaved down there," she apologized, "I've neglected it for a really long time."

"Not to worry sweet Yu Yan, although I do expect it to be at least trimmed for next time," I said, as I leaned closer to her very hairy pussy.

"There'll be a next time? Yes, sir, I certainly will," Yu Yan agreed with a soft moan as I traced my fingers gently down her pussy lips. "It's been so long since anyone has touched me there."

"Well, you now have a cunt muncher next door anytime you need one," I offered, pointing to my mother.

"Good to know," Yu Yan moaned, as I began tapping her clit.

"Whoring out your mother already?" Mom teased.

"Just ensuring that you get the regular cunt cum diet you crave," I said, as I leaned down to inspect Yu Yan more closely. I wanted to be the first person to give her an orgasm in years, and I wanted to do it this time with my tongue and not my big, fat cock.

"You're so thoughtful," Mom laughed, her tone only slightly sarcastic.

"Always thinking of you," I said, before beginning to lick Yu Yan's pussy. I'd absorbed what she'd said earlier about mental sexuality and the pleasure to be gained from bestowing pleasure on someone else, and I really wanted to do this for her. Besides, this approach could lead to this out of practice and fragile girl named Yu Yan experiencing two or even more orgasms tonight.

"Always the gentleman," Yu Yan moaned gratefully with no inkling of her sensei persona in sight.

"This cunt obviously still works very well," I told her between licks, her pussy already quite wet, and her scent particularly strong since it was captured in her pubic hair.

"Oh yes, particularly the nerve endings, that's *so good, Kevy!*" Yu Yan moaned. I'd previously heard Ms. Chan moaning while sucking my cock or licking someone's pussy, but this Yu Yan was different. Her earlier moans may have been caused by her own self-pleasure in some small subservient or beneficent way, but those were mostly part of the sexual act of pleasing. These moans on the other hand, were all about her own long-denied direct pleasure, even as right now I was learning first-hand how sexually stimulating giving can be too. Hearing her moans, knowing I was the one giving her this pleasure, turned me on immeasurably as my cock hardened.

"Yes, just like that Kevy, suck on my tits," Yu Yan moaned, and I opened my eyes for the first time in a couple of minutes and saw that Mom had gotten her completely naked and was now worshipping her tits.

I resumed my licking, focusing on Yu Yan's pleasure, although taking the odd short break to take a pubic hair out of my mouth.

Yu Yan could tell I was undergoing a bit of a challenge and apologized, "I'm sorry I'm so hairy down there. I just didn't see any purpose in maintaining that area."

"I'll expect a nicely shaved snatch whenever I come to dine," Mom told her, which sounded so surreally hot.

"I may need some help," Ms. Chan pointed out.

"No worries, I'd love to help," Mom replied just as tenderly as I was feeling towards our birthday girl. But this was supposed to be about sex.

"Less talk, more pleasing," I ordered, as I slid an aggressive finger inside Yu Yan.

"Yes, Master," both women replied at once... a term I definitely approved of.

I focused on getting her off. I fingered her. I flicked her clit.

"Oh yes, Kevy," Yu Yan moaned loudly, "Don't ever stop."

I didn't, as I took her swollen clit between my lips and tugged on it.

"Oh fuck!" Yu Yan screamed instantly, as her cum sprayed all over my face like a golden shower, but far more fragrant and tasty.

I tried to catch as much of it as I could as she sprayed everywhere like a broken fire hose.

"So sorry," she apologized even as she kept coming and squirting. "I'd forgotten that I'm such a gusher."

I kept licking and swallowing in silent reassurance.

"So good," she said weakly, as her orgasm kept trembling through her.

I gave her a little time to recover, and then I sat up, scootched up beside her, rolled her onto her side to face me, bent her knees for her so she was stabilized and asked, "That was Act One. Ready to be fucked?"

"I thought I'd never get fucked again," she moaned as she looked at me adoringly.

"Is that a yes?" I asked.

"Am I not your Asian slut?" she asked rhetorically.

"Why yes you are, and apparently a most willing one, I might add." I nodded, as I climbed over to the other side of her and effortlessly slid my cock into her cunt from behind and wrapped my left hand around her to diddle her clit again.

"Oh God!" she moaned, "I'm still coming from my first orgasm."

"It's time to surf the orgasm crests," I proclaimed dramatically, which sounded corny but which I hoped metaphorically what was about to happen.

"Oh yes, fuck me with your big, fat cock," she moaned, as I did just that.

I realized Mom was missing and wondered where she'd gone. I didn't have to wait long to find out, as she returned with a cock strapped onto her hips, and carrying a large, fluffy pillow she must have brought along just in case.

"I see you started without me," Mom said.

"Yu Yan is my slut," I pointed out.

"We're both your sluts," Mom corrected me.

"Fair enough," I agreed, as Mom climbed onto the bed.

"That's pretty big," Yu Yan said, well-informed on the subject and since the long, thick strap-on was poised directly in front of her face in clear view.

"All the better to DP you with, my pretty," Mom semi-quoted from one of the witches from The Wizard of Oz, although I couldn't decide whether Mom intended to be a good witch or a really wicked witch.

"You two have really gone all out," Yu Yan gasped, still in awe of her many surprise gifts, both physical and tactile.

"And now we're going all in," Mom quipped, as she slid the cock into our Yu Yan's mouth.

And for several minutes we were in a rather unique threesome. I fucked her cunt from behind and mom fucked her mouth from the front. Yu Yan took both cocks like the slut she was, until her second orgasm was imminent.

She let the strap-on slip out of her mouth and begged me, "Keep pounding me, Kevy, your slut is so fucking close."

Mom, being a sly, creative slut, and I still couldn't tell whether she was being a Good Witch or a Wicked Witch... perhaps both at once... maneuvered her head down to Yu Yan's pussy, lifted up her leg and began attacking her clit while I accelerated my fucking of her.

"Holy fuck!!" Yu Yan screamed, her cunt now being pleased both inside and out.

My own orgasm was also getting close and I said, "I'm about to come in your cunt, Slut."

"Oh yes... fill... oohhh... my cunt... (gasp)... with... mmm... your cum... Kevin," Yu Yan answered, although it took her over thirty seconds to get it all out between her labored breathing and her helpless moaning.

"Come with me," I demanded, knowing she was so close.

"Oh yes, yes, yes, how perfect, and... right... NOW, Master," she cried out, and I immediately unloaded inside of her. Her own orgasm also exploded the same moment I was erupting in her, and she screamed, "Yes! Oh GOD yes!"

I continued spewing my load inside her as she kept coming.

Once we'd both calmed down somewhat, I pulled out and Mom rolled Yu Yan back onto her back and began loudly slurping down my cream pie.

"Eat my cunt, you dirty fucking incestuous whore," Ms. Chan asserted herself, suddenly full of confidence as she grabbed the back of Mom's head with both hands and held her there. God, her fierce, wicked mouth was so hot at the moment in stark contrast with her sweet, almost timid, Yu Yan demeanor.

"She's your slut whenever you want her to be," I offered.

"Then she'll be eating over here a lot," Ms. Chan smiled up at me, once again in charge.

"She's often very hungry," I smiled back.

"Mmmmmm," Ms. Chan moaned, as she closed her eyes and enjoyed the sweet afterglow of her powerful orgasm.

After a couple more minutes, I said, "So we have one more gift ready for you, if you want it."

"Does it include having my asshole reamed?" Ms. Chan asked with another wicked grin.

"Why yes, it does," I agreed.

"Actually, we've planned a DP for you if you're up for it," Mom offered, finally coming up for air.

"I need to go to the washroom first," Ms. Chan said.

"How can we help?" I asked.

"Just help me into my chair, I can do the rest."

So we did.

Once she was gone, Mom said to me *sotto voce*, looking a bit annoyed, "I hope you don't plan on offering me to all of your sluts."

"No, no, certainly not," I shook my head, realizing I might have crossed some lines. I wanted to push her limits, but also to respect them. "I just thought you would want to be Ms. Chan's pet."

She smiled awkwardly, obviously recalling some past bullshit. This was confirmed by her next words. "Oh, I have no problem with that. Ms. Chan is like a precious gem in all her personas. I just don't want to get shared with all and sundry like your father used to do to me."

"Mom, I'd never do that," I reassured her.

"Never?" she questioned.

"I don't know about never at all: but certainly never with any other guys," I clarified, the idea of sharing my mom (or any of my sluts with another guy unless she was married to him and I had nothing to do with it) wasn't appealing at all. This was my Mommy-Slut, and mine alone.

"Other girls on the other hand, well, I can't make that promise," I added.

"Just be thoughtful about outing us, because when you get me going, I'll always agree to doing anything you say without any thought for consequences," Mom said, reminding me of her wicked ways. "But overall, I don't need to eat every cunt your big, fat cock destroys."

"Fair enough," I agreed.

Mom pushed me onto my back and said, "But we can finish this talk later. Right now, let's make sure this monster is nice and ready for destroying our delicate Yu Yan's asshole."

"You say the sweetest things," I joked as I lay back and allowed Mom to suck my cock.

A couple of minutes later Ms. Chan rolled back in and asked, "Starting without me?"

"Nope. Just getting him ready for you," Mom replied. She got up and grabbed the wide pillow she'd brought along. "We thought this would help."

As I went to help our birthday girl back onto the bed and Yu Yan cooperated submissively, Mom laid the pillow down.

"You two have really thought of everything," Yu Yan said gratefully, as I helped place her in just the right position.

Mom pulled some lube out of nowhere and brandished it, agreeing with a giggle, "Yep, everything."

"What would I do without you two?" Yu Yan laughed girlishly, looking so helpless but happy as her ass was now perched up in the air.

"You wouldn't get all three of your holes fucked, poor baby," I answered consolingly.

"And you wouldn't get double penetrated," Mom added, as she dribbled some lube on Yu Yan's long-neglected back door entrance.

"I haven't had anybody in my ass forever," Yu Yan told us, as Mom slid a slick finger into her and reamed it around.

"That's pretty tight all right," Mom acknowledged.

"I'm not an anal whore like some Mommy-slut I could mention," the Ms. Chan persona emerged and joked mockingly.

"You'll be one in a few seconds," Mom rebutted.

"Kindred ass sluts," I chipped in, as I moved behind her.

"We're ass sluts for you," Mom agreed, although perhaps subtly reminding me of her concerns about other men. She needn't have worried, I'd share her with some of my women if she was comfortable with that, but other men were out of the question: even my Dad, if we could pull that one off.

"Ready, Yu Yan?" I asked, always the gentleman, as I rubbed my cock up and down her ass.

"Give it to me, Kevy," she crooned, looking back at me. "This is so wonderful... I never thought I'd get fucked ever again."

"Happy birthday from two people who care," I wished her, as I pushed my cock into her ass.

"Thank you," she whimpered, as my big, fat cock widened her ass.

"You okay?" I asked, concerned about her whimpers.

"Yes," she reassured me, "just taking a bit to get accustomed to such a big, fat cock in my asshole."

"I love when you talk like that," I said, both Ms. Chan and Yu Yan's nasty mouths (tonight I kind of saw her as two distinct people) somehow way hotter to me than any other's, even my mother's.

"Well then, start fucking my shit box, you big dick," she (Ms. Chan, definitely) demanded. "It ain't going to fuck itself!"

I roared with laughter, as I began slowly moving in and out of the tightest assholes I had yet to fuck during my long history of about two weeks, "You really are one hot enigma."

"Ream my shit hole," she demanded, only adding to her enigma. No one would ever think this sweet, wheelchair-bound woman could be such a filthy slut.

"Pound her hard, son," Mom added.

"No worries about that," I replied, although I was a little worried I would hurt her without getting her ass properly gaped first.

"Don't worry about me, just fuck my asshole as hard as you can," Ms. Chan urged me.

"Okay," I repeated.

And for a couple minutes I really ass fucked her until Mom asked, "Want to get double penetrated, birthday slut?"

"God, yes," she moaned.

"How can we manage that?" I asked, as I kept slamming into whoever she was at the moment.

"First I lie down," Mom instructed, "then you help Yu Yan onto my cock, and then you resume fucking her from behind."

"That could work," I said, pulling out of Yu Yan's butt... impressed by how wide I'd gaped her asshole.

"Just get those damn cocks in me," Ms. Chan growled with lustful impatience, switching back and forth from helpless submissive to aggressive slut with amazing agility.

"I think we may have awakened a monster," I said, as I picked up Yu Yan and cradled her tenderly in my arms while Mom got onto the bed.

"Get *your* monster back in my shit hole," Ms. Chan demanded, as I set her Yu Yan body carefully on her knees between Mom's legs, supporting all her weight as Ms. Chan demanded, "Just drop me on that big cock."

I didn't drop her, but I did lower her as gently as possible onto Mom's fake cock.

"Oh yes," Ms. Chan moaned, as she used her own strong arms to lower herself down onto my mom's breasts. "Now you fuckers, and I call you that in the best, most literal way possible, I want my birthday DP."

"As you wish," I agreed, moving behind her, and this time sliding easily into the gaped hole I'd already achieved.

"Oh yes, you two," she moaned. "Give me the birthday pumps."

I couldn't help but laugh at her play on words as I began slamming into her tight ass. "God, you're one nasty slut."

"Yes, fuck, drill my asshole," she moaned.

"I already am," I pointed out.

"Harder, faster," she demanded, before adding, looking down at my mother with a surprisingly dominant attitude, "And you, bitch, don't just lie there, pump those hips, fuck me."

Wordlessly but with a smile, my Mom obliged and she and I were both soon fucking... fucking I don't know whom, her helpless nether regions were Yu Yan, but her filthy exclamations and the demanding way she was kissing Mom and mauling her tits were all Ms. Chan... I was thrilled that she'd apparently overcome all of her prior timidity at least for now... and Mom and I were fucking both of her like champs.

At first, we were shoving Yu Yan around like a rag doll as Mom and I struggled to get into a coordinated rhythm.

"God, yes," Yu Yan screamed, not at all fussed by the rag doll bouncing.

I paid close attention to Mom's movements and tried to adjust my strokes to hers. It took a dozen more strokes to get it right, but we finally got in sync... pumping in and out as one.

"Oh fucking fuck shit!" Ms. Chan screamed almost incoherently once we got into a perfect rhythm... as Mom and I fucked her as a synchronized team. Wouldn't that be a great sport? Synchronized fucking.

Two, maybe three more minutes of rough, hard, double penetration and Yu Yan was nearing orgasm.

"Oh fuck, don't stop, yes, fuck, fuck, yes!" she finally screamed as her orgasm hit her.

We kept fucking her throughout her spasms, until they'd died away, then Mom pulled out and announced, "My turn, now."

I ordered as I pulled out of Yu Yan, "Okay, now both of you lie on the bed for me. Asses high."

Of course I had to do all the heavy lifting as I helped maneuver a trembling, leaking Yu Yan into position, propping up her hips with the big pillow as Mom claimed a couple of regular pillows for herself and lay down beside her. It wasn't long before I had two inviting asses sticking up in the air and waiting for me.

"This is heavenly," I groaned, as I slid into Mom's ass.

"Agreed," she moaned, as I fucked her.

Ten hard thrusts and I pulled out, sidled over and slid into Yu Yan's compliant ass.

"Oh yes, I can never get enough of this," Yu Yan moaned as I reamed her rear.

Then I kept switching back and forth for several minutes between the two tight, welcoming assholes until I was close to coming.

I pulled out, flipped Mom onto her back, more carefully rolled Yu Yan onto hers, and as they lay there with their arms around each other and their faces cheek to cheek, I knelt on the bed above their heads and frantically jacked off above their faces.

"Come all over us," Mom smiled, looking up at me.

"Yes Kevy, give us that birthday cum," Yu Yan added.

A few more strokes were all it took before my first rope shot out of me and landed squarely on Yu Yan's face.

My second rope hit Mom right between the eyes.

My third landed a bit closer to between them, but it scored on Yu Yan's cheek.

My last rope dripped onto Yu Yan's chin before I slid my cock back into her mouth and slowly face fucked her for a long, full minute. Her active tongue felt *so good* on my oversensitive cock head.

When I pulled out, Mom leaned over and began licking my cum off Yu Yan's face.

Soon they were kissing, embracing and fondling each other endlessly as I watched affectionately. It was like watching two passionate lesbian lovers together, which I suppose is what they were at that moment.

I asked, a good ten minutes later as they finally lay back, their arms still around each other, "Was this a good birthday?"

"The best," Yu Yan replied, looking completely spent.

Mom said, "We have a real birthday cake for you in the kitchen."

"Any cum on it?" Ms. Chan asked, back to her normal self now she'd calmed down.

"There could be," I joked.

"I do hope you've saved one more load for the cake," Ms. Chan said.

"Well... it may take a few minutes to whip it up."

"Then help me up. Let's get somewhat decent and someone can roll me down the hall," she said.

Ten minutes later we were in the kitchen with my girls 'somewhat decent' wearing sexy lingerie, but my naked body wasn't at all decent as Ms. Chan took control.

"Get over here, Kevin," Ms. Chan ordered. "I want to make sure my cake topping is nice and fresh."

I slid my cock into her amazing mouth and she got me back up and hard.

Once hard, Ms. Chan ordered, "Slut, come and eat your son's asshole while I extract my cake frosting."

"Seriously?" Mom asked.

"Now, slut," Ms. Chan ordered, which was hot after the lengthy submissive playtime.

"Okay," she said, as she moved behind me tentatively.

"Dad never made you eat his asshole?" I asked.

"Never," she answered, kneeling behind me.

"Well, it's good for me to have a first over him," I said, before ordering, "now spread my ass cheeks and tongue my asshole."

"And use that tongue like a tiny dick," Ms. Chan ordered, before taking my cock back in her mouth.

I felt my ass cheeks spread and after a brief tentative pause I felt a tongue on my asshole.

"That's it, eat my asshole, slut," I moaned, the pleasure coming from both ends pretty erotic.

She was pretty tentative at first, but once she got past the reality she was eating her son's asshole she got into it.

So for a few amazing minutes Mom ate my asshole and Ms. Chan worked on my cock. Fuck, it was quite the surreal experience to be the middle, pleased, layer of a sex sandwich for once.

As my orgasm began to build, I groaned, "Both you sluts work me over, the cake frosting is almost ready."

Mom really tongued my asshole somehow feeling like she was even penetrating me ever so slightly... which felt shockingly good and not gay at all. This pleasure was enhanced, by Ms. Chan's determined, deep throat, cock sucking.

I knew another load was soon going to erupt.

After another minute of receiving this intense attention I declared, "I'm about to blow."

Ms. Chan leaned back, I stood facing the table jacking myself, Mom slid the cake towards me, and within seconds I was shooting some rather sparse wads of cum all over Ms. Chan's birthday cake.

Ms. Chan resumed sucking me to extract any last remnants of cum before asking, "Who wants cake?"

"I do," Mom said, as she probed my asshole with her tongue once more for a moment, and then stood up.

"I'm good," I said, seeing more cum than I'd care to ingest on the cake.

"More for us," Ms. Chan shrugged, as Mom took charge of the cake and cut two generous slices coated generously with cum.

I watched, as my cock at long last began going down, and as my two women ate the cum cake.

As I savoured the scene, I thought to myself, *I need to try for my own first conquest*. The big question was who?

As I pondered, I picked up my phone and saw a text.

It was from Mrs. Walker: **Any chance you can come over this weekend and tutor Ben? He has an important test on Monday and needs some help.**

Hmmmmmm... I'd always been attracted to Mrs. Walker, we went way back, and maybe she would be my perfect initial conquest. She tended to be a bit formal most of the time, but sometimes when I'd gotten her laughing, any stiffness had just melted away. Once I'd even forgotten myself and quipped something really off-colour but before I could apologize, she was laughing heartily. And she was certainly pretty enough: a tall and slender brunette with a lovely face and black horn-rimmed glasses that gave her an intriguing nerdy look. The cherry topping was that I'd never once seen her when she wasn't wearing some version of nylon legwear, although given the long skirts she favoured, I never knew which version.

Unless she set up road blocks to my advances, the main question would just be how to get her alone.

Then I recalled that the bimbo cheerleader Amber was coming over tomorrow at 2:00. Perhaps she should be my first seduction on my own. She was blonde, bubbly, big-boobed, appeared to be a favourite of the jocks, and was obviously very limber as evidenced by her cheerleading routines. If I wanted to discuss rocket science with her I'd be out of luck, but whenever I was banging my sluts, that wasn't a subject I expected to come up.

Having a cheerleader to fuck would be fun, and perhaps it would lead to other cheerleader sluts. Even better, that route could possibly provide me with opportunities to embarrass some arrogant jocks.

Hmmmmmm... tomorrow I would try to bang Amber.

But tonight I could feel in my soul (okay, not in my soul but in my nuts) that I had one last load to deposit... and the only remaining question was who was going to get it: Mom or Ms. Chan?

THE END OF Big Fat Cock: Double Penetration Fun.

Coming next:

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Blonde Cheerleader

Cheerleader learns the power of BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy

Kevin's aunt and grandmother discover his BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy

Kevin has a great weekend touring the university.

BIG FAT COCK: Hot Principal

Kevin's BIG fat cock dominates bitchy principal.

BIG FAT COCK: In Toronto (or some other location... thoughts?)

During a trip, they explore exhibitionistic sex.

BIG FAT COCK: Interracial Incest 3some

Kevin fucks Mrs. Grady and her daughter.

BIG FAT COCK: Jasmine Walker

Kevin offers mother of student he is tutoring his BFC.

BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher Story

Kevin's BIG fat cock turns lesbian into eager cock sucker.

BIG FAT COCK: Mom's College Friend

Kevin's BIG fat cock seduces psychologist he is seeing.

BIG FAT COCK: Pregnant MILF

Kevin fucks a pregnant MILF and discovers he is going to be a daddy.

BIG FAT COCK: The Happy Ending

Kevin finds a girl who loves him for himself and not just for his BIG fat cock.

Big Fat Cock: Dumb Cheerleader

Summary: BFC is used to dominate a hot blonde cheerleader.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first three stories and isn't in this one either.

Note 2: This is the fourth part in a potentially lengthy story of one nerd's discovery of the power having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin taking his mother's last forbidden hole while having some fun with a kinky role play. It also has Kevin learning more about his mother's slut past and sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other holes (which is what the next chapter will tell).

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun has Kevin, with the help of his submissive mother, giving his paraplegic sexual advisor an amazing sex-filled birthday.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven and Robert for editing.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader

I woke up at 11:45. I got out of bed and discovered Mom wasn't home, but there was a note on the kitchen table saying she'd be at work for a few hours (such a dedicated worker, working on a Saturday).

I texted Mrs. Walker and said I could tutor her son tomorrow afternoon, if that worked for her.

I poured myself some Wheaties (it's the breakfast of champions), had breakfast and got a response from Mrs. Walker that 1PM after church would work. I responded saying that worked, and I walked down the street for my morning blow job... in the afternoon.

I walked in and Ms. Chan called out, "Good afternoon, sleepyhead. Did I wear you out last night?"

"I guess so," I chuckled, as I entered the kitchen, smiling to myself, reminiscing about Mom and I double penetrating her a dozen plus hours ago.

"In the living room," she called out.

I went into the living room and saw she was watching television and having lunch. She said, "I could use some homemade mayo on my sandwich."

"I've been keeping it warm for you all morning," I smiled, as I walked up to her.

She fished out my cock, took it into her mouth and bobbed, as normal and natural as a morning hug. This was simply our relationship.

I came over.

She blew me.

I came in her mouth or in her coffee, we chatted while she often gave me excellent advice about my journey as a dominant, I shot a second load somewhere relevant (coffee, mouth, face) and left.

Today it would be on her sandwich, but this relationship with her had become not only my routine, but also my safe place.

Truth was all the massive changes I'd been going through for the past week and a half were awesome, but they were also a bit overwhelming and

confusing. I had to be strong for Mom and dominant for some of my other sluts, but Ms. Chan was not only my cock sucker, which indeed she was, but my mentor, my sounding board. Someone who understood what I was going through and could explain it to me. Quite frankly, I would have been rudderless without her, flailing around in utter confusion and probably hurting some women who deserved far better from me.

This being my first load of the day, pretty late for me, I didn't last long, warning her in barely enough time for her to back off, then grab her sandwich and open it as I exploded my not-very-secret sauce onto her lunch meat.

"Mmmmmm," she said, as I coated her sandwich filling.

Once done, she took my cock back in her mouth for a minute before saying, "I've never tried this condiment in a sandwich before."

I watched as she closed her sandwich and took a bite.

God, she was one sexy, crazy, Asian slut.

After she took a couple bites she critiqued, "Definitely adds some flavour."

I smiled, "It's a very special sauce."

"Agreed," she nodded, then as if reading my mind, she asked, "But enough about what you do for me. What's on your mind today?"

"Am I that transparent?" I asked.

"I read people," she said.

I nodded, "That you do."

"So what is it, dear?"

One moment she's sucking my cock, next minute she's eating a cum sandwich, then she's being a sweet, caring counselor.

I asked, "So how do I seduce someone?"

"Besides just pulling out your big fat cock?" she asked playfully, glancing at my semi-flaccid cock.

"Will that work?" I asked, my luck being amazing so far, but every slut so far had been turned by my dad first (who also had a big, fat cock, just not as big and fat as mine... I've never mentioned that before, have I?); so I didn't know if I could make someone into a cock hungry slut on my own.

"I assume you have someone in mind. Do you like this girl?" she asked, before taking another bite of the cum sandwich.

I thought of my nerd acquaintance Heather, who I thought the world of but didn't even have the nerve to strike up a conversation with. I didn't feel at all ready to advance that possibility, nor was I sure I was even capable of a real relationship, which is what I would want with her. Instead, I thought about my afternoon ahead with Amber and answered, "Not particularly, she's a cheerleader bitch."

"So someone you want to revenge fuck," Ms. Chan nodded.

"Revenge fuck?" I said, unsure what that meant.

"What I mean, is she is someone you want to fuck the hell out of," she said. "Someone you want to dominate to make a statement after several years of being dissed?"

"Exactly," I said, thinking that was pretty much exactly what I wanted, and again impressed by how well Ms. Chan knew me.

"Do you care if you get rejected?"

"I'd prefer not to be," I said, "but I wouldn't be any worse off if I were."

She took another bite of the cum sandwich before she said, "The most important thing you need is confidence."

"I think I have that now," I said.

"You do with your harem of cock-hungry cum sluts," she said, sounding so hot with her nasty mouth.

I thought the answer was yes, until she actually asked the question and then I wasn't so sure. "I guess you're right: I don't know," I admitted, feeling some insecurity wash through me.

Oddly, this was new.

I was never insecure around cheerleaders or jocks because deep down I always knew I was superior to them academically, but now that I was thinking of interacting instead of ignoring them, I didn't want to be rejected by one. I didn't want to give them any fuel for their fire of cheap superiority.

Being bullied for being smart, or teased for not being a muscled jock never fazed me, but being rejected sexually worried me... one of many reasons I'd long avoided any opportunity to be rejected. I was now feeling insecurity like I'd never felt before, and I didn't like it.

"Women are attracted to confidence, it honestly is its own aphrodisiac," she explained.

"Really?" I asked, as I processed her words and pondered how that made sense. My big cock had definitely played a role in my sudden good fortune with the MILFs in the community, but my increased swagger had also enhanced my strong position with them, and seemed to make them fall even more in lust with me... this was definitely true for my neighbour slut Mrs. Dieks.

"Think about it," she said. "Girls in high school are drawn to jocks. Sure, sometimes the jocks are also good looking, and sometimes smart, but girls are primarily attracted by their confidence."

"I guess," I said, that helping to explain the pathetic hierarchy I'd witnessed my whole life, it getting even worse in high school.

"There's no guessing if you're paying attention," she said, shaking her head, "it's just human nature."

"Human nature?" I asked, sounding more like a parrot than a Mensa candidate.

"For a genius, you really don't get people," she laughed, before taking another bite of her cum sandwich.

"I don't like people," I pointed out.

"And yet you have the power to be a natural leader," she said.

"Not in high school," I scoffed.

"Maybe, maybe not," she shrugged, "but you can definitely create a bigger impact than you currently do."

"I think constant scorn and condemnation are my natural attributes," I shrugged.

"Those ones won't get you the ladies," she said. "If you scorned and condemned me, I wouldn't give you the time of day, no matter what size your cock was. But like we've discussed before, you treat me with respect except for the times I invite you to treat me like a slut. And even at those times I don't feel you're judging me, you're just helping me get my buttons pushed. But more to today's point, even when you're expressing your vulnerabilities like now, you're confident around me, and I like that."

"I'm confident because I know you won't reject me. That's not the case with the cheerleaders and the other popular girls."

"Be charming with them," she suggested.

"I'm not sure that's even in my skill set," I joked.

She smiled, "Kevy, that's your main problem."

"What is?"

"You're insecure," she accused me.

"I am not," I quickly defended, sitting down beside her.

"Sorry, honey," she said putting her hand on my leg, "with your Mom and me and your other sluts you're not, but with outsiders, you are."

"How?"

"You hide your insecurities and your inferiority complex behind your sarcasm and your lofty attitude," she said.

"I don't care what they think," I stressed.

"I know that's what you tell yourself, and possibly tell them too on occasion, and it's even mostly true," she acknowledged, but she continued, "yet part of you is like everyone else who wants to fit in."

"That's not me," I said.

"That's you being in a river in Egypt. You wouldn't like to be popular?"

"I wouldn't hate it," I joked, this conversation more than a little uncomfortable for me. My whole school existence and coping mechanisms were being questioned.

"Exactly," she nodded. "So take the confidence you already have academically, mix it with the sudden power you've inherited with your big fat cock and harness that into a new you."

"A new me?" I questioned.

"Yes, you've never cared what people think," she said, "take that and your newfound confidence to stand up for yourself and for others like you."

"How?" I asked again.

"I can't tell you all the hows, but instead of sitting in the classroom nursing your scorn and envy, speak up and take control of your fate," she answered.

"I'll offend someone," I pointed out.

"Good," she nodded, "we need more bluntness."

"I'm definitely blunt," I chuckled, as I stood up and... confidently... slid my semi-erect cock in her mouth.

As she sucked me for ten minutes plus, I contemplated her words. Perhaps I could show this confidence with Amber. It would be a lot easier to try while facing just one person and in my own home rather than at school in front of cat-calling witnesses.

I deposited my load down her throat before I asked, "I'm still not sure how to make Amber into my slut."

"Confidence and somehow letting her know what you're packing," she suggested.

"Just whip it out?" I asked, concerned about being laughed at, which made me realize I did care what others thought.

Damn.

"That may actually work," she laughed, before adding, "especially if you do it with confidence. But I'd suggest you go commando and wear sweats that will let her detect what you're packing down below. See if she notices."

"That makes sense," I nodded, preferring to have an actual plan of sorts.

"If you get lucky and she appreciates your special package, that's awesome," she said, "if you don't, you still have women all around the block happy to show you their appreciation."

"True," I nodded, before adding, "I just want to be able to get women without my Dad's prepping them for me."

"I understand," she agreed. "You want to prove you're capable on your own. That you're your own man."

"Exactly."

"But remember, being a man is a lot more than who you can fuck."

I smiled, "I love when you swear."

"Fuck. Cunt. Asshole. Big fat cock," she listed, saying each in a sexy voice.

"And I'm hard again," I joked, although I wasn't really joking, as I was indeed hard again.

"But I'm serious," she said. "Being a real man is a lot more than sex,"

"I know," I nodded, before clarifying, "I don't want to be like my father."

She put her hand on mine and said in a serious tone, "Except for down below, you're nothing like your father."

"Thank you," I said, happy she saw me as different than my asshole father. "Those are the nicest words you've ever said to me."

"And you're bigger," she said smiling again.

"And those are the second nicest ones," I said, getting my swagger back... loving that I was bigger than my egotistic asshole of a father.

"Good luck," she said.

"Thanks, I'll need it," I laughed awkwardly.

"Just be yourself."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I said, this time mostly joking.

"Your new self," she corrected.

"Right, right," I nodded, still not sure I was capable of seducing someone on my own.

I went home, removed my underwear, put on a pair of sweats and waited... knowing that if I got a hard on in these, it would be impossible to hide. But

maybe that wouldn't be a bad thing.

I then thought how ridiculous this big cock theory would have seemed if I hadn't been living it the last little while. Based on all my prior experience this was a ludicrous theory... yet it was my new reality. I would have tried to debunk it if it were presented to me... although I guess I did just that at first with my Dad.

Not surprisingly, Amber arrived ten minutes late.

Unable to hide my contempt, I said, as I checked her out in her cheerleader outfit, which she noticed. "You're late."

"Sorry, practice ran late," she apologized, although her tone implied the apology was only *pro forma* instead of sincere as she breezed into my house.

"You have practice on Saturdays?" I asked, a little surprised.

"Of course," she said, "we're competing in State next week."

"Oh, okay," I said, realizing perhaps cheerleaders were more than just dumb girls wearing skimpy outfits and cheering inane phrases. Truth was, I'd never watched them compete. That said, she looked so hot in the outfit. In truth, all that was missing was pantyhose.

"So how long will this take?" she asked, clearly not impressed to be in my house, although she was scanning my living room.

"Depends how long it takes for you to learn the content," I answered.

"Oh," she said. "I was hoping this would be quick."

"Me too," I said, wanting her to know I was as unexcited to be working with her as she was with me.

"You have a nice house," she said, seeming surprised and not noticing my disdain.

"What?" I asked, annoyed by her presumption that I was poor because I wasn't a chiselled jock.

"Nothing," she said, "it's just a very nice home."

"Thanks," I said, deciding not to make a big deal out of an assumption.

"So where do we start?" she asked, her blue eyes and blonde hair having the power to wow almost any guy.

"Did you bring your textbook?" I asked, even though I knew she hadn't, since she came empty-handed and without a bag.

"No."

"I'll get mine," I said, leaving her in the living room... my cock already hard because of her skimpy outfit.

I grabbed the textbook and returned to find her sitting on the couch on her phone.

I walked over to her, making sure my hard cock was poking directly at her, impossible to miss, handed her the textbook and said, "Here, show me what you're struggling with."

She looked up from her phone and did a double take when she saw the tent in my pants. It was brief, before she dropped the textbook on the couch and said, "All of it."

"I can't help you with all of it in an hour," I said, lingering above her for a little while as I noticed her glancing back at my crotch area. To make sure I wasn't imagining things, I flexed my cock and yep, her eyes went wide.

I casually sat down as she stammered, "J-j-just show me how to make sense of this gibberish."

"Geometry is all about thinking outside the box," I began.

"I don't even know what that means," she sighed heavily.

I repositioned myself so my crotch was in clear view as I said, "Let's tie this into cheerleading."

"How?"

"You guys do a pyramid, correct?" I asked, as I made a show of adjusting my cock.

"Sure," she said, as she watched me adjust.

"That's geometry in motion," I pointed out.

"It is?" she asked, looking a bit flustered.

"Sure; there are angles involved, among other things," I said, before adding, "that must be very *hard* to do," as I stressed the word.

"It takes a lot of balance and teamwork," she said.

"I bet it does," I agreed, encouraging her. "I mean, one little mistake and the whole thing comes tumbling down. It must take a lot of practice."

"I wish the basketball players thought that," she said. "They don't understand the hard work it takes to be a cheerleader."

"They just see you as rah-rah girls," I said, before adding, "or as sure things."

"Excuse me?" she asked, instantly offended.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you," I said, knowing I was reeling her in. "It's just that in the locker room before and after gym class, they talk."

"They do, do they?" she said, still angry, but the focus of her anger had changed.

"All the time," I spurred her on, which wasn't really a lie. The guys talked big around each other between attempts to bully guys like me.

"What do they say?"

"I don't want to offend you," I said, knowing this demurrer would just reel her in some more.

"Tell me!" she demanded.

"It's actually quite disgusting," I continued.

"Just tell me!" she repeated.

"That you girls motivate them before and after the game," I answered.

"Well, we do," she said, before thinking for a moment before saying with scorn, "those bastards."

"I think they actually keep score of who does whom," I said, not sure that was true, but it seemed like something they'd do.

"Those assholes," she said, venom literally coming out of her mouth... okay not literally, I hate when people misuse the word literally... but she was furious.

"Tell me something I don't know," I joked.

"I imagine they're assholes to you too," she said.

"Well, most cheerleaders aren't much nicer," I pointed out.

"I guess not," she agreed, surprising me. After a pause she surprised me again, "I'm sorry."

"For what?" I asked, curious what her answer would be.

"For being a bitch and judging you superficially," she answered, the surprises continuing.

"I'm sorry too," I apologized back.

"For what?" She asked this time.

"I've been judging you, too," I admitted.

"And how have you judged me?" she asked.

"Do you promise not to get offended?" I said. "I'm told I can be blunt and that I don't read social cues well."

"Nothing you can say will be something I haven't heard before," she said, now looking a little vulnerable.

"That you were just a dumb blonde," I answered.

"That's it?"

"A really hot dumb blonde," I smiled, trying to make a joke, which may or may not pass as flirting.

"I don't know whether to be flattered or to hit you," she smirked.

"Hey, you asked for honesty," I said. "I can only imagine what you thought... or maybe even still think... about me."

"Honestly, I didn't even know your name before Ms. Watson insisted I get you to tutor me," she said, that not coming as a surprise. I mean why would she know me, we didn't run in the same circles at all.

"I knew yours," I said.

"I'm sorry the assholes pick on you," she said.

"Oh, don't be," I shrugged, the door now open to lead this where I wanted it to go.

"Why not? I hang out with them," she said.

"The high school hierarchy is all a game," I answered and then added, "plus, I've seen them naked, and I know there's one key way I'm superior to

them."

"Is that so?" she asked, glancing directly at my crotch for the first time after beginning our rather deep conversation... at least deep for between a nerd and a cheerleader.

"Trust me," I said, oozing confidence and knowing I wasn't bluffing. *Thank you Ms. Chan!*

"Show me?" she asked, surprising me a little... my plan was working just as intended.

"You sure?" I asked, acting like perhaps this wasn't a good idea.

"You brought it up," she said.

"Oh, it's up, all right," I flirted wittily... *Wow, I just flirted.*

"Prove it," she challenged, her gaze aimed directly at the fabric tent housing my impressive package.

"It's pretty big," I warned, not yet moving... trying to get her to beg to see it.

"I don't believe you," she said.

"I don't care if you believe me," I said, "more than one woman has told me I'm substantially bigger than ninety-nine percent of the men she's seen."

"No way," she said, gazing down once again at my crotch.

"Way," I said, hating to sound like a dumb surfer.

"Show me," she repeated.

"I don't want to scare you," I warned, "I'm told it can scare younger girls."

"Who has seen it?" she questioned, reeled almost completely in.

"A few hot women," I said. "They don't judge me on my looks, but on my personality, smarts and... well... my big fat cock."

"Big fat cock?" she asked, once again glancing at my crotch... or staring may be the better description.

"It's long and fat," I explained, "so big fat cock works."

"For fuck sakes," she said frustratedly, as she reached for my cock and grabbed it through my sweats, "let me see the damn... oh my GOD!"

"That's one of the screams I usually hear later on," I responded wickedly, not at all fazed that her hand was gripping my hard on.

"It feels huge," she said in awe as she squeezed it.

"It *is* huge," I clarified.

"Can I please see it?" she asked, looking up at me with amazement and intrigue.

"If you want to," I said, trying to act nonchalant, as if I didn't care at all whether she saw it or not.

"I do want," she said, with a lust I was getting used to. She reached for my sweats and I accommodated her by raising my ass so she could pull them down, releasing my big, fat cock for her to see.

"Wow!" Was all she said as she stared at it in all its glory. I imagine the same way a woman might stare at a massive 24k diamond.

"I told you it was big," I said, as it pointed directly at her.

"I know, but this is a whole new dimension of big," she said, completely captivated by my cock.

"So I've been told," I said, still acting casual as if a cheerleader staring at my cock wasn't a big deal (that pun was intended).

"Can I touch it?" she asked.

"If you want," I repeated, again casually.

She reached up and took it in her hand and said in wonder and admiration, "I can't even wrap my hand around the fucker."

"Probably not a problem you have with the jocks and their small cocks," I said, amused at my kindergarten rhyme.

"Definitely not," she agreed, staring like it was a shrine.

"Show me your tits," I ordered, not asking, but ordering... subliminally making a distinction of who was in charge here... a natural feeling I didn't know I had... not with hot cheerleaders, anyway.

"Um, yeah, okay," she said, her hesitation less than a couple of seconds... the power of a big, fat cock at work... the ultimate magic trick.

I watched as she let go of my cock, pulled her sweater over her head and unclasped her bra, tossing both aside. "You like?" she asked, squeezing her tits together. They weren't as big as my mother's, but they were pretty big and impressive, with big areolas and super hard nipples that displayed her excitement.

I think I surprised her when I said, not acting overly impressed, "Yeah, they're okay."

I could tell she was surprised and even a bit wounded by my answer, I'm sure she was accustomed to being worshipped and drooled over, but if she and I were going to hook up, I'd be using her as a fuck toy, not a lover. I mean I'd do my best to get her off, to blow her mind even, but I wouldn't be the least bit worshipful about it, that would be her job. Pushing her surprise away, she reached back down and resumed stroking my cock.

I offered, as if I didn't care either way, "You can suck it if you want."

"Okay," was all she said as she bent down, shifted her body a bit, and took my cock in her mouth. I should note we were still both on the couch.

"That's it, take your time and worship my big, fat cock," I moaned, after a couple of tentative slow minutes, as I imagine I was fatter than any she'd ever had, and longer.

"It's so big it's stretching my mouth," she said, still in complete reverence of my cock.

"You should feel what it does to a tight cunt," I said, purposely using the harsher word and escalating the seduction... if this even was a seduction.

"I can imagine," she said, in a lustful trance.

"Are you imagining it now?" I asked, knowing she was.

"Yeah," she nodded, as she licked my shaft.

"Tell me what you want," I ordered.

"I want this cock inside me."

"Give me your panties," I ordered.

"Okay," she agreed without the slightest hesitation. She was in big, fat cock lust, and going forward she would likely do whatever I told her. So I'd decided to keep these as a memento of my first solo conquest.

I watched as she stood up and pulled down a cute red pair of panties, although I only got the briefest glimpse of her pussy... shaved, as I'd assumed.

She handed them to me and I said, "Now get on your knees and suck my big, fat cock to get it ready for that cunt of yours."

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she said, as she lowered herself before me.

"Doing what?" I asked innocently, enjoying the power my cock was having over this cheerleader.

"Sucking your cock," she said, as she stroked it and took it back in her mouth.

"Yet you're dying to have it in that tight cunt of yours," I pointed out.

"God, yes," she agreed between sucks.

I reached for my phone, which I'd cunningly left between the couch's cushions for easy access, and I began filming her sucking me. I have to admit she was a decent cock sucker, not Mom or Ms. Chan good, but pretty damn good.

I ordered, my phone aimed directly at her, "Tell me how much bigger I am than the jocks."

She allowed my saliva-soaked cock to leave her mouth and began to answer before she saw I was filming her, "So much... w-w-what are you *doing*?"

"Filming you for posterity," I answered.

"Please stop," she said, although she didn't budge from her position or release her grip on my cock.

"Sorry," I shrugged, "But if you want my cock, you'll answer my questions."

"But not on camera," she pleaded.

"I promise it will only be for me," I said, which I meant, "and I'm a man of my word."

"You swear?" she asked, looking hungrily back at my cock and letting her lust supersede the risk of her downfall from popularity.

"I swear," I said, then added although I was never a scout, "Scout's honour."

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she repeated, as she resumed sucking me while I filmed her.

Wow, the power of a big, fat cock is majestic! I let her suck for a minute before I repeated my order, "Now tell me how much bigger I am than the jocks."

She looked up, still stroking my cock, and answered, looking directly into the phone, "You're so much bigger than Ethan, Ken, Jimmy, and... even Jamal."

Being told I was bigger than a black guy stoked my ego as I asked, "And what do you want right now?"

"This big, fat cock in my cunt," she answered bluntly, as she got up and went to straddle me.

"Wait here," I said, surprising her again as I stood up, stopping her from straddling my cock.

"Excuse me?" she asked, shocked I had stopped her.

"You need something," I said, as I stood up and pulled my sweats completely off me.

"What do I need?" she asked, literally confused, this time the usage of literally correctly used.

"You'll see," I said, leaving her standing there in only her cheerleading skirt in a confused state... I imagine the same confused look she had when she tried doing geometry.

I went to Mom's room, grabbed a pair of mocha thigh highs, returned to Amber and ordered, "Put these on."

"Pantyhose?" she complained with disgust.

"Actually, they're thigh highs and I require all my sluts to wear them at all times," I explained bluntly.

"Did you just call me a slut?" she asked tersely, stockings in hand.

I knew this was the final push. If I offended her and she walked out, I'd be no worse off than I was before she came over. I could easily text Mrs. Dieks and go next door and fuck her, plus I needed to go over to Mrs. Grady's to give her a treat pretty soon anyway, and Mom would be home in a couple of hours, so I had options. Yet, if I was going to add Amber to my growing harem, and to make her my first personal conquest without my father's help, I needed to break her completely, to make her mine.

I nodded, my hard cock in clear view, and spoke confidently, "Amber, you're my slut. Or you will be, once you start obeying my commands. If you don't want that, you're welcome to leave, I won't ever tell anyone what happened here today (*except for my Mom and Ms. Chan, I thought to myself, but they're totally discreet and she needn't know about them*), and I'll summon one of my MILF sluts to come and finish what you started," I threatened,

She seemed unsure.

Speechless.

"Put them on, my slut," I instructed her again.

After a brief pause she stared at my cock, sighed and said for a third time, "I can't believe I'm doing this."

"I can," I said, as she sat down and began to roll up a stocking.

"I thought you were a nice guy," she said, as she put the first stocking on.

"Nice guys don't get the sluts," I pointed out, that seeming to be a universal high school truth.

"These are soft," she said, "not like pantyhose at all," as she finished putting one on.

"Only the best for my cum bucket," I said crudely, adding to my power trip.

"You're so bad," she said in a hot voice... having accepted she was going to do whatever I told her to do so she could have my big, fat cock.

"And yet I fuck so good," I said, stroking my cock as she picked up the second stocking.

"I bet you do," she said, looking at my missile, her lust trumping my inferior social status.

"By the way, once I fuck you, you're going to crave more of my cock," I warned, which so far had happened in every situation.

"I imagine so," she said mindlessly, as she finished the second stocking. "How do I look?"

"Like my very first cheerleading slut," I responded, as I admired her legs in the nylons, which enhanced her look completely, but didn't give her the verbal compliment she was fishing for.

"If the other girls find out how well-endowed you are, I won't be your only one for long," she said, as she moved to the couch and knelt on it, offering me her pussy from behind.

"That will be your job, to get me more cheerleader cum receptacles," I said, as I walked behind her.

"Should be easy," she said, "they're already mostly sluts, except for Angela."

"I imagine I can change that," I said, Angela being new this year, a minister's daughter, and rather sweet.

"I can't imagine that," she disagreed as I stood behind her.

"Did you imagine dressing up in nylons for me and bending over to take my cock today?" I questioned.

"God, no," she giggled, in the insipid way she laughed. "But Angela is a complete prude."

"I'll have her begging for my cock in the near future," I said as I rubbed my cock between her wet pussy lips.

"I'd love to see that," she moaned, leaning back to get my cock in her, my phone still in my hand.

"Beg for it, slut," I ordered, wiggling my cock between her pussy lips.

"Oh damn it, slam that big fat cock into me and use me as your slut," she demanded, clearly frustrated. Perhaps frustrated because I wasn't fucking her yet; perhaps because I was the one attached to the big, fat cock she craved; perhaps both.

I continued teasing her relentlessly, "Are you my cum bucket?"

"Yes, yes, just shove it in," she begged desperately.

"Say it, tell me what you are and use my name," I instructed, wanting to have her desperate declaration on video.

"Fuck," she cursed, before impressing me by her declaration, even answering my next question in advance, "I'm your fuck toy, your cum bucket, your cheerleader slut, Kevin. I'll suck you off at school, we have a secret location at school to play. Just shove that mother fucking big fat cock in my cunt, I need it so bad."

I wanted to know more about this secret location, but now I also wanted to really fuck this eager bitch, so I slammed into her with one hard, deep thrust.

"Holy fuck," she screamed, as I imagine I went deeper in one thrust than any guy before me. As I rested deep inside her, she mumbled, "So big, so full."

"Do you girls lez out too?" I asked.

"Some of us do," she answered.

"Do you?"

"Not with any of the girls, I'm head cheerleader," she pointed out, as she clarified with a bit of pride, "they do me, not the other way around."

"To whom then," I asked, having thought Cherry was head cheerleader, but perhaps the hierarchy had changed. It wasn't like I paid much attention to it.

"Shoot, I've already said too much," she said, her lust allowing secrets to rise to the surface.

I fucked her hard and fast for a dozen rough thrusts, making her scream and her left leg twitch.

"Answer the question, cock slut," I demanded.

"Please shut off the phone and I'll tell you anything you want," she pleaded. I imagine I could have pushed her to answer on film, but being a courteous guy (mostly), I stopped filming and tossed the phone onto the couch.

"There you go," I said. "Now whose cunt do you munch?"

"Ms. Watson," she revealed, which wasn't a complete shock, it was common knowledge Ms. Watson was an avowed lesbian, but fucking a student didn't really seem like her.

"Interesting," I said, and joked, "she probably could have just passed you without the tutoring."

"She wants me to be able to go to college on a cheerleading scholarship," Amber explained,

as I began fucking her in a steady rhythm, "but I need to pass the SAT's."

"She's a good woman," I said, as I wondered if my big, fat, cock could entice a lesbian.

"Yes, she is," she moaned.

So for a couple of minutes, thankful for the two back to back loads I'd shot for Ms. Chan, I fucked her.

Hard.

Rough.

And God, did she get animated with literal squeals. If she was this loud at school, she'd alert the entire student body and faculty. She also babbled a variety of things including,

"Oh fuck, fuck,"

"so big,"

"yes, fuck me,"

"Oh shit, I love your cock,"

and an awaken-the-dead declaration as she screamed, "I'M COMING!!!"

Which she did not once, not twice, not even three times, but four, as I fucked her for twenty minutes in five or six positions before I sat on the couch and she rode me like a cowgirl on a bucking horse, her tits bouncing all over the place.

"You're amazing; the jocks come in like two minutes," she said, impressed by my stamina.

"Boys versus men," I said, as I reached for her tits and played.

"I've never been fucked like this before," she said, as she kept riding me.

"Boys versus men," I repeated, although the way she was milking my cock as she rode me, I knew I was getting close.

"You're a man among men," she said, surprising me as she leaned forward and kissed me... this somehow more intimate than fucking me.

I kissed her back, enjoying this surprise. I was kissing, feeling up and fucking a cheerleader.

My balls began boiling a minute later, so I broke the kiss and ordered, "Knees, cum bucket."

She quickly got on the floor, looked up and opened her mouth.

"Ready for my cum?" I asked, stroking my cock.

"God, yes, shoot your cum all over my pretty face," she begged, reaching for my phone on the couch and adding, "and film yourself doing it."

"It may be a bit shaky," I joked, as I grabbed my phone and started filming.

"Come on my pretty face," she repeated, this time for the video. "Give me that big load from that big, fat cock. That big nerd cock that is so much fucking bigger than any of the basketball boys."

"Fuck," I grunted, loving her nasty mouth and her ridiculing the jocks as I erupted and spewed five big ropes of cum all over her indeed pretty face.

"Yes," she moaned, as if getting my cum was erotic to her... which perhaps it was.

"Take it all, slut," I moaned.

"Anytime," she declared, as her face became my cum canvas.

Once I was done, she took my cock and sucked furiously to get any slow swimmers and to put on a show for my video.

Once she backed off, she looked up and smiled, scooping a big wad of cum from her face and saying, "You're so much bigger, so much better, than any of the boys at our school. You, Kevin, are a real man, with a real cock, and now you have a real slut to use anytime you want."

"Anytime?" I asked.

"Anytime," she repeated, scooping more cum from her face.

"I plan to take you up on that," I said, the idea of fucking her at school, perhaps coming on her face and making her wear it all day was too appealing to resist.

"You better," she said, licking my cock head.

"So I'm not sure I actually helped you with your geometry deficiency," I joked.

"True," she nodded, "but you definitely helped me with my BFC deficiency."

"BFC?" I asked.

"Big, fat cock," she said, before adding with a giggle, "And you call me the dumb one."

"Touché," I laughed as she took my cock back in her mouth... my first conquest completed, and it seemed I had a lifer.

THE END for NOW.

What next?

BIG FAT COCK: Eating Exotic Asians

Kevin experiments with pleasuring women using more than just his BFC.

BIG FAT COCK: Educating Mrs. Walker

Kevin teaches the hot teacher and unsuspected erotica author the thrill of BFC.

BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy

His maternal aunt and grandmother discover his BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Gloryhole Power

His cock becomes popular at school gloryhole.

BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy (maybe?)

Kevin has a great weekend touring the campus.

BIG FAT COCK: Hot Principal

Kevin's BIG fat cock dominates bitchy principal.

BIG FAT COCK: Hungry Nana

Kevin decides to seduce his off-limits Dad's Mom... his Nana.

BIG FAT COCK: Interracial Incest 3some

Kevin fucks Mrs. Grady and her daughter.

BIG FAT COCK: Lab Partner

Kevin creates special chemistry with virgin cheerleader.(or cute nerd)

BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher Story

His BIG fat cock turns lesbian teacher Ms. Watson into eager cock sucker.

BIG FAT COCK: Mom's College Friend

His BIG fat cock seduces psychologist he is seeing.

BIG FAT COCK: The Happy Ending

Kevin finds a girl who loves him for him and not just his BIG fat cock

Big Fat Cock: Eating Asian

Summary: Kevin experiments with pleasuring women using more than just his BFC.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first stories and isn't in this one either.

Note 2: This is the fifth part in a lengthy story (this installment brings it to well over 75,000 words) of one nerd's discovery of the power having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin taking his mother's last forbidden hole while having some fun with kinky role play. It also has Kevin learning more about his mother's slut past and sets up his plan to give his sexual mentor Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other holes.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun has Kevin, with the help of his submissive mother, giving his paraplegic sexual advisor an amazing sex-filled birthday.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader has Kevin a little insecure about getting a girl on his own. After a lengthy discussion with his guru Ms. Chan, he uses his BFC to seduce and dominate Amber, a hot blonde.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, and Robert for editing this story.

BIG FAT COCK: EATING ASIAN

I sent Amber on her way not knowing anything more about geometry than she did when she arrived, although we did work on some intrinsic lessons like the impact of angles, the power of thrust and depth perception.

I got dressed and wanting to tell someone about my first successful conquest, I went back to Ms. Chan's. I walked in and declared with enthusiasm, something I'd never had for anything other than academics before the discovery of the power of my big, fat, cock, "I did it."

"Who's that?" a voice, not Ms. Chan's, asked.

"He's the one I was telling you about," Ms. Chan answered, as I entered the living room to see her having tea with another Asian woman who looked just a few years older than me... mid-twenties, I would surmise.

"This is your big fat cock boy?" The very petite and pretty Asian asked bluntly, her look saying she didn't buy it. I admired her legs and feet in tan nylons as she sipped her tea.

"Also known as my Kevin," Ms. Chan smiled as she looked at me fondly and said, "So you obviously succeeded."

"Big time," I said, playing on the unnamed Asian's words, and feeling very confident at the moment after my first successful seduction on my own (well, following some invaluable advice from Ms. Chan of course).

"I knew you could do it," she said, basking in my success.

"That made one of us," I joked, although now having had a conquest on my own, my confidence had skyrocketed.

"Kevin this is Annie, Annie this is Kevin," she introduced.

I walked to the cute Asian and offered my hand. "Nice to meet you, Annie."

She took my hand and smiled, "You too, I've heard a lot about you."

"So girls talk too," I said, realizing my crotch was directly opposite Annie's face.

"All the time," Ms. Chan admitted. "For example, Annie here doesn't believe you're as big as I described."

"I didn't exactly say that," Annie protested. "I just can't fathom *anyone's* cock being as big and fat as you say his is."

Deciding to end the debate right then and there, my confidence high after my marathon fuck session with Amber, I pulled down my sweats and presented my flaccid big, fat cock to my new acquaintance.

"Oh my," the sweet-looking Asian said, staring at my impressive member.

"Told you," Ms. Chan said from behind me.

"Words don't do it justice," Annie said, as she reached for my cock, already entranced by my manhood.

"I should warn you it may taste like cheerleader cunt," I said bluntly, although I was confident that wouldn't detract from the lust building inside her and now that I think about it, Amber likely had sucked off all her cunt cum.

"I can't resist this thing," she said, mesmerized by my big, fat cock.

"I told you," Ms. Chan repeated, amused at the fascination her friend had as she stroked my cock to life.

"It's so perfect," Annie said before she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth.

"So tell us everything," Ms. Chan said, as her friend bobbed slowly on my cock, getting it hard.

So for a few minutes I retold the entire afternoon while I was pleased by a relative stranger who sucked me, slid her tongue down my shaft and sucked on each ball individually before returning to the business end of my cock for some leisurely bobbing. This girl was an experienced cock sucker. Once done, she said, "You're a natural."

"It's all because of you," I complimented.

"And your big, fat cock," she added, as Annie slobbered all over my cock. She was definitely an eager cock sucker.

"So who is Annie?" I asked.

"She's from Tokyo," Ms. Chan said. "She's my cousin and is here as a translator for a company during a potentially pretty big business deal."

"Tokyo?" I asked. "I thought you were Chinese."

"Half," she replied. "When my father was a boy, his family moved to Japan. When he grew up, he married my mother, who is Japanese. My aunt married a Japanese man, so Annie is half Chinese too, even though her surname is Nakajima. My father named me Yu Yan as you know, a Chinese name, and her father named her AINU, a Japanese one."

"Nice," I said, before adding, "well, like her cousin, she's quite the cock sucker."

"That is one of her duties at work," Ms. Chan informed me, "but I imagine most of the cocks are substantially smaller than yours."

Annie took my cock out of her mouth to agree, "They're usually half this size or smaller, and they normally come in a couple of minutes. You've already set my record, and I've only been servicing you for what... four minutes?"

As she took my cock back in her mouth, I pointed out, "I should note your cousin here already extracted two loads from me today, and the cheerleader one more."

She took my cock out of her mouth and asked in the politest way a woman could possibly ask such a question, "Would you kindly allow me the privilege of experiencing this beautiful specimen inside my ass?"

"Your ass?" I asked, surprised.

"She's saving herself for marriage," Ms. Chan revealed.

"She's a virgin?" I asked, stunned.

"Many Japanese women are at her age," Ms. Chan said. "The culture in Japan is still quite sexist and very old-fashioned."

"Not based on the porn I watch," I joked, having watched a few molestation videos in public places like buses or trains where older Japanese men molested and sometimes fucked younger women.

"The biggest hypocrites and perverts in the world are older Japanese men," Ms. Chan said with disgust.

"Yeah, they want pure women, but they're the ones tainting them in the first place," Annie added, stroking my cock the entire time.

"That's ridiculous," I said, although I'd heard such philosophies in other cultures too.

"If you think the stud versus slut labelling is unfair here, it's an entirely different level of stupid in Japan," Ms. Chan explained, her red cheeks conveying I'd opened a wound she was very bitter about. I remembered her telling me about having sex with her father, a memory she still treasured. Some of her experiences after leaving home must have been far less pleasant.

"I'm so sorry," I said, "on behalf of asinine men everywhere."

"At least here if I want to be a slut, I can be," Ms. Chan said.

"Or a submissive cock sucker," I corrected, trying to lighten the mood.

"Or that," she laughed. "So are you going to fuck her ass or what?"

"Can I go down on her first?" Oddly, I asked Ms. Chan instead of Annie.

"You want to go down on me?" Annie asked, a look of complete astonishment on her face.

"Yeah, I want to be more than just a guy with a big dick," I said. "I also want to be able to please a woman with my tongue."

"You're really turning into a gentleman," Ms. Chan approved.

"You *really* want to go down on me?" Annie repeated.

"Is that okay?" I asked.

"No man has ever wanted to do that to me."

"Seriously?"

"Like I said," Ms. Chan explained, "Many Japanese men are pigs."

"Well I'd rather *not* be a pig. Will you teach me to be good at it?"

"You already are, from my experience," she said, "but I'll be glad to give you some tips. Annie, you okay being his test pussy?"

"Sure," Annie said, still looking stunned by my offer. She was obviously used to being used as a cock sucker and perhaps getting her ass reamed, but this was new terrain; this was for her.

"Remove your skirt," Ms. Chan instructed, stepping into her sexual guru mode.

"Okay," Annie said, both nervous and excited, which I found fascinating. She sucked cock without hesitation, she was willing to take it in the ass in a heartbeat, but getting eaten out was giving her a serious case of nerves.

After all the thigh highs or stockings I'd been seeing, I was surprised to see panties and pantyhose.

Ms. Chan said, "Get completely undressed, Annie."

"Okay," Annie said, removing her blouse to reveal a small set of tits in a lace bra.

"Kevy, you get undressed too," Ms. Chan said.

I joked, "I feel like you're the puppet master."

"I am," she nodded, as we both got undressed.

"Now sit on the couch and spread those legs," Ms. Chan instructed.

"Okay," Annie nodded submissively.

"So Kevy, you've already done the first and most important thing," Ms. Chan said.

"I did?" I asked, as I moved in front of Annie and lowered myself before her hairy pussy.

"Yes, you need to let a woman know you want to go down on her. That the sex isn't just about your pleasure you swinish man you (wink), but you want to make her feel good. Sometimes a tender massage first will set the mood and relax her, but I believe today we're way past that point," she continued.

"I'm very ready," Annie said, trembling slightly from a chill.

"Now even when she's ready and perhaps even begging for it, understand that eating a pussy is not just about eating a pussy," Ms. Chan explained, her words a bit cryptic.

"Sometimes you say things that are too deep for me," I said looking at the hairy pussy displaying some obvious wetness.

"If you like a girl and want to make her feel special, you need to understand her entire body is triggered to her pussy. So lean up and gently kiss her."

I was surprised by this, but it made sense, and so I moved up and kissed her sweet lips. We kissed for twenty or thirty seconds before Ms. Chan continued, "Now kiss her neck. Your job is to worship her and make her feel special."

I did. A few small kisses. Feeling her body tremble slightly. Sweet and tender, quite different from most of my sexual experiences so far.

"Tug on her ear and whisper something sweet to her," she advised.

I did. Moving to her ear and tugging on it while I whispered, "You're beautiful Annie, and you deserve a man who'll show you how gorgeous you are both inside and out."

She moaned from my words and my hot breath on her ear.

"Move to her breasts and suck on her perky nipples," Ms. Chan continued mapping my route on this anatomical road trip.

"Okay," I said, moving down to her small breasts, cupping them as I moved to her left nipple and sucked on it.

"Oh yes, suck on my nipple," Annie moaned, as I did just that.

"Take your time," Ms. Chan suggested, "there's absolutely no hurry. Remember that each erogenous zone stimulates both her emotions and her pussy, and you'll have her revved up and all ready for you once you eventually get there."

I listened, swirling my tongue around Annie's nipple.

Sucking it into my mouth.

Biting it gently.

Repeating that cycle a few times before moving to her other breast and replicating my dedicated attention to her other nipple.

"Now slither down her belly with your tongue, exploring her belly before approaching her pussy," Ms. Chan continued her sex guru lesson.

I again obeyed, enjoying the slow process, which was very unlike the majority of my experiences up to this point where the focus was on my big, fat cock. I'm not complaining, it was nice to do something different.

"Now blow some gentle hot breath on her pussy, but don't yet touch it," she instructed.

As I did this Annie moaned, "Yu Yan, you're killing me."

"All good things come to those who wait."

"The teasing is driving me crazy!"

"I know; you're used to the pleasure being the man's. This time just lay back, close your eyes and enjoy the pleasure Kevy is building inside you."

"K," Annie replied weakly, horny as hell.

"Now kiss her inner thighs, Kevy," the instructions continued.

I did.

As I did, she added, "You can also go down to her toes, massage them, kiss them, suck on them and work your way back up. This is even sexier when your girl is wearing nylons."

"I was wearing nylons," Annie pointed out.

"I meant thigh high stockings or a garter-belt and stockings," Ms. Chan clarified. "That way he can enjoy both your nylons and your cunt."

"That would give my bosses an open invitation," she pointed out.

"Understood," Ms. Chan said, as I continued kissing Annie's inner thighs. "Now tell her how pretty her pussy is. Girls are often insecure about their vagina, or just about anything about their body for that matter, and the more you compliment them, the more points you earn."

"Makes sense," I said, considering how the many compliments I'd received about my cock had helped my own self-esteem and helped me overlook my being chubby and not much of an athletic specimen. I looked at Annie's pussy and moved close to it, her excited scent wonderfully captured in her excessive hair... the polar opposite of Amber's completely shaved pussy. I

said, "Annie, your untamed pussy looks so wild, and I love how it captures your womanly scent; it's completely enticing."

"Thank you," Annie trembled, as my hot breath touched it.

"Kiss her around the vagina," Ms. Chan continued, "tease her relentlessly. Make her beg you out of complete desperation to get her off."

"Okay," I said, kissing right beside her pussy lips, the pubic hair a slight distraction that I wasn't mentioning.

"As you tease her, look up at her. Smile. Tell her what you plan to do to her," My guru continued.

I did again as instructed, saying, "Ainu-chan, I'm going to lick this pussy until you come all over my face."

"Oh yes, eat me," Annie pleaded, as I continued driving her wild with my teasing.

"I love your sweet sexy moans," I added, which sounded so innocent yet desperate.

"Now kiss her other lips," my mentor instructed.

"At last! Please!" Annie begged, desperate for the pleasure I'd been skirting for many minutes.

"As you do, start with her pubic mound. Move to the lips of the vulva. Take your time. This is a fine dining experience, so savour her unique blend of flavours," she continued.

I puckered my lips and kissed her lower lips. I moved to the vulva, thank God for biology class, and did indeed take my time.

"Kiss them."

I did.

"Suck them."

I did.

"Bite them playfully."

I did.

Each act made Annie's moans louder.

"Continue avoiding the clit, but now move your tongue up and down with wide, flat tongue strokes and go faster," my guru continued her in-depth lesson.

I obeyed, parting Annie's pussy lips wide and moving my face up and down as if I were painting her pussy with my tongue and then flicking it up and down rapidly.

Annie moaned, "Oh my God, yes."

Ms. Chan said, "Since she is already well lubricated and now you have her moaning, go for the double assault by sliding a finger or two inside her while still using your tongue."

Knowing she was soaking wet, I just plunged two fingers inside her as she moaned something in Japanese.

I didn't understand her words as I pumped her pussy and Ms. Chan said, "When she is this close, go for the orgasm explosion by attacking her clit. Flick it. Lick it. Suck it between your lips."

"Oh fuck," Annie swore for the first time, as I sucked her clit between my lips while simultaneously finger fucking her, and in a few seconds she was coming. "Yes!"

I kept licking up her cunt cum, loving the power my tongue had over her... the same power my cock could have.

To my surprise, even as juices kept flooding out of her, Annie demanded, looking at me with a lust I'd never seen before (I mean I *had* seen hunger, desperation, lust... but this was something else), "Please, I need you to fuck me."

"Really? You sure?" I asked, knowing she was a virgin. Knowing she was saving herself for marriage.

"Yes, I can't explain it, but there's something so compelling about that outrageous monster of yours that I've got to have you inside me right now," she answered, looking at me urgently.

"Really?" I asked, really thrown by this, as I looked up at her.

"Don't just sit there, fuck her. She has likely only encountered small dicks and selfishness from men before now and probably felt it was because of something lacking in her. So continue showing her you care and fuck her; and don't you dare come before she does," Ms. Chan demanded from behind me... breaking my brief immobility.

"I can do that; a sweet, beautiful lady like this certainly deserves the best I can give her," I agreed, as I moved up and quickly slid inside her excessively leaking pussy (there would be a wet spot on the couch). Yet once inside, I was stunned by how tight she was. It was easily the tightest pussy I'd yet entered, which made sense, she being a virgin.

Ms. Chan said, "She's probably really tight, Kevin. Asian pussies are tinier."

"So I'm learning," I said, in awe of the combination of the excessive wetness mixed with the intense tightness. "Are you okay, Annie? You're awfully tight."

"Oh yes, your big dick feels so... I don't know... so *exhilarating* inside me," Annie said, looking at me in complete rapture.

"But I get the cum," Ms. Chan chimed in.

"Of course you do," I laughed, as I slid gently in and out of the cute Asian, taking her virginity. Losing my own virginity had happened so strangely and had been followed by a surprising number of MILFs eager to service me, including my Mother (yes, she'd been the one to take my virginity, but that didn't mean we hadn't been hooking up frequently ever since), that I hadn't had time to contemplate it. But my point is that since returning home from the lake with my Dad and having almost non-stop sex of one kind or another with numerous women since then, that when I technically lost my virginity by fucking a pussy, my attention wasn't so much on losing it as it was on the thrill that I was giving it to my Mom with her full consent. Yet as I slowly slid in and out of the sweet Annie, I really appreciated the gift she was giving me... to be her first.

She demanded, "Please don't be so gentle with me: do me faster, harder, deeper. Fuck me, Kevin!"

"Okay," I agreed, beginning to fuck her faster... really slamming into her.

She closed her eyes.

She pursed her lips.

She looked so adorably sexy as I fucked her hard, filling her tiny body completely.

God, I loved watching her... looking so vulnerable.

Sexiest were her cute whimpers... which were sexier than moans.

Yes, I loved a woman begging for my cock.

Yes, I loved a woman slurping on my cock.

Yes, I loved a woman moaning and screaming.

But somehow all that was nothing to Annie's sexy whimpers and her cute face and pursed lips as I fucked her furiously.

Yes, I was enjoying myself... but I was more focused on Annie's pleasure than mine. My fuck session with Amber hopefully meant I could last as long as it took to get her off a second time.

"Oh yes, fuck," Annie moaned as I slammed into her.

"You two are so hot together," Ms. Chan moaned. I glanced over to see her rubbing her pussy.

"I can't believe... how good... is," she said, whimpering and skipping the word 'it' in her lustful daze.

"There is no going back from big fat cock," my mentor said.

"Who would want to?" Annie asked, as she lifted her ass up a bit and began bucking her hips to meet my thrusts.

"No one," Ms. Chan laughed even as she moaned.

"Oh God," Annie whimpered again, biting her lip as she looked up at me.

I smiled before I said after a couple more thrusts, "Turn around."

"Okay," she nodded, quickly spinning around and showcasing her small ass.

I slid into her from behind and really began fucking her, wanting to get her off with my big, fat cock.

"Oh fuck," Annie said, as I reached new depths from this position.

"Really give it to her, Kevin," Ms. Chan said. "Show her the pleasure only you can give her."

"He already is," Annie said, as she bounced back on my cock with eager desire.

"I want you to come all over my cock, Annie," I said, as I kept fucking her hard, as she kept bouncing back and smashing herself into me.

"Oh God," she repeated as we fucked each other.

Her whimpers increased and I could tell she was close. I kept fucking her until she screamed a sound that sounded so out of character for her tiny body... it was more of a falsetto Tarzan bellow than a petite woman's scream, "Aaaaaaeaaaeaaeeaaah, yes!"

Seeing her body collapse forward and come made me smile as I kept fucking her through her second orgasm in minutes... my own, that I'd been suppressing as best I could, rising quickly.

Ms. Chan could read me as she ordered, "Bring that hot, turbocharged cock over here, Kevy."

I pulled out of Annie's pussy and walked over to Ms. Chan, who opened her mouth and took my cunt-cum-coated cock into her mouth... which was so hot.

My balls begging for release, I fucked her face for not even a dozen strokes before I grunted and erupted down her throat.

As always, she swallowed every drop before I pulled out and said, "That was crazy."

"Wild," Annie said from behind me... and I turned to see her looking completely spent.

"No regrets?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Oh, sorry, I..." I began to say.

"That I waited this long," she interrupted me.

"Well, none of your bosses would have a cock close to the majestic power of Kevin's," Ms. Chan said.

"Indeed," Annie said.

"I'm happy I could be of help," I said.

Annie giggled, almost like a schoolgirl, "Oh, you definitely helped."

"I appreciate your letting me practice my oral skills on you," I said.

"Want some more practice?" she asked, now sitting on the couch, her legs spread slightly as I realized until now I still hadn't seen her small tits. They were lovely, firm and cone-shaped with hard, brown nipples.

"Sure," I said, moving to her.

"Not now," she giggled. "I think I need time to recover. But I think my colleagues would love you."

"How many?" I asked, curious.

"Two."

"Are they as cute as you?"

"Cuter."

"Virgins?"

"No," she shook her head. "But I know they'd love to let you practice your oral skills."

"I'd love that too," I said, for now more excited about enjoying two new pussies with my tongue than with my cock.

"Can you come to the Whitewall tonight?" she asked.

"The Whitewall?" I asked, this being an exclusive hotel of the rich and famous.

"Yes, my bosses only stay at the best," she said, her tone a little sarcastic.

"Well, that *is* a perk, I guess."

"About the only one besides travelling the world."

"Well, any time you're in California I'll have a nice gift for you," I said, cupping my cock.

"I may have to move here," she joked.

Ms. Chan said, "I'll give Annie your cell number and she'll text you," she said. "But I'm taking her out for dinner first."

"Oh, okay," I said, grabbing my pants.

"Thanks, Mr. Big Fat Stud," Anne said, standing up and kissing me.

"The pleasure was all mine," I said graciously.

"Now we all know that isn't true," she smiled. "Your ears must still be ringing!"

"Okay," I laughed, "it was both our pleasures."

"That's better," she smiled, looking down at my now flaccid cock and shaking her head. "Fuck, it's bigger flaccid than any of my asshole bosses' are erect."

"It's a gift," I shrugged.

"Yes it is," she said, admiring my cock.

"Um, my eyes are up here," I joked.

"I know," she said, "big whoop," not taking her eyes off my cock.

"To you I'm just a piece of meat," I sighed dramatically.

"A very big and tasty piece of meat," Annie embellished.

"Okay, enough flirting, you too," Ms. Chan said. "We need to get going."

"I'll see you tomorrow," I said, smiling to Ms. Chan.

"I'll be gone all morning at church," she said.

"How will you live without your morning snack?" I asked.

"I'll survive," she said, pointing out she didn't *have* to have my cock.

"I guess we'll find out," I smirked, finally putting my pants on. It was then I realized I didn't give her a morning load today in the first place.

"You're a brat," Yu Yan smirked.

"I know," I said, as I waved to Annie and headed out.

Three hours later, I got a text from a number I didn't recognize: **Want to cum?**

I responded, assuming it was Annie: **Come or cum?**

Response back: **Both. Suite 1712. Hurry. I have two girls who don't believe how big you are or that you took my virginity.**

I was already grabbing my keys when I texted back: **I guess I better prove you're not a liar.**

I said bye to Mom, having denied her the fucking she wanted when she got home... wanting to be fresh for tonight. I did however, because I'm a good son, go down on her to her surprise and got her off with my tongue. She warned she might expect that regularly and I said if she was a good Mommy I might comply with that.

Annie texted me back: **You're my knight in shining armour.**

I smiled, and drove the twenty-minute drive, which due to construction took almost thirty.

I arrived, paid twenty-two bucks for parking and went to the room, a little awestruck to be inside this hotel and coming here to eat Asian pussy and

likely to fuck them. My life had turned 180° since my discovery of the power of a big, fat cock.

I reached the floor and went to the room.

I knocked on the door.

It was opened by Annie wearing red lingerie and matching thigh high nylons. She greeted, "You like?"

"Very much," I nodded, admiring her body in a way I hadn't gotten to earlier today.

"Come in," she said, taking my hand.

I followed her inside to a room that looked nothing like a normal hotel room. It was massive. It had a hot tub. It had a kitchen. It had two pretty Japanese girls. One was in pigtails and a blue nightie with tan thigh highs, and the other had long, long hair and was wearing a black nightie with garters holding up black nylons.

"Konnichiwa," both girls said, standing up and bowing to me.

"Konnichiwa," I replied in very poor Japanese I imagine, my cock already hard as I admired the two cute Japanese girls.

"These are Emi and Katana," Annie introduced, the girl in pigtails being Emi.

"Nice to meet you," I said, looking at both of them.

Neither were shy as Emi said, still standing, "Ainu says you have a really big one."

Katana added, "And that you have an amazing tongue."

"Guilty on both counts," I said. Although unlike last time when I'd pulled down my pants to reveal my cock to Annie, I decided to let them do the work.

"Can we see?" Emi asked, walking over to me.

"Are all Japanese girls fascinated by big cocks?" I asked back.

"We are fascinated by anything we never see back home," Katana answered, walking over to me as well.

"Well, go ahead and find out for yourself," I said as Annie came close and kissed me. As she did, I felt hands on my pants and a moment later felt them being pulled down.

I broke the kiss, wanting to see their expressions when my big, fat cock was unveiled. *Tadaah!*

Katana pulled my underwear down and both girls gasped, "*Totemo ōkiku.*"

Emi agreed reaching for it. "Yes, so big."

"I think they like it," Annie teased.

"You were definitely not lying," Katana said, cupping my balls.

"You lost your virginity to this?" Emi asked, stroking it slowly, her tiny hand not able to completely wrap around it.

"Oh yeah, and it was fucking life changing," Annie said, squeezing my bare ass.

"I bet," Katana said, leaning close to suck on my balls.

"They often double team cocks," Annie said as Emi looked up at me.

"Can I suck it?"

"Of course," I said. I mean, who would ever say no to such an offer.

"Arigatō gozaimasu," she said, before taking my cock in her mouth.

"She said thank you," Annie translated.

"No problem," I chuckled with a moan, as I had two mouths pleasuring me, and it felt amazing.

"Katana doesn't like sucking cock that much, while Emi loves it," Annie explained.

"They make a great team," I said, having a ball sucked while simultaneously getting my cock sucked being a new sensation.

"Emi is always in pigtails as she likes to be face fucked, the rougher the better," Annie revealed.

"Really?" I asked. "She looks so sweet."

"Sex sells in Japan, too," Annie reminded me.

"I guess that *is* universal," I mused, thinking that some girls use their looks the same way I use my brains... to get ahead.

"Definitely," Annie said.

"So do you three lez out?" I asked.

"Of course," Annie giggled. "I mean, what choice do we have? Our tiny dicked bosses sure won't ever get us off."

"Fuck, no," Katana said bitterly as she found my other ball.

"Ever had your asshole licked?" Annie asked a moment later.

"Pardon?" I asked, pretty sure I'd heard her right.

"Has someone ever licked your asshole or pleased your prostate?" she asked, elaborating on her shocking question.

"Um... no," I said, the idea pretty weird, although when we were at the adult store (in BFC 2) I'd watched my Mom eat my cum out of Katie's ass, and both women had seemed to enjoy it.

"Well, you're in for a treat then," Annie said, as she moved behind me and I felt my ass cheeks pulled apart. My eyes went wide as I felt the cute sweet Annie's tongue begin rimming me.

"Oh my," I said, now having three girls' tongues and lips pleasuring me, which just enhanced the pleasure.

"Tonight we will all be your submissive playthings," Annie said, her tongue swirling around my asshole.

"Can I fuck you all?" I asked.

"You can fuck me," Katana offered.

"You'd *better* fuck me," Emi added.

"Do you girls usually do this?" I asked, this turning into quite the evening.

"This exact act? Yes," Katana said, looking up at me. "A couple of our bosses like this. One likes a finger in his ass, too."

"Yes, that's how he comes," Annie said.

"Weird," I said as I was worried I was going to come soon, as Katana resumed sucking on my balls and Emi was now bobbing quickly.

"Not really," Annie said, "prostrate orgasms are very intense."

"Really?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," she said, as I moaned loudly from the triple pleasure. "Are you close?"

"Yeah," I admitted.

"Emi wants your first load down her throat," Annie said.

"Okay," I groaned, deciding to stop trying to hold back and just unload down her throat.

"Get ready to come harder than you ever have before," Annie said, and before I had time to respond or even think, I felt her finger push into my ass, and like pulling a trigger on a gun as she rubbed down on my prostate, I exploded with intensity.

"Oh fuck!" I grunted, as pleasure coursed through my body as she pressed my prostate button and I exploded into Emi's mouth, the orgasm so intense I had to place my hands on her shoulders to balance myself as my knees weakened.

"Oh yeah, come down her throat," Annie encouraged me as I did just that, even as Annie's finger continued exploring my asshole.

I was dazed and confused by how a finger in the ass could trigger such a powerful orgasm, but I didn't care. I just trembled as Emi swallowed my load.

A moment later Annie pulled her finger out, Emi slowed down to nursing my cock, and Katana stood up and asked, "So AINU says you want to practice your pussy licking?"

"I do," I nodded.

"Well, come to the bed and lick away," Katana offered, walking over to a king-sized bed.

Emi let my cock slip out of her mouth and said, "Me first."

"Actually, all three of you get onto the end of the bed beside each other and spread those sexy legs," I said, taking charge.

"Yes, *Masutā*," all three said in unison.

"Masutā?" I asked, as they all went to the bed.

"It translates to Master," Annie explained.

"Masutā sounds so much cooler," I said, as I thought it sounded rather kick ass... like sensei.

"We will call you whatever you wish," Emi said, getting onto the bed and spreading her legs to reveal a sexy shaved pussy.

"I like Masutā," I said, as the other two moved on each side of Emi and spread their legs too... the other two not shaved, although Katana was trimmed.

"Masutā it is," Emi smiled.

"Now come eat me, Masutā," Katana offered, "or whatever else you want to do to me."

"I think I'll come dine on these three lovely fresh peaches," I said, walking up to them.

"Me first," Emi said.

"No, me," Katana said.

"Actually, I invited him here. I get first lick," Annie said.

"I believe the Masutā decides who he eats first," I said, putting an end to the debate.

"Yes, Masutā," all three responded in unison... something I imagine they had done many, many times, although I imagined with less luster than the eagerness all three were displaying at the moment.

I moved to them and began, pointing my finger at each one, "Eeny, meeny, miny, mung, lick a kitty with my tongue, if she moans, let her cum, eeny, meeny, miny, mum." I landed on Emi in the middle, amused by my spur of the moment rewrite of the children's song.

"Yes," Emi said, opening her short nylon-clad legs to me.

I kissed her foot and moved between her nylon-clad legs as I slid my hands up them and she said, "We went shopping just for you."

"Now I'll reward you for it," I said, confidence again bubbling through me as I moved my face to her hairless pussy and extended my tongue.

"Oh yes," she moaned, as I traced my tongue around her pussy lips.

I did it only three times and then moved to Katana.

"Hey," Emi whined.

"My turn," Katana said, as I moved between her legs.

I replicated the tracing tease on her thin pussy lips, making her twitch. I then moved to Annie and did the same.

Emi said, as I moved back to her, "You can just shove that cock in me right now if you want."

"All in good time," I smiled, as I parted her pussy lips with my tongue and licked up and down ten times... just enough to get her moaning,

As I moved away, I saw Katana was rubbing herself. I scolded, "Don't touch that cunt without permission."

"Sorry, Masutā," she said, before I gave her ten wide-spread paintbrush strokes. "Oh, God, don't stop, Masutā." Of course, I did stop, moving to Annie as Katana whined, "She already had you."

"And I want him again," Annie moaned, as I began licking her the same way I had the other two.

I returned to Emi and did a wiggle move starting at the bottom of her pussy and zig zagging to the top ten times; she whimpered, "God, you're driving me crazy."

"Wait until his big fat dick is inside you," Annie predicted.

"Oh yes, all three of you will be getting my big, fat cock in your tiny cunts," I promised, as I moved to Katana and did my zig zag move, which I found really got the girls moaning.

"Oh fuck, you're even better than Emi," Katana moaned as her hand went to my head.

"Hey," Emi protested, the idea of these girls lezzing out quite appealing.

"Now that I have discovered the joys of sex, I will be testing that tongue," Annie said to Emi, my having awakened a side of her that her culture had been restraining.

"Anytime," Emi said, as I moved to Annie.

"That time may be very soon," I said, as I moved to Annie and zig zagged her tiny twat.

"Oh, fuck, I can't believe I didn't allow this to happen before," Annie said.

"We will be making up for lost time," Katana promised.

"Can't wait," Annie moaned as I finished on her.

I moved to Emi and sucked on her clit until she let out a scream, but I didn't let her come.

Next I moved to Katana and sucked on her swollen clit. I brought her too to the edge, but... "You fucker," she moaned, as I moved away.

I did the same to Annie and then moved to Emi and focused on her cunt. I attacked her pussy hungrily.

"Oh yes, please don't stop this time, Masutā," Emi squealed, as I licked, probed and sucked.

"Get her off, Masutā," Annie cheered me on.

"Yes, hurry, so you can get to me," Katana urged.

"Oh fuck," Emi squealed, so highly pitched, as I sucked on her clit and shook my head back and forth before she came on my face. I hungrily licked up her sweet cum for a little while.

Then I moved to Katana who surprised me by flipping me onto my back with surprising strength and straddling my face.

"I want to ride your face and then your cock," she informed me as she began grinding on my face.

It was a little surprising to find myself on my back with her in control, but I kind of liked it. I extended my tongue and let her use my face for her pleasure even as I heard Annie order, "Get between my legs, Emi; see if you can measure up to our Masutā: you have a cunt of your own after all, and he doesn't."

"Words I never thought I would hear," Emi responded, and went to finish what I'd started. A moment later she added, "This pubic rag mop will need to go."

"You don't like a muff pie?" Annie asked.

"I prefer a smooth, ripe peach," Emi countered, before the talking stopped and Annie's moaning began.

"Oh fuck, yes," Katana moaned, getting close as she aggressively rode my face. Then suddenly she backed up and dropped on my cock in a blink of a ride. "Ooooooh fuck," she screamed, as she came immediately from my big, fat cock filling her.

She sat on my cock, leaned back, rested her hands on my legs and just quaked.

It was so hot.

I looked over to see Emi between Annie's legs, Annie's eyes closed and her moans telling the room that she too was close.

A moment later Annie grabbed Emi's head and began grinding and moaning... and then writhing as she came... letting out a soft moan. I smiled as I thought I'd gotten her off more intensely.

Katana finally spoke, "Best orgasm ever."

"Oh? Wait until the second one," I foretold.

"I can't come twice," she said, looking down at me.

"I bet I can change that," I said.

"Not even with toys," she said.

"I'm better than a toy," I promised, pointing to the couch. "Go over there and bend over."

"Okay, if you really need to prove yourself wrong," she agreed kinda, getting off me; I saw a gush of cunt cum leak out of her and trickle down her legs.

"You'd better fuck all of us," Emi said as she looked at me, Annie's wetness on her face.

"I'll do that now; all three of you get in the same position," I ordered.

"Yes, Masutā," Emi said, getting off the floor and into the middle of the other two sexy Japanese girls.

Annie said, still recovering, "I may need a moment."

"You have a moment," I smiled, as I moved to Katana and slid inside her.

"Ohhhhhhh," she moaned, as I filled her. "So good."

"Hey, I'm the only one who hasn't felt that big fat cock in my tiny pussy," Emi pouted.

"He will rip you apart," Katana moaned as I began fucking her. Like the earlier pussy licking, I was going to rotate through the three. Ten slow strokes.

"Let's find out," I said, pulling out of Katana and sliding into Emi.

"Oh God," Emi moaned as I slowly filled her... her pussy so tight... like Annie's was earlier today.

"Her tiny pussy isn't used to anything remotely your size," Katana said, watching me.

"So big," Emi moaned as I gently slid in and out of her. Part of me wanted to just keep fucking her, she was so tight, so desperate for my cock. Yet I wanted all three of these hot girls pleading, begging for my cock.

So after ten slow strokes I pulled out and moved on to Annie, who'd just gotten into position.

I slid inside her and joked, her pussy still very tight, "Apparently my cock hasn't stretched out this tiny cunt yet."

"Oh it will," she moaned.

Ten slow in-and-outs, and I was back to Katana.

This time I gave her five hard thrusts. Just enough to rekindle the fire inside before I moved on to Emi.

"Just fuck me," Katana said in frustration as I slid inside Emi.

"Oh yes, fuck, yes, fuck me," the very animated Emi moaned during my five quick, deep hard thrusts. "Noooooo," she whined in her high-pitched voice as I progressed to Annie.

I didn't say anything, just slid inside Annie. "Oh, yes, I love your big, fat cock, Kevin."

"I know you do," I said as I pulled out and returned to Katana.

"I love it more," Katana said, wiggling her ass in anticipation as I approached her.

"I love it the most," Emi countered, as I imagined I was King Lear and they were fighting over who loved their father the most. It wasn't a great

analogy, as one of the daughters refused to praise him at all, and as you know, it's a Shakespearean tragedy, so he dies in the end of a broken heart. I briefly thought of Heather, a schoolmate I was beginning to care for even though we'd hardly ever spoken, and I hoped I wouldn't end up suffering the same fate as the fictional king. Well, it certainly wouldn't tonight: one day at a time, bub!

I pulled out and returned to Katana and gave her just a single hard thrust and pulled out.

"You get back here," she demanded, as I went to Emi and gave her two hard thrusts.

"No," Emi whined as I moved to Annie and gave her three deep thrusts.

"You're such a tease," Annie smiled, as I pulled out and returned to Katana, thinking this was quite the cardio I was doing.

"I'm now giving each of you one more stroke than the last girl," I explained, "and whoever gets lucky will get my load."

"You can come in me," Katana said, as I gave her four thrusts.

"Me too," Emi added, "we are both on the pill."

"Our asshole bosses don't want any kids," Annie explained, as I pumped my cock in Emi five times.

"So they all fuck you two?" I asked, moving to Annie.

"If you can call what they do with their little dicks fucking," Katana said condescendingly.

"They fuck, we pretend to like it," Emi added, as I moved to Katana for seven strokes.

"I never want anyone to fake it with me," I said, as Katana bounced back to meet my forward thrusts.

"I can't imagine anyone would ever have to," Emi said, watching me fuck her friend.

"Or even want to," Annie added as I moved to Emi.

"Is it the length or girth?" I asked, sliding into Emi's tight twat.

"Both," Katana and Annie answered simultaneously, Emi moaning the same response a moment later.. a little distracted by my eight deep pumps.

"If you had to choose?"

"Length," Katana said,

"Girth," Emi answered as I pulled out. "I love the way you stretch my tiny pussy."

"You're my first and only cock, so I still say both," Annie said as I slid into her.

"You're going to be very disappointed back home," Katana said.

"Yes, I've seen quite a few cocks and if this was my first, everybody else would be a massive disappointment," Emi said as I finished my nine strokes in Annie.

As I moved to Katana, she'd pulled her lingerie down to show her tiny tits with a piercing in each nipple... that had to hurt... and she was now sitting with her legs spread. "I want to see that big, fat cock disappear in me."

"Sure," I said, as I gave her ten good deep thrusts.

"Good idea," Emi said, turning around, pulling her blue nightie completely off and revealing small perky tits, just like the rest of her.

"You girls are so cute," I said, loving their exotic beauty.

"Girl is *onna no ko* in Japanese," Annie explained, "or sometimes a cute animal," as I pulled out of Katana.

"And woman is just *onna*," Emi said as I slid into her. "Now fuck this onna with your big, fat cock."

"Onna sounds so sexy," I said, giving her eleven strokes.

And for a couple minutes, maybe more, I kept adding to my fuck count.

Twelve in Annie.

Thirteen in Katana.

Fourteen in Emi.

Fifteen in Annie, who was now also out of her lingerie and once again I found myself admiring her small, perky breasts.

Sixteen in Katana, who was now bucking up to meet my strokes, desperate to keep my cock inside her.

Seventeen in Emi, who begged me to just fuck her until we both came.

Eighteen in Annie.

Before I returned to Katana she said, "You need a rest. Sit down and let us do some of the work."

"Agreed," I nodded, kinda getting tired. I definitely needed to work on my stamina. I was visiting Harvard next weekend, and I imagined if all went well, I'd be doing a lot of banging,

All three of them got off the couch and I sat down.

Katana straddled me and bounced on my cock like she was riding a bull.

I almost lost track of the count as she really rode me before I dick-tated, "Next."

"You sure you want me to stop?" she asked, pausing and looking me in the eye seductively.

"No," I said, "but I'm making you anyway."

"Fine," she sighed, "but that cum is mine."

"Or mine," Emi said, climbing onto me the second Katana got off.

"Lick," Katana ordered as Emi began riding me... more slowly than Katana, but with a tightness as if her cunt were milking my cock.

"I don't do that," Annie said.

"You do now," Katana said as she shoved Annie to the ground, grabbed her head and shoved it in her pussy.

"We'll be using AINU as our cunt licker for the rest of the trip," Emi said as she continued riding me slowly, such a different feeling than the reckless lust of Katana. Both were good, but very different,

"I could let you ride me all night," I said, "but Annie has to have her turn."

"She's preoccupied," Emi argued, as she continued on past her allotted twenty.

"She does look hot between Katana's legs," I agreed, my balls now beginning to bubble... having held back as best I could.

"She will be having peach pussy for breakfast, lunch and dinner," Katana said, grinding her face on the sweet Annie.

"And snatch snacks in between," Emi added, continuing to work her magic in a way I'd never felt before in my brief but very concentrated sex life.

"My turn," Katana said, letting go of Annie and literally pushing Emi off of me with her shoulder like a delicate linebacker.

"Hey, it's my turn," Annie protested as Emi reluctantly got off the couch and Katana straddled me again.

"No, you're the cunt muncher for the rest of the night," Emi declared as she grabbed Annie's head and shoved it into her pussy.

Watching these girls dominate Annie really turned me on. If she'd hated it it wouldn't have, but her resistance was so half-hearted and she succumbed so quickly, it was really hot.

Katana again rode my cock, putting her hands on my chest and bouncing like I was her trampoline. It was good, but no doubt about it, I preferred Emi.

I squeezed her tits as she bounced and said, "Yes, pinch them, squeeze them."

"Get that tongue in there," Emi ordered, her hand solidly on the back of Annie's head.

"Give me your cum, baby," Katana said, her breathing getting really heavy.

"Come all over my cock, you sexy slut," I ordered, knowing she'd come before I did. "You *are* going to come for a second time, aren't you?"

"I'm so close," she agreed, really riding me.

"Then come *right now*," I said, pulling on both of her piercings.

"Oh, fuck!" she screamed just a couple moments later as she collapsed onto me.

I smiled as her body quivered against mine.

"My turn," Emi said again as she rather roughly pushed Katana off me (while she was still coming) and straddled me, but this time her back was to me as she placed her nylon feet on my legs and lowered herself on me as I pressed my hand against her back to help her balance.

"What about me?" Annie whined, as I looked at her with a face agleam with wetness.

"You've already been fucked by him," Emi said as she again began fucking me. This time in a completely different position. Yet again, her pussy was magical.

"That's it, work my cock and earn my cum," I said.

"Oh yes, I want it," Emi moaned, as she milked my cock.

"Come on my cock and I'll come in your cunt," I assured her, although I wasn't sure I'd last that long.

"Fuck it," Annie cursed, getting up, straddling Katana, who was lying awkwardly beside me. "Eat me, bitch."

"You think so?" Katana asked.

"I know so," Annie said, as she dropped her pussy onto Katana's face and began grinding.

"That's so hot, Annie," I said.

"So are you, Kev," she said as she ground on Katana's face.

"Turn around and fuck me like you did before," I ordered Emi.

"You like my slow suction fuck?" she asked as she spun around.

"It has a name?" I smiled.

"It does," she said, as she resumed riding me slowly, leaning in and kissing me.

And for a couple of minutes we kissed... she milked my cock... she moaned... I groaned.

Then she whispered, "Come in my cunt, baby."

"Come on my cock," I countered.

"Together?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, just as Annie screamed and her second orgasm hit her.

I closed my eyes. Emi kept milking... moaning... and then I couldn't hold back any longer, and I erupted my load inside her,

"Oh yes," she moaned, "fill me with your cum."

"Oh fuck," I groaned, and as I spewed, it seemed like a forever load inside her until finally she came too... to me seemingly out of the blue... just a long moan, a subtle tremble.

I asked, "Wasn't it good for you?"

"Shhhhhhh," she said; I looked at her more closely and saw the expression that answered my question. She was in bliss. She just didn't scream or shout about it.

For a minute... there was just us.

The aftermath of euphoria.

Until Annie climbed off Katana.

Katana sat up and said, "I can't believe you did that."

"You did it first," Annie countered.

"But you're the submissive one," Katana said, her face very wet.

"Apparently I can be either," Annie shrugged.

"Get off that cock, Emi," Katana said, "I need to get some of that come."

"Oh it's pretty deep inside me," Emi said, as she got off my cock.

"Don't worry, I'll extract it," Katana said as she sucked the cunt cum off my cock. She then roughly parted Emi's legs and buried her face between them.

"So, enjoy eating Asian?" Annie asked.

"It's my new favourite meal," I laughed, before I quipped, "Although I am still kind of hungry."

"I have something fresh for you," Annie said, parting her legs.

The night, I would discover, was only half over.

THE END

BIG FAT COCK: Educating Mrs. Walker

Kevin teaches his hot teacher and unsuspected erotica author the thrill of BFC.

BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy

His maternal aunt and grandmother discover his BIG, fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Gloryhole Power

His cock becomes popular at school gloryhole.

BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy (maybe?)

Where he has a great weekend touring the school.

BIG FAT COCK: Hot Principal

Kevin's BIG, fat cock dominates bitchy principal.

BIG FAT COCK: Hungry Nana

Kevin decides to seduce his off-limits Dad's Mom... his Nana.

BIG FAT COCK: Interracial Incest 3some

Kevin fucks Mrs. Grady and her daughter.

BIG FAT COCK: Lab Partner

Kevin creates special chemistry with virgin cheerleader (or cute nerd).

BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher Story

His BIG, fat cock turns lesbian teacher Ms. Watson into eager cock sucker.

BIG FAT COCK: Mom's College Friend

His BIG, fat cock seduces psychologist he is seeing.

BIG FAT COCK: The Happy Ending

Kevin finds a girl who loves him for himself and not just his BIG, fat cock

Big Fat Cock: Ebony Sinners

Big Fat Cock: Ebony Sinners

Summary: Kevin scores a MILF and a GGILF during a church service.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first story, and it isn't in this one either.

Note 2: This is the sixth part in a lengthy story of one nerd's discovery of the power having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin taking his mother's last forbidden hole while having some fun with a kinky roleplay. It also has Kevin learning more about his mother's slut past, and it sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other holes.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun has Kevin, with the help of his submissive mother, giving his paraplegic sexual advisor an amazing sex filled birthday.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader has Kevin a little insecure about scoring a girl on his own. After a lengthy discussion with guru Ms. Chan, he uses his BFC to seduce and dominate a hot blonde.

BIG FAT COCK: Eating Asian has Kevin meeting a visiting niece from Japan, with whom he not only practices his oral skills, but also takes her

virginity. That night at her hotel, he dines on three Japanese pussies and fucks the three Japanese beauties during his first foursome.

Note 3: Thanks to

Big Fat Cock: Ebony Sinners

After last night's marathon fuck session with those three wild Asian girls, I planned to sleep in... but was woken up with a morning blow job... which is, I must say, the greatest way in the world to be awakened.

That said, I still sighed as her warm mouth enveloped my cock, "Mom, I need more sleep."

"First, you're the man of the house now, and that means fulfilling the needs of the woman of the house," she said, as I cracked my eyes open enough to see that she was wearing a sexy white nightie and stockings as she yanked the sheets off and straddled me.

"Okay, it's tough to argue with that," I agreed, as she lowered her wet pussy onto my dick... which was still a little surreal, even after all the sex I'd had since I'd discovered the power of my big fat cock.

"Second, we both need to go to church and confess some of our sins," she smiled, as she rested her hands on my chest and began riding me slowly.

"First, our church isn't Catholic, so there's no confessional," I pointed out.

"Semantics," she shrugged, her tits barely hidden within her sexy negligee.

"Second, you're going to Hell anyway, just for being such a nasty Mommy slut," I said wickedly.

"You brat," she said, but with a smile.

"You slut," I countered, loving our nasty exchanges, and loving the raw sexual relationship that had developed so quickly with my mother. One minute sweet and romantic, the next minute nasty and kinky.

"Yes, you love Mommy being your three-hole fuck toy, don't you, baby?" she asked, as she rode me nice and slow.

"I love having my very own personal live-in cock-sucking, dick-riding and ass-taking Mommy cum slut," I agreed, admiring her amazing body and her beautiful smile. I know this might sound strange considering my excellent sexual fortune in the last while, but although everything I said was 100% true, I also loved her unconditionally... as a mother, a lover and a slut. I really was having my cake, eating it, and fucking it too.

"Mmmmm," she purred, "you know just how to talk to Mommy."

"You especially love the name calling," I smiled, watching her body moving.

"Yes, Mommy does," she moaned.

After a dozen more strokes, she added, "But we do have to go to church today. I'm working in the day care, and I offered your services last month to help out."

"You know if we go to church, I'm 100% getting a blow job or fucking you while we're there," I said, the idea quite the turn on.

"You're so good at being bad," she moaned, as she began riding me faster.

"You want me to dump a load down your throat while you worship me at church?" I asked, the hot idea making my balls boil.

"Or maybe we can do a little Sodom and Gomorrah, but without the salt," she said wickedly, the idea turning her on as much as it turned me on.

"I think we can definitely do that," I agreed, as she tightened her pussy around my cock in the way only she could... milking it effectively... knowing this would lead to a morning load deep inside her pussy.

I enjoyed her riding me for another minute, before I decided I wanted to fuck her.

"Onto your back," I ordered.

"Yes, baby," she smiled, and she rolled off me and onto her back.

I got up and went between her legs as she brought her feet to my cock. "You like Mommy's new lingerie?"

"I do," I agreed, getting a perfect look of it from this position, as she stroked my cock with one foot and rubbed my balls with the other.

"I bought it just for you," she purred, smiling up at me.

"Then I expect to see different lingerie on you every day of the week," I ordered, loving the idea of a wide variety of sexy lingerie to admire my MILF Mom wearing.

"Mmmmmmmm, I can do that," she smiled. "Want to go shopping with me after church?"

"Yeah," I said, thinking that would be hot. "Except I'm tutoring this afternoon."

"I'm sure we can find the time for some fitting room fun anyway," she said, as she brought both feet to my cock and began giving me a nylon-clad foot job... her pussy looking so deliciously open, pink and inviting in this position.

"You may need to repent for some future sins today," I joked.

"Maybe," she said, smoothly stroking my raging hard-on as she began rubbing her pussy. "No way can I stop being your Mommy-slut."

"Agreed," I said. "You'll always be my Mommy-slut."

"I'd better be," she said, and she really began to rub herself.

"Looks like you need to be fucked," I said as I spread her legs wide.

"You know Mommy so well," she smiled, as I positioned my dick at her glistening, wet hole.

She wrapped her nylon-clad legs around me and pulled me deep into her pussy with lustful need.

"I know all my sluts well," I said, still in a bit of awe not only at my good fortune since the discovery of the power of my big fat cock... but even more the thrill and taboo that I got the chance to fuck my mother whenever I wanted! This was a dream come true in every possible way... something nobody would ever believe.

"But Mommy will always be your number one slut," she purred as I began to fuck her.

"Always," I agreed.

"Fuck me baby, fuck Mommy with your big cock," she moaned after a dozen or so strokes.

"Big *fat* cock," I corrected her, having learned that its perfect blend of length and girth was what made my cock so utterly irresistible to women.

"Yes, your big, fat, Mommy-fucking cock," she amended, as she braced her hands behind her for balance and began bucking her hips to meet my deep thrusts.

"Fuck, you're so hot and nasty," I said, the word 'Mommy' when uttered from her lips the most cock-throbbing word ever... even more so than any profanity, begging, or different incestuous references.

"And you love it," she said, really beginning to exert her body, fucking me as much as I was fucking her.

"Yeah, I really do," I agreed, not overly profound, but feeling my orgasm rising.

"Come inside your Mommy, son," Mom moaned, her own orgasm seeming imminent.

"Only after you come, slut," I said, holding back for as long as I could... which inside her wet, tight pussy and at this pace, wouldn't be for much longer.

"Don't you mean Mommy-slut?" she asked while furiously bucking her hips.

"Yes! Come Mommy-slut, come Mommy-pet, come Mommy whore," I ordered as I slammed into her with all the vigor I could muster.

"Yes son, yes! Oh, fuck me! Fuck Mommy, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuck!" she babbled through another dozen thrusts before she came, and somehow held her hips upraised, so I could keep fucking her and deposit my load inside her, while her body quaked with euphoria!

Hearing her wicked words, moans and screams, watching her expressions of vulnerable orgasmic bliss, and feeling her flood of wetness swarm my cock, had me lasting only a few more strokes before I unloaded inside her.

"Yes, come in Mommy," she moaned, as half a dozen ropes of morning cum filled her needy pussy.

Once spent, we both collapsed onto the bed, with me still inside and on top of her.

I looked into her face, and admired her red-cheeked post-orgasmic beauty. When she opened her eyes a moment later, smiling warmly, I said, "I really do love you, Mom."

"I love you too, son," she responded, and I bent down and kissed her. The intimacy of the kiss was in many ways more taboo and kinkier than having her blow me, fucking her pussy, slamming into her ass, or even unloading all over her face. Sex was, I was learning very quickly, was just that, sex. But kissing... tenderly... intimately... was an entirely different animal, and it made my body warm.

When I broke the kiss she asked, still smiling, "So while you're fucking me I'm Mommy, and while you're not it's Mom?"

"Exactly," I nodded. "Unless you want me to call you Mommy in public?"

"God, no," she laughed, her tits shaking against my chest.

"It's Sunday. Don't use the Lord's name in vain," I smirked.

"Brat," she said, leaning up and kissing me again.

"Always."

"I'll go make us some breakfast."

"Okay," I agreed, fucking her giving me a bit of an appetite... although truthfully, I always had a bit of an appetite.

As she got off the bed, I spanked her ass and watched her leave... her body perfect from every angle.

I showered, we had breakfast, she showered and changed into much more conservative clothes for church... although I checked to make sure she was wearing thigh high stockings and was sans panties for quick access. What she wore... or didn't wear... underneath her outerwear was nobody's business except for ours. She asked, as I stuck my hand under her black dress to confirm she wasn't wearing underwear, "You're not serious about fucking at church?"

"Of course I am," I said, sliding a finger inside her pussy. "The idea is really hot."

"Whenever we're home I'm completely subservient to your will. I'll obey each and every command you give me without hesitation," she said, which made my cock harden with the wild range of possibilities such words implied. "But..." she paused.

"But what?" I asked as I slowly fingered her.

"But that wild and crazy relationship needs to end the minute we leave the house," she said.

"I understand," I nodded, pulling out my finger and bringing it to my lips... realizing what I'd planned was too risky.

"You do?" she asked, partly as a question, partly expressing her relief.

"Yes. What we're doing together is amazing, and I wouldn't change it for the world," I began. "But I understand most people wouldn't see it that way."

"Exactly."

"But I'm going to take that earlier commitment you offered very seriously," I told her.

"I just bet you will."

At church, Mom went to the kids' area, and I told her I'd come and find her in a few minutes... since I caught sight of Mrs. Grady and a wicked idea popped into my head... maybe I couldn't get a blow job from or fuck my Mom in church... but that didn't mean I couldn't get a blow job from or fuck *someone* in church. She was chatting with an older couple I didn't know. I headed straight towards her, and she saw me coming.

I smiled, and even though she was black as night, I could tell she was blushing.

"Mom, are you coming?" A voice asked, and then I saw a must have conquest... Tamara... Mrs. Grady's daughter... the minister's daughter... already a conquest of my father's... and the female Grady I hadn't fucked yet.

"Yes, in a minute," Mrs. Grady said, nervously glancing at me.

Tamara was dressed in a fun sundress and sheer black hose of some description... God, she was hot!

I stalked towards the mom and daughter I planned to have a threesome with... and getting blown or fucking at least one of them in this house of the Lord. Since no way had God given me a dick this impressive... and had also created these two black goddesses... for me not to fuck them. And

furthermore, I'd reluctantly come to church and then encountered Tamara, who was supposed to be away at college, was like destiny... as if the Cupid of Fucking was playing my fuck-maker.

"Hi, Kevin, it's rare to see you here," Mrs. Grady said.

"Yeah, I need to get cleansed of my multitudinous sins," I said in a joking manner, one that she'd catch.

"Hi, Kevin," Tamara greeted, her big smile only emphasizing her beauty.

"Hi Tamara," I said, giving her a compliment. "You look beautiful!"

"Thank you," she said.

"Mrs. Grady, I know church is starting in a couple minutes, but I have an urgent situation I need you to help me take care off," I said, then added, deliberately sounding a little insecure, "alone."

"Now?" she asked, knowing exactly what I had in mind.

"Yes please, it's something that needs to be dealt with right away."

"Go ahead, Mom, I'll go in and see you there," Tamara offered, oblivious to what my vaguely described situation was.

"Okay honey," Mrs. Grady agreed, now looking a bit more nervous.

As her daughter left, I suggested, "Let's go to your husband's office."

"We really can't do anything here," she whispered.

"Office, now," I said sternly.

"Fine," she sighed, looking around to see if anyone was watching... yet everyone was already in the main worship area, or heading that way.

I followed her into the office, and as soon as she closed the door, I ordered, "Lock it."

"Please, Kevin, not here," she said, even though she obeyed my order and locked the door.

I pulled out my hard cock and said, "Consider this your worship time."

"Kevin," she said, looking at my dick, and getting distracted instantly... my cock, I was discovering, did that to all varieties of women.

"You can suck me or I can fuck you," I offered, walking over to her and gripping her shoulders, "I'm okay with either."

"Damn you, Kevin," she sighed as she dropped before me, her brief resistance shattered with just the appearance of my dick and a little firm persona. "You're too much like your father."

As she stroked my cock, I asked, "Oh, has he fucked you at church?"

"He'd never set foot in a church," she laughed. "But he does whatever he wants and expects complete obedience."

"I see," I said, tapping her lips with my cock, "in that we're the same."

"I'm beginning to see that."

"And do you like it?"

"I hate to admit that I do," she said, just before I slid my big hard cock between her luscious lips.

Once my dick was in her mouth she began bobbing, as if instinctively this was what she was born to do... which I suppose was partially true. She completely forgot she should be in the chapel singing some lame hymn about worshipping the Lord, while instead, she worshipped my big, fat cock.

Loving the power I had over this beautiful black woman, and also the irony of her being a minister's wife, I revelled in it. I asked, after a couple minutes of her great blow job, pulling out so she could answer, "Tell me what you most want to worship today, my pet."

"Oh Kevin," she said, "just let me get you off."

"Tell me," I ordered, slapping her face with my cock.

"Your cock, Kevin, I want to worship your big, fat cock," she answered, wonderfully obedient after her brief interlude of resistance.

"Bend over your husband's desk," I ordered, since she hadn't obeyed my initial order instantly and, truth be told, I kind of wanted to fuck her. The idea of my cum pooled inside her recently used pussy while she sat in the church sanctuary listening to some long-winded sermon and some generic Bible passages, was pretty wickedly hot.

"Kevin, we don't have enough time," she whined.

"Slut, you need to understand our relationship has a very clear hierarchy," I ordered, pulling her up and surprising her by kissing her.

She didn't kiss me back at first, but then she soon did return it. When I broke away, she said in a daze, "I've haven't kissed a man who wasn't my husband since I got married."

"Does your preacher man fuck you like this?" I asked, spinning her around and bending her over his desk.

"No, he doesn't," she admitted, no longer struggling against getting fucked when she should be in church. As I pulled up her dress, then pulled down her pantyhose and panties, she demanded, suddenly sounding horny and urgent, "Now shove that big cock inside me."

"You sure?" I asked, as I rubbed my dick teasingly between her pussy lips.

"Yes, slam that big dick in me, and hurry," she cried out in frustration.

"As you wish," I agreed, sliding my cock deep into her pussy.

"Oh, you're so bad," she moaned, as I reached for her hair and tugged, as I began fucking her.

"You're the slut taking an eighteen-year old's dick in her pussy in her husband's office at church," I pointed out.

"You made me do it," she defended, as she moaned and allowed me to have my way with her.

"You could have said no," I argued, which was true. "You wanted my dick more than you wanted to sing gospel songs and listen to your husband babble on about biblical bullshit and moral righteousness."

By the way, I don't actually hate religion. I believe in God, or at least *a* God. Or maybe a Goddess of some sort, since all the wars in history were started by men. Yet the way many religions manipulate people at church (or wherever) really pisses me off, as does their usual holier than thou posturing.

"But we shouldn't be doing this," she moaned, as I really hammered her from behind.

"Do you want me to stop?" I asked, not actually stopping, and knowing what she'd say.

"No, dammit," she cursed, frustrated that she did indeed prefer getting pounded by me to attending yet another church service. "Don't you *dare* stop!"

"I'm going to unload in your pussy, so you'll have to sit in my cum for the rest of the service," I said, my embarrassing idea so fucking hot.

"You bad boy," she moaned, no longer even attempting to oppose me.

"Does Tamara know you're my slut?" I asked, impressed by how I could keep my deep, hard thrusts going, plus a conversation at the same time... and they say men can't multitask.

"No," she answered with a loud moan.

"Why not?"

"We don't gossip about who's fucking and using me during our conversations."

"Well, the topic may come up soon, since I'll be stopping by tonight to visit both of you," I said, not sure if that would actually be doable... since I had no idea how long Tamara would be visiting her parents... although I did know Minister Grady ran a Sunday evening youth group... since he'd mentioned to my mother many times how much I'd benefit from it.

"Oh, Kevin," she moaned, as I really slammed into her.

"How long will your slut daughter be home this time?" I asked, loving the prospect of dominating a beautiful religious woman... who also happened to be my mother's dominant Mistress.

"She's going back to college on Wednesday morning."

"I see," I said. "Why is she at home?"

"There's a funeral tomorrow for one of our parishioners she used to babysit for."

"Oh," I said, that downer deflating the erotic nature of our conversation. Deciding to change the topic and ask a question I'd been wondering about ever since I walked into church today, "Besides my Mom, are any of your other woman pets at church today?"

"Just fuck me," she sidestepped; but instead, I stopped moving while I was buried deep inside her.

"Answer the question," I ordered.

"Yes, a few."

"So you're a Mistress to various married women, and a submissive slut to a few men?"

"Just to a couple of men with big, fat cocks, but your father only rarely these days," she said, looking back at me with a mischievous smile, that

told me she was enjoying sharing these revelations, sexually biblical as they were, "Otherwise I stick to women, and not only married ones."

"I see," I said, enjoying this new intel. I bucked my hips into her five times.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned a little louder than she wanted to. "Fuck me Kevin, fuck the shit out of me!"

"First," I said, knowing I had her right where I wanted her... where she'd answer pretty much any question I asked her. "Tell me who else at church munches on your pussy," I ordered.

"Kevin that's as private as it gets, and if any of it got out..." she denied me, sounding more than a little concerned.

"I've kept your secret perfectly," I pointed out. My Mom is the only person on the planet who knows, and not only is she one of your pets, but you already knew I'm banging her. The only other person is Tamara when she finds out tonight, but I'm pretty sure you two already share *lots* of secrets."

"True, true, but your fat dick is deep inside me right now, and we're in my husband's office during a church service," she pointed out.

"Touché," I laughed. "But the door is locked, and there aren't any windows. So I still want those names."

"Please, no," she whined. Five more hard deep thrusts, and I sensed I was pushing her to the brink. The power of a big fat cock was incredibly persuasive, especially when a woman was getting close to an orgasm.

"Tell me, slut," I demanded.

"One of them is Mrs. Baker," she blurted out. "Now fuck me!"

I resumed fucking her as I processed Mrs. Baker. She was the choir mistress. At least eighty years old, black, quite large, and a great-great grandmother. She was also the sweetest woman I'd ever met... a grandmotherly figure to everyone at church and around the community.

A few strokes later I asked, thinking she must be holding onto some other sexy surprises, "Who else?"

"Ms. Webber," she revealed, as her moans increased.

This was the librarian at the town library. Cute, nerdy, white, and someone I'd chatted with many times, since I spent a reasonable amount of time at the library. Likely thirty years old or so, and I'd be lying if I denied having jerked off on more than one occasion while picturing her naked.

"Another one," I demanded.

"Evelyn," she revealed.

"Evelyn Polanski?" I asked, a high school classmate of mine.

"Yes, she's my most recent acquisition," Mrs. Grady elaborated. I felt my balls boiling, since although we didn't know each other very well, she too had been one of my stroke fantasies. She'd moved here from Russia a couple years ago, and her accent was sexy as fuck. She was a year older than I was, since they'd put her a grade behind her age group when she arrived, to give her some time to work on her English.

"Her mom too?" I asked.

"She only lives with her father and uncle," she answered. "Now please fuck me harder! I'm so close!"

"Just one more, and I'll let you come. And I'll even deposit a load deep in your slut cunt," I offered generously.

"Fine, you'll particularly like this next one."

"Tell me," I said, stopping again deep in her.

"Mrs. Walker," she revealed, knowing this was someone I knew, since Mrs. Grady was the one who'd suggested I tutor her son Ben a while ago... before I'd learned about my big fat cock syndrome.

"No way," I said. "I'm tutoring Ben in a couple hours."

"Well, since her divorce, she's been a regular between my legs, or taking my strap-on into her needy pussy," she said, arming me with all the ammunition I'd need to add this hot MILF to my growing stable of submissive sluts. "She's super submissive, you know."

"Nice," I said, tactics percolating in my head as I resumed fucking her, this time full tilt, and with full intent for both of us to come. "Just like you are."

"In my case, only for big, fat dick," she moaned, her orgasm clearly imminent.

I didn't respond verbally, but I kept pounding away, getting ready to unload deep in her pussy, my hands firmly on her hips, while she gripped the far end of the desk.

"Oh yes, Kevin, fuck me, fuck me with that big fat white cock," she moaned.

Hearing her mention my white cock, I asked, "Do you enjoy being my ebony slut?"

"Yes! Plus your black bitch, your church whore, and even your nigger cum rag," she responded wickedly, 'cum rag' a term I'd never imagined coming out of a black woman's mouth... except in some shitty rap song.

"Fuck," I grunted, her wicked tongue, her nasty use of the 'N' word, and her moans, were sufficient to make me explode inside her pussy.

"Yes!" she moaned loudly, "fill me with your big load," as I did just that. And with a few more deep thrusts, a few more ropes of cum deposited deep in her pussy, and she came too, crying out, "I'm coming!"

I didn't slow down throughout her orgasm, being a gentleman, and allowed her to enjoy her full flood of cum... the intense rapture that only my big cock could give her.

"Oh fuck, Kevin," she said weakly a minute after her climax, although she was still clearly enjoying the afterquakes of her euphoria.

"I'll be fucking this pussy regularly," I assured her as I slowed down.

"You'd better," she said. I pulled out, I then reached down and pulled up her panties and pantyhose as she stood.

I spun her around and kissed her. This time she kissed me back without hesitation.

When I broke away, I rubbed her pussy through the two layers and said, "Something to keep reminding you about me during the rest of the sermon."

"I'll be leaking throughout the rest of the service," she said.

"I bet you will," I laughed.

"I'd better clean this up before you go," she said, dropping to her knees and taking my cock into her mouth and cleansing our excessive wetness from it.

I watched, still amazed at the pure power of my big, white cock. No way could I score with a woman like Mrs. Grady without it. Although I was chubby, average looking at best, and somewhat of a nerd... because of the big, fat cock the Lord had blessed me with, constant portals were opening for me. I looked upwards and whispered, "Thank you, God."

She sucked me for a minute until I warned, "If you keep that up, we'll be here for quite a while longer."

A couple more sucks before she allowed my cock to slide out of her mouth and said, "Tempting."

"Like a bright red apple," I smiled.

"In that case, I'm your slutty Eve," she said, as I put my dick away.

"I wonder if Eve was a black woman," I speculated.

"Probably of the Arabian variety, since most biblical scholars place the Garden of Eden near both the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in modern day Iraq," she replied with a chuckle.

"I'll be coming over around seven; just don't let Tamara know you're my slut," I said. "Not yet anyway; we can let her in on that little secret once the evening starts heating up."

"All right," she agreed.

"So... are all those women you mentioned into dick as well?" I asked.

"Mrs. Baker would take your dick in a heartbeat," Mrs. Grady said, squeezing my cock, "although she'll only take it in her big, black, fat ass."

"Noted," I said, thinking that pounding her in that big ass from behind would be fucking fun.

"Ms. Webber is a complete lesbian," she said.

"Even for this?" I asked, squeezing my cock, that was now back in my pants.

"Yeah, even for your monster," she said, looking down at my crotch. "She won't even take my strap-on, she just likes eating my pussy."

"I see," I nodded.

"And Evelyn is a virgin," she said, squeezing my cock and smiling, "At least so far as living cock is concerned."

"Good to know," I said, checking Ms. Webber off my mental list, putting Evelyn on the maybe one, Mrs. Baker on the to do ASAP list, and Mrs. Walker on my 'maybe in a couple of hours if it all works out' one.

"Also, I expect you to be wearing white thigh high stockings when I stop by tonight," I said.

"White ones?" she asked.

"Yeah," I nodded, the thought of white nylons on her black body a superb erotic vision.

"Okay," she agreed. "They'll be tough to explain to Tamara."

I shrugged. "Enjoy the church service."

"I'll try," she said as I headed out.

I headed to the daycare section and helped my Mom for a bit, who gave me a knowing look... and I just shrugged.

It was about ten minutes later, I was already bored out of my mind... I don't have much patience for little kids... when a black girl I didn't recognize walked in and came straight over to me. I'm guessing she was about sixteen.

"Are you Kevin?" she asked.

"The one and only," I smiled, with a suave confidence that I didn't remotely have before fucking my dad's girlfriend... who was way too hot to remotely be with him because of his looks, money or personality.

"My great grandmother asked me to cover for you; she needs your assistance."

"With what?" I asked innocently. I assumed this was Mrs. Baker's great granddaughter... she wasn't really pretty, but she had a nice pair of tits and a big ass.

"I'm not sure," she answered. "But she said you can find her in Minister Grady's office."

"Okay, thank you," I said. I looked at my Mom, and shrugged when she shook her head to express her own ignorance about the message.

I returned to the scene of my most recent conquest, my cock hardening as I did. I can't explain why, but without a doubt I preferred older women to the younger ones. My Mom, Ms. Chan, Mrs. Dieks, Sharmuta, Ms. Sinclair, and of course Mrs. Grady were all great cock suckers and avid sluts. And

although maybe it's perverse of me, I consider the older the woman (if she's still a cock-hungry slut), the hotter. So while some people might question my excitement about soon having sex with an eighty-year-old, my cock was more than willing to take part in the escapade.

I knocked on the door, which was closed, and Mrs. Baker opened it,

I walked inside with a swagger I'd recently earned, and she closed the door.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Baker?" I asked, turning around and taking in her full figure. She was a big boned woman, with huge tits, thick legs, a large booty, and a sweet, elderly, grandmotherly face... I still thought it was wild that she ate pussy and liked it best up the ass.

"First, you can pull your dick out," she said bluntly.

"Excuse me?" I asked, acting surprised... and believe it or not... innocent.

"I know all about you and Danai," she said (meaning Mrs. Grady), while she walked up to me. "And don't worry, I'm not judging, I just want a piece of you."

"Oh," I said.

"We don't have much time for this," she said as she continued walking past me to the desk, pulled up her dress, and pulled down her pantyhose and panties. "Now hurry up and fuck my asshole."

"You're serious?" I said, since even after all the sex I'd had recently, and all the women who'd willingly sucked and fucked me, this was something fresh and new.

"Danai says you have a huge dick, and my asshole hasn't been fucked by a real cock in years," she said.

"Okay, but you need to earn it first," I said, walking closer and slapping her huge ass cheeks.

"We don't have enough time for anything like that," she said, looking back at me, her hands pulling her ass cheeks apart.

"Just suck my dick, Grandma Baker," I ordered, wanting to see her lips around my cock.

"You bastard," she sighed, but she did turn around, dropped to her knees in front of me, and fished out my dick. But then when she pulled it out, she exhaled, her eyes going wide, "Holy shit!" It was obvious that all her resistance to my taking charge had just evaporated.

"Show me you really want this dick in your ass," I ordered.

"It's so fucking big," she said in awe, as she opened her mouth and took it in.

"Oh yeah, Grandma, suck my dick," I moaned, the idea of fucking my own grandmothers, both of them still alive, suddenly popping into my mind... both of them now widows after my two grandfathers' deaths within eight months of each other.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned as she bobbed on my cock, wielding her tongue wildly as she did... with impressive technique.

"Oh yeah, what a great mouth!" I moaned about thirty seconds later.

She stood up and bragged, "It should be, I've been sucking dick for sixty years."

"That's really wild," I said, as convinced, I spun her around and bent her over.

"And I've taken it in the ass for just as long," she said, as she pulled her ass cheeks apart after I pulled her dress up for her.

"And it's such a *great* big black ass," I said, admiring the biggest ass I'd ever seen.

"And it was *made* for getting fucked," she said. "Now slam your humongous dick up my asshole."

"Why the ass over your pussy?" I asked... genuinely curious.

"I kept my virginity for marriage, and I've only ever had my husband in my pussy," she explained, as I positioned my cock at her puckered anal hole... which was already slightly gaped.

"You've already been fucked today?" I asked as I processed the knowledge she'd only fucked one man in eighty years... impressive loyalty... and sweet.

"I had Mistress Danai finger bang my asshole for a bit before I sent for you; I wanted you to have smooth access," she said as I slid my dick inside her.

"I see," I said, as my cock disappeared into that big black booty... her ass so fucking tight.

"So big," she moaned, as I slowly drilled deeper into her.

"So your ass is the only hole you've been fucked in by more than one guy?" I asked, trying to get a handle on her quirky sexual history and values.

"If you don't count my mouth I guess, but that's just semantics. So yes, I lost my anal virginity right after my 1959 prom, and then I took dozens of fucks in my ass in the wild swinging days of the sixties," she answered. I was now balls deep in her ass.

"Wild!"

"Just because I'm old doesn't mean I'm dead."

"No, you're very much alive, and you're hot as fuck," I said, as I began slowly fucking the ass under discussion.

"You think so?" she asked, authenticity surprised.

"There's nothing hotter than a big, beautiful woman of age who still allows herself to let go and just be a slut," I said.

"I've always been one," she said proudly.

"So I heard," I said.

"And I've always taken on both guys and gals," she said. Both of her hands were gripping the end of the desk with her arms supporting her torso, unlike Mrs. Grady who'd bent herself flat over the table. She next surprised me by bouncing back to meet my forward thrusts.

"I'd love to see you eating pussy," I said.

"Yeah? If you want to see that... and if you like very experienced women... you should come to my weekly games night this Tuesday," she moaned, as she began to fuck herself on my dick. "Or any Tuesday, actually."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, we play board games, cards, and usually we eat and fuck each other, all of us together in my living room," she moaned, as I picked up the pace.

"And they'd be okay with me being there?" I asked.

"I'll need to confirm that," she said. "But I really doubt anyone will object. So never mind... if you're okay playing with older women, and I mean actual senior citizens, I'm pretty sure you'd get to star in a reverse gangbang."

"What's that?" I asked, not a term I'd ever heard.

"All of us, anywhere from four to ten women depending on the week, would suck your dick and fuck you," she answered. "Emily is the only one of us who still has a man, and he can't get it up anymore, not even with Viagra."

"That sounds really tempting," I said, the idea of my being the only stud in a herd of older mares who didn't get regular dick anymore was hot... just like fucking Ms. Chan had been.

"Tell me you're coming," she urged, her breathing getting heavy.

"Pretty soon now," I said, her ass so tight it was really milking my dick, even after depositing two loads already this morning.

"I mean on Tuesday," she said, literally huffing now.

"Tuesday! That too. Right. Yes, I certainly will," I agreed through my temporary brain scramble. It would be a wild time... making even my Asian foursome the previous night seem tame in comparison if there'd be four to ten women there.

"Good," she said and then demanded, "Now fuck my asshole, and cum inside it."

"You want my load deep in your black ass?" I asked, really slamming into her by now.

"Yes, fill my asshole with your big load," she begged.

"Get ready," I said, my balls bubbling with another warm load.

"Oh yes, baby, give it to me, give me your load! Fuck your big black bitch!" she exhorted me.

"I'll be unloading in this ass regularly," I assured her, this ass the best one I'd ever had.

"Anytiiiime," she moaned and let out a slight yell as her orgasm from getting sodomized ripped through her, and that primal scream and her tight asshole were all I needed to unload into her bowels.

"Fuck," I grunted, as I spewed my load in her ass.

"Yes, fill my asshole," she moaned, and she leaned into the desk as I kept pumping my load deep inside her.

"Fuck yeah," I said, as I finished my orgasm.

"Best fuck ever," she said, still quaking.

"Best ass ever," I replied, as I glanced at the clock. We still had a few minutes.

"It's been so long since I had a real dick back there," she said, as I kept slowly fucking her ass, not yet ready to pull out.

"I can guarantee it won't be long before you get this black ass hammered again," I said.

"You'd better keep that promise," she said.

"I will," I said, still lingering in her ass.

As I pulled out, and she pulled up her panties and pantyhose, she said, turning around to look at me, "God, a dick like yours might make me reconsider my pussy's No Cocks Allowed policy."

"Really?" I asked, flattered.

"Maybe," she said, kneeling down and taking the dick that was just up her ass into her mouth... a nasty act that always turned me on whenever I got this lucky.

She sucked for just a minute, briefly but deeply sucking my still hard cock, before she stood up and said, "I can feel your cum leaking out of my ass."

"Mmmmm," I smiled. "Next time I'll want to fuck those big tits."

"These old things?" she asked, cupping her huge tits.

"Yeah."

"Gravity hasn't been too kind to them."

"I'm sure they're still magnificent," I said, cupping them through her dress.

"You're sweet," she said. "Hand me your phone."

I pulled it out of my pocket, she typed something in and handed it back to me while I stored my dick away... it needed at least a brief reprieve... I was also starving... for some actual food.

I checked my phone. She'd nicknamed herself **80ass slut** and had texted herself. **Tuesday**, in part to give herself my number.

"I'll text you the address," she said.

"What time?"

"Come at six, and you can fuck me before everyone else arrives around seven."

"Can do."

"Actually, why don't you come at 5:30, and I'll feed you a good meal first, to make sure you're all fuelled up for your marathon night."

"Marathon night?"

"Absolutely! You'll endure so much eager cock sucking, desperate fucking, and such intense gratitude, you won't be able to get it up anymore!"

"That I can't fathom; I can *always* get it up."

"Challenge accepted," she smiled, squeezing my cock. "You have no idea what you're getting yourself into."

"Apparently lots of pussy," I smiled.

"To say the least! You won't be leaving until we've extracted every last load from you," she said, squeezing my dick once more as she checked the sanctuary monitor on the wall I'd been ignoring completely, to see they were singing again. "Looks like they started without me."

"You'd better get out there," I said.

"I'd better," she agreed, wiggling her ass.

As I slapped her ass, she said, "Fuck, you shoot buckets."

"All day and night," I said suavely.

"And it's only morning," she said.

I laughed, "So it is."

"Leave by the side door," she pointed. "It'll get you right outside."

"There's a side door?"

"Yeah, I'm surprised Danai didn't tell you to use it."

"Huh," I said, and she headed out the usual door while I exited the other way... thinking that Tuesday promised to be incredibly interesting.

But first I had two other challenges ahead of me.

First, Mrs. Walker, who didn't seem likely to be much of a challenge... the biggest one would be Ben being there. Submissive or not, I doubted she'd want to get it on in front of her son.

Second, my threesome tonight with Mrs. Grady and her daughter Tamara. I still wasn't sure how to get Tamara involved. Sure, I could just shove my dick in her mother's mouth, but the thrill of the chase was still pretty exhilarating. Suddenly, an idea popped into my head. I'd chat with mom about it. Perhaps my threesome, could be a foursome.

Although usually I didn't like church, or even Sundays for that matter, it was already turning out to be a really good day.

God bless.

The end

Coming in a month or two....

BIG FAT COCK: Educating Mrs. Walker

Kevin discovers Jasmine writes erotica, and he seduces her in her home, using ideas from her own writing to spice things up.

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Big Fat Cock: Educating Mrs. Walker

Big Fat Cock: Educating Mrs. Walker

Summary: Kevin gets teacher, son's gf and her son gets cucked.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first story, and it isn't in this one either.

Note 2: This is the seventh part in a lengthy series about a nerd's discovery of the power having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin taking his mother's last forbidden hole while having some fun with a kinky roleplay. It also has Kevin learning more about his mother's slut past, and it sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor and talented cock sucker Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other holes.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun has Kevin, with the help of his submissive mother, giving his paraplegic sexual advisor an amazing sex filled birthday.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader has Kevin feeling a little insecure about scoring a girl on his own. After a lengthy discussion with guru Ms. Chan, he uses his BFC to seduce and dominate a hot blonde.

BIG FAT COCK: Eating Asian has Kevin meeting a visiting niece from Japan, with whom he not only practices his oral skills, but also takes her

virginity. That night at her hotel, he dines on three Japanese pussies and fucks the three Japanese beauties during his first foursome.

BIG FAT COCK: Ebony Sinners where after a morning wake-up blow job and fucking from his Mom, Kevin engages in two wicked encounters while they're at church. First, a rendezvous as the service starts with one of his pets who is Minister's wife Mrs. Grady in the preacher's office, and then after learning the identities of a few of Mrs. Grady's lesbian church going pets, he is surprised to be summoned beckoned back to Minister Grady's office for an anal encounter with eighty-year-old black choir leader Mrs. Baker.

Note 3: Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for editing this story.

Note 4: Please note all characters are at least 18-years-old.

Big Fat Cock: Educating Mrs. Walker

Once we returned home from church early that afternoon, I chatted with Mom about a threesome I was planning for Mrs. Grady and her unsuspecting coed daughter Tamara that evening... which would likely turn out to be a foursome, once I enlisted my Mom's participation. But regardless of our still-to-be-finalised plans for this evening, we agreed she could go shopping for lingerie on her own, since I wanted to be ready, locked and loaded for what would hopefully be my seduction of Mrs. Walker early this afternoon. I was particularly excited about seducing her, since she was a hot MILF I'd had my eye on for years, but I'd just learned this morning that not only was she one of Mrs. Grady's pets, but she was very submissive.

A couple hours later, I arrived at Mrs. Walker's house to tutor her son Ben. Ben was an accomplished hockey player, but he was failing calculus. He wasn't a complete asshole per se, but he wasn't a very nice guy either... unlike his older sister, who was really sweet... although away at college... and fucking hot.

Mrs. Walker opened the door wearing a blue dress and beige coloured nylons... no shoes. I glanced down and saw her toenails were painted a fun

purple. That was all it took for me to start getting hard.

"Hi, Kevin," she greeted me warmly, like she always did.

"Hi, Mrs. Walker," I greeted her back.

"I've asked you many times to call me Jasmine," she smiled, having made that overture almost every time I called her Mrs. Walker. It always seemed wrong, but after my recent sexual awakening, I felt way more comfortable addressing her as a social equal instead of placing her on a pedestal... but given what I'd learned about her this morning, maybe I'd be placing her on the kitchen table, the washing machine, or her bed.

"Yes, I'm sorry, Jasmine," I said, as I admired her slim body. For a woman in her forties, she was in great shape. Truth be told, she seemed to have lost some weight in the past little while. Deciding to compliment her to begin planting the seeds for my seduction, I said, "You look great today, Jasmine."

"Oh, you're so sweet," she smiled as she closed the door, and like always in her house, I slipped out of my shoes.

"No, I mean it," I continued. "Have you lost some weight?"

"I have," she said. "Started a Noom diet. It's worked out very well so far."

"Very well indeed, it's definitely working," I said, giving her body a sly, not overly subtle, but not overly aggressive, once over.

"Thanks," she said. "Ben is in his room."

"Okay," I said and then asked, "And Jasmine..."

"Yes, Kevin?"

"Can you please bring me a class of water when you get a chance?"

"Sure," she smiled.

I headed to Ben's room and found him on his bed playing on his Xbox. He sighed, "I was hoping you wouldn't come today."

"Then I can leave," I offered, not needing to be here... at least not for him... nor needing the money.

"Mom wouldn't like that," he said, continuing his gaming.

"Then let's get to work," I said.

"In a few minutes," he said, disrespecting my time.

Old me would have said nothing, and would have stewed quietly, but with my newfound confidence, I didn't need to take bullshit like this from anyone. So I stepped over and abruptly pressed the Off button on his machine.

"What the fuck?" he demanded, instantly pissed.

"You knew what time I was coming, and I have other things to do today, so let's get started," I said.

"But I was winning."

"I don't give a fuck," I said, standing my ground... I was beginning to like this new Kevin.

He stood up just as his mother walked into the room. "I brought you boys some snacks."

"Thanks, Mom," he said, shifting instantly from entitled asshole to kiss-ass nice guy.

"Yes, thanks Jasmine," I said, once again awarding her a lengthy admiration of her hot, slender body.

"No problem," she said, setting a tray down with some homemade cookies and handing me a bottle of water.

"Thanks, Jasmine," I said, enjoying my use of her given name... as of today, knowing a secret about her she didn't know I knew.

"Well, let me know if you need anything," she said.

"Will do," I said, watching her ass as she walked away.

"Would you stop drooling over my Mom?" Ben complained in disgust.

I ignored his comment, since very soon I'd likely have my dick inside her, "Turn to page 83."

"Fine, whatever," he said, even more annoyed and ignorant than usual. Truthfully, except following a big Hockey loss a few weeks ago, he'd always been pretty civil with me.

"Look, I don't need to be here," I said. "I'm the one who's getting an A in calculus."

"What's the point of knowing calculus anyway?" he asked wearily, glaring at me as he snatched his calculus textbook from his desk.

"Depends on what you want to do with your life," I said, knowing he wouldn't necessarily have any use for it at all after he finished high school.

"Nothing that needs me to figure out the value of x ," he said.

"But you need to pass the course if you want a hockey scholarship," I pointed out.

"Yeah," he sighed.

So for the next hour, I tutored him. Once he got past his hostility over whatever was bugging him, he was okay to deal with. He wasn't as dumb as most kids I tutored, he just needed a lot of repetition and positive reinforcement. By the end of the hour, I was pretty happy with his skill level for this week's content.

"Thanks, and I'm sorry for being such an asshole at first," he said.

"No worries," I said.

"Thanks," he said, grabbing his fall jacket. "I'm off to meet up with Maggie."

"Good luck on your test," I said, as he headed out... and I followed him down the hallway.

"Thanks," he said. He then called out, "I'm out of here; bye, Mom."

She didn't respond, nor did he stay long enough to hear the reply that wasn't forthcoming. I walked into the living room and saw Jasmine's laptop lying open on the coffee table.

I don't know why I decided to look... or what I was expecting to find... and the screen was black... meaning she'd been away from it for at least a little while... but I sat down and tapped the mousepad. I then tapped on the website at the bottom, and Twitter popped up.

With porn.

With nothing *but* porn!

There was a gif of a woman licking another woman with the caption: **Good daughters please their mothers.**

My eyes went wide. I'd been told earlier today she was a submissive... and bisexual... but when I looked up at her Twitter handle, I gasped... it was **silkstockings69**.

I *followed* this woman on Twitter! She was a very prolific and popular erotic writer who wrote stories in a variety of genres, but lesbian, incest and illustrated were the ones I read the most often... the Incest category having recently become my go to for a quick read, ever since I became a literal mother fucker a couple weeks ago.

Mrs. Walker was the one and only silkstockingslover... which was her Literotica handle.

No fucking way!

I scrolled through a few more posts, including her announcement of a story just released today, a hot retweet of an Asian cheerleader on a bus getting fucked. There was also a retweet of a sexy picture of Selena Gomez in stockings, with the response **so yummy**, and a wicked picture of a teen girl wearing a strap-on with the words: **Mommy we need to talk...** posted by someone named **Mistressr3**, which I'd have to check out later.

Ben had left the house and was gone.

The shocking truth was revealed.

My dick was throbbing in my pants.

I'd already been planning to fuck Jasmine this afternoon.

And apparently she was even more open-minded than I'd known when I arrived.

So how about I forgot about all the sweet talk I'd been planning, and cut right to the chase right now?

I saw the door to the basement was open, which it hadn't been before, so maybe she was doing some laundry, especially since I recalled seeing her walking past Ben's room carrying a laundry basket a few minutes ago.

I sneakily 'spilled' some coke from her nearby glass onto the crotch of my jeans and pulled them off, as well as my underwear, which I just tossed onto the floor, and I hurried down to the basement wearing no more than just my socks below the waist and a button-down shirt on top, which of course didn't leave much to the imagination.

"Jasmine, are you down here?" I sang out.

"Over here," she called back from a short distance away.

I walked into the laundry room, jeans in hand, and asked, seeing the dryer had just started, and luckily she was putting another load into the machine,

my often-ignored Lord once again seeming to be squarely on my side on this super Sunday, "Can you please toss these in? I just spilt pop on them."

"Oh sure," she said, turning to face me, and then glancing down and seeing I wasn't wearing much of anything, and my big erection was pointing directly at her. She took them from me, her face going a little red, and she turned back around, and without any comment, added my jeans to the load. I watched her from behind, as she started the machine.

When she turned around, she kept her eyes carefully directed at mine instead of at my dick, which was still locked and loaded and pointing at her, "We should go get you some pants."

"No, it's okay," I said. I asked, as I kept my arms at my sides to give her a very clear look at my hard and impressive crotch (which she was still studiously ignoring), "May I ask you a question?"

"Sure," she said, looking around at everything except for the elephant below my waist. "Right *after* we get you some pants, or at least a towel."

"No, it's okay, Jasmine," I repeated. "Truth be told, my jeans were a bit tight, and Big Willy here needed some room to breathe."

She started to brush past me, when I asked, while stepping in front of her, "So does Mrs. Grady know?"

"Does she know what?" she asked, her eyes going wide at just the mention of her black Mistress's name.

"Your big secret," I said.

"What big secret?" she asked, obviously trying to figure out which of her big secrets I knew, while she took just the slightest glance down at my big fat cock... it was barely noticeable, yet I saw her do it.

"Actually I know a few of them. For starters, you're a submissive pussy licker for Danai Grady," I said bluntly.

"Kevin, I..." she began, but I interrupted her.

"Go ahead and take a look down there, Jasmine," I offered. "We both know you want to."

"Kevin, whatever you're attempting is seriously inappropriate," she rebuked me as forcefully as she could manage. Which given her obvious nervousness, was pitiful. Not to mention she did in fact glance down at what I was packing... or rather at what I'd already unpacked, and even starched.

"Go ahead..." I said, resting my hands on her shoulders as a suggestion, but not at all forcefully for now, "...take a closer look."

"Kevin..." she said, but then stopped in mid-breath... clearly flustered... and she also didn't drop to her knees, like most of her of characters would do whenever a man or a woman settled their hands on a submissive's shoulders.

"Think of yourself as a character in one of your stories," I added, not revealing all the truth I knew.

Her cheeks went redder.

"Go ahead, silkstockingslover," I continued, and now her cheeks went *ruby* red, and her eyes got huge like saucers, "If you're like the submissive characters in most of your stories, then your legs should be getting weak about now, your mind fighting a losing battle, your desire to submit consuming you, and your need to obey me overcoming any last vestiges of your willpower."

"Kevin..." she repeated, her entire demeanor one of shock, the slowly building look of lust in her eyes giving away the inevitable punch line to this confrontation. Which was very much like I'd just described it to her.

"Knees," I ordered, just the one word. A word that she herself employed in lots of her stories. A word that always led to the prey sinking to her knees. Soon followed by a cock in the woman's mouth, or her face buried in a pussy. Ironically, it was the same word she was sometimes criticized for overusing. Yet just as she sometimes argued in her own defense, I too

couldn't think of another word that could *possibly* achieve the same impact. Just the one word, uttered with a firm tone, and the new hierarchy was established clearly.

"Kevin, Ben is upstairs," she said, fighting off her inevitable submission more effectively than I'd anticipated, although since she was now taking regular glances down at the joystick between my legs, her resistance was weak at best.

"He went to see his girlfriend," I said. "He called out to you saying so, but I guess you didn't hear him, since you didn't answer."

"You're sure?" she asked, now with more hesitation in her voice, and allowing herself a lengthier glance at my dick.

"Yeah, I watched him slip into his shoes and leave," I said, my hands still resting on her shoulders, still suggesting but not insisting.

"Why do you think I'm silkstockingslover?" she asked, still hedging her bets... hoping against hope I was bluffing.

"I feel slightly bad about this, but your laptop was open, so I got curious, opened your browser, and went right to your Twitter page," I answered. "Which I was already very familiar with, since I'm a big fan."

"Oh," was all she said, realizing her own carelessness had led to my potentially disastrous discovery.

"Your secret is safe with me, in part because for a couple of weeks I've been creating some secrets of my own. And you write terrific stories," I both reassured and complimented her.

"Thanks," she said, her head in a complete daze, just like many of her characters. Then with a cagy look in her eyes, she asked, "What kind of secrets are you gathering?"

"Okay, fair enough," I agreed. "You know Joan Walsh?"

"Yes of course, she's your mother."

"She's also my submissive pet, and I fuck all three of her holes on a regular basis," I revealed... sensing because of Jasmine's writing persona, her secret submissive lesbian side and the fact she wrote a plethora of kinky incest stories made her a rather safe secret holder.

"Wow! That's a pretty big secret," she said, a little surprised.

"Well, I know you like your incest stories," I said.

"I do like writing taboo stuff," she agreed. "I mean, with some name changes I could likely write your story."

"Really?" I said, thinking I haven't even told her about how it all began.

"Yeah, the only thing hotter than a taboo story is a true taboo story," she added.

"Well, then I'm more than willing to give you my wild story," I said.

"About to get wilder," She smiled.

"Oh, I have only told you a sliver of my pets," I smiled, enjoying having another wise woman to share my conquests with. "For example, my Mommy-slut is also *your* Mistress Danai Grady's submissive pet, but Danai is one of my growing pet harem."

"Shit, appearances sure can be deceiving," she said.

"A big fat cock changes everything," I smiled

"Agreed," she nodded, as she glanced down at my hard dick. "Maybe I should take a more up close and personal view to get to know the cock I will be writing about."

"I love the way you think," I agreed. "So let's role play that you're a hot MILF character in a real life version of one of your stories," I said, gently pushing her down. This time as I'd anticipated, she obediently lowered herself to her knees.

Then staring at my hard cock, she gasped in complete astonishment, "Holy shit!"

"Like?" I asked, gazing possessively down at her.

"It's so big!" she said, as she mindlessly grasped it in her left hand.

"Which is most impressive?" I asked. "My length or my girth?"

"They're *both* very impressive," she answered, completely captivated by my cock.

"Are you enjoying performing as a character in your story, instead of living vicariously through them?" I asked.

"You're eighteen, right?" she asked, not looking at me at all, but fixated on the cock she was clutching in her hand.

"Yes," I answered.

"I shouldn't be doing this," she said, even though she kept stroking my hard cock.

"How many times have you masturbated about a student of yours?" I asked, knowing from reading her Twenty Questions essays, many of her personal fantasies were about being seduced and dominated by a student... male or female... although she tended to write more about females taking charge of her.

"You're not one of my students," she pointed out.

"True, true," I nodded, not that she was looking at me. "Then how many times have you masturbated or written about someone named Jasmine being sexually dominated by a younger man?"

"Lots of times," she admitted.

"And how many times has this fantasy become a reality?"

"Never."

"Then it's time to turn fiction into fact," I said, as I traced my cock head around her lips.

"But you can't tell anyone," she reminded me, as her gaze remained transfixed on my cock.

"Oh, I don't fuck and tell," I said, which was mostly true. "For instance Mom trusts me only to tell a very select few people about her, and as soon as I get home, I'll tell her that you know about her. I think she'll be thrilled! And I don't think either of us keep many secrets from Danai."

"Good," she acknowledged distractedly. Then, "You're so big," she added, in a mindless lustful daze.

"Suck it, Jasmine," I ordered. "Suck my big, fat cock."

"Okay," she agreed, and she opened her mouth wide, and took it between her lips.

"There you go," I moaned, "just like the submissive sluts in your stories."

For a minute, perhaps two, she slowly sucked on my cock... swirling her tongue around my cock head before slowly taking more and more of it into her mouth... getting used to my girth.

As she began bobbing a little faster, and since I wanted to really enjoy this experience, and time wasn't of the essence like it had been this morning with Mrs. Grady and Mrs. Baker, I ordered, "Suck on my balls, slut."

"Yes sir," she said, addressing me very obediently, the submissive characters she created apparently based largely on her own personal inclinations, as she slithered her tongue down my shaft and arrived at my fully loaded balls.

As she sucked one into her mouth, I asked, "So are your fictional teachers tending to be strong-willed in public but submissives at home an authentic character trait?"

"From my experience it is," she answered, as she suckled around, searching for my more elusive second ball.

"Have you ever been fucked by an eighteen-year-old?" I asked, just as she found that second ball.

She sucked on it for a few seconds, really bathing it with her mouth, before she answered, "No, not even back when I was eighteen."

"Well, today is a day to swap out some answers, and to check some items off your... I believe you call it a 'fuck-it list'?"

"That's right. But I can't believe you just walked down here with your dick sticking out," she said, still bathing my nuts.

"I figured it would expedite the seduction," I said. "Plus, once I realized you were the same woman I followed on Twitter, and that I'd read lots of your stories except for the gay ones, I abandoned the more roundabout seduction I was planning on using."

"You know that the gay stories are some of my hottest ones?"

"I'm sure they're very well written, but the idea just doesn't do anything for me."

"Trust me, just like the women who probably bend over backwards for a chance at your outstanding dick, lots of men, whether they're gay or straight, would do just about anything to suck it or to get fucked by it," she said.

"Really?" I said, never having put any thought into that possibility.

"From many years of corresponding with my readers and fans," she said, still playing with my balls, "I've learned there's a crazy high number of men, especially older men in their mid-life crisis years, who develop a sudden curiosity about sucking dick, and even about being fucked."

"That sounds crazy," I said, having never read any of her gay stories, and I'd even skipped the parts in her essays that discussed her writing about gay

characters... although I had read her one shemale illustrated story that starred her, that was crazy long and surprisingly hot. ("**A shemale submission": a lust story**)

"I too was surprised at first," she said. "But after writing a few gay stories, doing a lot of research, and having discussions with many men who either fantasize about joining this particular lifestyle or have actually done it, I've learned it's a lot more common than anyone would think."

"I never even thought about it," I admitted.

"And even totally straight guys will often become susceptible to becoming cock suckers or bottoms for big cocks, although their fixation is often on big *black* cocks," Jasmine continued, as she began wending her way back up my shaft.

"I know that you fantasize about fucking and sucking big black cocks," I said, having read many of her black and blacking fantasies.

"Yeah," she nodded, licking the top of my dick, "the more taboo something is, the more it turns me on, but...."

She paused as she smoothly deep throated my entire cock, and held it tickling her tonsils, if she had tonsils that is (I didn't ask), for a good seven seconds before backing completely away... briefly leaving a parabolic strand of her saliva connecting her lips to my cock. Wow, what a hot gal!

"But what?" I asked.

"But truth be told, I just want a man who knows what he wants, who knows how to fuck, and is sporting a big cock," she finished, before taking my cock back into her mouth, and beginning to bob like a world class blow job queen.

"Fuck," I groaned, as her mouth was full of saliva and excessive wetness, while her lips were wrapped snugly around my cock, moving back and forth with suction cup prowess.

She moaned on my cock, actually more like a hum, which made my cock vibrate, and enhanced the amazing blow job she was giving me.

"Shit, you should write an essay on how to give a blow job," I suggested.

"I did compose eighteen sissy captions about how to give blow jobs," she said, removing my cock from her mouth.

"Well, that's something," I laughed, as I looked at the washing machine shaking a little, and came up with an idea. I pulled her to her feet and pulled her dress over her head.

"I can't believe I'm allowing you to do this," she said, trembling slightly, as she was now wearing only a bra, panties and, as I'd long imagined this author wearing before learning I actually *knew* her, her ubiquitous thigh high stockings.

I smiled, checking out at her nylons, "Well, you certainly practice what you preach."

"I always wear nylons," she said.

"And I require all my sluts to wear them," I said, "likely a kink I picked up from reading your stories, and from always seeing my Mom wearing them."

"I'm happy to have had such a positive influence," she said, her perky tits looking so inviting in her blue lace bra with her matching panties... which I thought was hot for a couple of reasons: first, they were sexy as fuck; second, even on a Sunday at home, she was wearing those sexy stockings, thus proving what she wrote online wasn't fiction when she was talking about herself.

"Let's get you naked," she said before removing my shirt and socks, which were the last of my clothing.

"Done. Now let's see those tits," I said, admiring her body, which was admirably fit for a sexy woman in her mid-forties.

"These ones?" she asked, cupping them through the lace bra.

"Yes, those lovely firm tits," I agreed.

She reached her hands behind her back, unclasped the bra, and released it to waft gently down to the floor.

"Nice," I said, as I reached out to cup both breasts, which were impressively firm for her age... and although they weren't large, they weren't small either... in many ways, the perfect size.

"You like?" she asked.

"So perky," I said, bending down to suck on her nipples.

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned, as her left nipple went into my mouth.

For a couple minutes I just loved on her tits...going back and forth between her hard nipples... enjoying her soft moans... enjoying the intimacy we were sharing.

I then moved my hands to her panties and slid them down her legs... happy to see her pussy was shaved, and was glistening with wetness. "I see you're already wet."

"I often am," she said, as she lifted her feet one at a time, to allow me to remove her panties fully.

"And I'm always hard," I said.

"So I see," she smiled, as I placed my hands on her legs, assuming they'd be adorned with the highest quality sheer silk... and they were.

"Shit, these are just as soft as I've always imagined, from all the descriptions in your stories," I said.

"I only wear the best," she said.

"As one would expect," I said, my hands roaming up and down her sheer stocking-clad legs... making my cock throb with anticipation.

After already receiving three blow jobs and fucking three women today, I finally had enough time to enjoy the full spectrum of sex. I was in no hurry to fuck her, although I was definitely going to fuck her eventually, for now I just leaned forward and licked her pussy.

"Ooooh," she moaned, as my tongue parted her wet pussy lips.

"You taste amazing," I said, her pussy delivering a sweet and savoury blend of tastes.

"Thanks," she said, surprising me by settling her right leg over my shoulder and pulling my head deeper into her wetness.

For a couple minutes I licked her pussy, exploring every inch of her wet slit... listening to her soft moans... the moans of a woman always turning me on. Although I was a dominant and I loved being in charge, unlike my Dad I wanted my women to enjoy themselves too... except perhaps Mrs. Dieks, who I just enjoyed humiliating... she was, for me, my convenient next door neighbour cum bucket for whenever I just needed to dump a load... and her own pleasure and feelings were redundant. Strangely, she was just fine with that.

"Oh, Kevin, that feels so good," Jasmine moaned.

"I'm still learning how to do a good job down here," I admitted.

"Then finger me... two fingers... while you suck on my clit," she suggested.

"Okay," I agreed, then added, "lean against the washing machine."

"Okay," she said, sidling the three or so feet from where we were. I crept along with her, and then did as she suggested, sliding two fingers inside her very wet pussy while flicking her clit with my tongue.

"Ohhhh God," she said, as I felt her body vibrating from the motion of the washer... and twitching from my attack on her clit.

"Come for me, Jasmine," I said, finger banging her quickly, while attacking her clit.

"Now suck my clit between your lips, and shake your head like a small, ferocious terrier," she moaned loudly, her orgasm clearly imminent.

I didn't say anything, I just did as she requested, using my fingers inside of her and my lips and tongue outside of her.

"Oh yes, Kevin, yes, don't stop, oh yes, fuck, oh God, *oh you nasty fucker*, eat my cunt," she screamed, as her orgasm hit. I pulled my fingers out and hungrily lapped up the excessive pussy cum that was squirting out of her and onto my face, lips and tongue.

"What the fuck?" a startling voice barked, as I lapped up her cum... the voice was clearly Ben's.

"Ben!" Jasmine gasped, but I just kept licking her pussy.

"Stand up, asshole," Ben ordered, yanking me to my feet.

I turned around, but now Jasmine was the one barking: "Ben, stop! Don't you dare lay a finger on Kevin!"

"Stop? Don't dare?" he demanded, both furious and shocked... an amusing mixture of expressions.

I looked around and also saw Ben's girlfriend Maggie standing nearby, a girl I'd met twice before, staring at me... or more specifically, at a particular part of me.

"Look Ben," I said, not at all scared of him... the old me would have been a little intimidated... but I was no weakling, and I could defend myself. "What's happening here is none of your business."

"Excuse me?" he demanded, his cheeks red with rage. "Catching you fucking my mother isn't any of my business?!"

"No, it's not," I said, then added to make things clear, "and I wasn't fucking your Mom..." then I paused and glanced at Maggie, who was still focused on my package, "... at least not yet."

"You fucker!" Ben snapped, his arm swinging up to punch me in the face.

"Stop!" Jasmine shouted, much louder than before.

"Mom, I...." Ben began.

"No, you see here," Jasmine said, stepping in front of me to confront her irate son. "First of all, both Kevin and I are adults! And secondly, who I decide to have intimate relations with is none of your concern!"

"Intimate relations' you're calling this?" he said, not impressed.

"Yes," she said, as I steered my dick towards her pussy from behind... the temptation too great to resist... plus, the intriguing notion to cuckold Ben, and maybe even get his girlfriend involved, suddenly popped into my head. I knew this was a long shot, I knew it was crazy, and yet I wondered if the power of my superlative cock could even help me get away with some cuckolding and stealing a girlfriend.

"So you're telling me you can just fuck anyone you like?" he demanded.

"First, don't talk to your mother that way, and second, don't use such language in my presence," Jasmine scolded fiercely. I was powerfully impressed at the commanding way she could face down her angry son, even though she was stark naked except for those beige stockings. It didn't hurt that she didn't realize my dick was steadily nearing her pussy.

"You mean 'such language' like you begging him to eat your cunt at the top of your lungs?" Ben asked sarcastically, as I deftly slid my dick into his mother.

"I'll say fuck, cock, cunt, or any other *fucking* word I *fucking* want to, is that understood?" Jasmine said, in an 'I brought you into this world and I can take you back out, so back off, asshole' tone of voice. She was *still* crazy impressive, even though by now there was no way she couldn't know where my dick had just lodged itself.

"Y-y-yes, Mom," he said, unaware that I was now balls deep inside his Mom, while I grinned slyly at Maggie, who saw *exactly* what I was doing, and her eyes went wide in delicious shock. She seemed to be a playful little minx!

"Good," Jasmine said with a moan, as I began slowly to fuck her. "Now, Kevin and I were in the middle of doing something. I believe today we're calling it 'intimate relations'."

I don't know why I needed to let him know I was fucking his Mom, I don't know why I felt the need to get involved, since she'd just done an amazing job of defusing a potentially nasty situation. Maybe it was my narcissistic side from my father rearing its ugly head, a side I'd known I had even before my big fat cock discovery, but I ordered, "Now bend over the washer, my sexy MILF slut."

"You bad boy," she purred, as smooth as you please.

"Jesus," Ben said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Don't use the Lord's name in vain!" Jasmine scolded, as I placed my hands on her hips to begin fucking her in a position that would be obvious even to the oblivious Ben.

"Is he *really* fucking you?" Ben asked.

"Wow," Maggie gasped, completely captivated by the live sex show, as I reached around and cupped both of Jasmine's breasts while I fucked her.

Ignoring Kevin, she moaned, answering his question in her own fashion, "Oh yes, Kevin, fuck me with that big, fat cock."

"Mom, for heaven's sake, stop doing that," Ben begged, looking totally bewildered, while standing less than two feet away, watching his naked, except the thigh highs of course, mother getting felt up and fucked.

"Just sit down and watch," Jasmine ordered.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me," Jasmine said. "Maybe you can learn a few things from Kevin."

"Yeah, right," Ben scoffed.

"Maggie, how often does Ben get you off?" Jasmine asked, as I squeezed her tits and continued fucking her.

"Mom!" Ben gasped.

"Be quiet. I'm interviewing your girlfriend about your suitability as a boyfriend," Jasmine said.

Maggie's face went red, so I assumed the answer was never, although her blush could have been from the embarrassment of having their sex life asked about by her boyfriend's fucking (literally at the moment) mother.

"How often does he, Maggie?" Jasmine repeated the question.

She watched me fucking Jasmine, completely avoiding looking towards Ben, who'd turned to look at her, and she whispered sheepishly, "Never."

"Maggie!" Ben said, exasperated.

"And how often does he eat your pussy?" Jasmine asked bluntly, and I was a little, actually a lot, in awe of Jasmine's brazen questions, and of her complete control over her son, all while she was behaving pretty much like a freeuse slut for me. Freeuse, I'd discovered one day while watching porn, is where a man is allowed to fuck his woman anytime, anywhere. Often even while other people are present and maybe watching the action. And everyone, including the coupling couple is carrying on a mundane conversation about grocery shopping or whatever, as if the fuckee didn't have a dick thrusting away inside her. The scripts are a little over the top, but overall the scenes are pretty hot. I realized that technically I had a few freeuse sluts in my own stable.

"Mom," Ben repeated, clearly stunned by the turn of events that had begun when he walked in on his calculus tutor eating his respectable schoolteacher

mother to a screaming orgasm.

"I told you to be quiet," Jasmine said tersely.

Ben glared at me as Maggie reported, "He did it once. For about ten seconds. Then he told me it was gross and never did it again."

"Ben!" Jasmine said, shocked. "Did you really tell your girlfriend her pussy was gross?"

"No, I said eating it was," he said, his anger shifting to humiliation.

"Same thing," she said, shaking her head in dismay.

"And I suppose he still expects you to suck his dick," Jasmine continued.

"Yes, Mrs. Walker," Maggie answered, getting a little more comfortable with answering these personal questions, since Jasmine obviously felt sympathetic to her.

"Does he expect you to swallow?"

"Unless he shoots it on my face," Maggie said.

"Ben, I really thought I'd raised you better than that," she said icily.

"Mom, I..." he began trying to defend himself.

"No, don't say a word. Any son of mine had damn well better eat pussy, and he'd better *fucking* understand the importance of giving pleasure to a woman!" she said angrily.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said sheepishly, as I pulled out of his mother and deliberately gave Maggie an excellent view of my big fat cock glistening with vaginal wetness.

"Don't apologise to *me*, beg for *Maggie's* forgiveness," Jasmine said disdainfully, as she turned around, squatted on the floor, and took my cock in her mouth.

Ben didn't see her doing that since he'd turned to look at Maggie, who was ignoring him and staring intensely at my cock.

"I'm sorry, Maggie," he said, while behind him, his Mom went to town on my cock.

"Oh yeah, suck it slut," I ordered, focusing on Maggie's curious obsession with my cock as I spoke.

Ben turned and saw his Mom sitting on her heels blowing me, and muttered, "Jesus Christ!"

"You've been told not to use the Lord's name in vain," I smirked, really enjoying this bizarre situation. Yes, he was a bit of an asshole. And yes, he was obviously a shitty boyfriend. But there were a lot bigger assholes out there than he was.

"Don't *you* start with me too," he threatened, as I gripped his Mom's head with both hands and began face fucking her.

"Ben, take some advice from me," I said while still fucking away.

"From *you*?" he scoffed.

"Yeah, because you need to know what a woman wants."

"And a nerd like you would know?" he scoffed again, in a tone that pissed me off... especially since I had my dick in his mother's mouth and my balls literally bouncing off her chin, as impressively, she swallowed my entire length. The point being that she was obviously loving every second of our 'intimate relations'.

"Yes," I said. "Your Mom for instance, needs a dominant man with a big cock, who can see past her strong-willed everyday demeanour, and not only recognise, but also satisfy her inner submissive side."

"Yeah, right," he said, as he finally noticed his Mom deep throating my cock.

"Slut, will you do whatever I tell you to, anytime, anyplace?" I asked, pulling my cock out of her digestive tract and again placing my fat shaft in clear view for Maggie to admire and get wet over.

"Yes, Kevin," Jasmine said, gazing up at me with that look of big cock lust I was by now accustomed to receiving, and I was receiving it at the moment from two women. "I'm your slut, and I'll gladly do *whatever* you want me to."

"Mom!" Ben repeated, sounding desperate.

"Maggie, please come here if you will," Jasmine said, ignoring her son as she turned to Maggie, and placed her hand on my cock to slowly begin stroking it.

"Mom!" Ben repeated, now sounding even more frustrated and even more helpless.

"Pull down your pants, Ben," the mother ordered.

"You want me to do *what?*" Ben gasped in disbelief, as I glanced at Maggie, who was clearly struggling between the temptation I was displaying before her eyes and any obligation she might owe to her boyfriend.

"Just fucking do it," Jasmine said with an edge and a sigh. "In fact, take them completely off, and show us your little wee-wee."

"But...."

"Right fucking *now!*" Jasmine ordered, with a ferocity that even scared me.

His eyes went big, yet he didn't say another word as he obeyed, and began to unbutton his jeans.

"And you Maggie, unless you'd rather not, come here," Jasmine said softly, with a 180° tonal shift to soft and motherly.

As Ben sheepishly got undressed, Maggie tentatively walked over to Jasmine and me... her eyes never drifting towards Ben, and never wavering

from constantly staring at my cock.

Ben's expression was nothing but devastation.

"Come and take a better look, honey," Jasmine said. "It's obvious you're fascinated by Master Kevin's big, fat cock."

"It's so big," Maggie said, staring at it like it was the Da Vinci of cocks, which it kind of was.

"Is mine bigger than your boyfriend's?" I asked, glancing at Ben, who was now down to his baggy boxers.

"*Way* bigger," Maggie breathed worshipfully, as she knelt beside Jasmine, her eyes still not leaving my cock for even an instant. I'm not going to lie, moments like this were almost better than sex! I felt like an Adonis, which I'd never even imagined feeling before my BFC epiphany.

"Underwear too, Ben," Jasmine ordered in a sharp tone.

"Mom, please," he said despairingly, completely humiliated by what had transpired and still was transpiring, plus having been outed as having a much smaller dick than mine. (Which was nice to know, since now I wouldn't need to buy a flashy car! Yuck yuck.)

"Now..." Jasmine crooned, her lovely voice once again caressing the very air, "...go ahead Maggie, stroke it."

Tears were welling in Ben's eyes as he pulled down his boxers to reveal a very small, yet very hard dick, as he watched his girlfriend reach out her tiny hand. And even including her thumb, she managed to wrap it only about a third of the way around my fat cock. Yeah, I know, sometimes it really *is* the thought that counts.

"Why are you so hard, Ben?" Jasmine asked.

"I don't know," he said, glancing down at his dick, obviously surprised to discover it was hard.

"Did you get hard from watching Mommy getting fucked by Kevin's big, fat cock?" she asked wickedly, while Maggie stroked my cock in awe, and was oblivious, I think, to the humiliation her tiny dicked boyfriend was experiencing.

"No," he denied, probably lying.

"No? Then is it from seeing your girlfriend stroking a much bigger dick than yours?" she continued, taking great pleasure in humiliating him. Although she'd written a number of sissy stories, and I'd read a couple of her cuckold stories out of curiosity, I hadn't come across any about a sissy son's mother guiding him through confronting his hidden demons... a future plot, perhaps.

"Mom," he said, tears beginning to stream down his face, while his dick was constantly flinching.

"Would you enjoy watching Maggie suck Kevin's monster fuck stick?" Jasmine asked wickedly, "I know I would," and just like I'd seen in a few hot gifs on Twitter, she pushed Maggie's head... ever so gently... towards my cock. And also just like in the gifs, Maggie opened her mouth in wordless submissive obedience, and took a short length of my cock between her pretty lips. Again it wasn't a lot, but she opened wide and did her very best, and did manage to envelop a few inches of it.

"Mom," Ben repeated like a broken record, shocked and defeated.

"Mom what? What are you asking for?" she asked. "You've been a consistent asshole to Kevin, even though he's been helping you to become an adequate student for weeks, and you've apparently *always* been a shitty boyfriend to Maggie."

"But... but this... this... *everything* that's happening here is wrong," he managed to blurt out, as Maggie began slowly bobbing on my cock, taking only a quarter of it into her mouth... yet because of the surreal situation of her doing it in front of her boyfriend, and being lovingly encouraged by Jasmine, it was still fucking hot.

"Remove the rest of your clothes, and then just stand there and watch," Jasmine said. "And don't touch that tiny dick of yours."

"Mom, please..." he pleaded.

"And stop crying. Only sissies cry. Man up," she said. I thought maybe she was venting her anger about her ex-husband onto him too... which made me wonder how and why their marriage had ended.

He wiped some tears from his eyes and began unbuttoning his shirt, as Jasmine turned back towards me and said, "Now Maggie, let me help you with that."

And while Maggie slowly sucked me, taking a little more every few bobs, Jasmine ministered to my balls, sucking them into her mouth one at a time.

The sensations of receiving a blow job that focused primarily on my cock head, as well as simultaneously getting my balls worshipped, quickly evoked my inevitable orgasm.

I glanced at Ben a few times, who was now naked and watching the action with a strange look on his face. Yes, I could see shock there; and yes, there was also humiliation; but I could also see fascination. His tiny dick remained hard as he watched his Mom and his girlfriend worshipping my dick.

When I knew I wouldn't last much longer, I pulled out and said, deciding to take control again, "Smile pretty for your facials, sluts."

I glanced at Ben, whose gaze was focussed on the sex act, although I couldn't tell if his focus was on my cock or his Mom or his girlfriend, but it certainly wasn't my face, as I stroked my cock, aiming it at my two luscious sluts

"Yes Kevin, coat my face with your big load," Jasmine said, licking her lips in a sexual way.

"Yes, Kevin," Maggie said in a lustful way, speaking for the first time with any passion, her insecurity and nervousness now vanished, "splatter your warm cum onto my face."

"Which one of you wants it?" I asked when I was only a few strokes away.

"Baptize *both* of your sluts," Jasmine suggested.

"Yes, use us as your cheap whores," Maggie added, as I slid my cock back into her mouth and gently face fucked her for a few strokes, making her gag slightly, with less than six inches sliding in and out of her mouth, before I pulled out at the last possible moment. and shot my first rope directly at her nose and right eye... while unfortunately her eyes were still open.

Rope two I aimed directly at Jasmine, right onto her cheek, and most of rope three soared into her open mouth.

The final two lesser cum bullets I redirected at Maggie, who had closed her eyes and mouth... bullet four landing on her lips, while the last rope landed on her chin, and some on her blue blouse.

I pushed my cock at her lips, so she opened up to take my cock back inside, along with some of the cum from her lips. Without instruction, like a good submissive, she slowly bobbed, nursing on my cock, getting any last remnants of cum out of my cannon.

"Maggie, you look so hot with that big load of cum all over your pretty face," Jasmine said a minute later when I pulled my cock out... already getting myself ready for round two, or round five for me since waking up today.

"Thanks, Mrs. Walker," she said, genuinely appreciating the compliment.

"Doesn't she look hot with Kevin's cum all over her face, Ben?" Jasmine asked, looking back at her son, to see he was stroking his dick.

"Yes, Mom," he answered, looking very ashamed, but clearly aroused.

"And I told you to not touch your dick without Mommy's permission," Jasmine reminded him, and hearing the word 'Mommy' coming from her lips after having read it so many times in her stories, was so fucking hot.

"Sorry, Mom," he said, taking his hand away from his dick.

"It's Mommy," Jasmine corrected.

"Yes, Mommy," he corrected himself sheepishly.

Jasmine then leaned forward and began French kissing Maggie.

"Holy shit!" I said, as Maggie kissed her back.

Ben's eyes once again went wide while his Mom made out with his girlfriend. After a minute or so, Jasmine pulled Maggie's sweater over her head, and carelessly tossed it aside.

"Why on earth would you hide those lovely big tits behind a bulky sweater?" Jasmine asked, as she reached behind the girl and unclasped her bra.

"I don't know," she said, surprised to find herself topless.

"Jasmine stood up, pulled Maggie's skirt down and off and said, "You really should begin wearing nylons like mine. They would really accentuate your legs and conceal how white they are."

"I don't tan at all," she admitted.

"I don't either," Jasmine said, "thus the nylons."

"Hop onto the washer, Maggie," I ordered, as Jasmine stripped the eighteen-year-old out of her sexy red thong, leaving her totally naked. She had such a lovely body... big boobs, tiny waist, generous muscular butt. And as she'd pointed out, very pale skin, much like Jasmine's.

"Okay," she said, still not once having looked even sideways towards Ben.

I hurried to help her, seizing the chance to cup her ass as I lifted her naked body into place.

With Maggie atop the machine, which was now vibrating wonderfully since it was beginning a spin cycle that I hoped would be a long one, Jasmine went to the pretty girl, spread her legs, and said, "Since my son won't do it, I guess I'd better do my best to make you happy." She didn't look the least bit unwilling to perform her self-assigned task, and I didn't think I'd be hearing the word 'gross' anytime soon.

And while Ben gasped in shock once again, my mouth also dropped open a little, as I watched Jasmine bury her face between Maggie's legs and start licking.

"Ooooooh," Maggie moaned loudly, as her pussy was licked, possibly for the first time. Or the first time it mattered, anyway.

Bent over and licking away, she was clearly begging for my dick, so I hurried behind her, positioned my cock at her pussy, and slid inside.

"Ooooooh yes, fuck me, Kevin," Jasmine moaned, while she didn't look back, but kept licking the teen's pussy.

"Please don't stop, Mrs. Walker," Maggie moaned, looking directly into my eyes, while I began fucking Jasmine from behind.

"You have a delicious pussy, Maggie," Jasmine complimented. "I can't believe my son hasn't been dining on this tasty twat morning, day and night."

"Thank you, Mrs. Walker," Maggie said, still acting perfectly polite throughout this erotic encounter.

"Anytime you need this ripe pussy licked, just come on over, and I'll be more than happy to serve as your pet pussy licker," Jasmine offered.

"Really?" Maggie moaned loudly, by now all three of us completely ignoring Ben.

"Yes," Jasmine said, looking up at her. "I've been dying to have a pretty young thing willing to use me for her plaything."

"Plaything?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Walker is submissive," I explained. "She needs two things to keep her happy: a man to bend her over and fuck her, and a sweet high school girl to help her explore her bisexual side by sitting on her face, fucking her with a strap-on, and generally using her for... *your*... own pleasure."

"Really?" Maggie asked.

"Yes, Maggie, I'll gladly be your Mommy pet anytime you want," Jasmine said between licks.

"I think you should take her for a test drive right now... just tell her what to do... whatever you want," I urged, as I began fucking my newest slut harder... just as the washer began to vibrate even harder.

"Oooooooh, umm... eat my pussy, you... slut," Maggie said experimentally, adding the word 'slut' as an afterthought, and her approach sounded a bit awkward.

"Yes, Maggie, Mommy will be your cunt-licking pet slut," Jasmine said, sounding just like many of her characters... the only difference being that this wasn't some novice submissive finally summoning up enough nerve to cross the line, but a veteran fantasizer's long held fantasy finally coming to fruition. Yes, Jasmine had been Mrs. Grady's pet for who knew how long, and maybe Tamara's too, but the Grady gals were old hands at this scene, while Maggie was dipping her toes into uncharted waters for the very first time.

"She's longed for a young and inexperienced girl to be her Mistress for many years," I said, as I began fucking her faster.

"Oooooooh," Maggie moaned, Jasmine's hungry licking which was mixed, I assumed, with the intense vibrations of the washing machine really

enhancing her pleasure. "Don't stop, slut!" Maggie added, kind of getting the hang of it.

"No I won't, Mistress Maggie," Jasmine moaned, both from my hard fucking and from hearing the 'S' word aimed at her by a novice for the first time in real life I assumed... although I hadn't a clue.

"Eat my cunt, you nasty slut," Maggie ordered, her orgasm close, and this new sexual side of her testing its wings.

"Mmmmmmm," Jasmine moaned upon hearing the order, and I was impressed by Maggie's transformation, which had shifted her from cute to hot in a heartbeat.

"You like watching your Mom doing your job for you, don't you, you Sorry Sissy?" Maggie asked fiercely, this transformation awakening enough fortitude in her to stand up to her boyfriend as well.

"Maggie," he whined, uttering a single word yet again in shock, frustration or exasperation. Probably all three.

"Answer the fucking question," Maggie snapped.

"Yes I do," he admitted, and I smiled, very impressed by the sudden shift in Maggie. Maybe she was a switch, or maybe, very much like me, a new sexual confidence had awakened inside her, since her kink had just been allowed to come out and play for the first time.

"Oh God, your Mom eats pussy so fucking good," Maggie moaned, her eyes boring right into him now... the polar opposite of her shy, meek demeanour of just a few minutes ago.

"Get your Mistress off, Jasmine," I ordered, as I kept pounding her from behind.

"Yes, Master," Jasmine responded, the hierarchy of power being made abundantly clear. Me at the top of course, and then Maggie, then Jasmine, and finally the pitiful guy Maggie had just named 'Sorry Sissy'. Or maybe

the name wasn't permanent; she was welcome to change her mind whenever she wished.

"Oh yes, fuck, your Mom is my pet pussy licker, Ben," Maggie sang out, her eyes remaining on his, while she grabbed the back of Jasmine's head and pulled it deeper into her wetness.

"Come all over her face," I urged.

"I want that humongous dick inside me next," she told me, grinding her hips a little against Jasmine's wet face.

So now she was ordering *me* around? Okay, I didn't have to be top dog *all* the time. "It will be my pleasure, Mistress Maggie." I said compliantly, glancing back at Ben, who was in a complete daze... and his dick was still hard.

"You hear that Ben?" Maggie said. "I'm going to let Kevin fuck me, and you're going to watch him make me come like gangbusters!"

Ben didn't say anything... he just remained slumped forward like the bereft cuckold he now was. My unvoiced question was: was he enjoying this? Enjoying being humiliated? Enjoying seeing his Mom, and soon his girlfriend getting fucked? His lack of any protesting against her proclamation about my fucking her implied that he was, although I suppose it could also be him being completely defeated after the past twenty minutes or so of utter humiliation not only by his girlfriend, but also by his mother unexpectedly emerging from her longstanding cocoon of respectable schoolteacher, and suddenly transformed into the butterfly of a wild and crazy slut!

"Oh yeah, slut Jasmine, eat me, suck on my clit," Maggie exhorted her pet, clearly about to come.

"Come all over our sluttiest slut's face," I added, making sure I remained part of this kinky threesome... which wasn't quite as kinky as my threesome had been with my Mom and Ms. Chan, but was still pretty wild.

"Oh fuck Ben, your Mom is getting me off," Maggie said, then added wickedly in spite, "which you never did."

"He couldn't, with that dick," I added, glancing back at him and his tiny less than pint-sized penis.

"Oh yes, oh fuck, I'm... I'm... I'm... fuuuuuuuck," Maggie babbled, not even able to finish the sentence as her orgasm hit. Her facial expressions during the last few seconds before her orgasm were priceless. A look of complete bewilderment on her face, and it was obvious she'd never felt such pleasure before... for indeed Ben had never gotten her off... and if she masturbated, her orgasms from flying solo would have been nowhere near the pleasure Jasmine was giving her right now. As her orgasm struck, she closed her eyes and her entire body quaked... her larger than I would have thought tits shaking around like a small earthquake tremor... the vibrations from the washing machine likely adding something extra to her completely climactic bliss.

I kept fucking Jasmine.

Jasmine kept licking Maggie, assuredly enjoying the sweet nectar of a teen girl's cum.

It was a minute later, perhaps longer, when Maggie opened her eyes and said, gazing at me with a lust I'd never get used to, but always greatly enjoyed, "Kevin, I want you to fuck me now."

"Sure," I said. And resuming control, I instructed the two women, "Jasmine, hop onto the washer and spread your legs. Maggie, it's your turn to chow down a healthy, organic, homemade snack."

As I pulled out of Jasmine, and Jasmine assisted Maggie off of the washing machine, we prepared to arrange ourselves into our new configuration.

"Boy Toy," Maggie asked, "Do you want to watch me eat your Mom's pussy while Kevin gives me the fucking of my life with his huge cock?"

"Maggie," he said, his tone now pleading.

"Once Kevin has unloaded his load in my pussy, *and* you've sucked it out and swallowed it down, I'll allow you to come," Maggie decreed, stalking over to him to glare in his face. "And until then, still no touching your widdle dick."

"Ooooooooooh," he groaned, twitched, and then spewed his load all over Maggie and the floor. But he hadn't touched his dick.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Maggie snapped, backing away from him.

"S-s-sorry," he stammered, once again completely humiliated.

Maggie swiped some cum off her leg and flicked it at his face, before turning around, stalking over to Mrs. Walker and ordering, "Come here, Ben."

Ben wordlessly... sheepishly... shambled over.

"For that disgusting, pathetic lack of self-control, *you* shall insert Kevin's huge fat cock in my pussy, and then *you* shall kneel right next to us and watch him fuck me the way *you* never could with your tiny dick," Maggie ordered with a spitefulness that proved there were more reasons for her bitterness towards him than just the wild revelations of the last half hour or so.

"Maggie, please," he pleaded, utterly defeated and shamed.

"Just do as your fucking told, while I eat your Mom's pussy, which I'm pretty sure isn't gross," Maggie said. "Kevin, by any stretch of the imagination could you describe our favourite pet's hairless pussy as gross?"

"Far from it," I replied with total honesty. "You'll love it."

She then looked up at Jasmine, who was by now sitting on the washing machine with her legs spread welcomingly. "I've always been curious about going down on a woman."

"Like Kevin said, you'll love it," Jasmine assured her, as I went to stand behind Maggie.

I wasn't all that sure I wanted another guy touching my dick, but in the spirit of this multi-person and hopefully therapeutic cuckolding-fest which I was taking such an active part in, I decided to put up with it.

Maggie licked Jasmine briefly and said, "Wow Ben, your Mom tastes amazing! Why the fuck wouldn't you want to lick pussy?"

"In my experience so far, every pussy is delicious," I testified. "Although I could be wrong, since I've never sampled anyone's who smoked." And my dick was now ready to slide inside my newest pet. Or maybe inside my newest Mistress, whichever.

Ben looked at his Mom, and then at his girlfriend, then back at me, and then at my dick... looking completely forlorn and lost.

"Stick that big fat dick in my pussy," Maggie demanded.

"Go ahead son, give your girlfriend the kind of dick you never can wield yourself," Jasmine said, Ben's humiliation compounding humiliation.

Wordlessly he grasped my dick, his hand trembling as he did, and he guided it to his girlfriend's pussy.

"Shove it in," Maggie said, looking back.

He placed it dead centre against her wetness, and I pushed myself forward.

"Oooooooh," Maggie moaned, "it's so fucking fat."

"If you like that, wait until it's all the way inside," I smiled smugly, as I kept going deeper inside her excessively wet pussy.

"Fuuuuck," Maggie moaned, looking at Ben. "Knees, dickhead. And watch closely."

The defeated boyfriend lowered himself to his knees, as my entire dick disappeared inside her.

"Now fuck me Kevin, fuck me like I'm just some cheap slut," Maggie said, looking directly at me.

"As you wish, bitch," I acknowledged, "and I mean that in the best possible way," before she turned back to Jasmine and began licking in earnest.

My hands were on her hips, but in a location so Ben would have an excellent view of the penetration. I then began fucking her. Not yet hammering away, but giving her nice, smooth, medium paced strokes.

"Oh fuck, it's so fucking good," Maggie moaned.

"My pussy or Kevin's dick?" Jasmine asked, smiling at me.

"Both," Maggie replied.

"And you've never eaten pussy before?" Jasmine asked.

"Just a few seconds at a hotel for a dare," Maggie said.

"Tell us more," Jasmine said.

"We were playing Truth or Dare a few weeks ago after we won sort of a six-girl beach volleyball game against Tamara Grady and two of her friends from college. I was rooming with Becky and Jane," Maggie said. "Jane dared me to lick Becky for ten seconds, so I did."

"Nice," Jasmine said, as I tried to envision it... although I had no idea who Becky or Jane were.

"Faster, Kevin," Maggie demanded. "I want you to pound the living shit out of me."

"That will require a different hole," I joked, as I obliged the spirit of her request.

"I don't think you're quite ready for that," Jasmine chuckled.

"God, no," Maggie agreed.

"Although a good ass fucking is pretty amazing," Jasmine said, looking at me and maybe offering me some back door action in the near future; I wasn't sure.

"Oh God, Kevin, harder," Maggie moaned.

"You like it rough, slut?" I asked.

"Fucking yeah, I've never had a *real* man fuck me before," she said, taking another pot shot at Ben.

"You'll be wanting to come back for more," I said, as I began slamming into her.

"Having your dick in my mouth was a lot of work, but I'll take your dick in my cumquat anytime," Maggie moaned, and then the next few minutes were just sex.

Maggie licked Jasmine while the washer kept vibrating.

I hammered Maggie from behind.

Both women's moans echoed through the basement.

Luckily, my having unloaded already today in my Mom, then Mrs. Grady, then Mrs. Baker, and also on these two women's pretty faces earlier, I had a fair amount of stamina before I'd be depositing load five... which Maggie had already requested I unleash in her pussy, and I was more than willing to do.

"Fuck, eat my cunt, you hungry slut," Jasmine growled out of the blue, so perhaps the Mistress-pet hierarchy wasn't as clear as I'd thought, as she grabbed Maggie's head and roughly held it against her pussy.

As I slammed into Maggie, making her face crash into Jasmine's pussy, while the MILF ground her body back against the girl's face... wrapping her legs around her back... she gazed into my eyes... which was so hot... a gaze of complete euphoria, but also a thank you.

I nodded and watched, enjoying the sight of a woman just letting go and giving in to the raw lust and pleasure surging through her body. "Oh fuck, yes, slut, lick me, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuck!"

Her orgasm tore through her, so either Maggie must have been a quick learner, or else the washing machine had enhanced her pleasure to an amazing level.

Jasmine released Maggie's head, and her legs fell to both sides, while Maggie kept licking, her head pivoting back and forth and up and down in her lustful hunger... I guessed Maggie would be officially bi from this day forward.

A few dozen hard strokes later, Maggie came up for air and told me, "I want to ride you now."

"Sure," I agreed, pulling out and looking down at the floor, which was hard concrete.

But Jasmine just grabbed a laundry basket of folded clothes and scattered them across the floor in a soft pile saying, "Lie on Ben's clean clothes."

I moved them around a little for even more comfort, then laid my head on a couple of bulky sweaters, my cock standing erect in salute, as Maggie straddled me and dropped... a little too roughly... onto my cock... taking it all in, even though I was a bit winded.

Resting her hands on my thighs, she began riding me reverse cowgirl and asked Ben, who was kneeling right in front of her, "Don't you love the sight of a real man fucking me?"

"Yes, actually," he admitted; I couldn't see him at all, but his tone sounded less shameful now, and more like relieved acceptance.

"Do you want Kevin to come inside me?" She asked.

"Yes please," he requested. It appeared that today's totally unforeseen turn of events was finally turning him on. Or he was finally coming to terms

with it.

"Hear that Kevin?" Maggie chortled as she rode me like a real cowgirl. "You can shoot your load inside me."

"I wasn't *going* to ask his permission," I said, wanting to reassert that I was the one in charge here. "I'll come wherever I please."

"Yes of course, Master," Maggie agreed happily, "but if you please, Master, unload in my pussy. I want to feel your big, fat cock twitch and explode inside me."

"Sure, slut," I said, and I began bucking my hips up to meet her downward bounces.

"Mother fucker!" she screamed as I reached new depths deep inside her pussy.

"Yes, pretty often these days," I admitted enigmatically, and we'd been fucking each other for only a minute before she was going ballistic.

"Oh fuck... yes... so big!... fuck... a *real* man!... cock... fuck... yes... yes... fuck!" she babbled for over a minute, before her second orgasm raged through her.

I'd been close for a while, holding back for as long as I could, but as her orgasm ripped through her and she collapsed forward onto Ben's chest, and my dick slid out of her, I pushed her down onto him, thus forcing his back down to the floor, and then I pulled her ass up, and slid back into her flooding pussy.

"Oh fuuuuuuck," she moaned weakly, as I pounded her from behind.

"Come in her pussy," Jasmine encouraged me from her perch, still sitting on the washing machine.

"Yes, fill me right up," Maggie agreed mindlessly, her orgasm still sending shock waves of pleasure through her.

A few more strokes and I did just that, my load number five of this blessed Sunday shooting deep inside Maggie.

"Yes Ben, he just came in my pussy," Maggie announced, as I continued pumping cum inside her.

Once I was spent, I slowed down and then pulled out. Jasmine had just gotten off the washer, which had finally completed its dual purposes of washing clothes and getting women off. She dropped in front of me and offered, "Let me clean off that dick for you," and then she took my cock back into her mouth.

And then the day of surprises continued, when Maggie repositioned her body to straddle Ben's face and ordered, "Clean up my cream pie, Bitch Boy!"

My eyes went wide, even though I couldn't see Ben's face. But since I didn't hear her giving him any shit for noncompliance, he must have been eating my cum out of his girlfriend's well fucked pussy. Her complete transformation today from meek geek to sexy switch was fucking wild!

For a couple minutes Jasmine blew me slowly, while Ben ate his first cream pie... and did it without any complaint or mention of the word 'gross'!

Jasmine said, getting off her knees, "You still owe me a good fucking... one on one."

"I'll make sure that happens," I said.

"And I'm curious to know what that big, fat cock will feel like when you stick it up my ass," she added.

"*That* I want to see!" Maggie said, still sitting on Ben's face.

"That too can be arranged," I agreed.

"Don't fuck her ass without me being there," Maggie said.

"I'll see what I can do," I said, my dance card... I mean fuck card... was getting more and more filled up. "Plus, I think someone else will look good with nine-and-a-half inches of fat cock stuffed up their ass."

"You mean Ben?" she asked with a wicked smile.

"I have a couple of strap-on dicks handy if you want to peg him," Jasmine offered.

"Can we do it right now?" Maggie asked, suddenly excited.

"You're the Mistress," Jasmine shrugged.

"Let's go to your bedroom, Ben," Maggie said, clearly excited. "Kevin, do you want to come and watch?"

"Naaah," I said. "Not my thing."

"Okay," she shrugged.

"Let's go, Ben," Maggie said, jumping to her feet and tugging his hand.

He looked dazed, and he didn't make eye contact with anyone, but he obediently followed his girlfriend upstairs for his pegging... I assumed his first of many.

"Do you have time to drop one more load inside a dirty slut with literary pretensions?" Jasmine asked me.

I looked at my watch, shrugged, and said, "I can make the time."

So after making a quick side trip to deliver a couple of strap-ons to Mistress Maggie, Jasmine joined me in her bedroom.

And then following thirty minutes of fucking my favourite writer (aka filthy slut) in a dozen positions in her bed, while Maggie ass fucked Ben in his room... his whimpers a complete hoot for the rest of us... I unloaded one last load of the afternoon... in my Slut Jasmine's pussy.

Finally dressed, and really needing a rest after my marathon fuck session, I kissed Jasmine's lips, slapped her ass, and said, "Next time I'm fucking this fine MILF ass."

"Anytime, Master," she agreed.

"And like you offered to do earlier, I do think you should write my story for your fans," I suggested.

"Then you'd need to spend lots of time with me to tell me your story," she pointed out.

"A pleasure. And I'm sure we can take some breaks, too," I smiled. "While we... you know... re-enact various scenes so you can describe them accurately.

"And it will need to be a series, which we can call Big Fat Cock," she suggested.

"Great title," I said, thinking it could eventually become a very lengthy series.

"I do come up with great titles," she said.

I slapped her ass once more and said, "I'll send you a list of my conquests."

"Yes, Master," she said.

I smiled as I strolled out. Maggie called out, after I waved to her and noticed Ben was now sucking her cock, "Get in here, slut." Knowing it was Jasmine she was summoning, I kept walking.

I smiled at how my simple conquest today had transitioned into a completely new world for Jasmine and the others. She now had the young Mistress she'd forever longed for. And Maggie, now that she'd discovered her sexual identity... or rather her two identities, since she was a switch... would be able to dominate and dick Ben (instead of those useless attempts at the other way around), could dominate Jasmine, and still be submissive to me... at least most of the time. And even Ben could find a modicum of

happiness, if only with a vague resemblance to the puffed up, insensitive and useless man he had once been.

I headed home, with a few hours to rest up before my next marathon fuck session this evening... boning Mrs. Grady for a second time, maybe my Mom again, and one brand new conquest... the chocolate beauty Tamara.

THE END

Coming next:

Big Fat COCK : Effing Threesome

Kevin uses Mrs. Grady and her daughter in an evening's kinky threesome. Or maybe foursome.

And maybe....

Big Fat Cock : Elderly Need Dick Too

Kevin attends Mrs. Baker's Tuesday night games night where he is the centerpiece in a reverse gangbang with women over the age of 65.

Other possibilities include:

BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy

His maternal aunt and grandmother discover his BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Gloryhole Power

His cock is popular at school gloryhole.

BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy

Kevin has a great weekend touring the university.

Including Portia fulfilling her wish of having her father/son DP. Plus other adventures with her hot coed besties, of course.

BIG FAT COCK: Hot Principal

Kevin's BIG fat cock dominates bitchy principal. (I have no idea how this will happen yet...)

But then again, perhaps Kevin gets caught balling a cheerleader in a classroom, Principal calls in Mom and son for a conference, Principal drops the bombshell, but is stunned when Mom deliberately jumps to the wrong conclusion by asking, "And you were jealous? Don't worry sweetheart, we can *both* help you with that!" She then flows into the Principal's arms, begins kissing her, Kevin reveals that his sword is mightier than any academic pen, and matters proceed from there.

BIG FAT COCK: Hungry Nana

Kevin decides to seduce his previously off-limits Dad's Mom... his Nana.

BIG FAT COCK: Jasmine's Daughter

Kevin is caught with cock in Mrs. Walker's ass by her daughter and well....

BIG FAT COCK: Lab Partner

Kevin creates special chemistry with virgin cheerleader (or cute nerd)

BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher Tumbles

His BIG fat cock turns lesbian teacher Ms. Watson into eager cock sucker.

BIG FAT COCK: Maggie's Friends

A bunch of high school nerds give Kevin his second reverse gangbang.

BIG FAT COCK: Mom's College Friend

His BIG fat cock seduces the psychologist he is seeing.

BIG FAT COCK: The Happy Ending

Kevin finds a girl who loves him for himself and not just for his BIG fat cock, but also his BFC.

Other ideas?

Share away....

Big Fat Cock: Effing Foursome

Summary: Kevin enjoys Mrs. Grady, her daughter and his own Mom.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first story, and it isn't in this one either... but perhaps in a few more chapters. (This series is already very long, but I ain't done yet!)

Note 2: This is the eighth part in a lengthy series about a nerd's discovery of the power having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power, as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin taking his mother's last forbidden hole while having some fun with a kinky roleplay. It also has Kevin learning more about his mother's slut past, and it sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor and talented cock sucker Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other holes.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun has Kevin, with the help of his submissive mother, giving his paraplegic sexual advisor an amazing sex filled birthday.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader has Kevin feeling a little insecure about scoring a girl on his own. After a lengthy discussion with guru Ms. Chan, he uses his BFC to seduce and dominate a hot blonde.

BIG FAT COCK: Eating Asian has Kevin meeting Ms. Chan's visiting niece from Japan, with whom he not only practices his oral skills, but also takes her virginity. That night at her hotel, he dines on three Japanese pussies and fucks the three Japanese beauties during his first foursome.

BIG FAT COCK: Ebony Sinners, where after a morning wake-up blow job and fucking from his Mom, Kevin engages in two wicked encounters while they're at church. First, a rendezvous as the service starts with one of his pets who is the Minister's wife Mrs. Grady in the preacher's office, and then after learning the identities of a few of Mrs. Grady's lesbian church going pets, he is surprised to be called back to Minister Grady's office for an anal encounter with eighty-year-old black choir leader Mrs. Baker.

BIG FAT COCK: Educating Mrs. Walker, where Kevin seduces a teacher in her home when he's supposed to be tutoring her asshole son, and he ends up also fucking the son's girlfriend and cucking him while he fucks the son's mother and his girlfriend.

Note 3: Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for editing this story.

Note 4: Please note this was released a few days ago and pulled as I sent in the first draft that was unedited. This now is draft three. I apologize for my editor who took heat for mistakes that were completely mine. I hope you like this version better.

Big Fat Cock: Effing Foursome

How many guys can say they've dropped nine loads in seven different women (plus a double facial) in less than twelve hours, while never even going near an orgy?

Mom before breakfast with a blow job and a morning fuck that culminated with my load in her pussy.

Then later at church, I got a blow job and fuck combo twice.

First Mrs. Grady, who I fucked while her husband was in the pulpit preaching about whatever the fuck he preached about, before I deposited a load deep in her pussy, and then ordered her to go into the service with my cum leaking into her panties.

And then while I was still at church, and after a brief reprieve, like fifteen minutes, which is more than enough time for a guy like me to reload and be

ready for more, I scored a surprise anal fuck from the eighty-year-old Mrs. Baker, who demanded I plug her ass, which I generously did, including unloading a load deep into her bowels before she returned late to lead the choir through the concluding hymns of the service... my cum likely leaking out of her big black ass.

After a brief reprieve (in other words, a nap) from my constant dick worshiping from older women, I seduced Mrs. Walker in her home, which culminated in a wild threesome with her son's girlfriend while he watched helplessly. I unleashed three loads during our seventy-minute marathon: one on both of their faces, another in Maggie's pussy before she made her boyfriend eat the cream pie (which was wickedly hot), and a final load in Mrs. Walker's pussy, following a marathon fuck session in a wide range of positions... some of which she said she might see if she could use in a future story. She even agreed to write my own sex story, chronicling my journey from being a nobody to the stud I am today... and the one I'll be tomorrow, once I get there (which you're now reading, and it's now eight parts strong).

So the God of sex Eros continued smiling down on me, like when I pulled into my driveway after grabbing a sub at Subway (I'd just started eating healthier, since these days I was frequently seen naked), I saw my next door neighbor Mrs. Dieks wearing a flower patterned sundress and grabbing groceries from her vehicle.

I walked over and asked, gentleman that I could be when I was in the mood, "Need a hand, slut?"

"Kevin!" she gasped, since I'd spoken rather loud.

"What?" I asked, now closer to her. "You're *not* my slut?"

"Yes of course I am, but please don't say it in public," she whispered, her cheeks bright red.

"That sounds to me like you're suffering from anxiety. Maybe I should cure that for you by bending you over your car and slamming my big fat cock up your asshole; that should get you past it," I said, now standing right in front of her.

"Kevin, please," she begged.

"Is your husband home?" I asked.

"No, but he will be soon," she said, looking around every which way to see if anyone was watching us.

Being aggressive, wanting to humiliate her, to push her, I reached my hand under her dress and rubbed her pussy for a few seconds, ordering her, "Don't move."

"Keviiiiin," she moaned, mortified she was being molested in her driveway. Yet like the obedient slut she was, she obeyed me, and didn't struggle at all.

"Miss me, slut?" I asked, sliding a finger into her.

"Yes," she admitted shamefacedly, biting her lip while looking around.

"Are you *ashamed* of being my three-hole fuck toy?" I taunted, having no respect for her, and seeing her as nothing more than a convenient cum deposit.

"No," she said.

I opened her car door, perched on the seat with my feet resting on the ground, and ordered, "Come here and suck me."

"Right *here*?" she asked, as I fished my cock out for her... wanting to see if I could push her into sucking me in her driveway... with just enough coverage that it would be unlikely we'd be obvious to anyone.

"I can stand in the driveway if that would be more comfortable for you," I offered.

"No, no," she said, staring at my cock with the usual mindless bimbo mindset she always had around me. "Here's good."

She looked around one more time before she bent over and took my cock into her mouth.

"Good. *There's* my hungry slut," I moaned, loving to push her further and further into her nastily complete submission to me.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned as she bobbed hungrily.

I warned, in case she thought she could work my dick quickly over and over and get my load, before escaping into her house, "I've already come seven times today, so if you think this will be quick, you're mistaken."

"Then can we please take this inside?" she begged.

Having pushed her enough for now, I agreed, "Sure we can, cum dump."

"Thank you," she said, ignoring the way I'd just insulted her, and was instead thankful for the chance to worship my dick in private.

As she stood up, I put my dick away just as a neighbour showed up.

As I got out of the car, Mrs. Moore, a partner in a law firm, a Spanish woman with big tits, big ass and really pretty, who was married to a complete asshole who was also a lawyer, said, "Hi, Karen; are you okay?"

"W-w-what?" Mrs. Dieks stammered, looking completely guilty.

I stepped out of the car, and Mrs. Moore looked at me, clearly perplexed.

"Hi, Mrs. Moore," I greeted, not acting like it was all weird to be getting out of Mrs. Dieks' car.

"Hi, Kevin," she smiled back, the smile just killer.

"I think your Bluetooth works now," I said, slyly covering for the red-faced and nervous Mrs. Dieks.

"Thank you, K-K-Kevin," Mrs. Dieks stammered, still not seeming very convincing that she hadn't been caught doing something scandalous.

"No problem," I said, grabbing two bags from her trunk. "I'll take these in for you."

"Aren't you a gentleman," Mrs. Moore said.

"I can be," I shrugged, and then planting just the subtlest hint of a seed, "although I can also be a pretty big dick. Can't I Mrs. Dieks?"

"Y-y-yes," Mrs. Dieks stammered, clearly not someone who'd be able to lie in court.

"Want to come over for coffee?" Mrs. Moore asked her as I began walking away.

"Sure," Mrs. Dieks said. "Just give me a few minutes to put my groceries away."

"Of course," she said, and then I was no longer within earshot... before I realized the obvious... I didn't have a key to get in the house.

A moment later, carrying two more bags, Mrs. Dieks walked up to me, and as she unlocked the door, she asked, a complete mess, "Do you think she knows?"

"That you're a fucking cheap slut, or that you were just sucking my dick?" I asked, really loving to talk shit to her.

"Either," she said, as she opened the door.

"No idea," I said. "So you and Mrs. Moore don't fuck each other?"

"What? No!" she denied as we went into her house.

"I'll be giving her some back shots soon," I said, confident that was a doable thing to predict, as we walked into the kitchen. After placing my bags on the counter, I snapped my fingers and pointed to the floor.

"My husband could get home any minute," she said.

"Do you think I give a fuck?" I asked. "Do you want my big fat cock or not?"

"Yes," she said with a heavy sigh, and she dropped in front of me and fished out my cock.

"You understand I have a lot of other women who want this dick?" I asked rhetorically, as she freed my cock.

"I imagine," she said, as she took my cock into her mouth.

"So you'd better stop questioning me and do as you're fucking told," I said, pulling my dick out of her mouth and asking, as I slapped her face with my cock, "Is that understood?"

"Yes, Kevin," she acknowledged. "I'll be an obedient slut for you."

"Good," I said, as I slid my cock back into her mouth and began face fucking her. I didn't really need to drop another load... I had a sure thing tonight, and also a pretty sure new slut for tonight... but I was in the mood to dominate and humiliate this bitch.

I slammed my whole cock into her mouth for not even a dozen strokes, when her phone rang.

I pulled out and said, "Answer it."

She stood up and pulled her phone out of her purse. The frightened look on her face was hilarious!

"Who is it?" I asked.

"My Mom."

"Answer it," I repeated and added, "put it on speakerphone." She gave me a look of 'please no', but after I'd just told her I expected complete obedience, and she'd just agreed, she sighed and answered it on speakerphone.

"Hi, Mom," she said, as I spun her around, pulled up her dress, and slid my dick into her as usual very wet pussy. It wasn't wet at all when I'd touched her in the driveway. Crazy how just the idea of my cock, or of sucking my

cock, could get a woman soaking wet... just another aspect of the magic of BFC.

"What are you doing, honey?" A soft-spoken woman asked.

"Just got back from the grocery store," she answered, as I put my hands on her wide hips and began fucking her good... knowing she'd be unable to stifle her moans.

"Did you pick up the almond milk I suggested?" she asked. From the very beginning, this conversation was so boring and typical... which made my fucking her daughter right then even hotter.

"I forgot," Mrs. Dieks answered, covering her mouth after she did.

"Jesus, Karen," the mother sighed. "You need to start listening to me. Almond milk is way better for you than anything from some dairy animal."

"I know, Mom," she said mildly, as I kept pounding her from behind, giving her the back shots I was imagining giving to Mrs. Moore one day soon.

"You always say you know, and then you never actually do it."

"I promise I'll buy some later this week," Mrs. Dieks said, although she was struggling to speak with a normal voice.

"Good," she said. "Have you spoken with your sister recently?"

"Not since last week," she answered, and I now slammed into her so our bodies collided, making the undeniable sounds of two people fucking.

"What was that noise?" the Mom asked.

"There's a window open," Mrs. Dieks lied. "And it's windy outside."

"It's loud; sounds like it's right near you."

"No, *that* noise is the construction they're doing next door," the MILF I was hammering away at made up, and then she showed a sense of sly humour I

hadn't known she had, "He's really hammering away."

"Well, make sure they follow the city bylaws for the times they're allowed to start and stop," she said.

"It's only one carpenter, and I'm pretty sure he'll be finished well before evening," she said, looking back at me, smiling.

I smiled back, and shrugged as I kept hammering away at her greedy hole.

"Oh, and the reason for my call?"

"Yessss?" Mrs. Dieks responded with the slightest hint of a moan... since she was getting turned on by getting fucked while she was on the phone.

"I'll be coming over for Thanksgiving."

"Oh, she certainly will be," I said in a normal voice, "over and over," the idea of fucking Mrs. Dieks' Mom, who I didn't recall ever seeing or meeting... but I was discovering that older MILFs were beginning to be my thing. They were all so needy... so obedient... so willing... such good sluts, and appreciative of my big fat cock.

"Who's talking?" The mother asked.

"The television," Mrs. Dieks responded, looking at me with shock.

"But that too sounded like it was right near your phone," she said.

"Sorry, I just turned it on," the slut adlibbed.

I asked, "Do you think she'll succumb to my BFC too?"

"Well, turn it down," she said. "And what's a BFC?"

"I-I-I don't know," Mrs. Dieks stammered, getting flustered by my embarrassing input.

"You're acting really weird," the Mom said.

"I guess I am; I'm a little preoccupied," Mrs. Dieks said.

I slapped her ass hard for using the word 'little' in my BFC presence.

"Sorry; I mean that I'm *big time* preoccupied," she corrected herself.

"By what?" the Mom asked, as I pulled out and decided to use only her pussy juice for lube while I sodomized this bitch.

"The hammeriiiiiiiiing, holy fuuuuuuuck," she howled, as I slid my cock into her incredibly tight asshole.

"Karen!" The mother cried out, horrified.

"Sooooooooorrrry," Karen moaned, as my entire cock disappeared inside her ass.

"What's gotten into you?" the Mom asked.

"Nothing, Mom, I've got to go now," Mrs. Dieks gasped, hanging up on her mother as I began seriously fucking her ass.

"You asshole," she accused, turning back to me angrily.

"No, I'm *inside* your asshole," I corrected. "Plus, I was being nice. I could have ordered you to *beg* me to fuck your asshole while your mother was still listening."

"True," she said.

"So what do you want?" I asked, stopping while still buried deep in her ass.

"I want my asshole fucked."

"Then beg," I ordered.

"Please Kevin, fuck your dirty slut's asshole before my husband gets home," she begged, her voice so urgent. One thing she was good at was being a slut.

"And if he arrives while my dick is lodged up your shit hole?" I asked, as I began fucking her ass hard... this wasn't a romantic fuck... this was strictly about my dominating and demeaning her.

"Then so what? *You* own all my holes, not him," she declared.

"Which means?" I asked.

"That I'll always do whatever you tell me, no matter what," she answered with a moan of acceptance.

"Good slut," I said. As I hammered away, I asked, "Is your Mom hot?"

"What?" She asked, completely flummoxed by the question.

"Is your Mom hot?" I repeated.

"I don't know," she answered. "I've never looked at her that way."

"I think I'll be sure to stop by and introduce myself when she comes for Thanksgiving," I said.

"Oh, Kevin, no!"

I pulled out and said, "I thought we'd already made this clear: whenever I'm around, you fucking have no opinions."

"But she's my *mother!*"

"So?" I dismissed. "I'm sure she's a nasty slut, too."

"I can't even *imagine* that!"

As I slid back into her asshole, I asked, "Would she believe her daughter would ever get fucked by a chubby eighteen-year-old in her own house while she was talking to her mother and expecting her husband home soon?"

"God, no!"

"Exactly," I said. "All older women are sluts for big fat cock."

"But not my Mom."

"Glad to hear it. Challenge accepted," I smiled as I sodomized her.

"That's not what I meant," she said, suddenly realizing what we'd both said.

"Regardless, I'm going to turn your Mom into a big fat cock slut just like her daughter," I said as I really reamed her.

"Oh, God," she moaned.

"Yeah, a Mom and daughter team of cum sluts," I continued, knowing she was close. "Think she takes dick up her asshole too?"

"Oh, Kevin," she moaned.

"Stop pretending. You *want* me to fuck your mother, you nasty slut," I said, pounding her as hard as I could.

"Nooooooooo," she replied, although her loud moans betrayed her real feelings.

"You'd *love* to see your mother getting ass fucked and treated like a nasty old whore, wouldn't you?" I asked, stopping deep inside her... postponing her imminent orgasm.

"Oh Kevin, please don't make me say it," she whined.

"Say it, or I leave," I threatened, which wasn't an idle threat, since I was willing to leave right now and go deposit my load in either my mother or Ms. Chan.

"Fine, you bastard," she said, frustrated, but such an easy slut pushover whenever my cock was inside her, or frankly, even just within view, or truth be told, if I just offered it to her sight unseen. "I want you to turn my mother into an anal fuck toy, just like her cock-loving daughter."

"See, that wasn't so hard," I said, and I generously resumed destroying her asshole.

Close to coming, and in her completely insatiable slut mode, she babbled, obviously wanting to impress me, "Oh fuck, Kevin... the things you make me do... for your big cock... anything! I'll do anything... fuck my Mom in the ass... face fuck her big mouth... turn her into a cock-hungry cum rag... oh yes... Kevin... that's so hot... your idea... so hot... to fuck my Mom... fuck her... fuck... fuck... fuck!"

That tapeworm sentence took her a good thirty strokes to get out... and a lot of heavy breathing... some hair pulling... and my furiously deep thrusts... but then her primal scream echoed through the house as her orgasm struck her... an anal orgasm that ripped through her without ever having her pussy touched, like only an anal slut for big fat cock could ever achieve.

Deciding to humiliate her even more, I kept fucking her until I unloaded in her asshole a couple minutes later, and then I reached for the cucumber in a grocery bag... pulled out my dick, and slid the cuke into her ass instead.

She'd been moaning as I filled her ass, "Yes, fill my ass with your big load," and then she gasped as the cucumber arrived in her well-gaped ass, "What are you doooooing?"

"Helping you marinate your supper salad," I quipped, since the cucumber would retain her salty ass taste, as well as the creamy cum I'd already provided. "I expect this to be used in the supper you make for you and your husband tonight, without peeling or cleaning it at all. Is that understood?" I demanded, pumping the vegetable in and out of her ass.

"Oh, Kevin," she moaned, still recovering from her orgasm and too weak to say much more.

"Your answer is 'yes', slut," I informed her.

"Yes, Kevin," she agreed weakly.

"Good," I said, leaving the cucumber inside her ass as I put my dick away.

I slapped her ass hard and left the house without another word... curious about whether she would actually obey my ludicrous order.

I was walking down the Dieks driveway, when I spotted Mrs. Moore across the street, looking right at me. I waved... wondering what she might have seen while I was in the car, and what she was thinking at the moment. I'd definitely been inside the house way longer than it would take to bring in some groceries... even if I'd helped put them away.

Just then, Mr. Dieks drove into the double lane driveway. I waved to him as I headed to my house. He waved back.

I smiled at the power I had over Mrs. Dieks, and the growing influence I was beginning to have on much of the block... Mrs. Moore a very possible future target... but first, I had a young coed to fuck tonight.

But even before that... a much-needed nap.

.....

Mom woke me up in my bedroom the old fashioned way... no blowjob this time... she just shook me and said something. "Hey, wake up sleepyhead. It's almost time."

"Okay," I said, slowly waking up.

"Mistress Danai sent you a link, so you can watch our preliminary proceedings," she said.

"Oh?" I said, this news waking me up in a heartbeat.

"Although part of the plan has been changed," she said, as I looked up and saw she was wearing red lingerie with matching red stockings attached.

"Mmmmmmm," I said, admiring my mother's all red look. "You look good enough to eat!"

"You like?" he asked.

"If I wasn't saving my next couple of loads for tonight. I'd already be fucking you senseless," I said, as she placed her nylon-clad right leg onto the bed right beside me. I placed my left hand on her leg and felt the sexy sheer nylons. "Wow, these are super silky."

"Yeah, I found this pair on Facebook marketplace. They're Wolfords. Made in England, and super hard to get over here."

"Well, I approve," I said, stroking my hand up and down her leg.

"I thought you would," she said. "I've just ordered a few different colours and designs from their website. Although it will take a couple weeks for them to get here."

"Okay," I said. That wasn't too long.

"I paid for expedited shipping, so hopefully they'll arrive sooner," she said, as I lifted up her foot and sucked one of her toes into my mouth. "So I guess you like them."

"I love them," I said, worshipping her sweet delicate nylon-clad toes. "So the plan has changed?"

"Yes. Tamara and Danai are coming over here almost immediately," she said.

"Really?" I asked, giving generous attention to each silky sheer toe.

"Yes. Tamara called and asked if I'd be alone tonight," she explained. "I lied and told her I would be."

"I see," I said. "And where, perchance, did you tell her I'd be?"

"At the movies," she said. "Which is kind of true."

"Oh?" I asked.

"Yes, you'll be watching a live action porn flick with an audience of one," she smiled as she moved her foot down to the floor just as I finished the last

toe.

"I see," I said, expecting her to offer me the other foot.

"I'd love to have you suck all ten toes, and even give Mommy a foot massage, but they'll be here any minute now," she said.

"Do they think I've already left?" I asked.

"I texted them just before coming in here and said that you had," she said, just as the doorbell rang.

"Speaking of devilish sluts," I joked, knowing it was corny, but pretty witty.

Mom bent down and kissed me while she squeezed my hard cock. "It's good to know Mommy can still get you excited," she said when she broke the kiss.

"Always," I said, and I watched her gorgeous ass while she walked away. As soon as her amazing back end was out of view, I grabbed my laptop, flipped it open and checked my email.

I clicked on a message from Mrs. Grady and saw a link and the words: **I hope you enjoy. You did say you wanted to watch your Mom's first DP.**

I clicked on the link and saw our living room. It was empty... although I could faintly hear some feminine voices.

A moment later, I saw all three lovely ladies walk in to the room. Mrs. Grady, as I'd instructed, was wearing white nylons. Tamara, to my chagrin, had on black nylons and, as I've already mentioned, my hot Mom was still in her sexy red stockings.

As I admired the three beautiful women, all in sexy nylons, I wondered what they were using for a camera, when in effect I was looking through the one Mom normally used. And had they filmed other sexual rendezvous? A question I'd be inquiring about later.

"Miss me, slut?" Tamara asked, walking over to my Mom, slapping her ass and then kissing her.

"Immensely," Mom answered when the kiss was broken a few seconds later.

"Then why are you still standing?" Tamara asked.

"Sorry, Mistress," Mom responded, immediately dropping to her knees, into a position I was very used to seeing her in... except it was usually to suck cock... my cock. Hearing Mom calling someone Mistress was also quite hot.

"Mom tells me you're craving some double penetration," Tamara said as she lifted her dress far enough to reveal that her black stockings were attached to a black garter-belt.

"I've been craving to service your pussy, eat your asshole, and to be fucked by you and your Mom simultaneously for a long time," Mom said wickedly.

"Fuck, I've missed your nastiness," Tamara said. "Coeds are shitty pussy eaters, and the professors are too uppity... they usually think they're doing *me* a favour."

"But you still use them, I assume," Mom said, as she rubbed her hands up and down Tamara's legs.

"That goes without saying," Tamara said, pulling Mom's head into her pussy. "And Professor Carter, bless her pussy, is becoming very well trained."

"I told you you'd break her," Danai said.

"Yeah, she took a little more time than most white sluts, who break just from the offer of some ripe young chocolate pie," Tamara said as Mom licked her. "But she still tumbled just like the rest of them. I had her wearing a vibrating egg a few days ago, which I turned on and off during class as a punishment for her soul food eatery resistance."

"You wicked bitch," Danai said, chuckling, as she removed her dress to reveal some sexy white lingerie that matched her sexy white stockings... a visual of contrasting black and white that was utterly erotic and beautiful... its very own style of art. My cock, as usual, was rock hard as I admired these two black beauties... as well as contemplating my Mom servicing someone less than half her age... plus all this hot lesbian talk. It was a voyeur's dream... and before my BFC discovery, this would have been the hottest moment of my life... but now it was just another wild event in a constant series of wild events.

"Says the incestuous Mom who taught me how to turn white bitches into pussy pleasing pets," Tamara said fondly, her hand gently stroking the back of my Mom's head.

"It comes from many generations of your ancestors training white sluts to pay for the sins of their fathers," Danai explained flippantly, this conversation becoming both hot and interesting.

"I'll be sure to keep our legacy going," Tamara said.

"I know you will, honey," Danai said, looking directly at the camera... obviously knowing exactly where it was.

"Get our slut onto all fours, and get her asshole ready for a double fucking," Tamara ordered.

"You and your fondness for alliteration," Danai said, shaking her head as she began maneuvering herself behind my mother.

"What can I say? I'm a writer," Tamara shrugged, as Danai arrived behind my Mom, rolled her onto all fours like a Barbie girl, pulled her ass cheeks apart, and began licking Mom's rosebud.

Then for two or three minutes, as I steadfastly held back from giving my very hard and very ready cock any attention, the threesome consisted of Mom on all fours licking Tamara, in what looked like a slightly uncomfortable position given how she needed to crane her neck, while Danae's face remained buried between my Mom's ass cheeks. Except now

she also had a finger sliding in and out of that rosebud... some gaping that Mom didn't really need, after all the back door back shots I'd been giving her.

"All right Mama, is our slut's asshole ready?" Tamara asked, going over to a red duffel bag she'd brought along.

"It's *slightly* gaped now," Danai reported.

"No worries, Mistress. I'm very ready for your cock," Mom assured her, sounding very eager to get some fake dick inside her. Unfortunately from the angle the camera was pointing, I could hardly see her face.

"Who'd have thought you'd be such a slut?" Tamara said, pulling two strap-on harnesses out of the bag. "And I still can't believe you married an asshole like William."

"I'm sure his big cock had a lot to do with it," Danai said, as she gaped Mom's ass a little wider.

"That definitely had a lot to do with it," Mom said. "After the first time he fucked me, I just wasn't thinking straight anymore."

"I have to admit I totally understand," Tamara said, as she removed her dress to reveal an amazingly tight body, and then she put the harness on. "William was the only man I could never say no to, and it sure as hell wasn't his pleasant demeanour or middling good looks.

"Yeah, I know," Mom nodded, as Danai pulled out of her ass and reached for the other strap-on harness.

"William proved to me that I can't resist a big fat cock," Danai added. "I became a complete slutty bimbo every time he showed it to me."

"But you only like white cocks," Tamara said.

"Yeah, definitely just white ones," her mother said as she slid the harness up her white-stockings-clad legs. "I don't know why, but a big white cock just

turns me into a mindless cock-crazy cum bucket." As she said this, she looked right at me via the camera and winked.

"Yeah, it's my only weakness," Tamara said, as she stroked her temporary eight-inch cock. After a pause she added, "On the other hand, every white pussy is mine to conquer."

"Hey, *I've* got one of those! Pillage away, Mistress," Mom invited, as Tamara snugly tightened her Mom's strap-on.

"So impatient," Tamara said, as she spun her Mom around and kissed her... which was so fucking hot. Sex was sex... fucking was fucking... but kissing was intimate. And to me, kissing was especially taboo and intimate between two relatives, since it expressed much more than just carnal lust... it conveyed true intimacy with someone who shared your blood... which as I said, made it tabooer.

The mother and daughter made out for a minute or so, both women's hands roaming over each other's bodies... hot compounding hot!

"Should we take this up to the bedroom?" Tamara asked.

"No!" the two women in the know quickly disagreed.

Danai explained, "it's just hotter if we do it right out here in the open."

"Okay. Then Joan, are you ready to be the middle of an Oreo?" Tamara asked... making me smile because of the sexy visual.

"Oreo?" Mom asked, as the young black beauty went behind my Mom after lubing her strap-on dick.

"The soft white filling between two hard black dicks," Tamara explained to my Mom, as she positioned her dick against my Mom's ass.

From my angle I couldn't see any penetration, but I could still watch the action.

"Ooooooh," Mom moaned as Tamara slid her dick inside her asshole.

"Oh yeah, you're such a *cute* white slut," Tamara said, once she was all the way inside my Mom, and resting her hips against her backside.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom moaned, looking completely filled up, with sixteen inches of cock inside her two holes... likely almost touching each other... yes, I know... that's not actually possible, but you get my drift.

"Kiss me," Danai ordered, and as Tamara started slowly fucking Mom's asshole, Mom and Danai started kissing. Watching this intimate kissing that included my Mom, while she was also being double penetrated by this mother and daughter team, was wickedly hot.

As I watched, I pondered when it would be best for me to interrupt the action. I'd already decided to sneak out the back door, go around to the front, then casually walk through the door and surprise them... while acting surprised myself,, and just see what happened.

"Oreo me," Mom requested, breaking the kiss and looking back at Tamara.

"You want both of us black bitches to fuck your slutty white holes?" Tamara asked, as I silently crept off my bed, unable to resist the temptation any longer.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom said. "I want both of you to fuck my cunt and my asshole, and use me as your white bimbo fuck toy."

I adjusted my cock, which was ready to burst.

Tamara said, "Match my thrusts, Mom."

"Sure, honey," Danai responded, and I watched for a few strokes... the first couple of them quite awkward, before they got into perfect unison while fucking my mother's two needy holes.

"Oh yeah, fuck me," Mom moaned as her body got thoroughly fucked.

I might have stayed put and watched, but this seemed like the perfect time to sneak outside undetected and sneak back in.

I headed out the back door, snuck around the house, and slipped back inside... my trip taking less than two minutes total.

As I silently closed the front door behind me, I heard Mom begging, "Harder, fuck my asshole harder!"

Luckily, the direction I walked in from allowed only Danai to see me... although at first she was preoccupied with fucking Mom's pussy... and in their positions, that must have been quite the workout for them both.

I watched for about thirty seconds, my phone out and filming for my personal collection, and also to expedite adding Tamara to my collection of sluts... one of the few who were my age... albeit a year older... getting an amazing view of her tight black ass. I don't think it's a racial thing exactly, but there's just something extra exotic about a black woman's body... especially her ass. And if there was a section of the Louvre featuring body parts, I don't think they could find a more perfect ass specimen than Tamara... sure, Beyoncé has quite the booty too, but Tamara's was perfection.

I was about to say something, when Tamara must have sensed someone behind her, and she turned around, saw me, and froze. She then asked furiously, "What the fuck are *you* doing here?"

"Kevin!" Mom fake gasped, giving quite the academy awards performance, "Yes, what are you *doing* here?"

"I live here," I pointed out.

"But I thought you were at the movies," Mom said as Tamara pulled out of her ass, and I could see her impressively gaped hole. Of course my own cock was fatter, and it could gape Mom's ass even better, but this was still some very nice handiwork. Or should I call it strap-on work?

"They were sold out," I answered.

"Stop fucking filming us," Tamara demanded, storming towards me, her toy dick even more spectacular up close... and her hard nipples were pointing

right at me.

"I'm just gathering some evidence for your Dad," I shrugged. "After all, what you three women are doing doesn't seem very Christian."

"You *fucker!*" Tamara snapped, grabbing for my phone.

No, the *fucker* was the one fucking my *Mom*," I replied wittily, or at least I thought it was witty, but alas, no one appreciated it as I snatched my hand away from Tamara's.

"Kevin, instead of your blabbing to my stick-up-the-ass husband, I'm sure there's some other arrangement we could make with you that would be much more pleasant for all concerned," Danai said, playing along with me.

"Really? Like what?" I asked innocently. "I mean I appreciate your spreading the Lord's word, but this seems like an irregular twist to door to door proselytizing."

"Give me that damn phone," Tamara demanded, reaching for it again.

"Do you girls do this for all your parishioners?" I asked, enjoying this exchange way more than I should... as Mom climbed off of Danai.

"Kevin, please," Danai pleaded. "I'm *sure* we can work something out that you'd like."

"Hmmm... possibly. Does this generous Christian outreach program extend to males too?" I asked, keeping my phone out of Tamara's reach. She might have been taller than I was, but once one factors in strength, there was no way she was winning this keep-away game.

"Please, Kevin," Mom said.

"Mom, you've got an *amazing* body," I complimented her as if I was seeing it for the first time.

"You sick fuck," Tamara said, reaching around me, her tits squished against me and her dick between my legs... which was both hot and weird.

"Says the girl sodomizing my mother, with her own mother sticking it to her from the other side," I pointed out. "Now back away from me," I ordered, using my free hand against her tits to shove her backwards... not roughly, but strongly enough to push her a couple feet away.

Tamara glared at me.

"Sluts, get over here and get me ready," I ordered suddenly.

Tamara's eyes absolutely *bulged*, when both her mother and my mother rushed over to me, dropped to their knees, and pulled my sweats down... I had conveniently, like almost every porn star in the history of erotic films, gone commando, resulting in their revealing my big, fat cock.

"Mom!" Tamara cried out. "What the fuck?"

"Honey, get over here and check out what Kevin is packing," the mother said, taking my cock in her hands.

"Yeah, Kevin's dick is even longer and fatter than his Dad's," my Mom added.

I watched Tamara processing what had just transpired... and what was still transpiring. Finally, as she indeed *did* stare at my BFC, she asked, looking up at me, "You've fucked my mother?"

"Only twice so far," I answered, as I snapped my fingers and Danai took my dick into her mouth. "The second time was today during the service."

"Fuck, I knew it," she said.

"You did?" I asked.

"Yeah. Well I didn't know it was you, but I knew it was *somebody*. She never misses any part of the service, and when she *finally* came in, her cheeks were flushed, and she acted oddly for the rest of the service... she was totally unable to sit still," Tamara explained.

"Well, she did have a large load of my cum leaking out of her pussy," I explained.

"Jesus!" Tamara said.

"Balls, Mom," I ordered, demonstrating to Tamara that she wasn't the only one in the room having an incestuous affair with their mother.

"No way," Tamara exclaimed, as she watched my Mom obediently start lapping my balls.

"Both your Mom and my Mom will do anything for my big fat cock," I explained matter-of-factly, exuding a confidence I normally had only when I was excelling academically.

"So I see," she said, watching the two woman worshipping my cock, while obviously processing this sudden turn of events. "So, you set up this current scenario?"

"Actually, your Mom did... at least up to when I walked through the door. Then it was all adlibbing."

"And now you expect me just to drop to my knees and start sucking you too?"

"I do," I nodded, "or else you could bend over and let me fuck you from behind? Your ass is fucking amazing."

"I know," she said, just as confident about her body as I was about my cock.

"And just to be clear, the hierarchy has just changed," I said.

"It has, has it?" she asked with a smirk on her face. I couldn't quite read her... was she accepting her fate, or was she going to be the first female to resist me... I wasn't sure. I understood deep down that even after all my successful and rather straightforward seductions, that one of them would eventually turn out to be problematic, or even impossible... but since Tamara had already been used by my Dad, I didn't anticipate she'd be my stumbling block... even though I knew she preferred girls to guys.

"Yes, it has," I asserted, keeping any of my small insecurities hidden away, as I explained, "I'm the alpha, you're my beta, and then your Mom's next, and then mine."

"And you expect me to accept that ranking... as in you above me... just because you have a big dick?" she challenged, "is there any reasoning behind this insanity?" still not showing any of the submission all the other women had, once I'd revealed my cock... Tamara's eyes were almost always steadily on mine, instead of my dick.

"Well, for one thing," I said, and I pointed at my dick.

"And for the second?" she asked, her hands on her hips, not looking the least bit submissive, and not at all trying to hide her body... if anything, she was trying to tempt me with it, just like I was trying to tempt her with my impressive dick.

"You're already my Dad's submissive slut," I said.

"So?" She asked dismissively, not denying it, or displaying any shame about the accuracy of my accusation.

"Okay, then here's the third thing. Mine is longer and fatter than my Dad's, I have more stamina, and I'm just all around better," I said.

"You are, are you?" she asked, still dismissively.

"Yeah," I said, placing my smug bravado at the forefront.

"So assuming that's all true, then what exactly are you thinking we should do about it?"

"Well, first you could come over here and share my dick with your Mom," I said, as she came closer to me.

"You understand that I'm no one's slut," she said, now standing right in front of me, looming over our mothers' heads.

Placing my hands on her shoulders, the power move of power moves, although I wasn't even sure it would work this time... particularly because it hadn't worked even on Jasmine at first... I forged ahead and said, "That's not entirely true. Tonight you're *my* slut."

She stared at me.

I stared at her.

Her Mom kept devouring my cock.

My Mom kept sucking on my balls with tender eagerness.

And then... after what seemed like an eternity, but likely wasn't more than twenty seconds, she caved... kinda... by saying, "Just so you know, I only take it in the ass."

"I can work with that," I smiled. "So get my dick ready for your ass."

"It looks ready now," she said, looking down at her Mom, who was still working me over.

"Not totally. It still needs some double lipped Mom and daughter attention," I said. I'd once seen a porn film were two girls sucked a cock from both sides, while kissing each other both over and under their shared cock.

"You think so?" she asked, her tone sultry and sweet.

"I know so," I said confidently, as I finally applied some extra pressure on her shoulders to... successfully this time... gently guide her down to join the other two women.

So she complied with it this time, but said, "Mom, you'll pay for this later."

"I know, honey," Danai said. "And I look forward to that. But I knew you'd love this dick."

"It *is* a pretty great dick," Tamara admitted, as she took it in her mouth.

"There you go," I moaned, reaching into my back pocket and stealthily pulling my phone back out, to film this moment of long-to-be-treasured success.

"That's so hot! Suck it, Tamara," Mrs. Grady cheered her on, enthralled at the sight of her daughter bobbing on her favourite dick.

"Oh yes, Mistress, keep sucking my son's big fat cock," Mom added her encouragement, as she continued lathering my balls with her saliva.

"Yeah, for a mostly lesbian, you've got some great cock sucking skills," I chipped in as well.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred, inventing variations on my dick as she sucked me.

After a couple dozen more bobs, I ordered, "Now share my dick with some lip-locked incestuous sucking."

"You got it, sexy," Danai agreed enthusiastically, as Tamara pulled away from my cock.

"I'm still your boss, Mom," Tamara reminded.

"Not a problem, my sweetheart Mistress," Danai agreed.

Then I watched as they both leaned forward, one on each side of my dick, locked lips across it, and began moving left and right, right and left, in sensational unison.

"Oh yeah, that's it," I said, filming this amazing double girl blow job, (triple if you include my Mom, who wasn't even in the frame at the moment, but who was still doing a sensuous job on my balls.

For a couple minutes, I just enjoyed the three pairs of lips ministering to my dick and balls.

I likely could have unloaded my next load of the day this way... although they were giving me more of a soothing, pleasurable tease than bust a bust-

a-nut pleasuring, plus I was impatient to fuck Tamara. So I came up with a cool idea... a triple sodomy fucking.

I asked, "Who wants to get ass fucked?"

"I do!" both Mom and Danai cried out eagerly like schoolgirls, almost in perfect unison.

"And you, Miss?" I asked Tamara, tapping her lips with my fat cock head.

"Yes," she answered, but with very little enthusiasm.

"Yes, what?" I asked, Tamara a lot more stubborn than most women in giving in to her lustful needs.

She sighed, "I play this game with my own sluts."

"Then you know what I expect to hear," I said, sliding my cock into her mouth, and ruthlessly face fucking her for a dozen strokes... making her gag... and making her eyes water.

As I pulled my cock out of her mouth, she glared at me, saying, "You asshole."

"Don't you mean you want me to fuck *your* asshole?" I smirked, before sliding my cock back into her mouth for another dozen deep throat drillings.

When I pulled out again, her saliva dripping out of her mouth and off of my cock, she threatened, "You'd better be able to fuck me until I come."

"Oh, you'll come for me, all right," I promised, never yet failing to get a woman off.

"Then prove it," she challenged. She wasn't anywhere near being a submissive slut like her mother, she was just a strong and self-confident woman who wanted to be fucked by a big cock... and it was a nice change.

"Mom, get onto all fours with your hands on the couch," I ordered.

"Yes, honey," Mom agreed eagerly, crawling over to the location I'd just instructed.

"Mrs. Grady, go slide your dick up my Mom's asshole," I instructed, playing porn director.

"Yes, Kevin," she said, crawling into *her* position, and sliding her strap-on inside my mother's still well gaped asshole.

Tamara watched me choreographing her two pets and said, "Let me guess: you want me to slide my dick into my Mom?"

"Into her ass, actually," I corrected.

"You're quite the pervert," she said as she, unlike the other two, stood up. I was about to order her back onto her knees, when she picked up the lube. Okay, fair enough.

"That's an accusation I can't deny," I agreed with her.

"And you've wanted to fuck me forever, haven't you?" Tamara asked, as she lubed up her dick.

"I'd be lying if I said you haven't played a key role in lots of my stroke fantasies," I admitted.

"Just like I figured," she said.

"And while I know I didn't star in any of yours so far, I bet I will now," I said.

"Don't overestimate the power of your dick, Kevin."

"Really? Why's that?" I asked, as she stepped behind her mother.

"Because it's just a dick. Sure, it's an impressive one. Yes, it will entice many women into drooling and doing other embarrassing things they'd never do for a little one... but to be a real man, you need to understand that such power can lead to a very distorted view of who you are."

"So you're saying that with great big cock comes great responsibility," I misquoted someone from about 2,000 years ago.

"I'm serious," she said, even as she obeyed me and slid her cock into her Mom's ass.

"Ohhhhhh," Mrs. Grady moaned as her daughter sodomized her.

My Mom also moaned slightly, since Tamara leaning against her mother dominoed into Mrs. Grady's cock pressing deeper into my Mom.

"Then why obey me?" I asked, actually curious about what she meant, and why was she was obeying me if she felt that way.

"Because I want to feel your big fat dick deep inside my ass, Kevin," she said bluntly. "I wouldn't sell my soul for it, but since it's conveniently available right now, it's an experience worth having at least once."

That explanation didn't help... I'd already assumed most of that.

"So now that we've all jumped through your hoops, get yourself over here and fuck my ass with that big dick," she demanded, as if she was in charge. In fact she probably thought she was. But since I was getting what *I* wanted, I wouldn't make an issue of it... at least not right now.

"Fuck it," I said, her amazing ass bent over so perfectly, it was just begging for my attention. The philosophical challenge about responsibility would have to wait. I went to the lube and generously coated my dick.

"That's the point," she said, "so fuck my ass," as she bucked her hips to go even deeper into her Mom... which resulted in her giving *my* Mom some pleasure too. If my physics was correct, I could fuck all three women in the ass all at once by being at the caboose end of this four-person anal fuck train... which, if I do say so myself, was quite fucking impressive.

I got behind her and looked at the three women, all bent over, all because I told them to... this was power that almost no man could ever obtain.

I positioned my lubed cock at Tamara's butthole and asked, "Ready?"

"Just stop stalling and shove that big dick up my asshole, Kevin!" she demanded. Nope, she wasn't being the least bit submissive... more like the opposite. Oh well, I was certain her asshole would feel *great!*

I smiled, loving to hear a hot piece of ass who openly admitted she preferred women, and who was Mistress to many women... including my mother... begging for me to fuck her. It was an exhilarating feeling!

"Such a needy little slut," I said patronizingly, as I obliged her request by sliding my cock into her beautiful black ass.

"Don't push your luuuuuck," she said, trying to stay in control, but was totally distracted, once my cock was penetrating her ass.

"Oh, I'll push all your *buttons*," I said, as I watched my white cock disappearing beyond her dark chocolate skin... it really was a beautiful visual.

"Just shut up and fuck me," Tamara rebutted, not in the least becoming some mindful, obedient, lustful slut just because I had my big dick inside her.

"Don't pretend you're not a slut for my big fat cock," I said, now all the way inside her ass.

"I'm a total slut for your big *white* cock," her Mom added.

"And I'm a total slut for your big *fat* white cock," my Mom added.

"Is that true?" I asked.

"You bet your sweet ass I am!" both women answered in perfect unison.

"Just fuck me," Tamara said, clearly annoyed.

"Then tell me how much you want me to, Tamara," I ordered. "I have a lot of women who'll beg for this dick, ditch their husbands for this dick, even play hooky from cheerleading practice for this dick." Then to remind her the power of my big fat cock, I gave her six deep, hard thrusts.

"Fuuuuuuck," she moaned, as my entire fuck train was pleased by my deep thrusts.

"Tell me," I repeated.

"Yes, fuck yes! I love your big, fat, white cock," Tamara admitted, even though she obviously felt frustrated to be saying those words. "It's a veritable Moby Dick among dicks. Is that good enough? Will you fuck me now?"

"Since you asked so nicely," I said with a touch of sarcasm, my hands firmly grasping her hips as I began pumping my dick into her amazing hot, tight ass... it was obvious this wasn't a hole that was regularly penetrated, even though she'd said this was her hole of choice.

"Oh fuck," Tamara moaned as I slowly fucked her ass... knowing from experience it would only be a matter of time before she'd be begging me to fuck the shit out of her (I've always wondered where that expression came from).

"Such a tight asshole," I said, enjoying its warmth and its grip milking my cock... at this rate, this wouldn't be a very long ass fucking.

"You and your father are the only ones who've ever fucked it," she revealed.

"So this tight asshole is only open to Walsh men," I said, loving that idea... although I wasn't a big fan of sharing *any* of my conquests with my old man... even the ones he'd turned first.

"I guess," she said.

I stopped, balls deep in her ass, "So say it."

"Fine," she said, annoyed, but obeying me nonetheless, "my asshole is only available to big-dicked Walsh men."

"Sounds good," I said, resuming my slow anal drilling.

"Now show me what kind of man you are," she said.

"I think I already have."

"No, so far you've only *made gentle love* to my ass," she said, turning her head around to look me in the eyes. "I prefer a man who fucks the living hell out of me. Who takes what the fuck he wants. Who instinctively knows what I need. Your dad did that. Are you man enough as well?"

The gauntlet was dropped.

I accepted her challenge.

"So you want it rough, slut?" I growled, my hands squeezing her hips.

"I don't believe you're *able* to give it to me rough enough," she challenged.

This wasn't a challenge that offended me, but it did motivate me. No way was I going to be compared in a negative light to my father. I'd been particularly sweet to some of my conquests so I wouldn't be like him, but I could be a dominant stud as well... and it was time for that persona to come forth and fuck this naysayer within an inch of her life!

"Oh, you little bitch," I said, reaching forward and grabbing her long black hair with a *yank*. "You want to be fucked like a cheap whore? Then I'll fuck you like one."

"Or you can just do your best," she taunted, turning her head back around, as I pulled out... and slammed back into her.

"Ooooooh," she moaned.

"Ooooooh," was also uttered from the lips of my other two sluts with strap-ons in their assholes... who were only pleased depending on how hard I back shot Tamara.

"Okay, I concede my argument; you *are* man enough. Now really give it to me!" Tamara moaned.

So I did. For several good minutes... one hand yanking on her hair and the other firmly on her hip, I pounded her asshole furiously... each forward

thrust going as deep as possible... my strokes smooth and fast....

"That's it, oh, fuck yeah Kevin, drill my ass, fuck it, oh yeah, you fucking stud, that's it, don't stop, harder, pound my asshole, oh God, that's it, don't stop, don't you *dare* fucking stop, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh you *mother fucking STUD!*" she finally screamed, those words and many more uttered out of her mouth accompanied by moans, as I fucked her to orgasm.

Her Mom and my Mom also moaned throughout, although not enough to get off, as their resident cocks only rested deep in their asses, making only slight movements, dependent upon the greatly reduced effects of my furious anal attack on Tamara.

"Only nasty sluts come from getting their asses hammered," I said, as I miraculously succeeded in my resistance to unloading in her.

"That's me all right, and I love your cock," she muttered, as she collapsed onto her mother, her body quaking from the anal orgasm given to her by yours truly.

"I know you do," I smiled, loving to see a woman completely pleased, and in the throes of an intense orgasm provided by me... the nerd... the wallflower... the geek who'd been constantly ignored for years... until now.

"Can you please come in my ass?" Tamara asked a few seconds later, as I kept fucking her ass. And she asked politely, so I guess I'd earned her respect. But I'd still make all the decisions.

"Actually, you can milk my load out of me by fucking our sluts," I said.

"Excuse me? How?" she asked, looking back at me with a confused look.

"Simple. Your Mom fucks my Mom, and you fuck your Mom, while you also fuck yourself on my dick," I instructed, curious about whether this scheme would actually work... knowing it would at least delay my imminent orgasm.

"Okay, let's give it a try," she agreed.

It took a good minute... with a few starts and stops... my dick sliding out of her ass once... before the train staggered into a smooth rhythm. I just stood in place... my phone filming away... as the two black beauties slid their cocks into the respective assholes in front of them, while also getting their own asses fucked by the chick or stud behind them.

Moans echoed through the room, in what might have been the most beautiful 'Symphony of the Moans' ever.

My balls resumed boiling... and in a couple minutes of smooth milking from Tamara's tight asshole... I was about to burst.

"Get ready for my load, slut," I warned.

"Yes, deposit that white man's load deep up my asshole," she urged me, maintaining a perfectly smooth pace in fucking her moaning mother while milking my cock.

"Oh fuck, here it comes, slut," I grunted, and I spewed a half dozen ropes of cum in her ass.

"Yeeeeeeeeesssssss!!!" Tamara cried out, exhilarated by the warm cum coating her bowels.

"So tight," I moaned, loving my intense orgasm.

I remained standing as the Gradys kept fucking... and over the next two or three minutes... while I remained hard and ready for round two, or round nine for the entire day... my mother came... then Mrs. Grady... and to my surprise, a second orgasm cascaded through Tamara from fucking herself on my fat dick.

They all collapsed on top of each other... each of them spent... each still enjoying the ecstasy of her anal orgasm.

When Tamara collapsed onto her mother, my dick slipped out of her ass, and I admired her huge, gaping hole... so unnatural, yet also perfectly natural... an oxymoronic tribute to the power of sex.

I left the three women, really needing to take a piss.

A few minutes later... since I needed to wait for my dick to calm down first... I took a piss... washed my hands... threw some water on my face... and returned to the living room.

I wasn't surprised to see Tamara on the couch.

However, I *was* a little surprised to see both Mrs. Grady and my mother licking her pussy together.

"Nice," I said.

"Yeah, there isn't anything much better than having two pairs of lips on your pussy," Tamara said... "or on *mine* anyway, since you don't have one."

"Even better is my cock up your ass," I said.

"Yes, that is even better," she agreed, looking at my flaccid dick. "You really do have an amazing dick, Kevin."

"Thanks," I said, always appreciating compliments... which I was accustomed to academically... but a lot less so physically, before I learned how to take advantage of my BFC.

"Now we just need to help you make a difference to the rest of your body," she said.

"Yeah, you're not wrong," I admitted, looking down at my belly, which did somewhat conceal how impressive my dick really was.

"Bring me the phone from my purse," she said.

"Okay," I said. I went to her purse, found her phone, and brought it back to her... while taking in a great over-the-top view of two of my sluts working together to eat a pussy. Both tongues were licking away... constantly in unison, or more accurately doing the opposite, since one went up while the other went down...

She pressed something, and brought the phone to her ear.

After a few seconds, "Hey, Amanda." "Yeah, I'm doing great... two orgasms just now... and believe it or not, from a *guy!*" "But ooooh, so I have a project for you. Oh, you want to hear more? Okay, right now I have a couple hungry MILFs sharing a snack, you know where. Yes, I promise I'll make sure you get some next time you come for a visit. But back to my project."

As I listened to one side of the conversation, I couldn't hear her friend's voice at all. So I decided to get behind the two pussy lickers for some slow fucking fun. First, I got behind Tamara's Mom and slid into her ass... the gaping still there, and making it easy just to slide right in.

"I have a fuck toy who needs to get in better shape," she said.

Calling me a 'fuck toy,' seemed rather belittling, since I also had a brain. Yet I took it. Not a term I imagined describing me before the BFC discovery.

I began slowly fucking her mother as Tamara chatted.

"Yeah, he has the most impressive dick I've ever seen... or been ass fucked by," Tamara said, this time making me smile.

"That's for sure," Mrs. Grady said, as I enjoyed her asshole.

"You got it. His dick is a twelve out of ten, but his body needs a lot of work," Tamara said.

It was tough to argue against either of those assessments, since I was indeed quite overweight... I'd never really cared before... but now that I was a ladies' man, I wondered just how big of a ladies Man I could become with a slimmer figure. I wasn't great looking, nor was I ugly... just average.

"Yeah, tomorrow at four is perfect," Tamara agreed.

I looked at her with an 'oh really?' look.

"Yeah, *sure* you can take him for a ride... he'd never refuse a girl with a bod like yours. And I guarantee you'll thank me afterwards."

I smiled as I pulled out of Danai's asshole, went behind my mother, and slid into her also well gaped asshole.

"He'll fuck the shit out of you," Tamara assured her.

"Oh yeah I will," I said, enjoying the bravado kudos she was giving me.

"Talk to you soon," Tamara said. Once she hung up, she said, "You have a four o'clock personal workout session with Amanda at The Pump."

"I'll check my schedule," I said as I slowly fucked my Mom's ass.

"No, I vouched for you," she said. "You'll fucking go."

"Okay, okay," I said with a flinch, having already decided I'd go.

"And don't make me look bad," she said.

"Oh, I'll be sure to keep all your promises," I said.

"And do everything she tells you to," she said.

"And on that note, I want you to get between these two sluts, so I can give you one more fucking," I said.

"Great minds! I was about to say the same thing," she said, as she snapped her fingers and they both obediently backed away from her pussy.

"You have them well trained," I said, impressed.

"Yeah, while you get the women with a big fat cock, I get them with my looks, my attitude, and my sweet-tasting pussy," she said, as confident in her dominant persona as I was in mine.

"Makes sense," I nodded, admiring her confidence, and also that even with all that bravado, she was still getting on all fours and bending over to offer

me her asshole... again.

"Now you two, 69 while I get myself some more dick," Tamara ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," they both said in unison, an acknowledgement I guessed they'd parroted to her hundreds of times before I joined the fold.

They relocated to a few feet away from us, rolled onto their sides, and buried their faces in each other's pussies.

Then Tamara said to me, "Now instead of this position, I want you to sit on the couch."

"All right," I said, more than willing to sit down, instead remaining on my sore knees.

Once I was on the couch, she lowered her ass onto my cock, reverse cowgirl.

"Oh yeah," I moaned, since this time I was able to watch her asshole swallowing my cock.

"Just sit back and enjoy," she said, as she began riding me like a wild and crazy cowgirl. She bounced hard going down, taking my dick as deep as possible, and then riding me fast.

"That's it slut, ride my big, fat cock," I cheered, as I watched her going to town on my dick.

"Great cock!" she cheered back, as she bounced like my dick was a pleasure trampoline.

"Great ass!" I replied in kind.

And as the older women licked and moaned... each reaching another orgasm from each other's experienced tongues, Tamara reached yet another orgasm from me, and then when I warned her I was close, she hopped off of me, got onto her knees, and devoured my cock... thus sucking the dick that had just been inside her well-fucked asshole.

Then I didn't warn her at all when I erupted my load number nine of the day into her mouth which, as I'd expected her to, she swallowed down smoothly.

All of us spent, the two Moms sat on each side of me, resting their heads on my shoulders, and I wrapped my arms around them... feeling like a king.

Tamara stood up and promised, "Get rid of that belly, and I'll take you up to my college for a weekend you'll never forget."

"*Every* weekend is a weekend I'll never forget," I countered, or in today's case, after nine loads and seven different women, a Sunday I'd never forget.

And to think Sunday was supposed to be a day of rest.

The end of **Effing Foursome**

Coming next:

Egged On:

Jocks treat him like shit, so he decides to fuck their girlfriends with, of course, his big, fat cock... plus, the Principal discovers the joys of Kevin's big fat cock.

Big Fat Cock: Egged On

Summary: Kevin gets his bullies' girlfriend, the principal and more.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the prior stories, and it isn't in this one either... but perhaps in a few more chapters. (This series is already very long, but I ain't done yet!)

Note 2: This is the ninth part in a lengthy series about a nerd's discovery of the power from having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the family picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes a man irresistible to women. Kevin begins using this power on a few MILFs, then experiments more widely with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin taking his mother's last forbidden hole while having some fun with a kinky roleplay. It also has Kevin learning more about his mother's slut past, and it sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor and talented cock sucker Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other holes.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun has Kevin, with the help of his submissive mother, giving his paraplegic sexual advisor an amazing sex-filled birthday.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader has Kevin feeling a little insecure about scoring a girl on his own. After a lengthy discussion with his guru Ms. Chan, he uses his BFC to seduce and dominate a hot blonde.

BIG FAT COCK: Eating Asian has Kevin meeting Ms. Chan's visiting niece from Japan, with whom he not only practices his oral skills, but also takes her virginity. That night at the niece's hotel he dines on three Japanese pussies and fucks the three Japanese beauties during his first foursome.

BIG FAT COCK: Ebony Sinners, where after a morning wake-up blow job and fucking from his Mom, Kevin engages in two wicked encounters while they're at church. First, a rendezvous as the service starts with one of his pets in the preacher's office, the Minister's wife Mrs. Grady, and then after learning the identities of a few of Mrs. Grady's lesbian churchgoing pets, he's surprised to be called back to the same office for an anal encounter with eighty-year-old black choir leader Mrs. Baker.

BIG FAT COCK: Educating Mrs. Walker, where Kevin seduces a teacher in her home when he's supposed to be tutoring her asshole son. He also fucks the son's girlfriend and cucks him while he fucks the son's mother and the son's girlfriend.

BIG FAT COCK: Effing Foursome, where Kevin experiences his dream foursome with the amazing Mom and daughter from across the street, as well as his Mom.

Note 3: Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for editing this story.

Big Fat Cock: Egged On

The next morning I woke up still tired... shooting ten loads in a single day can do that... load number ten being in my Mom's pussy in her bed, since these days I was sleeping full time with her. After the Gradys left, we'd showered together and shared a nightcap... meaning a leisurely 69 followed by an old school missionary fuck... before I unloaded my double-digit load into her warm pussy.

I got up, showered, and went down the street to Ms. Chan's, not having seen her at all yesterday... crazy to unleash ten loads, with none of them going as usual into Ms. Chan's mouth.

I let myself in the door and she quipped, "Kevy! Long time no cum."

I laughed as I walked up to her, whipped out my dick, and slid it into her amazing mouth, which was always a great way to start my day, "I've only missed one day."

She didn't respond, but instead bobbed on my cock like she hadn't played with it for an eternity.

This being my first load of the morning, and since I was between her amazingly skilled suctioning lips, I gifted her with her morning treat in only a couple minutes.

She swallowed every drop, backed off, and said, "Yum."

"Agreed," I said.

"So I assume you had a great day yesterday," she said, after taking a sip of coffee to chase down my cum.

"It was pretty wild," I said. "I'm sorry I never made it over here."

"No worries, Kevy," she smiled. "I understand you're getting very popular, so your time is precious."

"I'll always have time for you," I said, meaning it.

"That's so sweet, Kevy," she said. "But I do understand you can't visit me every day."

"Oh, I can do that," I said. "Well... *almost* every day."

"I mean coming here and coming," she smiled.

"Right, thanks," I said... she was always so understanding and sweet.

"But you and your mother's birthday surprise wicked double penetration, plus our many discussions, have gotten me thinking."

"They have?"

"Yes, it's time for me to put myself back out there."

"I agree two hundred percent."

"Kevy, that's mathematically impossible," she teased.

"Fine," I said, shaking my head. "In that case, I nonmathematically but wholeheartedly support your decision."

"Thanks," she said. "While your discovery of the power of your big, fat cock has been a sexual awakening for you, our conversations, blow jobs and fucking have also reawakened my long-lost self-confidence."

"That's great!" I said, sincerely happy for her... since nobody else I knew deserved to be in a mutually supportive relationship as much as she did... at least if that's what she wanted.

"And it's all because of you and your big cock," she said, having such a nasty mouth for such a sweet woman.

"You mean my big, *fat* cock," I corrected her.

"Yes indeed, your big... fat... mouth-filling... pussy-stretching... and asshole-destroying cock," she said wickedly. "Is that better?"

"Fuck, I love your wicked mouth," I said, her sexy repartee keeping my cock hard even after I'd just deposited a load in her mouth.

"Makes sense, you certainly use it a lot," she replied.

"I'd love to use it again right now, but I have to get to school," I said.

"*I'd* love you and your mother to fuck the shit out of me again," she said. "That is if you can find enough time to plug my ass between doing all your other cock-hungry sluts."

"I'll be sure to schedule you in," I said, kissing her cheek.

"Bye, Kevy," she said.

I waved bye for now, and headed to school.

....

I was just entering the hallway when Amber, one of the cheerleaders, greeted me. She was dressed in a colourful dress and to my approval, nylons. I wondered if they were the same ones I'd given her.

"Kevin," she said, stepping away from two of her pretty friends... all three of them pretty, but Amber was the prettiest. She'd never given me the time of day before she'd discovered (and fucked) my big, fat cock.

"Hi, Amber," I greeted, not appearing looking to see her, but not blowing her off either.

She leaned into me and whispered, her hot breath in my ear feeling really good, and her perfume drawing me in, "Do you like me wearing nylons?"

"I do," I approved. "They're very sexy."

"I bought them just for you"

"Good plan," I said, resisting my instinct to add the word 'slut' to that phrase. "I reward girls who do what they're told."

"I *like* rewards. So can you, um, meet me..." she began, but was interrupted by the douchebag of all douchebags.

"What the fuck are you doing talking to *this* fat loser?" Ethan asked her with his usual arrogance. "I'm *way* better than you," he added, sneering in my face.

Amber's next words would seal her fate... even if she didn't realize it.

And to my surprise, and obviously also to Evan's and his pair of jock junior packmates, *plus* as well as Ethan's girlfriend Cherry's, Amber stood up on her hind legs and barked loudly, "Fuck off, Evan!"

"Huh? You on your period or something?" Evan asked disbelievingly like the asshole he was.

"No, I'm just sick of watching you treat other guys as if you're better than them, which you're obviously not," Amber said angrily. She was defending

me... and other guys like me... in a way I'd never imagined possible... the power of BFC was spreading more widely than just into more sexual intimacy.

"I *am* better than any of them," he insisted, looking at me like I was gum on his shoe.

"Trust me, scumbag," Amber said, giving him a smirk. "You're not."

"I'm one of the best jocks in the school, so stay away from our women," Evan warned me, ignoring Amber but shoving me.

"Hey, *all* my women come to *me*. I can't help it if the ladies like me better than you," I shrugged, a small crowd gathering around us.

"Yeah potbelly, you're obviously quite the ladies' man," he scoffed.

"I haven't had any complaints," I said, refusing to back down from this small-dicked asshole who was hiding his inadequacies behind his excessive muscles and testosterone-fed bravado. Having a big dick, getting lots of hot chicks in the past week, and now having a hot cheerleader standing up for me, was really enhancing my growing confidence; I refused to be a wallflower anymore. If anything, it was time for me to stand up to Ethan and to all the dickhead Ethans of the world.

"Of course you haven't," he scoffed, "because you never score. Just stay out of my face."

He then swaggered away.

Cherry, Ethan's girlfriend, didn't follow him, but grabbed Amber and tugged her aside. All I heard was, "What the hell were you doing even *talking* to that loser?"

I didn't catch Amber's response, but then Cherry got mad and stormed off, and soon all the jocks and cheerleaders were gone, and the rest of the crowd dispersed too, likely disappointed they hadn't gotten to see a bigger show. Or better yet, a fight.

I headed toward my first class, catching sight of Heather reaching into her locker. It was so weird. I'd fucked lots of women this weekend: a cheerleader, three Asians, Mrs. Grady, an eighty-year-old choir director, a schoolteacher, Tamara, of course my mother, and more. Yet whenever I saw Heather (always just admiring her from a distance) I felt something different.

It wasn't lust.

It wasn't hoping for even more sex.

No, I just wanted to do innocent things... like kissing her cheek. Or holding her hand. Maybe carrying her books home for her sometime.

I shook my head in confusion.

How could I be enjoying the great fortune I'd had during this past week, with even more good fortune appearing every time I turned around, and then still be longing for someone but feel too shy even to speak to her?

I walked past her, steadfastly resisting my urge to look, and continued on to class.

It was between classes when another cheerleader, Emily, handed me a note without even looking at my face, and then scuttled away without a word.

"Thanks," I said as she walked away... her super short skirt leaving little to the imagination.

Being curious, of course I opened it. **Meet me in room three behind the gym. At the next break. A.** Not E for Emily, but A. Was this note from Amber? It seemed likely.

I had no idea there even *were* any rooms behind the gym, but it appeared I was about to get the treat of dropping another load in Amber.

I smiled... A growing number of girls and women couldn't get enough of my cock.

I attended my next class and then headed for this mysterious room three... recalling Amber once telling me the cheerleaders had a private room where they sometimes shared some sapphic fun.

I reached the room, not at all fazed about the probability I'd be late to my next class. I knocked, Amber opened the door and tugged me in.

As soon as she closed and locked the door, she dropped to her knees and unzipped my pants. "I haven't been able to stop thinking about this ramrod since Saturday."

She hungrily fished out my cock while I said, "Thanks for standing up for me, but you didn't have to. I'm used to dealing with Ethan."

"I'm just sick of his assholery," she said, extracting my cock.

"Yeah, it's sad when guys like him peak in high school, and then just fade away."

"Yeah, except for being an adequate athlete, he doesn't have much going for him," she agreed before taking my cock in her mouth.

I enjoyed her blow job for a couple minutes before asking, "Do you want my load down your throat, on your face, or in your pussy?"

"If I get to choose, then please fuck me," she said, standing up and bending over. She pulled down her plaid skirt to reveal no panties and a fresh pair of thigh high stockings. "After I left you, I skipped off to the mall and bought a few more pairs, just for you."

"Good girl," I said, stepping behind her and slapping her firm ass.

"I'm happy you like," she giggled, and wiggled her ass. God, was she hot and slutty, but she didn't have a lot upstairs... so she'd likely become my schooltime Mrs. Dieks... someone I could just drop my load into whenever I needed any old hole to fuck. I know that sounds crass and a little too much like my old man, but it was the truth. But on the other hand, she wasn't *quite* as low on the totem pole as Mrs. Dieks, since she'd had enough pluck

to stand up to Ethan for me. Like I told her, it wasn't necessary, but I still appreciated it.

"Ah, but I think it's you who likes," I said, sounding as dumb as she did while I was saying it, as I slid into her pussy.

"Oh, yes Kevin, I fucking *love* your dick," she moaned as I filled her pussy.

"You understand that I expect you to be available whenever I summon you," I said as I slammed into her.

"Summon?" she asked with a wild moan.

"You really *are* a dumb slut," I said as I roughly fucked her... grabbing her ponytail.

"Oh God, I *love* being your dumb slut," she moaned, too dumb even to know I was putting her down.

"'Summon' means that whenever I want to drop a load, I'll text you and you'll come to me immediately," I explained with a sigh.

"Oh, I certainly will," she replied, although I wasn't sure if she meant she'd come to meet me or she'd have an immediate orgasm.

"Do you want to be my cum bucket slut?" I asked as I slammed into her.

"Yesssss," she moaned, her orgasm already imminent just from a few deep, hard thrusts... the magic of my big, fat cock.

"Then say the words," I ordered, pulling out of her, expecting to hear a desperate response.

"Oh, Kevin, shove that fat cock back in my pussy," she pleaded, looking back at me with lust she couldn't be faking... making me think we could make a pretty damn authentic porn flick.

"No, I meant make me a pledge," I rephrased it, slapping her ass with my hard cock.

"Okay, got it. Kevin, I promise always to be your slutty cum bucket, and you can use me anytime you want," she promised.

"Which will eventually include your asshole," I warned.

"I'm sure you'll tear it apart, but I'll do it for you anyway," she said, her lust still making decisions for her... the glazed look in her eyes was something I was getting used to. "Now, please. Shove that fat cock deep in my pussy!"

I generously did as she requested.

"Oooooooh, *fuck!*" Amber screamed loud enough to wake the dead... I hoped it wasn't also loud enough for us to get caught.

"Come, you dirty whore," I ordered as I fucked her furiously.

"Oh God, Kevin, oh fuck, oh fuck, yes, fuck, yes," she babbled before screaming even louder when her orgasm tore through her pettily perfect body.

Feeling her wetness flooding all over my cock as I slid in and out of her had my balls ready to erupt, and after another dozen or so thrusts I pulled out and spun her around, whereupon she quickly dropped to her knees and opened her mouth like the trained slut she already was.

"Give me your load, Kevin," she begged, offering me her face.

"You want my load spurting all over your pretty face?"

"Yes, coat my face with your cum," she agreed, looking up at me with adoring lust... even after her orgasm, which was still sending aftershocks of pleasure through her. She was still completely enamoured of my cock.

"Oh yeah, take it, slut," I ordered as I erupted all over her... some going in her hair, most of it on her face, and a little on her dress.

"Holy shit!" said a shocked voice from behind me.

I looked around and saw Cherry staring at us in complete shock.

Before Amber could turn her head or speak, I slid my cock back into her mouth and ordered, "Clean me up, slut."

"What the fuck are you *doing*?" Cherry squealed.

"What's it look like? I'm using my slut," I answered, as to my surprise, Amber resumed bobbing... meaning my cock was more important to her than her reputation.

"Not you, jackass," Cherry said in disgust. "Amber, *stop that!*"

I pulled out of Amber's mouth and 'just happened to' give Cherry an excellent look at my cock. "Like what you see?"

She scoffed, even though it was obvious she was mightily impressed by what she saw between my legs, "Yeah... I mean no!"

"Cherry, I can explain," Amber said, standing up.

"You can explain why you're sucking a nerd's dick, taking a facial, and letting him call you a slut?"

"You forgot to mention I fucked her too," I added, holding my body sideways to her, which gave her the best view of both the length and girth of my impressive member.

"Cherry, I have a *perfect* explanation. His dick is amazingly big, and he really knows how to fuck. The end," Amber said, remaining on her knees with my load all over her face.

"Jesus Christ, Amber," Cherry shouted. "You're committing social suicide!"

"Have you even *looked* at his dick?" Amber demanded. "It's fucking awesome! I can't resist it and neither should you."

"Yes, take a good look, Cherry," I said, confidence oozing from me... knowing from experience a couple of good peeks would awaken a side of her she couldn't control... or at least that had been my experience ever since my big, fat cock discovery.

"Yeah, it's big; so what?" Cherry said, glancing down at it and not showing any of the reverence every other woman had given it... usually at first glance... which was usually with utter fascination and lust.

"Only *big*? It's fucking *huge*," Amber objected to Cherry damning me with faint praise, and not at all embarrassed to be caught *in flagrante* with nerdy me, which was a pleasant change when I was at school. "And it's so fucking fat, it really fills me up."

"Amber, it's only a dick," Cherry argued, apparently still not impressed, even though she did take another glance at it... this time for a bit longer. "And the main thing is he's pitifully beneath your social status."

Despite her dissing me, my confidence was at an all-time high, and sensing she was hiding some intrigue behind her façade of I'm-better-than-anyone, I strolled over to give her a much better look at my dick. "Want to see it closer up?"

"God, no," Cherry grimaced in disgust, even though she hadn't even *glanced* at the nearby presentation.

"No, you really *do* want to," I disagreed, not at all discouraged since she and her friends had been judging me for my entire life, so that expression on her face was forever engrained in my memories. But the new me wasn't backing down. I smirked just like her boyfriend had smirked at me earlier, saying, "I know for a fact I'm *much* bigger than your tiny-dicked boyfriend."

"Excuse me?" Cherry asked.

"I mean there's *no way* you could *possibly* get off from Ethan's tiny dick," I said. "Fuck, anything that size shouldn't even be *called* a dick! It might qualify as a cocktail sausage, but no better than that"

"Now you've done it! When I tell him what you just said, he's gonna kill you," Cherry threatened.

"Ah, but after I give you pleasure like you've never had before, I'm betting you *won't* tell him," I said, still oozing confidence. "What do you say, Amber?"

"I say that Kevin fucks better than anyone else I've ever had," Amber interjected, her face still coated with my cum.

Deciding to leave Cherry like she was, e.g., questioning, I stepped away from her and said, giving her one more look at my cock, which this time she took, her eyes lingering much longer this time, definitely longer than she wanted to, "When you're ready, just let me know."

"That'll be when hell freezes over," she said.

"Then I look forward to it. It's a cold day today, so it shouldn't be long," I smirked, pulling my pants up and strolling towards the door, but not yet leaving the room.

"Amber, what the fuck?" Cherry demanded.

"Don't start with me," Amber said like a protective mama bear. "Kevin fucking knows how to please a woman, unlike all those tiny-dicked jocks."

"But you're talking about *Kevin*," Cherry said, as if just saying my name was all that needed saying to make her point, still stuck on what I was... a nerd... thus making me want to fuck her even more.

"I don't care, I *love* his dick," Amber said, and I walked out before hearing anything else.

I had a big smile on my face as I walked back into the cesspool known as high school, and of course... I accidentally walked right into Ethan... knocking each of us a step backwards.

"What the fuck, loser?" Ethan barked.

"Sorry," I said mildly, not wanting to make this tiny accident into a big deal. Old me would have apologized profusely and been terrified of what he might do to me, but new me was just calm and cool.

"Stay the fuck out of my way," he said, threatening me like jocks do, dropping his binder so he could shove me with both hands.

Now I *had* been about just to let this incident go... but then he pushed me. So I said with a sneer, "You're always utilising feigned bravado to camouflage your inner insecurities. Classic!"

"*What* did you say?" he asked, my sentence far too complex for his simple mind.

"In other words, you customarily utilise violence to obfuscate the fashions in which you constantly overcompensate for your gross inadequacies," I answered, refusing to back down from his menacing glare.

And this time he kind of got it. "I overcompensate for what?" he glowered, the crowd around us growing.

"Oh, anyone in the boys locker room knows exactly what I'm talking about," I responded smugly, a crowd of more than thirty people now avidly watching our exchange, once again hoping to see a fight.

"You're fucking dead," he said, raising a fist to punch my lights out.

"What's going on here?" The principal asked, stepping between us... even though I was prepared to take the punch... I wasn't backing down from *anyone* anymore... especially not from a tiny-dicked guy who likely was gay and hid that behind his athletic build... the pleasant thought of him getting bent over and fucked popping into my head.

"Nothing, nothing," the always smooth Evan disclaimed, holding his hands up. "Just a friendly disagreement between my bud Kevin and me."

"Well, you know the rules," the principal said, repressing some anger, "Any fighting and you'd be off all the sports teams for the rest of the school year. And since you're a senior, that would mean permanently."

I smirked at the consequences to this asshole if he *did* punch me... I might need to try and make that happen. The results would be far worse for him

than for me.

"Yes, Principal Appleby," Ethan acknowledged... as I checked out her big ass and wondered what it would be like to pound her from behind.

"Good," she said. "Now run along to class," as if he was five.

"Yes, Principal Appleby," Ethan said, glaring at me. I saw Cherry standing next to him, but she was looking at me, and not in a disgusted way anymore... but curiously.

The principal turned to me and ordered, "Kevin, please come to my office." It wasn't an optional request.

"But I didn't do anything," I protested.

"Now!" she said in a tone that broadcasted loud and clear I was in trouble.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, the idea of fucking her still quite appealing. There was 1) something special about my turning a woman in authority into a cock-hungry slut; and 2) I was discovering I really loved big asses.

I followed her through and past the crowd, who I imagined had a variety of thoughts in their heads. Some likely thought I was crazy for standing up to Ethan and sometime soon I'd get the shit beat out of me. Some others were simply surprised I'd stood up to him. And a few others were probably impressed and were now seeing me in a very different light.

We arrived at her office, and Principal Appleby said to her secretary, "Hold my calls, Grace."

"Of course, Principal Appleby," she responded.

Once we were inside her office, she closed, and I think locked the door, before she went to her desk and sat down, saying, "Take a seat, Kevin."

"Yes ma'am," I said, having a hard time reading her face about what her thoughts were. I felt that she had a game plan for my being here, but I couldn't figure out what it was.

"You've missed a few classes recently," she said.

That wasn't where I'd thought this was going to go.

"Yeah, I've been busy," I said, acting a bit casual and probably too nonchalant.

"You understand that you're nearing the end of high school," she said. "I don't want to see you waste your fabulous potential by slacking off too soon."

"Trust me," I said. "I can get into any school I want."

"I'm sure you're *able* to," she said. "But not if Ethan puts you in the hospital for a month or two."

"I can take care of myself."

"I'm sure you can," she said, as she stood up and walked around her desk. "But he could make your life miserable."

"He's done that for years, and I'm still healthy," I said as she stepped directly in front of me and hopped onto her desk not very gracefully. In fact she almost fell, coming so close to *actually* falling that I was preparing to lunge forward and catch her.

But she avoided falling, regained her composure, crossed her legs and said, "I imagine he's never been very pleasant to you."

"All jocks are assholes," I said bluntly.

"Kevin, language!" she rebuked me.

"Sorry," I apologized, still unsure where she was going. She seemed to have some hidden motive for keeping me here beyond what she'd already said. If she knew about my dick size I'd think it was that, but there was no way she could know about it.

She dangled her heel from her toes and said, "Recently there's been something quite different about you, Kevin."

"There is?" I asked, still wondering where this was going.

"Yes, but I can't quite put my finger on it," she said. looking into my eyes.

"I've found my swagger recently, so maybe it's that," I speculated, beginning to sense she *might* have somehow learned what I was packing and was interested in learning more about it... and maybe even taking it inside her.

"And what led to that?" she asked, her tone shifting ever so slightly from her usual rigid I'm-not-in-the-mood-for-any-monkey-business, to one that was slightly sensual... or at least it seemed so. But I still wasn't sure if I was reading something into this... this interrogation? Or just a conversation?... that wasn't really there.

"My Mom and a neighbor down the street we've recently gotten close to have been helping me learn several things about myself and about life," I said, keeping what I was telling her as vague as possible, yet widening the scope of our conversation by planting some subtle seeds that could grow quickly to fruition if somehow she *did* know about my secret weapon.

So if she knew, she must want my cock. But she couldn't just come out and say it.

But if she *didn't* know, I wouldn't mind letting her know about it. But I couldn't just come out and say it either.

So we were possibly in essence playing a chess match... probably with both of us wanting to hurry to the fuck-mate.

"And what... *exactly*... have you learned about yourself?" she asked. Then after a pause, "And about life?"

"I'm not sure an informative answer would be school appropriate," I said, planting more seeds, seeing if she'd allow herself to be drawn in.

"Oh Kevin, trust me. I've seen lots of things in this office and elsewhere around the school that were inappropriate," she said. Then there was another pause, a lengthy one, before she added, "Actually, I saw something *scandalously* inappropriate earlier this very day."

"Oh?" I said, still trying to figure her out. She was obviously an excellent poker player. And she seemed to be raising the ante, but she wasn't revealing any of her cards.

"So tell me Kevin, what *have* you learned about yourself recently?" she repeated.

"Are you certain you want me to answer that question?" I asked, as her heel dropped to the floor with a *thunk*.

"Very certain," she said, and she moved her black pantyhose-clad foot onto my crotch as she continued, "And here's a pertinent little fact that might help loosen your tongue. Did you know there's a camera in the cheerleaders change room? And it has a microphone?"

"That sounds to me like a serious violation of the cheerleaders' privacy," I said, flexing my cock against her foot.

"It doesn't point toward the showers, or to the locker area where they change," she said as she applied firm pressure to my cock.

"I see," I said, playing it as cool as a cucumber (which by the way, is a stupid expression. I mean unless it just came out of the refrigerator, how cool is a cucumber? It isn't very cool at all when it's growing on the vine (or sometimes on a bush)).

"So I learned something about you today," she said.

"Then I think we both know what that is," I smiled, flexing my hardening cock against her foot again.

"You may be right," she nodded, slowly rubbing her foot up and down on my crotch. "But I'm still curious; just *what* did you recently learn about

life?"

"You want the actual truth?"

"Yes please, the truthful truth," she nodded, 'truthful truth' being a phrase she often used in her addresses to the student body.

"I've recently experienced many occasions where girls or women become complete cock-hungry sluts, willing to do almost anything if it leads to their being allowed to suck or get fucked by a big, fat cock," I answered bluntly. "But the cock needs to be a *very* big and fat one."

"Is that so? she asked, now rubbing her foot on my dick in a slow, teasing, circular motion.

"My evidence is very compelling," I answered.

"I *bet* it is," she said. "And how long have you been gathering this data?"

"I didn't learn it all at once, and my journey began in earnest only a week ago today. Although I learned a bit of it the previous weekend," I admitted.

"I see," she said, removing her foot and standing up.

"Would you care to investigate my hard evidence up close and personal, Principal Appleby?" I asked, my confidence growing more and more with each lustful woman willing to risk her reputation, her pride, and sometimes even her job to interact with my dick.

"I think I'd like that very much," she said, dropping to her knees before me.

"Then I think whenever we're alone together, we should *both* address each other by our first names. What shall I call you in private, Principal Appleby?"

"My friends... including a few intimate ones... call me Cynthia."

"Then go right ahead and check it out, Cynthia," I said, looking down at her.

She brought her hands to my pants, undid them, and pulled out my cock. Even though she'd likely already seen it via the video camera, I imagine at such a distance it couldn't possibly have done my equipment justice. It was far more magnificent up close and personal, and even better inside a woman's hole... any of her holes.

"Oh *my*, Kevin," she gasped as she grasped it.

"What do you think of my theory now that you're handling the evidence?" I asked, for some reason playing her silly game and enjoying it. Seeing the most powerful person in the school captivated and enthralled with my dick, and seeing her on her knees with it in her hands was quite the coup, and quite the cock-throbbing rush.

"You've quickly developed a very strong case," she opined as she slowly stroked my cock.

"My evidence is even more convincing when you inspect it closely, Cynthia," I said, standing up to make it easier for her to do what she obviously wanted to do.

"I think you're correct; I must be thorough in this investigation," she said. "Especially since your theory is so blatantly sexist and egotistical. Which isn't to say it lacks merit."

"I'm just displaying the evidence that proves my theory," I said as she stared at my cock.

"It's so fucking big," she said, literally unable to take her eyes off my dick, and then our silly wordplay came to an end.

"Suck it, Cynthia," I ordered.

"I can't believe you're packing such a huge cock, Kevin!"

"And I know how to use it," I emphasized, as I took control and slid it into her mouth... thus ending the 'will she or won't she', since now we both knew how this encounter would be ending.

As soon as I'd helped her cross that final line... which she'd *actually* crossed the moment she escorted me into her office... she began bobbing.

"That's it," I said. "Show me how much you love my big, fat cock."

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned on my cock as she bobbed. Most women started slowly, taking enough time to get used to my length and girth... but Cynthia really went to town the moment she started on my cock.

She took my first six inches with ease, smoothly bobbing back and forth.

I was grateful I'd already shot two loads today, the most recent one only ten or fifteen minutes ago all over Amber's face.

I asked, after enjoying her obviously very experienced mouth for a couple minutes while I pulled my cock away from her lips, "Did you watch me fucking Amber?"

"I did," she said with lust in her eyes.

"So you saw me bust my nut on her face?"

"I did," she said. "That was quite a load."

"Yeah, I always have big loads available, and good news for you: I reload quickly," I said, slapping her cheek with my cock.

"I also listened in on your conversation with Cherry. Despite her pretense of uninterest, I think you'll have *her* on her knees very soon too."

"You think so?"

"For sure," she said, licking up and down my long shaft.

"She didn't seem quite as enamored as my other sluts are, such as yourself," I said, as I shoved my cock all the way into her mouth, made her gag, and then pulled back out.

"You *brat*," she accused, wiping drool off her chin.

"I do whatever I want to my sluts," I shrugged.

"So I see. I approve of that approach," she said, licking my cock head. After a moment she offered, "I could blackmail her with some videos, if you want her."

"That's a generous offer, Cynthia," I said, "but I want her to come to me just because she can't resist me."

"Like I did just now," she said, bringing her mouth to my balls.

"Exactly," I said. "It's lots more fun to have someone begging for my dick."

"It *is* a really nice dick."

"I know," I said, always enjoying to watch someone in complete lust for my dick... and this time it was someone with all the power and the formidable reputation of Principal Appleby, known to a few intimates as Cynthia, which added to the excitement.

"Your newfound confidence is hot," she added as she sucked one of my balls.

"Discovering what most women will do for a big, fat cock is a powerful and life-changing experience," I said as she advanced to my other ball. I loved how she was worshipping my cock and balls without any instructions. It made me wonder whether she brought any other guys in here to afford her pleasure. So I asked, "Am I the first student to receive this generous kind of personal treatment?"

"No, you're far from the first," she said as her tongue slithered back up my shaft. "Although," she continued, stopping for a moment, I think for dramatic effect, "all the rest have been girls."

"I see," I said, as she swirled her tongue around my cock head... surprisingly not in much of a hurry since we were using her office in the middle of a school day. What if someone misbehaved in class and their

teacher sent them to the principal's office? Would her secretary Grace warn her, and then I'd need to hide under her desk?

"And I'm not submissive with those girls at all," she added as she took my cock back into her mouth and began bobbing again.

"No?" I asked. "You seem like a *natural* submissive slut to me."

"Oh, I can be *very* submissive for someone with a great big cock like yours," she said, stroking the pertinent cock as she looked up at me. "But usually I just order around one of the dumb bitch girls for my pleasure."

"I see," I nodded. "Is Cherry one of them?"

"She *has* been called in on occasion for some discipline."

"Hot!"

"She isn't very good at eating pussy," she said. "But it's fun putting her in her place."

"I can imagine," I said, already imagining shutting the bitch up by sticking my cock down her throat.

She bobbed on my dick for another minute before I asked, kind of curious, "So you never bring guys in here?"

"Not for sex, no," she said as she took my cock out of her mouth. "I can't stand stupid guys."

"So size only matters when a guy is smart?" I asked, loving her approach.

"Yeah," she nodded as I pulled her up, spun her around and bent her over her desk. "And given what you just did, I also like a man who knows what he wants and takes it."

I flipped up her dress and pulled down her pantyhose and panties. "I'm all of those things."

"So I see," she said, turning her head around to watch me and my dick settling in behind her.

"Do you want my dick, Cynthia?" I asked as I rubbed my cock between her very wet pussy lips. I knew the answer, but I enjoyed hearing a woman who was normally in authority taking time out to beg me for things.

"Yes, I do want your dick, Kevin." And she moaned just from the touch of my cock, a couple millimetres past her pussy lips.

"I hope you're able to beg better than that, Cynthia," I said, continuing to rub her pussy. But not giving her what she wanted until she'd earned it.

"Fuck, Kevin," she moaned as I teased her. "*Please* shove that big, fat cock into my cunt and fuck me like I'm a cheap slut."

"Better," I said as I slid all the way into her with one long thrust.

"Oh fuuuuuck!" she moaned, as I was suddenly balls deep inside her pussy.

I rested inside her and asked, "Are there any slutty teachers here who'd go for my big cock?"

"Probably *all* the women," she said. "But you'll find Ms. Peterson a sure thing."

"Nice," I said, since she was pretty and one of the younger teachers.

"She's a major size slut," she added.

"Then I'll *really* have to offer her my services," I said as I began fucking her.

"*Ooooooh*, and Mrs. Camden will also want your dick," she added. Mrs. Camden was already on my to-do-someday list.

"She has quite an ass," I said as I started fucking her faster, both of my hands resting on her lower back.

"She's a *nasty* ass slut," she revealed.

"Nice," I said as I fucked her good. "My specialty is fucking asses."

"Oh fuck, Kevin, give me that cock!" she moaned.

"You like it strong?"

"Yes please, *slam* that cock into my cunt," she said, looking back at me with that glazed look almost every woman gave me... the look of utter lust that told me I could do anything I wanted with her.

"Do you take it in the ass too, Principal Slut?" I asked, obliging her request, beginning to slam into her hard... just like she wanted it.

"Occasionally," she replied through a long moan, so the word came out more like 'occ—as—ion---allyyyyyyyyyy."

"I bet you'd squeal like a pig if I stuck this dick up your ass," I said, although I didn't plan on doing that today.

"Oh God," she moaned, her orgasm already rising, "you'd tear me apart."

"And you'd fucking love it," I said, knowing she would... her big ass *obviously* made to be fucked.

"I would, I really would," she moaned as I continued pumping in and out of her... wanting to make her come right there on her desk.

And for the next two or three minutes I just fucked her.

No more talking.

Just fucking.

My body slamming into hers with each thrust.

"Don't stop, oh fuck, Kevin," she moaned, her orgasm imminent.

"Come on my fat cock," I ordered, pulling on her hair.

"Oh yes, fuck, Kevin, fuck me good!" she cried out wildly.

"Come right *now*, you dirty fuck slut," I demanded, slamming into her hard while her moans continued growing in uncontrollable rapture.

"Oh fuck, Kevin," she yelled, slamming her left hand against her desk a few times before her orgasm careened into her, "Yessssssss!"

As her body shook, I kept pumping my dick in and out of her, allowing my own orgasm to rise to the fore.

It was a minute or two later, my balls bubbling with a warm load, when I pulled out and ordered, "Knees, now!"

It was always hot and fun to see a woman mindlessly obeying such a humiliating order without hesitation, and the moment she was on her knees facing me, I unloaded my load on her face and, because I'm a bit of an asshole, onto her black dress as well.

Once I was done shooting, I slid my cock into her mouth, and she sucked out every last drop.

Satisfied, I pulled out, pulled up my pants and said, "Next time I fuck your ass."

"And I'll let you," she said as she slowly got off her knees.

"I should get to class," I said.

"Probably," she said as I squeezed her tits through her dress.

"I may have to titty fuck you too," I said.

"Mmmmmm," she purred, and I gave them one last firm squeeze before leaving her office.

As I paused next to her plump but pretty secretary, I said, as she looked at me knowingly, "Grace, next time you're invited to join us."

She didn't say anything, but she did smile and lick her lips, and I headed to class with another MILF added to my growing stable of sluts... one who could be very helpful in growing my collection even further.

I was late for class... again... but it didn't matter... at least not to me... since I was on a high... another conquest... another MILF willing to do absolutely anything for my big, fat cock.

Sitting in class, I decided next I should tackle Cherry.

But to my surprise, first I got her best friend Stephanie, who approached me just as I was leaving the classroom.

"Kevin, may I please talk to you for a minute?" she asked sheepishly, almost whispering, "in private?"

"Uh, sure," I nodded to the pretty brunette.

"Will you meet me in the cheerleaders change room in five minutes?" she asked, looking excited by my demeanor, even though I was laid back.

"Sure, babe," I agreed, calling her 'babe', but resisting the temptation to slap her ass, just as Ethan walked by.

"Stephanie, is this creep bothering you?"

"No, *I* asked if I could talk with *him*," she said.

I looked at Cherry, who was holding his hand yet was looking at me.

"Yeah, you're not top dog anymore, Ethan," I said, standing up to him.

"Excuse me?" he asked threateningly, facing off with me.

"You're... not... top... dog... anymore," I said much more slowly. "Is that simple enough for you?"

"You're done," he said, shoving me against the lockers.

"Yes, I *am* done. I'm done with being afraid of you," I said, shoving him back. Yes, I knew he could kick the shit out of me whenever he wanted, but no longer would I allow fear to control me. Plus, I had some sure-fire scholarships in my future, while he *maybe* had some football scholarships. He was much more at risk than I was.

"Oh?" he purred (like a panther), a smirk on his face.

I smirked right back. "*Plus...* I have something you never will; actually, I have *two* things you'll never have."

"And what could you *possibly* have that I don't?" he challenged me, too stupid to realise I was setting him up for some humiliation.

"Well, brains for one," I smirked.

"You big fucking *prick*," he said, shoving me against the locker again.

"You're not wrong," I smirked, his insult ironic. "Because that's the other thing I have over you."

His hand was at my throat as he demanded, "What does that nonsense even mean?"

"It means you have a teensy prick and I have a huge one," I said, preparing to take a punch from him since I was humiliating him.

"You fucking fat piece of *SHIT!*" he shouted, as he went to punch me, but was stopped.

"Enough!" Cherry barked, wrestling his hand away from my face.

"Don't you *dare!*" he growled, shoving her away before he realized this was his girlfriend, as she fell down onto the hard linoleum floor.

"Ouch! You *asshole!*" she shouted fiercely, her eyes like balls of fire as she lunged back up to her feet.

"Cherry, I'm *so sorry!*" he cried out in a panic.

"Fuck off, you male bitch," she sneered, and then she slapped him soundly across the face and stormed off.

"I'm not finished with you," he warned me, pushing me against the wall and running after her.

"Dude!" Liam approved, coming over and giving me a high five.

"Yeah, you're the man," someone else said.

"What's going on here?" Principal Appleby shouted, dispersing the crowd that had grown quickly.

"Just dealing with some trash," I said.

"Okay everyone, show's over," she announced, not shouting now, but still using a carrying voice.

The group headed off while I told them, "I have another meeting scheduled in the same place as before, if you guys want to come and watch." None of them would have a clue what I meant... except Cynthia.

"I just might do that... electronically of course," she said softly into my ear, then she gave me a wink, and I headed toward the cheerleaders' changing room to fuck my second cheerleader of the day.

Two more than I'd ever imagined doing before I'd discovered the value of my big, fat cock.

I reached the room, swaggered in, and saw Stephanie on her knees between Amber's legs licking her pussy. Amber was naked, but Stephanie was fully dressed in her cheerleader outfit... or so it appeared at first.

"Stephanie's commando today. So just lift her skirt and slide your big dick inside her, Kevin," Amber urged me with a wicked grin.

"You sure she wants me to?" I asked, wanting to hear the pretty cheerleader speak for herself and say she wanted me... while I watched one of the hottest sex acts ever... a cheerleader eating out another cheerleader... pretty much every teenage boy's dream... especially a nerd like I was.

Stephanie lifted her head and asked, "May I suck it before you shove it inside me the other place?"

"Sure! Come over here and do it," I replied.

"Mmmmmm," she purred, leaving Amber's pussy behind and hurrying over to me.

I watched her unbutton my pants and eagerly pull them down. Then my boxer briefs.

"Holy mother fucker!" Stephanie gasped, her eyes going huge, in complete awe of my hard cock as it popped out and almost slapped her in the face.

"It *has* already fucked a few mothers," I said as she took it in her hand.

"I bet," she said as she stroked it in utter lust... with that amazed look of heat so many girls exhibited the moment they saw my cock... and felt my cock... and were completely enamoured of my cock.

"Get sucking," Amber ordered her friend, her hand going to the back of Stephanie's head and pushing her mouth onto my cock.

Stephanie wrapped her lips around it and began sucking as Amber kept her hand firmly on her head.

"Do you cheerleaders dyke out?" I asked.

"Most of us," Amber said.

"Hot," I said.

"Yeah, any girl can eat pussy *lots* better than any guy can," Amber said.

"Maybe," I said, "but I hope you'll let me challenge that theory someday."

"You can challenge me anytime you like," she smiled. "Even inept pussy licking is better than no pussy licking."

"I plan on it," I said, as Stephanie bobbed on my cock with the same eager hunger all my sluts did.

A moment later Stephanie backed away and said, "Please Kevin, fuck me now."

"You're telling me you want this big dick?" I asked as I tapped it on her lips.

"Yes please, Kevin," she said as she pushed me against the wall, turned around and backed up... then reached her hand behind herself to guide my cock into her pussy.

I was impressed by her determination as she backed onto my cock... and as I'd expected, her pussy was soaked, so my cock slid inside her easily.

Then while I just leaned against the wall, she fucked herself on my cock... bouncing back on it and slamming it to me hard.

"Oh fuck," she moaned.

"I want to try that position too," Amber said.

"Not fucking yet, wait your turn," Stephanie warned her off while getting herself off on my dick.

I literally did nothing... just hung out and allowed let Stephanie fuck me.

Amber watched for a while and then began rubbing herself.

"Don't slow down, slut," I said, reminding her I was in charge, even though so far she'd been doing everything, so of course she'd also been making all the decisions.

"Oh yes, Kevin," she moaned loudly. "I'll be your slut whenever you want me."

"I'm his *first* slut," Amber said... as I enjoyed these two cheerleaders arguing over which of them got to be my top slut. I diplomatically didn't tell them my Mom was my top slut, followed by Ms. Chan, and then Mrs. Walker, then Tamara (she would argue she was nobody's slut and then let me fuck her ass anyway), and then Danai. These two hot cheerleaders weren't even in my top five.

"You're both good sluts," I told them (that was true at least), and when I bucked into her a moment later, she bounced back.

"Oh my God!" she screamed as my dick reached new depths inside her pussy.

"Get on all fours," I ordered, wanting to hurry and finish her off so I could watch some more lesbian action.

She hurried to obey.

"Now eat Amber's pussy while I pound *your* pussy," I ordered. So Amber quickly laid face up on the floor and maneuvered her sexy cunt beneath Stephanie's face.

"Anything for you, Kevin," Stephanie pledged as she buried her face in Amber's pussy the moment it was within reach, and I got back into position to resume fucking her from behind.

Their lesbian scene was so hot as I slid my dick back into Stephanie and fucked her hard.

"Ohhhhhhhh," both girls moaned.

"Hammer our slut," Amber urged me, as she placed a hand on the back of Stephanie's head and held her deep in her wetness.

"*Our* slut?" I grinned wolfishly.

"Yeah Kevin, I'll get us a *whole bunch* of sluts," she promised as I slammed into Stephanie... the idea of this cheerleader bringing me even more hot popular bitches to play with was very appealing. I decided to totally revise my equating her *at all* with Mrs. Dieks. Amber was *miles* ahead of that weak-willed old bitch. And of course prettier, too.

"You will, will you?" I asked as I kept pounding Stephanie.

"Yes, Kevin," she moaned, looking into my eyes. "So who do you want next?"

"All the senior cheerleaders," I chose.

"Oh, that'll be easy," she said. "Once we show them your cock."

"Even Cherry?" I asked.

"After what happened at lunchtime, I think she's become a real possibility."

"Yeah, she was really pissed at Ethan," I agreed.

"And when she was in this room with us earlier she denied being impressed, but to me there was no doubt she was *wowed* by your dick."

"Of course she was," I said, my confidence continuing to soar.

"Oh God," Stephanie said as she lifted her head.

"Beg, slut," Amber ordered, loving her part-time dominant role.

Stephanie didn't hesitate as she looked back at me while I fucked her hard, "Please give me that cock, Kevin. Fuck me like your cheap slut!"

"As you wish," I said, continuing to drill her from behind and knowing she'd be coming soon.

"Oh fuck, yes! I'm going to... I'm going to... I'm going to cooooooome," she babbled, and she *screamed* as her orgasm hit her hard, and then she literally face planted into Amber's pussy.

Amber ground on her face as she once again held Stephanie's head deeply into her cunt while I kept fucking her.

The sight was really hot... I only wished I could see Stephanie's [\[A1\]](#)tits, as Amber smoothly ground her pussy all over her face.

Amber came a minute later just before I pulled out and ordered, "Both of you get your faces in place for my load."

Stephanie rolled away from my dick and turned around, her face shiny with Amber's wetness, as Amber weakly pushed herself up to her hands and knees, still undergoing a long orgasm.

"Give me that load, Kevin," Stephanie demanded, her pretty face ready and waiting for my cum.

"No, give it to *me*, Kevin," Amber argued, pushing Amber aside a bit.

"No, you'll *both* get my load," I adjudicated, stroking my cock and waving it back and forth between the two popular cheerleaders.

"Please, I *need* your cum," Stephanie begged, and I aimed my dick at her face and obliged her request as my first rope of cum splattered all over it.

I then aimed my dick at Amber so I could fulfill her request too, and ropes two and three of my cum splashed onto her pretty face.

I turned back to Stephanie and shot one last (and much smaller) wad onto her face before sliding my cock back into her mouth.

She smoothly resumed sucking, extracting the last few dribbles of my load into her mouth.

When I pulled out a minute later, I ordered, "Now kiss each other."

The two girls turned to each other and made out for a while before taking turns licking the cum off each other's faces, which was fucking hot to watch.

I watched them for a couple minutes before I tucked my dick away and said, "Amber, let me know when you have another slut for me."

"And then will you fuck *me*?" she asked.

"If you bring me Cherry, Sylvia or Cameron, I'll fuck you immediately after I fuck them," I promised.

Cherry would be my ultimate cheerleader conquest, the beautiful Sylvia was a stuck-up bitch and some pompous politician's daughter (thus not at all beautiful on the inside), while Cameron was a model with a couple of commercials and lots of posters under her belt... including a from-the-waist-down one of her wearing just pantyhose, which was really hot. All three of them had treated me like shit on more than one occasion... Sylvia had frequently called me Porky Pig when we were in middle school... and insults like that you don't forget.

Amber nodded, "I can make at least one of those girls into a reality."

"Which one?" I asked.

"That..." she said as she came over to me and squeezed my cock through my pants, "...is for me to know, and for you to fuck right after you find out."

"You tease," I said.

"Nope, I don't tease, I deliver," she said, then kissed me... kissing having been very rare during my fuck fest today... kissing so much more intimate than blow jobs or fucking.

"That's my girl, now make it happen," I said, slapping her bare ass.

"I will," she said. "But then you'd better give me your very best rough fucking."

"That goes without saying," I said, and I swaggered out of my new favourite room in the school... the library retreating to a distant second.

I was in my next class when I heard Principal Appleby page Ethan to her office. I assumed she wasn't paging him for the same reason she'd wanted me when I visited her earlier. She was a real size queen, and Ethan certainly couldn't offer her much in that respect.

As I was heading for my last class of the day, Amber came running up to me and asked, "Did you hear?"

"Hear what? That you got me a senior cheerleader already?" I asked.

"No, that's still in the works," she said. "But that's not what I meant. Ethan just got suspended!"

"He did?" I asked, this surprising me. He was a jock and therefore untouchable... or so I'd thought.

"Yeah, the video showed him shoving you and then knocking Cherry down, and later on punching the glass in the front door and shattering it to pieces," she said, clearly enjoying to tell me all this.

"No way," I said, both intrigued by what had happened, but also by what might happen next... since Ethan naturally would blame this on me.

"Yeah," she said. She then asked, "You sure you don't want to dump a load in me right now?"

"Sexpot, you're quite the temptress."

"Because I'm your sure thing," she said, her warm breath on my neck getting me hard.

"I'd love to, but I can't go back on my promise or my word will mean nothing," I said. And I promised to fuck you *after* I fucked whoever you bring me next."

"Fine," she said. "I certainly like a man who knows what he wants."

"Good; and I like a slut who knows how to obey," I said as the bell rang. I was late for *another* class!

"I'll always do anything you tell me to," she said. Fuck, she was so hot, and although she wasn't all that bright, unlike most cheerleaders, she was very sweet.

"I know you will," I said, then turned and walked away... always leaving them wanting more.

I'd just about made it to my class when I saw Cherry hurrying towards me, obviously wanting a word.

"You!" she called out in a tone and with a facial expression that were unreadable... not particularly angry, yet not particularly pleasant either.

"Yes?" I responded as casually as I could.

"Meet me in the cheerleader's room *right now*," she ordered.

"I have a class I'm already late for," I said, playing hard to get, even though there was only one reason she'd be inviting me to the cheerleader's room, especially since she'd already seen my package in there.

"Now," she ordered.

"Okay," I said, "but you'd better make it worth my while."

"No worries about that. You're about to get spectacularly lucky," she bragged, and then she turned and rushed away.

I smiled.

My string of scoring today was getting too good to be true... but it was hurting my attendance record. I might need to chat with Cynthia to take care of that issue, since I now appeared to be her favourite student.

I scuttled past my class, and for the third time today entered the room every other guy in the school fantasized about seeing the inside of even once.

Cherry said as soon as I joined her, "You're gonna fucking tell *nobody* about this!"

"Agreed. But you understand *you're* not the one doing *me* a favour here," I said, wanting to make it clear that whether she fucked me or not, I wouldn't stand for her treating me with any more disrespect. "I'm doing *you* a favour."

"Excuse me?" she asked archly, clearly not accustomed to being challenged by anyone, especially not by a fat, nerdy kid like me.

"I can fuck at least half a dozen girls in here anytime I want, and lots more girls and women outside of school," I said, and I wasn't bragging, I was simply stating facts. I wasn't all that sure half a dozen schoolgirls was accurate yet, but I knew I'd get there soon.

"Do you understand who I am?" she asked haughtily.

"Yeah, you're the hoop de doo grand poo bah head cheerleader. But you're also a horny bitch who's hungry for my big cock," I said, going over to her.

"Excuse me?" she repeated, her eyes fiery, yet I sensed it would take almost no effort at all to get her onto her knees and sucking my dick. "Tubby, you're no big deal, I'm just fucking you to get back at Ethan."

"Are you?" I asked, now standing immediately in front of her.

"Yes," she asserted. "Having sex with you will really piss him off."

"Yes, that's a fact," I agreed, still oozing confidence, "but another fact is you haven't been able to stop thinking about my big, fat cock ever since you first saw it, have you?"

"Yeah, you wish," she scoffed, but she was a shitty actress.

"I don't have to wish," I said, "I can see it in your eyes. You want my cock badly, and you hate that you do."

"You got that last part right," she admitted.

"Yet here we are," I smiled, loving this opportunity to push her limits.

"No one can find out," she said.

"So you'd object if I Instagrammed pictures of what we're about to do?" I joked as I placed my hands on her shoulders.

"Do you even *have* Instagram?"

"Yep," I nodded, and I gently pushed her down.

As I'd expected, she didn't resist in the slightest, and the most desired girl in the school was suddenly on her knees in front of me.

"Go ahead, take out my big, fat cock," I said, looking down at her.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she said while she obeyed my order.

"I can," I said. "Once you first caught sight of my cock, which is substantially longer and fatter than your tiny-dicked boyfriend's, this moment was inevitable."

"You're so cocky," she said.

"And with good reason," I said as she pulled my dick out.

"Jesus!" she gasped, as my cock in all its hard and fat glory emerged right in front of her eyes. She'd already known I was big from seeing my dick from a few feet away, but now that she was only a couple *inches* away from it she had a brand new perspective.

"I know," I said, never getting tired of women's astonished reactions to my cock.

"You must have stolen this monster cock from a *horse*," she said as she stroked it, completely enamoured by it.

"Thanks," I said, not having heard that comparison before.

She kept stroking and licking my cock head.

"I'll bet Ethan has never gotten you off, has he?"

"No, never," she admitted, throwing him under the bus without hesitation.

"I'll make you come like you've never come before."

"That won't be hard, I've *never* come from having sex."

"Never?" I asked, totally surprised.

"Not from anyone's dick."

"How about from your cheerleader friends' tongues?"

"Oh yeah, they're pretty good," she said as she licked up and down my shaft. "And a few moms, too."

"Mmmmmm, you fuck moms too?" I asked, as she licked her tongue up my shaft.

"Yeah, I have a knack for drawing straight women right to me," she said, "especially married ones."

"So do I."

"I believe you. Once they see this cock, I imagine you've got a slam dunk," she said, swirling her tongue around my cock head, seeming in no hurry to get down to business... which I found flattering.

"Yeah, I don't score sluts because of my good looks," I admitted.

"Sorry for your bad luck; high school isn't fair."

"No it isn't, but in the end everyone gets what they deserve," I said.

"I suppose," she said, and then she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth.

"I've wanted to see you with my cock in your mouth for a long time," I said, loving this chance to have my dick in the mouth of the most popular girl in school... and it was doubly enjoyable, since she'd been dating the guy I hated the most... or maybe she still was... I had no idea if she'd officially broken up with him after that lunchtime drama.

She didn't reply verbally, but she did moan softly on my cock as she took five inches of it in with relative ease.

And for a couple minutes she sucked my cock.

And for a couple minutes I enjoyed watching her suck my cock.

Then I wanted to fuck her.

I pulled out and said, "Sit on the bench and spread those sexy legs."

"Why? So you can fuck me?"

"Yeah. Is that a problem?"

"Not at all," she said, "I really want you to." She got off her knees, went to the bench, sat down, spread her tanned legs and said, "Hurry up, I need your cock inside me."

I went over to her and surprised her I think, when I dropped to my knees and started licking her completely shaved pussy.

"Oh my," she moaned, surprised by my tongue which was lapping away between her very wet pussy lips.

"I'm a multi-tasking pussy pleaser," I said as I wiggled my tongue up and down, up and down.

"Ethan hasn't *ever* gone down on me," she moaned.

"Figures, the selfish bastard," I said, as I licked her some more, then tugged on her clit with my lips.

"Oh my God," she moaned as I worked her pussy over. It didn't take long before she was begging, "That's really good; but Kevin, please fuck me now,"

Wanting to push her to the limit, to show her who was boss, I said as I stood up, "Call me Master."

"Master?" she asked, this new requirement surprising her.

"Yes. You're my slut, my pet, my fuck toy, my bimbo and my slave," I listed, wanting to make her utterly submissive to me. "And I'm your Master."

"You're serious?" she asked as I brought my cock to her pussy and rubbed it up and down its lips.

"One hundred percent serious," I said. "I need to know you really want my dick, so I suggest you start obeying me totally; And it's not all about me, I think you'll really get off on doing it. Or if you'd rather, I can replace you in here with Amber within five minutes. Or Stephanie."

"I admit they're pretty girls, but I'm hotter than either of them," she said.

"Maybe," I shrugged. "But that doesn't mean you're a better fuck." To spur her on to declaring she was my slut, I slid all the way into her, and then pulled all the way back out. And waited to see what she'd do.

"Ooooooooh, fuuuuuck nooooooo," she moaned. "Put it back in! NOWWWW!"

I gave her just one more deep penetration and quickly out again, and her eyes glazed over the same way so many others had done before.

"Just say the word," I said. "You know which one."

"Please just fuck me," she said, trying not to give in.

"I'm going to count to three," I said. "If by the time I finish you don't say the word and tell me what kind of fuck slut you are, I'm going to zip myself

up and leave you behind."

I then slid my dick into her and fucked her hard for three seconds. "One... two...."

"Damn it, Master," she declared, beyond frustrated from her desperation to get fucked by my big dick, "I'm your cheerleader slut!"

"There you go," I said as I began fucking her... without stopping this time.

"Oh yes, give it to me, Master," she moaned, this time saying the word without needing any persuasion.

"This cunt is mine now, isn't it?" I asked as I pumped her good.

"Yes, yes Master, my cunt is yours anytime you want it," she moaned, my fat cock spreading her pussy lips wide.

"Even if you're with your boyfriend?"

"Ethan is history. Fuck him!"

"I think he might be a secret faggot who'd love my dick in his ass," I said, not a possibility I'd ever considered before, but humiliating him by turning him into a bottom suddenly looked intriguing.

"Oh, fuck Master, that would be so hot," she moaned. "If you let me help you somehow, we'd put that fucking asshole in his place."

"You want to help me fuck your ex-boyfriend?" I asked.

"Yeah, I really want to punish that asshole," she said.

"Both literally and figuratively," I laughed.

"Yeah Master," she agreed, although I doubted she totally understood my meaning. "But for now, please fuck me harder."

"Because you're my slut?" I asked.

"Yes, Master, I truly am," she agreed with wild, reckless moans.

"And my cum bucket?" I added.

"Yes, I want your fucking load," she agreed. "Or better yet, lots of them."

"How about being my three-hole bimbo?" I continued, foreshadowing drilling her asshole.

"Oh fuck, your big, fat cock would tear my ass apart," she moaned. I was really hammering her pussy now... getting a little worried I might knock her off the bench.

"Yeah, and you'd fucking love it," I said as I pulled out.

"No, no, Master, shove your dick back in my sloppy *cunt*," she begged, close to coming and in completely desperate rapture.

"Stand up, bend over, and rest your hands on the bench," I ordered.

"Yes, Master," she agreed, and then did, with impressive speed... spreading her legs wider than I'd thought she was able to. "Now, please Kevin, fuck my cunt and spew your load wherever you want."

"You want me to come in your cunt?" I asked as I slid back into her.

"Like I said, anywhere you want," she moaned as my hands went to her hips, and now I fucked her as hard as I could. "Ooooooh fuck, Master!"

"I'm going to come in all three of your holes and all over your pretty face," I promised. "Not all of them right now, but over time."

"Yes, Master, take all the time you like; you own my pussy now," she said, her orgasm obviously imminent.

"I know I do," I said as I kept pumping into her pussy, and then wanting to hear her scream, I stuck a finger into her puckered asshole.

"Oh yes, finger my asshole," she moaned, looking back at me.

I did as she asked, and was soon double penetrating her with my dick and three fingers... which expedited and enhanced her inevitable orgasm.

"Oh, fuck Kevin... oh fuck, give it... oh fuck... my cunt... my ass... give it to... ooooooh, me... fuck yes... yes... fucking yes!" she babbled through the next minute until her orgasm ripped through her.

I didn't slow down, since after bestowing a few facials today, I decided just to shoot my load into the cheerleader's pussy this time.

"Ready for my load?" I asked a dozen or so strokes later.

"Yes, fill my cunt with your cum," she agreed, as her body continued quaking from her intense orgasm.

Then wanting to reinforce my dominance, I pulled my cock and finger out of her, and in one quick motion, I slammed my dick into her tight asshole.

"Oh you *fucker!*" she screamed as I tore her ass apart.

"This *asshole* is mine too," I growled as I slowly fucked her intensely tight ass.

"Since you're already in there, go ahead and come in my ass," she said while a mixture of pleasure and pain swirled through her.

My balls already close to busting from fucking her pussy, her amazingly tight ass muscles, which she somehow managed to tighten even more as I fucked her ass, soon became too much for me, so after only a few more smooth strokes, I spewed my load up her ass.

"Yessssss," she moaned as she felt my cum spraying inside her butt.

I kept pumping into her until every last drop was deep inside her bowels before I pulled out, and without even a word from me, she turned around, dropped to her knees, and took my cock into her mouth... subjecting herself to the notoriously wicked ass to mouth... a very hot, lustful moment... better than any porn flick.

I let her suck me for a minute or two... just enjoying the sight of the hottest girl in school being my complete whore.

Finally I pulled out and said, "You really *are* a nasty slut."

"I can't believe I let you do that," she said, licking my cock some more.

"I can," I said. "After settling for being fucked by that little boy dick all those times, I imagine getting fucked by a man-size dick is pretty life changing."

"True, but I hate that it's you."

"Because I'm overweight?"

"Yes. And nerdy, too."

"But you'll still take my dick again, won't you?" I said, slapping her face with my tool.

"In a heartbeat," she admitted. "But I can't believe you came in my *ass!* And it's oozing out!. *Icky!*."

"Yeah," I shrugged as I pulled my pants up. "Only a real slut will let a guy come in her ass."

"You really *are* an asshole," she said, standing up.

"And you take it *up* the asshole," I shot back, slapping her ass.

"This stays between us," she repeated the words before this fuck started.

"I never fuck and tell... except to a lady I know who writes. She writes it all down, changes all the names and posts my true stories on the internet," I said, admiring her beauty even after a good fuck.

"What we just did is going on the *internet?!!*" she gasped.

"Yeah, but nobody will ever figure out who we are. Our names will be different, and the readers won't even know whether we live in the United States or Canada," I assured her. "And I'll never tell *anybody* around here, except for that sexy friend I just mentioned."

"She's your *sexy* friend? Are you hinting that you're screwing *her* too?"

"Yeah, she's hot. And so is her son's girlfriend we're cuckolding him with."

"Now you're just talking crazy stuff. I don't think I should believe you... and no one else will either," she said.

"You're probably right," I said. "But just between us and probably Amber, we know *you're* my slut now." I then turned to where I knew the camera was, waved at it and asked, "Enjoy the show Cynthia?"

"*What?*" she exploded. "Who the hell is *Cynthia?*"

"Don't worry," I reassured her. "I'm just being silly. Aunt Cynthia was my imaginary friend back when I was three."

"Oh. That's all right then," she said much more calmly.

I slapped her ass and headed out, my swagger getting more pronounced with each new conquest.

I decided to skip my last class of the day completely, and go get a late lunch... since I'd not only skipped breakfast but been busy at lunchtime, and only now realized I hadn't eaten in like forever.

And although I didn't want to, I needed to be at a downtown gym at 4:00 to meet Amanda... since Tamara Grady had ordered me to do it, and although like everyone else she loved my dick, I knew not to fuck with her.

So I went to a Subway, which was relatively healthy fast food, ate, checked my phone, and just relaxed for a while. It had been a crazy day.

At 3:30 after replying to a text from Tamara to confirm I was going to the gym, I headed over... for the first time not looking forward to meeting a girl

who I assumed would be hot.

.....

I arrived at the gym.

A pretty college student who was expecting me issued me a day pass.

In the men's locker room, I changed into the gym gear I'd brought with me.

Old me hated wearing gym gear... I couldn't ever compete with all the muscleheads... all the jocks... all the assholes... but now that I was having so much success with the ladies, I didn't care what any guys thought of me. I might not ever become a heavily muscled stud, but I'd definitely be a stud.

I went into the gym proper.

A very pretty... and pixie-like but buff... particularly dark black girl with a very short afro... probably in her early twenties... came up to me as I was looking around. "Are you Kevin?"

"I am," I agreed. "Are you Amanda?"

"I am," she said. "Tamara Grady tells me you want to get in better shape."

"Yeah, I wouldn't mind being a bit more svelte," I said, knowing I'd *never* be described as svelte.

"I can help you with that," she said.

"Help away," I said.

Then for the next forty-five minutes I was worked over. I don't know what I'd thought would happen... but somehow after all my good fortune... I'd assumed this would be some sort of sexual workout.

Nope!

The petite Amanda drove me like she was a sadistic drill sergeant.

It was brutal!

My entire body ached... even my hair!

Once she was done with me, she instructed, "Now go into the sauna and just relax."

"I think you just killed me," I groaned, dripping with sweat.

"Trust me, those burns are always good," she said.

"That's not what my body is telling me."

"No pain, no gain."

"That doesn't work if I'm dead," I said as I headed to the sauna.

I was in the sauna for only a minute or so, all alone and having taken my shirt off, when Amanda came in and asked, "Ready for your cooldown?"

"Cool? It's like a sauna in here," I quipped.

"I didn't mean literally," she laughed as she came over to me.

"Oh, *that*," I said, realizing what she meant.

"Let's see what you're packing."

"Here?" I asked.

"Yeah, I set out a sign saying the sauna's closed for maintenance."

"I see," I said, standing up and pulling off my shorts and underwear.

"Wow! Tamara certainly wasn't lying," she said, "stand up on the bench." And as soon as I did, her face was right next to my quickly growing cock. (Have I mentioned she was hot? As hot as Tamara even?)

"You like?" I asked. She answered not with words, but by taking my very sweaty cock into her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned as this pretty and hot-bodied personal trainer began her own workout.

I enjoyed her experienced mouth for a couple minutes until she backed away and said, "Sit down, Kevin."

"Yes ma'am," I said, very content to sit down... since my entire body was still aching.

She stripped completely naked except for her gym shoes (her totally bald pussy was very eye catching), turned away from me, thus giving me a great view of her tight black ass, reached behind herself for my cock (which by now was completely hard), and then she slowly lowered herself onto it.

"Oh yeah, this is a *great* cock," she said as she dropped herself completely onto it and began riding me.

"You're *so* fucking hot," I said, reaching around and cupping her tits.

"I'm going to work you good and hard now," she said, as she really bounced on my cock.

"I like this workout lots better," I said, as somehow she was tightening her pussy around my cock as she rode me.

"Yeah, distressing after a workout is vital," she said.

"Agreed. And fun, too," I said, letting go of her small, ultra-firm breasts, leaned back, and let her do all the work.

She rested her hands on my knees and really began working my dick over. She sucked all of it into her pussy with each downstroke, and milked my dick with her pussy muscles. I could literally feel them tightening and releasing around my cock.

I imagine if I hadn't already dumped a few loads inside and onto several girls and two women today, I wouldn't have lasted very long. But luckily I did.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as she worked herself on my dick... her tight but flexible body was an amazing sight to behold.

"I don't know what you're doing to my dick, but it feels fucking amazing!" I groaned. I wouldn't last much longer.

"I do lots of Kegel exercises," she moaned, really bouncing on my dick, and she too seemed close to coming.

"Fucking amazing," I said, trying to hold back for as long as I could.

"Come inside me," she invited, sensing I was as close as she was.

"And you come *on* me," I reciprocated as I prepared to unload into her.

"Oh yes, come in me now, *now, NOW!*" she demanded. I eagerly obliged her request, even though there'd been *no way* I was going to last any longer anyway, and I shot my load right up into her pussy. As my load shot inside her, it triggered her orgasm. "Yeeeeeeees!"

She collapsed onto my cock and leaned back against me while I was still spewing sperm inside her, and her body kept trembling against my sweaty chest.

For a couple minutes, maybe more, she rested against me... her body collapsed and quaking.

Finally she shakily climbed off me and said, as cum leaked out of her... a blend of hers and mine, "I expect you to come see me four days a week. And *every* day drink lots of sports drinks."

"Oh, I'll come here anytime you want me," I smirked.

"I'll put you through some very unorthodox workouts," she warned, bending down and sucking my cock again.

"With you, I think I could get used to working out," I said. "You almost killed me out there in the gym, but you really brought me back to life in here."

"I'll always push you... sexually and otherwise," she said a moment later as she stood back up.

I stood up too and said, sweat dripping down me, "I really need a shower."

"See you on Wednesday," she said as she got dressed.

"At four?"

"Yes."

And still weakened from the workout, the fucking, and the heat of the sauna... not the best place for a fuck... I stood under the tepid shower... I certainly didn't want a hot one!... for several minutes.

....

Today had been wild!

I'd fucked three cheerleaders.

I'd had sex with two women, getting a blow job, plus fucking Principal Cynthia Appleby... and our next time would be a threesome with her secretary.

I'd played a part in getting the biggest asshole bully in the school suspended... and then I'd fucked his ex-girlfriend... and came in her ass.

I'd started working out.

I'd fucked a super hot personal trainer. Call me racist if you want, but fit black women are the best!

What a great Monday!

And the day wasn't even over yet... except I wasn't sure if I had enough energy left to fuck anyone else today.

Or could I?

THE END OF BIG FAT COCK: EGGED ON

COMING NEXT MAYBE:

BIG FAT COCK: ELDERLY WOMEN NEED DICK TOO

[\[A1\]](#)If Kevin is fucking Stephanie from behind and Stephanie is eating Amber's pussy while Amber lies on her back, it should be easy for Kevin to see her tits (but not Stephanie's).

Big Fat Cock: Eight Orgasms

BIG FAT COCK: EIGHT ORGASMS

Summary: A wild night with mom and cheerleader Cherry.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the prior installments, and it isn't in this one either... but perhaps in a few more chapters. (This series is already very long, but I ain't done yet!)

Note 2: This is the tenth part in a lengthy series about a nerd's discovery of the power from having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven for editing, and for his illustrations. Also, thank to Shuj for one last proofread.

Note 4: Unfortunately, Tex passed away at the end of October 2024. As such, the many suggestions at the end of this story mostly won't be illustrated (although even pics were made for a few chapters to have between 4-12 pics... so we will see).

Note 5: This was supposed to be a special 700th story release, but was replaced with the illustrated Trans School. That said, this chapter will highlight the hottest conquests and moments of Kevin's sex life so far, tell a wild story of his mom and him having a wild night with a couple wicked surprises and then showcase all the potential future chapters.

Part 1 of the story, BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the family picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes a man irresistible to women. Kevin begins using this power on a few MILFs, and then he experiments more widely with his newfound power while he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

Kevin's first-ever blowjob is from his dad's much younger girlfriend Portia while they're at a cabin next to a lake. Dad joins in, making it a spit-roast.



Kevin wants to keep his virginity, so for now he'll only fuck assholes. So his dad's girlfriend Portia is also his first ass fuck.



The Tuesday after arriving home (he got home on Sunday), Kevin pays an after-school visit to his neighbour who lives two doors down, Ms. Chan. She's confined to a wheelchair, and he's had a friendly relationship with her for years, bringing her groceries every Tuesday (including this time), and he's often done yard work for her. She's always struck him as being very insightful and wise, even though sex has never been a topic in their numerous conversations, which he's always found fascinating. She's one of the few people in his life who can not only keep up with him intellectually, but she frequently comes up with observations that he's never thought of, and she's the only person in the world he allows to call him 'Kevy'. But his dad has told him she loves giving blowjobs and drinking his cum in her

coffee. When Kevin mentions this to Ms. Chan and asks whether she'd be inclined to perform such services for him, she's delighted to "help him become a man." And she somehow manages to suck his enormous dick and swallow his load without losing a shred of her innate dignity. Her status in his life soon expands from being his wise Life Coach, to now include the office of his hands-and-mouth-on Sexual Guru. And unlike Portia, who'd sucked his dick like a slut, her approach is far more dignified and worshipful.



A day or two later, following Ms. Chan's advice and her tip that his dad used to fuck his next-door neighbor regularly, during his lunchtime break from school Kevin approaches Mrs. Dieks while she's sunbathing in her backyard. Having far less respect for her than he does for Ms. Chan, Kevin

has a few words with her, then whips out his dick and rudely offers it to her, threatening to offer it to someone else if she doesn't take advantage of his "generous" offer. She immediately gobbles it down. Their trite pillow talk boils down to Kevin bragging that his cock is even bigger than his dad's, and she agreeing that it's enormous.



After the blowjob, Mrs. Dieks asks Kevin to fuck her. Kevin has now decided to save his virginity for his mom, so he'll offer her anal, and she eagerly agrees. Still having absolutely no respect for the woman, he makes

her beg for it. She strips naked, offers him her ass, and he sticks it in, planning to humiliate her regularly going forward.



After school one afternoon Kevin is feeling horny, so he drops by Ms. Chan's house for a blowjob. But when he lets himself in with his key, he

finds a Muslim woman... naked except for her hijab and stockings... sitting on the kitchen table, with Ms. Chan between her legs. Introductions are made... and the woman is delighted to meet Kevin, since Ms. Chan has already told her about his huge dick. She tells him to whip it out, he does, and soon she's sucking it, while Ms. Chan watches delightedly.



Kevin learns that he should call the woman his *sharmuta* (which is Arabic for slut), but her female pets call her Mistress Aaleyah, and at the local university where ironically, she teaches Feminine Studies, she's addressed as Professor. When Ms. Chan informs Kevin his sharmuta's ass is ready for

him, the woman fetches a small prayer rug, which she always uses whenever she's worshipping or being worshipped. He fucks her ass, while Ms. Chan films the action on her phone.



Kevin visits his across-the-street neighbour Mrs. Grady, while her minister husband is preaching in another city. His dad has told him that she and her daughter are two more of his sluts. Her daughter is currently away at college, but the mother confirms that they're both addicted to Mr. Walsh's big, fat cock, and mentions she's also having sex with Kevin's mother, and that his mom says she tastes particularly good. She was hoping he'd visit her, so she dressed for the occasion. Kevin decides to try some pussy eating for the first time (this early in the story he's still almost totally inexperienced sexually), so he strips and gets to it.



Then he decides to ass fuck her. "Just so you know," she says, "I'm a screamer, and I like it rough."



Another time when Kevin visits Ms. Chan, he arrives to find her fucking a woman named Mrs. Sinclair with a dildo she's wearing on her head. The elderly woman bluntly asks Kevin why he hasn't come to see her yet, now that he's "in the game." Soon she too is sucking his dick.



On the evening of Halloween, while Kevin and his mom are at home dressed as Superman and Supergirl, once they've finished answering the door to throngs of trick-or-treaters, it doesn't take Kevin much convincing

to talk his mom into happily satisfying his week-long goal of having sex with her. They begin with a blowjob in the living room.



Then Kevin's mom takes him upstairs to her... no, now *their* bedroom going forward... where she takes his virginity (since oral and anal don't count)... although she changes into some crotchless pantyhose for this special event, knowing his fetish for nylons.



Part 2, BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin taking his mother's last forbidden hole the next morning, while having some fun with some kinky roleplaying. Kevin also learns more about his mother's slutty past, which sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor and talented cock sucker Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other two holes... aided and abetted by his mom.

Ignoring that it's no longer Halloween, they use whatever clothes are on hand to roleplay slutty versions of Harry Potter and Hermione, while Kevin fucks his mom in the ass for the first time.



Kevin's mom takes him to an adult store across town, introduces him to her Mistress from back when they were in high school Katie, who now owns four adult stores, and makes even more money than his mom does as a successful attorney. Katie takes them into a cum-stained room with a glory

hole on each of two opposite walls, a large TV screen on another wall, and a bench near the fourth. The two women regale Kevin with tales of their previous sexcapades, then Katie... who has enormous boobs... even bigger than Kevin's head... strips and rides him cowgirl.



Kevin orders his newest slut to stand up, bend over, and offer him her ass. Resting her hands on the bench, she complies willingly, and he fucks his sixth ass.



Part 3, BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun has Kevin, with the help of his submissive mother, giving his paraplegic sexual advisor an amazing sex-filled birthday.

First he gives his mom a cream pie for his sex mentor to eat.



Then after Kevin cums inside his mom before pulling out and giving her clit one last squirt, he backs away, giving Ms. Chan enough clearance to wolf down her birthday breakfast... his cream pie.



In school that day, Kevin is fascinated by the pretty and super-brainy Heather. But in spite of the confidence... and even occasional arrogance... he's been exercising during the past couple of weeks, there's something about this girl that's incredibly attractive but also formidable somehow, and he's too shy even to speak to her.



Early that evening Kevin and his mom pay another visit to Ms. Chan, and this time they take her into her bedroom and spend some serious naked time with her. Best birthday of her life!

Kevin fucks Ms. Chan, while his mom cheers them on.



Then wearing a strap-on, Mrs. Walsh watches the Asian sex-and-life guru get ass fucked by Kevin before she eventually joins in and they double penetrate the beauty.



Part 4, BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader has Kevin feeling a little insecure about scoring a girl on his own (meaning someone his dad hasn't fucked first). After a lengthy discussion with his guru Ms. Chan, he

summons enough confidence to use his BFC to seduce and dominate a hot ash blonde.

Cheerleader Amber comes to the Walsh home so Kevin can tutor her in Geometry. But the tutoring is set aside when Kevin brags about the size of his cock, and she demands that he prove he's not lying. Once she sees the evidence, he arrogantly demands to see her tits, and then topless, she starts sucking Exhibit A.



Kevin guesses correctly that she's wondering what his monster would feel like inside her pussy... no, in her *cunt*... which is allowed now since he's fucked his mom, so she eagerly gets to her feet and bends over, and she gets stuffed like never before.



Part 5, BIG FAT COCK: Eating Asian has Kevin meeting Ms. Chan's niece who's visiting her from Japan, with whom he not only practices his oral skills, but he also takes her virginity after she begs him to. That night at

the niece's hotel, he dines on three Japanese pussies, then he fucks the three Asian beauties, thus consummating his first foursome.

First in Ms. Chan's living room he offers to eat her pussy, which she finds amazing. According to her, Japanese men are normally even more piglike and entitled than American men. Ms. Chan instructs the two to strip completely, and then she gives 'Kevy' step-by-step instructions on how to be a first-rate cunnilinguist... including tips on artistically fingering the girl



Kevin is astounded when... right after she cums... the virginal Annie demands that he fuck her. When he questions her decision, Ms. Chan explains that until now she's likely only been with selfish, demanding men with tiny cocks, who've treated her badly. Annie agrees this is the case, so Kevin agrees to do her. As he climbs onto the couch (and onto Annie), Chan remonstrates, "And don't you dare come before she does!" Kevin replies that a lovely lady like Annie deserves the very best he has to offer.



Annie (her Japanese name is Ainu) invites Kevin to join her and her 'colleagues' that night at their hotel... they're all traveling companions 'with benefits' for some ultra-rich Japanese businessmen with tiny cocks and entitled attitudes, who all favour full bushes... and Kevin accepts with great pleasure. Early that evening she texts him the address to a room in the fanciest hotel in the Metropolitan area. When he arrives, Annie, Emi and Katana welcome him enthusiastically into their opulent suite.



Annie's colleagues/intimate friends are excited by what she's told them about Kevin's BFC, so they waste no time in stripping him below the waist, and soon Annie's companions are giving him a double blowjob.



Everyone strips, then after sitting on Kevin's face for a while, Katana hops back onto his cock and rides him till she has an orgasm. Meanwhile Emi licks Annie's pussy.



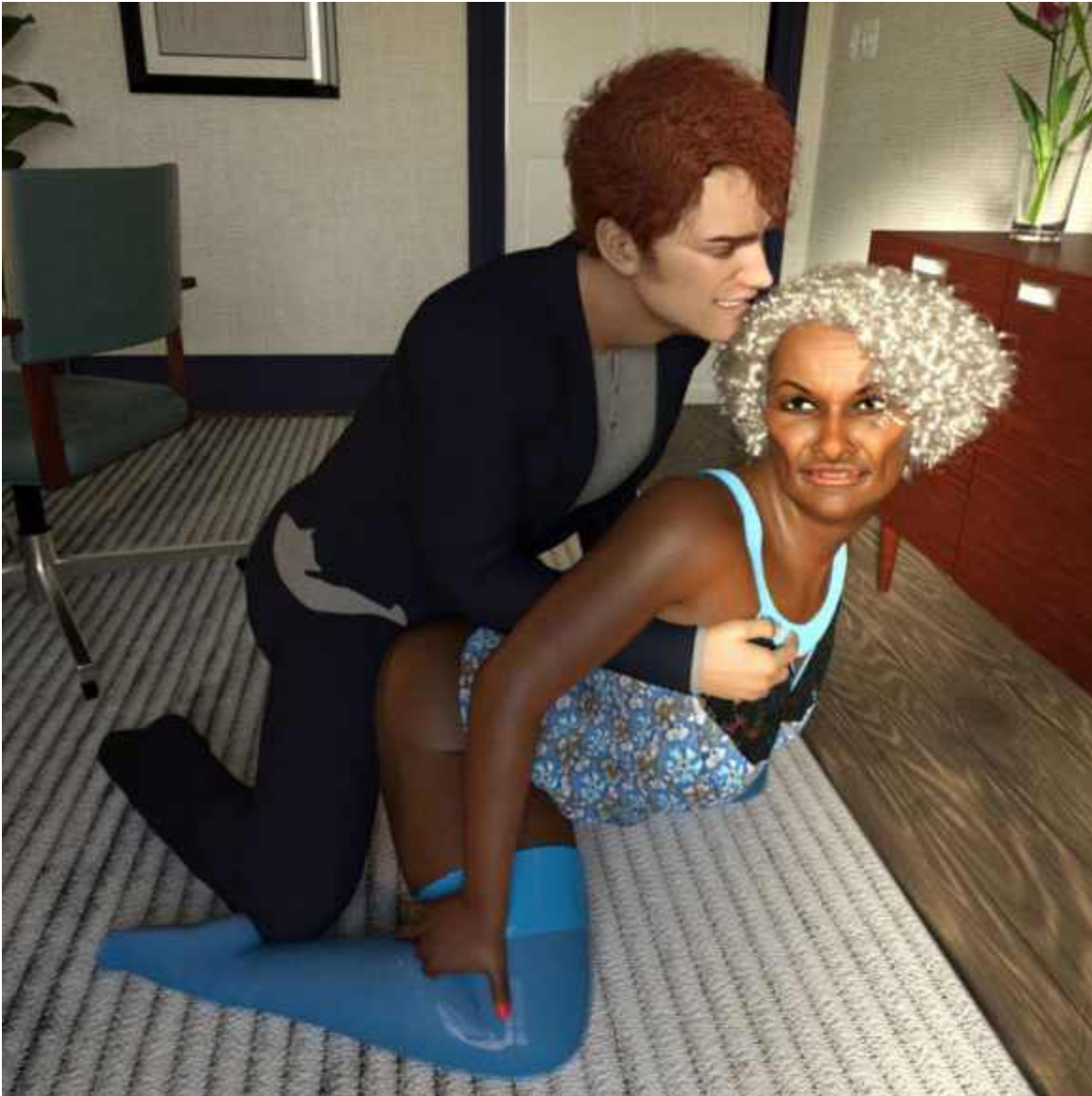
Once Katana and Annie both cum, Kevin requires the girls to get on their hands and knees, and he fucks all three of them for a while... ten strokes each before switching, then five for a while, and other variations

subsequently. In short, the sex-filled night continues until daylight the next morning.



Part 6 BIG FAT COCK: Ebony Sinners. After a morning wake-up blowjob and fucking from his mom, Kevin engages in two wicked encounters while they're at church. First, a rendezvous as the service starts, with one of his pets in the preacher's office... the Minister's wife Mrs. Grady... and then after Mrs. Grady has revealed the identities of a few of her bisexual churchgoing pets, he's surprised to be called back into the same office for an anal encounter with the eighty-year-old black choir leader Mrs. Baker.

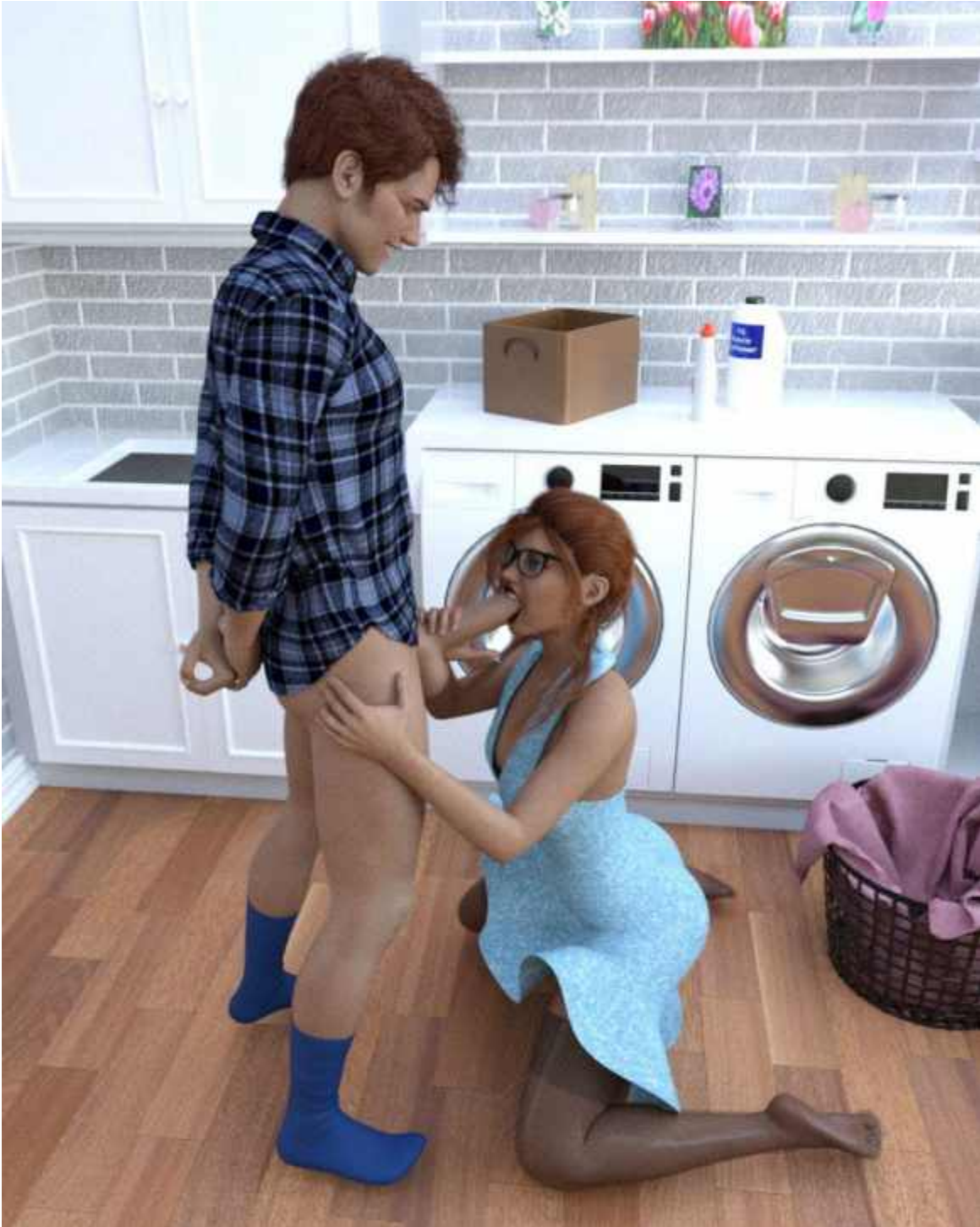




Part 7 BIG FAT COCK: Educating Mrs. Walker. Kevin seduces and fucks a teacher in her home when he's supposed to be there just to tutor her asshole son Ben. He also fucks the son's girlfriend Maggie, thus cucking him by fucking both Ben's mother and his girlfriend. (Mrs. Walker invites Kevin to call her Jasmine, so for now I will too, since in real life, she and I are very close.)

First, after the tutoring is done and Ben goes off to visit Maggie, Kevin checks out Jasmine's laptop and learns that she's his favourite writer silkstockingslover. Emboldened by his discovery, he then strolls into her laundry room almost naked, breaks the ice by telling her he knows she's

Mrs. Grady's submissive pet and that she's silkstockingslover, but he also freely admits that he's fucking his own mom, and that her Mistress Mrs. Grady is *his* submissive pet. Perhaps surprisingly, they instantly agree they can now trust each other with all their secrets. They briefly discuss her stories... he tells her he's a big fan... and then she submissively drops to her knees and gives him a blowjob.



They next start fucking, but after a while Ben and his girlfriend Maggie come in and catch them. Ben gets upset and angry, but Maggie is delighted. At first Jasmine is startled, but Kevin just continues fucking her.



Jasmine interrogates Maggie and Ben, and learns to her horror that he's never gone down on his girlfriend, he's even called the taste of her pussy disgusting, *and* he's never... ever... even made her cum! She orders Ben to strip, then asks him why he's so hard. (He doesn't know.) She invites Maggie to give Kevin a blowjob. Maggie is happy to comply, and Jasmine coaches her, while Ben weeps.



After Kevin gives his two sluts facials and Mrs. Walker makes out with Maggie for a while, Jasmine strips Maggie naked, suggests she begin wearing stockings in the future, and Maggie quickly agrees. Jasmine then lies on the floor so Maggie can eat her pussy, while Kevin fucks her from behind.



Kevin then fucks Jasmine again, while Maggie, with cum dripping all over her face from Kevin's big load, pegs Ben.

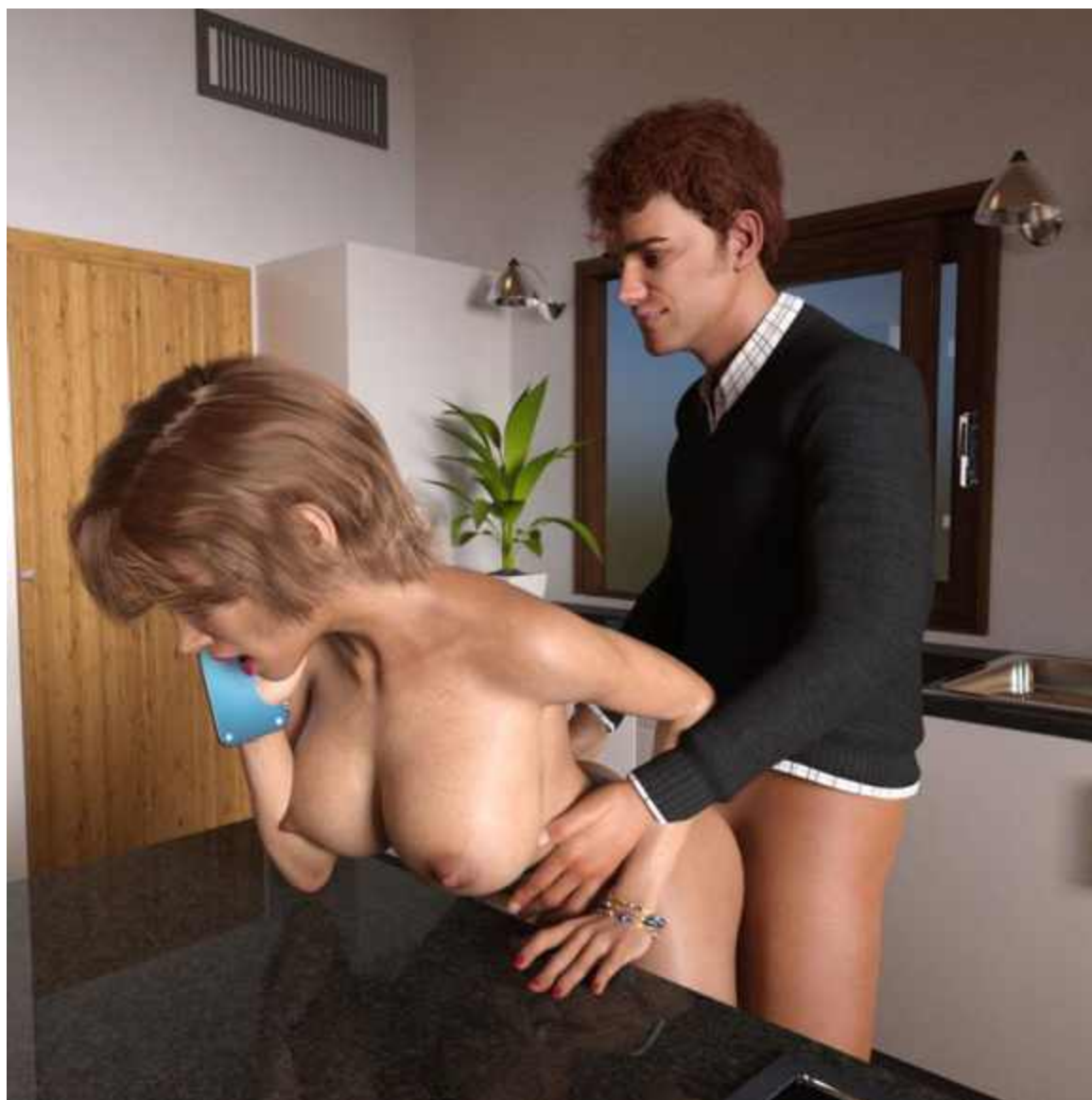


Part 8 BIG FAT COCK: Effing Foursome. Kevin experiences his dream foursome with the amazing black mom and daughter from across the street, double penetrating his mom... an Oreo sandwich... in the Walsh living room. For the initial playtime, without Tamara knowing, Mrs. Grady has set up a link to a hidden camera, so he can spy on all the lesbian action via his laptop.



After watching the lesbian Oreó on his laptop for a while, Kevin decides to slip out the back of the house and come back in from the front, pretending the movie he'd been allegedly attending was sold out. But while walking from his backyard to the front of the house, he notices Mr. Dieks' car

missing from his driveway, so he detours to pay a call on Mrs. Dieks. When he asks, she tells him her husband will be away for about half an hour. Perfect!. He announces he's going to fuck her, so she strips down to her nylons. But then she receives a phone call from her mother. He orders her to take the call, and then she needs to struggle to control her voice for her mother while he's fucking her.



When Kevin eventually joins the party in his own house, Tamara is outraged to see him at first, but once he reveals his BFC and their two mothers instantly obey him by sucking it, she... on the surface reluctantly

and still wearing her strap-on... deigns to suck it, while their mothers watch approvingly.



By now Kevin has taken on the role of porn director, and even though Tamara still isn't overly impressed by his authority, she complies with his instructions anyway. After the gals remove their flimsy chemises, Joan (his mom) kneels on the couch, and Danai (Mrs. Grady) stands behind her and fills her ass with her strap-on. Then Tamara fills her mom's ass with *her* strap-on, and Kevin completes the train by sticking his BFC into Tamara's ass. Choo choo!



Part 9 BIG FAT COCK: Egged On. Kevin begins a very long day by getting a blowjob from his mentor Ms. Chan. Then at school, after being bullied by a jock named Ethan, he takes his revenge by fucking three cheerleaders at school... including the jock's bitch girlfriend Cherry, and he also bangs the school Principal, before ending the day by fucking Tamara's friend Amanda, a fitness trainer, in a sauna.

First off, the cheerleader Amber... the girl he'd fucked in his living room a few days ago, who's got a lot more beauty than brains... invites him to join her in a secret cheerleaders changing room... actually it's a massive lockers and shower suite... where he fucks her, and then gives her a facial.

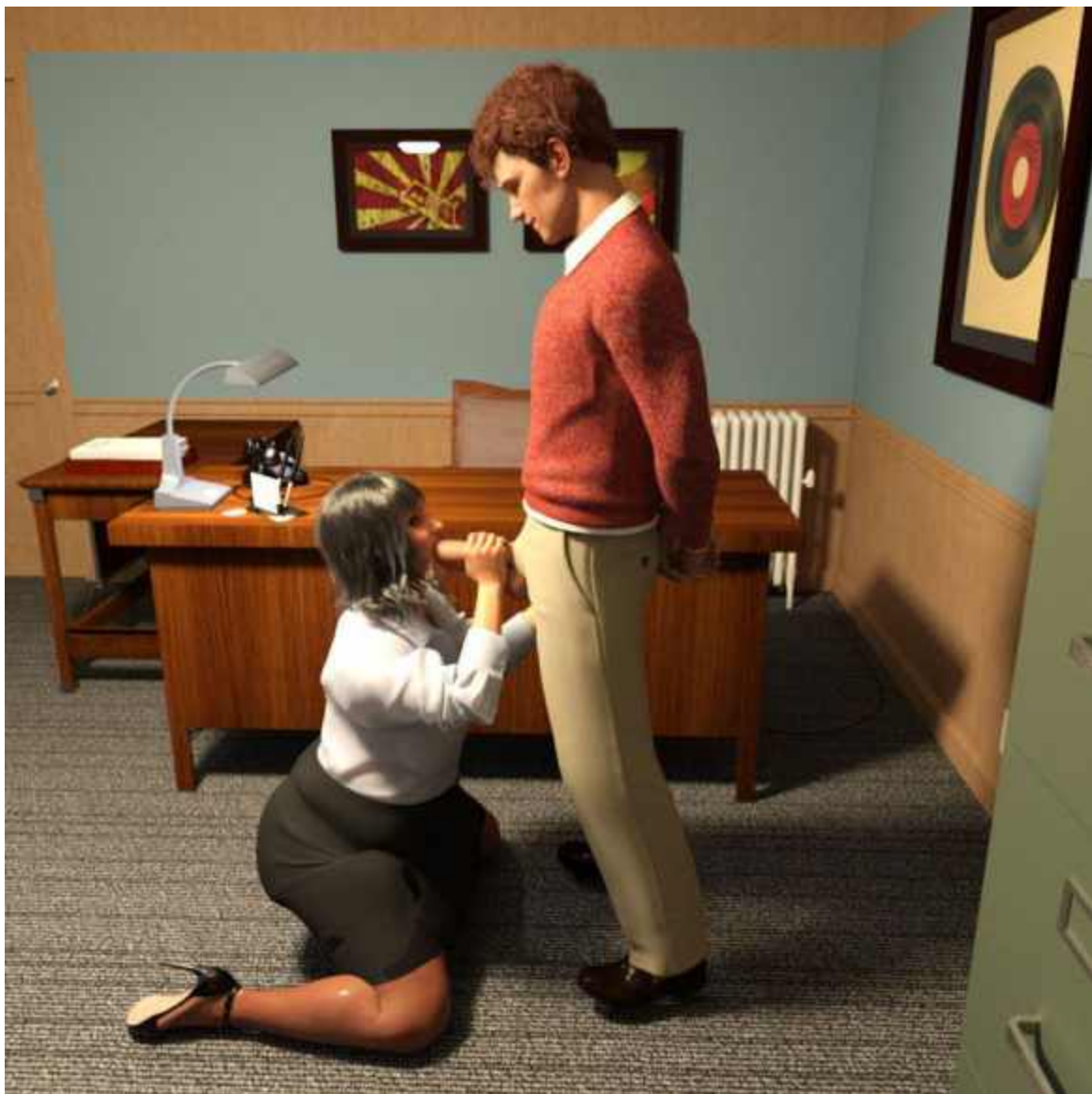


While Amber is getting her facial, Ethan's girlfriend Cherry enters the room and demands to know why Amber is even *associating* with a nerd like Kevin, let alone allowing him to cum on her face. *Idiot!*

Not at all intimidated, Amber replies it's because of Kevin's Big Fat Cock, and that he's been fucking her far better than any jock ever has. Cherry isn't impressed, and not feeling the need to prove anything, Kevin leaves.

In the hallway, Kevin accidentally and literally runs into Ethan, who takes offence. For the first time, Kevin refuses to back down from the arrogant jock, but before Ethan can escalate the altercation into an actual fight,

Principal Appleby happens by, and sends Ethan off to class. She also summons Kevin to her office. Then... oops! The secret changing room isn't so secret after all, since the Principal has a video on her computer of Kevin fucking Amber! But no worries, she just wants a piece of his BFC too. She's far from a delicate woman, but he loves a woman with a big wide ass, so he's agreeable. First she kneels down and sucks his dick...



...and then he orders her to strip... whereupon he learns she's not wearing panties... and he bends her over her desk.



During the break after Kevin's next class, he's thinking about Cherry, but is approached by her best friend and fellow cheerleader Stephanie, who wants to meet him in the cheerleaders changing room. Then Ethan butts into their conversation, eager for another altercation. They almost come to blows again, but Cherry yells at her boyfriend. Startled, he unintentionally knocks her down, then immediately starts apologizing. She slaps him and storms off, and he chases after her. Kevin goes to the changing room, and finds Stephanie eating Amber's pussy.



Amber invites Kevin to lift Stephanie's skirt and stick it in, and when he wants her to speak for herself, Stephanie asks him if she can please suck it first. When he agrees, she strips off his pants and boxer briefs and starts sucking, while Amber holds her head, coaching her on what to do.



Stephanie then begs to fuck Kevin, leans him against a bank of lockers, turns around and impales herself on him, doing all the work, while Amber pleasures herself.



Later on, Amber insists that Kevin skip class and return to the changing room. When he arrives, he finds Cherry... the hottest girl in school and head cheerleader... waiting for him. At first she's almost as standoffish as before, explaining she just wants to fuck him to get back at Ethan. But when his

hands go to her shoulders, she willingly sinks to her knees, and then when she extracts his cock, she exclaims he must have stolen it from a horse! and she starts licking and sucking it.



Kevin promises to make her come like never before, and she says that'll be easy, since no cock has *ever* made her come at all. She sucks him for a while longer, then he pulls out and tells her to sit on the bench. When she does, he astonishes her by eating her pussy. Huh!?! Guys never do that!



Soon she begs for him to fuck her. He stands up and insists that she call him Master and beg for it. Not just for his sake, but she'll really get off on doing it. It takes some doing, but eventually she's not only calling him Master, but earnestly begging him to fuck her.



Soon she's also calling herself his slut, his cum bucket, and even his three-hole bimbo! Oh, and her boyfriend Ethan? Principal Appleby saw some security video footage of him slamming Kevin against a wall, knocking Cherry to the floor, and later outside, slamming his fist into a glass door and shattering it to pieces. Not only is he suspended from school, but as far as Cherry's concerned, he's history. Kevin pulls out and tells her to bend over. She refuses, telling him to lie on the floor instead. She then sits her ass on his dick, thus showing off some of her agility as a head cheerleader.



When they're finished... yes, his dick is the first one that's ever made her come... he waves at the camera and asks Principal Appleby, "Enjoy the show Cynthia?" When Cherry demands to know who Cynthia is, he lies, saying Cynthia was his imaginary friend when he was three.

Kevin decides to skip the last class of the day and goes to a Subway for a healthy meal, part of his recent attempts to make his body look better. He then goes to the gym and changes into his gym gear, keeping his appointment with Tamara's fitness coach friend Amanda.



Then for three-quarters of an hour she brutally drives him like a sadistic drill sergeant.

But when she joins him in the sauna afterwards, everything changes... except she's still calling all the shots. First she strips them both naked and gives him a blowjob. Except her idea of a BJ is more like an acrobatic version of a 69.



Then she mounts him Cowgirl style and takes him for a ride.



And now... finally... we're back to the introduction to this newest story... part 10, **BIG FAT COCK: Eight Orgasms**. Except I already said everything I have to say about it up at the top, so let's dive right in.

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I arrived home more than a little tired... actually, I was totally exhausted... and I took a long shower. I'd done a lot of fucking today, adding to the incredible amount I'd been doing ever since I'd begun discovering the power of my big, fat cock.

I'm not complaining, but I really did need some rest.

I went downstairs, and mom was plating our food for us. "Hey, honey! Ya hungry?"

"Yeah," I said, suddenly realizing how hungry I was.

"Well, I bought us your favourite meal," she smiled, as she proceeded to the kitchen table and set down two big plates of lasagna from my favourite restaurant. Since we weren't expecting anyone, she was wearing only a sexy babydoll and stockings, which I greatly appreciated.

"Mmmmmmm, you're the best!" I praised, gazing at her slightly hidden breasts, then down at her nylon-clad feet. Even after all my fucking today, and with my body totally exhausted, my mind and my cock had their own opinions.

"You can thank me properly after dinner," she promised, giving me a soft, gentle kiss on the lips.

"I already know what I want for dessert," I smiled, thinking as I sat down, that her delicious pussy would be the perfect end to a perfect day.

"And I know what *I* want for my main course," she grinned wickedly, as she dropped to her knees and crawled under the table.

"And what might that be?" I joked, as I took a bite of the amazing lasagna, while she squeezed my cock through my sweats.

"A nice... big... fat... *sausage*," she quipped, as I lifted my ass, and she pulled my sweats and underwear down. (Why do I even put them on at home?)

"Well, luckily that's always on the menu in this house," I said, then realized how dumb it felt to be saying such lame shit... as if I was starring in my own ineptly-written porn film. I shook my head disparagingly at myself, while my mom wrapped her amazingly soft lips around my cock, and I resumed eating my lasagna.



Now I know this is going to sound stupid, but I was enjoying the delicious-tasting lasagna just as much as I was my mom's amazing, slow, soothing blowjob. It was like what every jock wants... a woman who'll blow him while he's watching a football game on the big screen.

"This is amazing," I said when I was halfway done eating the lasagna.

"You'd better mean that 'amazing' word about your mom sucking your dick," she warned, as she moved down to my balls and sucked one into her mouth.

"I definitely mean that having my very own personal Mommy slut who eagerly sucks my cock, and also takes it in her pussy and asshole is *absolutely* amazing," I said wickedly, enjoying her soft lips and eager tongue on my balls and ball sac. "And it's amazing that she'll do any of those things whenever I want," I added.

"Mmmmmm, that's exactly what Mommy wanted to hear," she approved, shifting from one ball to the other.

"You know? No matter how many sluts I get to fuck or do whatever to, you'll always be my number one slut for any of it," I flattered her.

"If that's the case, you've been neglecting me a bit lately," she pointed out from beneath the table.

"I'm so sorry," I said sincerely. I never wanted to neglect the most important woman in my life.

"I forgive you," she said, "but for the rest of tonight, you're mine and only mine," she said, really working my balls over.

"Agreed," I said.

I finished my lasagna while she worshipped each ball individually, before she returned to my shaft and really worked my dick over. At first she just focused on the head... then she slowly bobbed up and down, smoothly deep throating the entirety of my big fat cock... then I stood up and turned sideways when my balls started boiling... and already knowing my cock so damn well... mother's intuition I guess... she smoothly repositioned herself, shifted to porn star mode, and bobbed hungrily.



Without my saying a word, my legs stiffened, I unloaded into my mother's talented mouth, and she easily swallowed it all without even slowing down.

Once every drop was inside her stomach, she did slow down, before we eventually returned to our chairs across from each other, and she asked in a

motherly fashion... as if we weren't also lovers... "So how was your day?"

I gave her a recap of my wild day, which likely sounded completely unbelievable, and yet I knew it was the truth, since I'd lived through it.

"Quite the day," she approved.

"Yeah," I agreed, "I can't believe how my reputation is improving by leaps and bounds lately!"

"It's the power of your big fat cock," she explained as if I hadn't realized that already.

"So I'm learning."

"But don't you ever forget who your dirtiest and most loyal slut is."

"No worries. You'll always be my number one cum dump," I agreed wickedly with a smile... our shared ability to shift from mother and son in a traditional sense, to Mommy-slut and big-fat-cock stud in a heartbeat, still felt surreal.

"Cum dump?" she queried with a raised eyebrow,

"It's your call. Do you prefer Mommy-pet, fuck toy, cum bucket, or three-hole slut instead?" I asked, thinking how wild it was that I could call my very loving, very pretty, mother such despicable names as obvious endearments without displeasing her.

"They're all hot," she said, "but I especially love being called Mommy-whatever."

"Good to know," I said, as I got up and added, "go relax, mom. I'll do the dishes."

"You really are a sweet boy," she said.

"And while I do, go slip into something a lot sluttier," I said, not wanting her to catch me being *too* sweet.

"How slutty?"

"Show me you really want to be my Mommy-slut tonight," I said, looking forward to a sexy night in bed with my mother.

"I do have something kinky I haven't worn for some time," she said thoughtfully.

"Then my dick and I look forward to seeing you wearing it," I said, as I she got up. I pulled her to me and kissed her. A very not mom and son kiss... especially when she shoved her tongue down my throat.

When I broke the kiss, I slapped her ass and ordered, "Now go get all sluttied up for your man."

"You know sluttied isn't a real word," she pointed out.

"Semantics," I shrugged.

I did the dishes, removed the rest of my clothes, and was in the living room turning on Jeopardy, when Mom sauntered out. She was wearing an outfit so sexy and outrageous that my dick instantly hardened. It was kind of like a nun's outfit, but no *actual* nun would ever be caught *dead* wearing something so outrageous!

She raised her black nylon-clad leg to my crotch and rested her perfectly manicured toes and foot there. "My love, I'm ready to be worshipped."

"Mmmmmmmmm," I groaned, as she slowly rubbed her stocking-clad foot on my naked dick.



"Are you ready to sin?" she asked.

"I thought you didn't get none," I said, playing with words about her nun costume... which was *uber* sexy... since real nun outfits didn't have slits almost up to the waist... real nun outfits didn't have narrow off-the-shoulder

straps... and real nun outfits weren't ever nearly this transparent... I could clearly see my mother's hard nipples through the sheer black fabric.

"You're right, I didn't," she played along while she slowly pleased my dick with her foot. "But that 'nunsense' had better stop real soon."

"I do have a lot of sins to repent for," I smiled, as I enjoyed her slow, silky foot job.

"Tonight I want us to commit some new sins to repent for," she purred, as she slid her stocking-clad sole across my foot.

"Ohhhhh," I moaned, "then we can sin together all night long!"

"Pick a number between one and ten," she said.

"Um, eight," I chose randomly.

"Perfect."

"And the purpose of my choosing that number?" I asked, as she continued working my dick.

"That's how many orgasms you're going to give me tonight," she explained, as I admired her utter beauty, which was on full display.

"Deal," I agreed, even as I moved her foot away from my throbbing cock and pulled her down to me, realizing I was in for a marathon evening... and even given my exhausting day, any rest for me would have to wait.

"You don't want a foot job first?" she asked with a sexy smile.

"Nope. Tonight is all about you," I said, as I pulled her against me and kissed her. Then for a couple minutes we did nothing but kiss... chaste and tender at first, until her tongue slid into my mouth, and I reciprocated.

"Fuck me, son," she said, breaking the kiss, and looking all hot and bothered.

"The hottest three words ever heard," I philosophised, standing up.

"Oh? But how about, 'Fuck me, you big-cocked mother-fucker?'" she asked, as she removed her dress and headgear, then braced her hands against the back of the couch, bending over to offer me either of her nether holes from behind... cockster's choice.

"Equally hot, but more than three words," I appraised, as I knelt behind her and squeezed her amazing ass.

"Well, never forget that your Mommy's holes are always available to you," she said, as I positioned my dick against her very wet pussy hole.

"And my dick is always..." I said, as I slid deep inside her wet inferno, "...available to you."

"It had better be," she cautioned, "I *made* that dick before you were born."

I laughed as I slowly fucked her from behind. "It's grown some since then."

"Oh, yes it has, honey. Give Mommy that dick back," she moaned. "She needs it so bad."

"You need what so bad?" I asked ritually.

"Mommy needs her son's big cock slamming into the cunt he came out of eighteen-plus years ago," she elaborated, as I kept up a slow and steady pace.

"Good, Mommy," I said, as my hands went to her hips, in awe of the nasty words escaping from this woman I'd always thought was prim and proper, before my discovering the BFCS... Big Fat Cock Syndrome.

"Don't just make love to me this time, son," she ordered. "Fuck Mommy deep and hard with that massive Mommy-fucking cock."

"God, I love your nasty mouth," I praised. And I slapped her ass and obliged her request, *slamming* into her.

"Oh yes, mother fucker!" she screamed, as I filled her as deep as I could.
"Slam that fat cock deep inside Mommy's cum dump!"

"See? That's a great description," I smiled, loving her referencing the phrase I'd used earlier.

"That's what I am... brilliant," she moaned, as I began giving her really hard, deep, rough back shots.

"You want it like this, Mommy?" I asked, fucking her hard.

"Oh yes, son! Mommy loves it like this!" she moaned.



"Yeah! Do you like being your son's fuck toy?" I asked, although it wasn't really a question, just some more dirty talk.

"You know I *love* being your three-hole fuck toy... your cum bucket... and your Mommy pet," she listed off. Her moans were getting wilder and less controlled, so uttering that brief list took her more than half a minute.

"Then show me how much you love it," I ordered. "Fuck yourself on your son's dick."

"Yes, baby," she agreed, and I stopped my hard pounding and just braced myself and watched, as she began doing all the work, adjusting her hands and forearms to rest on the back of the couch, as she began bouncing vigorously back on my dick.

"That's it, mom," I praised, as I watched her taking *all* of my dick. She was bouncing backwards onto me with a force harder than anyone would think was possible.

"So good," she moaned. She was clearly close to reaching her first orgasm of the night.

"Come on my dick, mom," I ordered. "Come *all over* your son's big dick!"

"Oh, yes baby! More, say some more dirty stuff," she moaned, our filthy incestuous talk really making her pussy burn.

"Come on my dick, Mommy," I repeated, this time calling her the nastier 'Mommy' instead of just 'mom'. "Show me how dirty a son-fucking whore you are."

"Yes! More!" she begged, now gasping for breath as she bounced furiously back onto my dick so hard I almost lost my balance and fell backwards.

"*Now*, you dirty fuck toy! *Now*, my personal cum dump," I demanded, slapping her ass like crazy. "Come like the submissive cum slut you've now become for your son,"

"Oh, yes! Fuck!" she cried out, maintaining her fast and furious pace.

"*Now*, Mommy slut! Right fucking *now*!" I ordered, knowing she was moments away from her eruption.

"Fuuuuuuck!" she screamed just a couple strokes later, collapsing forward, my dick slipping out of her so her cum gushed out, and her body quaked uncontrollably.

"*Good Mommy*," I purred, as I began exerting myself by slamming my dick right back into her, thus resuming my hard fucking, wanting her to start

experiencing multiple orgasms right off the fuck.

"Ooooh!" she moaned, savouring her orgasm.

"We're just getting started, Mommy," I assured her, fucking her hard.

"Then please don't stop," she begged.

Then for a couple more minutes, I continued delivering hard back shots into her. And as I did, her second orgasm rose inside her, her moans increased again, and after a couple minutes of silence, she got all verbal again.

"Harder, baby! Fuck Mommy harder!" she cried, looking back at me with both lust and love in her eyes.

"This dick is all for you, Mommy," I replied, switching into a somewhat sensual and sweet mode during our raw fucking.

"I love you so much, son," she said, gazing into my eyes.

"I love you too, Mommy," I replied, replicating her tender words. Our life was wild! I could fuck my mom anytime I wanted, in any of her holes I wanted, yet I still respected her completely. I'd never do anything to hurt her, and whenever she asked, I'd do anything she wanted. I guess I was wearing two hats... I was often her Master, but whenever she wanted me to be, I became her loving and obedient Momma's boy instead.

"Now drill Mommy's sloppy cunt with that big fat cock," she demanded in her strictest motherly tone (albeit through some moaning), and our few moments of tender intimacy were shattered. Hey, I'm not complaining!

"Yeah! Your cunt absolutely *loves* my big dick," I growled, and I reached out and grabbed her hair.

"Yeah! Treat me like a slut, son," she moaned as I yanked on her hair. Then after a few more deep thrusts, she added, "No matter how many fucking whores you bang and tell me about, I always want to be your number one slut."

"No worries, you *will* always be my number one slut," I assured her, our words so surreal and kinky. My life had changed dramatically when my otherwise useless father taught me the power of my big fat cock.

"And don't you ever fucking forget it," she moaned.

"Never."

"I mean it," she continued, "I'll be fucking you on your wedding day, and I'll keep fucking you after you're married."

"Deal! And if my slut wife can't accept that, then she'll never become my wife," I assured her, knowing that with a dick like mine, I'd be dictating the terms of our marital relationship, no matter *who* she turned out to be. (Spoiler alert: happily, I was wrong about that last part, but not about fucking my mom and other wild and nontraditional events that would happen on my wedding day.)

"Sounds good, son," she moaned. And we then stopped talking while I pounded her from behind for another couple minutes, and her moans increased.

Eventually, the wave of her second orgasm was rising inside her, and she cried out with lustful urgency, "Don't stop, baby! Mommy is so close!"

"Good! Come again for me," I urged, as I kept pounding her from behind... needing her to come soon, since I was beginning to feel a cramp in my upper leg.

"Yes, baby! Fuck yes!" she moaned, about to come.

A few more deep, hard thrusts, and she screamed, "Yes! Mommy's comiiiiiiiiing!"



Hearing those words never got old. Just hearing her call herself Mommy was its own turn-on, as were all the other nasty words that kept coming out of her mouth. But all of that was nothing compared to my adrenaline rush from making my hot mother come again.

"That's two," I said, and I gave her a few deeper, hard thrusts before pulling out.

"Six more to go," she gasped weakly, as she dropped to the floor and rolled onto her back... her legs spread wide... her sweet cum oozing out of her.

"At *least* six," I qualified, stretching out my leg.

"Cramp?" she asked caringly, looking up at me.

"Yep," I nodded. Just then, my phone buzzed to announce a text.

"Is that one of your many sluts begging you for a booty call?"

"Maybe. But whoever it is, tonight she won't entice me away from my favorite fuck toy," I smiled, as I went to check who it was.

"And don't you ever forget it," she said, dwelling on a theme that seemed to be leaking out of her subconscious. Which made me wonder if she was really worried I might leave her behind some day. I was her only child. When I went off to college in the fall, she'd be all alone for at least a while.

"Never, Mommy," I assured her, picking up my phone, but letting it wait for another moment. "I mean it, I'll put it in writing if you wish. Or better yet, I happen to know an excellent lawyer. She'll be able to draw up an ironclad agreement for us."

She laughed, since she was the lawyer, but her body continued trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm number two. "No, I trust your spoken word, but...."

She paused, as I read the text from a number I didn't recognize: **I need your cock NOW!**

"But what?" I asked, while I also responded to the message: **Who is this?**

"Nothing," she sighed, as she sat up and rested her back against the couch.

"No nothings are allowed," I said. "Just always tell me whatever's on your mind. Since Halloween, there are no more secrets between the two of us. Ever."

"Well..." she said, now looking noticeably insecure.

"Mom, what is it?" I asked, while whichever slut who so desperately needed my dick was typing into her phone.

"Well," she sighed sheepishly, as she climbed up onto the couch, "your dad used to tell me that too."

"My dad is an asshole," I pointed out.

"Yeah, he is," she agreed, "but once upon a time he was very sweet."

"But?" I asked, as a new message popped onto my screen: **Cherry. Who else would it be?**

I smiled.

"What's that wicked grin about?" mom asked, noticing my smirk.

"Answer my question first?" I wheedled, going over to her.

"He always had an ego, and he always wanted younger and younger girls," mom explained, her insecurity painted all over her face.

"Well, he's accomplished that," I said, sitting down beside her, thinking of Portia, his college girlfriend, whose ass was the first one I'd ever fucked (with his encouragement).

"Yeah, you're right. But while we were still married, he started loving to bring home college girls, or even eighteen-year-old high school girls, and then he'd fuck them right in front of me."

"What an asshole," I said, shaking my head disgustedly, as I pulled my mom close and cuddled with her beside me.

"Not necessarily, but the bad part was..." she said, and then paused again, clearly ashamed by what she was still in the middle of telling me.

"Mom, you can tell me anything," I said. "You must know by now I'll never judge you for anything at all."

"Yeah, I do know, sweetheart. Well, at first I got angry and humiliated, but as I continued watching him fuck younger, prettier girls than I was, and listened to them going ballistic from his big dick, it started turning me on," she explained.

"It did?" I asked, not replying to Cherry, since right now my beautiful, somewhat broken mother needed *all* my attention.

"Yes, and when he noticed, he then started pushing me to rub myself while I watched him fuck those pretty young girls. Sometimes the girls would get nasty and call me humiliating names as well, which also turned me on," she continued, now very close to tears.



My phone buzzed again. I continued to ignore it.

"It's okay, Mom," I said, pulling her into my arms.

"I'd usually get so turned on that I'd rush in to eat his creampie from the girl's cunt, or finger fuck myself to an orgasm, and often suffer both of them humiliating me," she wailed, burying her face in my chest.



My phone buzzed twice more.

"Who *is* that insistent girl?" she asked.

"It's Ethan's girlfriend Cherry. Or at least she was. He's a jock who's been bullying me since middle school, but today he got himself suspended from school. Then she dumped him just before we skipped class and fucked each other. She's the head cheerleader, so she never thought a nerd like me was worth associating with. But with Amber's encouragement and showing her my cock, she did a complete one-eighty today, and now she's texting me because she's desperate to fuck me again," I explained.

"You say she's another cheerleader?" she asked, looking curiously into my eyes.

"*Head* cheerleader," I clarified.

"Well good for you!" she said, gazing at me with the same pride she'd exhibited when I won the state debating championship.

"Thanks," I nodded, "it was lots of fun."

Another buzz.

"What's she saying now?"

"Her first message was 'I need your cock NOW' with now capitalized," I reported.

"Let me see what else she's been saying," mom said, reaching for my phone.

I unlocked it with the password and handed it to her without reading the other four messages. Like I'd mentioned to her earlier, we were no longer keeping any secrets from each other, so she was welcome to read *whatever* Cherry might have said.

Mom read the messages, and said, "Oh my, she *really* wants your cock."

"Bad luck. Tonight it's all for you," I said, having no problem making the bitch wait for a day... or maybe two. I too could be an asshole like my father.

"I've always hated cheerleaders," mom said, "well, hated and envied them," as she began typing something.

"What are you doing?" I asked mildly, curious to know what she was pecking away into my phone.

"I'm making a twenty-plus-year-old fantasy come true," she explained.

"And what's that?"

"I want my very own cheerleader pet," Mom said smugly, as she waited for a response.

"Sounds delightful. So what's your plan?" I asked, a little worried about the risk of being outed as an incestuous family... although I had blackmail evidence on Cherry available in case I ever needed it, since Principal Appleby had surely filmed today's entire sexual debauchery the head cheerleader had taken part in. That had also been mom's biggest concern back when I'd told her Ms. Chan knew about us.

"I just invited her over," she said, typing a bit more, "and she's going to come."

"But aren't you worried about being outed as my lover?"

"Nope," she said. "One thing I learned from your dad's parade of sluts, is they'll all keep quiet so they can get more of his dick. And like you've mentioned a time or two, your dick is even bigger and better than his."

"That makes sense," I approved. "Plus, I can get hold of a video of me fucking her pussy and coming in her ass."

"You plugged her ass already?" Mom asked, sounding proud of me again.

"Yep. Filled her right up," I bragged, as she handed me my phone.

"Well, then maybe you won't have to be the one to give me all eight of my orgasms tonight," she said brightly.

"You know I would," I said, as I examined the messages.

Cherry: **Well?**

Cherry: **Don't play hard to get.**

Cherry: **Are you really ignoring me?**

Cherry: **please respond... I really can't stop thinking of your big cock.**

Me (typed by my mother): **You really want to come over and get fucked right now?**

Cherry: **Or you can come to my house.**

Me (still typed by my mother): **Nope. You come to me. I expect you to arrive wearing your cheerleading outfit and thigh high stockings and no panties. Is that understood, fuck toy?**

My eyes went wide at the nastiness my mother wrote to somebody she'd never met, as she bent down and sucked my cock.



Cherry: The only thigh highs I have are the ones for my cheerleading outfit.

Me (still my mother): Then I don't see the problem, and you're an idiot. If you want my cock in your three fuck holes, you will always do whatever I say without arguing. Is that clear, fuckee?

I couldn't believe my mother's arrogant words. I equally couldn't believe the normally arrogant Cherry's meek responses.

Cherry: **Yessir. Send me your address, and I'll come right over.**

Me: (mom): **Good slut. Now get that ass of yours over here right away, before I summon another one of my playthings.**

Cherry: **ON MY WAY!**

"Jesus, Mom, you really put the fear of God... or me... into her," I said admiringly, as she leisurely sucked my cock some more... tasting herself and her cum on it.

"I'm more than just a pretty face," she smirked, before she resumed worshipping my cock.

"Oh, you're a *lot* more than a pretty face," I said, as I enjoyed her tongue and lips on my cock.

After a couple minutes, she stood up and said, "I'll be right back. This outfit won't work for my cheerleader pet."

"Good call," I said, as I watched her rush off. God, my mom was hot!

My phone buzzed again. It was my next-door neighbour slut Mrs. Dieks: **Can you please come over right away?**

I responded: **Spending some quality time at home with mom. Send me three pictures with different kinky things in your pussy, and I might stop over tomorrow.**

She responded immediately: **Okay Master.**

I shook my head at her utter submissiveness, almost regretting how poorly I always treated her.

I noticed I'd missed an earlier text from Amber: **Missing your cock.**

I smiled. It was hard not to enjoy all this fawning attention I was getting from girls who either hadn't known I existed, or had been disdainful about my existence, but were now desperate to get my attention. I responded: **Bring me another slut to use, and I'll give you the fucking of your life.**

She responded immediately, as if she'd been watching for my response, although her initial text was over thirty minutes ago: **I'm on it.**

I responded immediately this time, generously giving her some positive reinforcement for her eager obedience: **Good slut. Now go fuck yourself with your phone turned on. You may aim the camera at yourself if you're a really obedient cum slut, or face down so it's just audio while you tell me how much you love my cock, what you're willing do to have my cock, what you want from me the next time I see you, and some rude terms for what you are. And be creative. There's a lot of competition for my cock, so you'll have to earn your share of it.**

She responded, again immediately: **Yes sir, stud, I'll give you the show of a lifetime.**

I responded, curious about what she might come up with: **I'm looking forward to it.**

As I slowly rubbed my throbbing cock, which hadn't erupted yet since mom's blowjob during dinner, I couldn't help feeling in awe of the power of my big cock. In addition to my mother, I'd just received three pleas for sex in under an hour, and two of them were from popular cheerleaders.

I sat waiting for mom to return for a couple of minutes, and then my first picture popped up from the cum dump living next store. She had an incredibly fat zucchini stuffed in her pussy. It was pretty hot, with the lustful look on her face and her sexy lingerie.



But even though it was pretty hot, I responded as if I wasn't impressed at all: **Is that the best you can do, cum dump? You obviously don't want my dick very badly.**

She responded almost instantly: **That was just a starter picture. I'll do better. I want your cock so badly! It's all I think about.**

I smiled at her utter desperate obedience, just as mom returned.

"Holy shit!" I gasped. This time she was wearing a black leather skirt with black nylons, sexy as fuck boots, and a sheer blouse that didn't even *try* to

hide her hard nipples! And to top it all off, she was also wearing an elaborate necklace.

"Like?" she asked, posing for me.



"You look fucking amazing!" I gasped again.

"Tonight I'll be submissive to you, but dominant to the bitch cheerleader," mom explained her ground rules, as she came over to me, pushed me against the back of the couch, straddled me, and dropped her pussy right onto my cock. (She was commando, of course.)

"Works for me," I agreed, and suddenly my mother was riding me.

"I want you to dump a load inside my pussy before Cherry gets here," Mom said, tightening her pussy around my dick in a grip I'd never experienced before... it felt like she was literally trying to milk my cock right into her... which was exactly what she was accomplishing.



As she rode me, she reached for my phone and handed it to me, saying, "Unlock please."

I did.

"Oh my," she said, as she saw the veggie picture from Mrs. Dieks.

"Yeah, she's one submissive desperate slut," I shrugged.

"So I see," she nodded. "I'm just texting my cheerleader slut, to find out where she is."

"Her name is Cherry," I mentioned.

"Of course it is." she said with a smirk of both dismay and amusement. "Although I would have guessed Amber."

"Funny you should say that," I chuckled. "The first cheerleader I fucked in this very room, and the one who's since brought me two more cheerleaders... including Cherry... is named Amber,"

"There's always an Amber in a gaggle of cheerleaders," she said. "Five minutes."

"What?"

"Cherry will be here in five minutes," Mom clarified, as she began riding me faster.

"Which means we only have five minutes to get you to orgasm number three," I said, as I watched her bouncing on my dick.

"And the first of many for you tonight," she said, tossing my phone safely onto the seat of the couch.

"I already came once in your mouth during dinner," I pointed out.

"Right! How could I forget?" she laughed, as she kept bouncing on my dick.

I wasn't sure how many loads I had left in me, truth be told, and I wasn't even sure how many loads I'd unleashed today already, but I didn't mention that.

"Now ride me, slut," I ordered, even though she was already doing just that, and doing it fucking well.

"Do you like Mommy riding your big fat cock, son?" she asked, her eyes boring right into mine while she moaned.

"I *love* Mommy riding my big fat cock, or bending over the kitchen counter and taking it from behind, or waking me up with those perfect cock-sucking lips, or begging me to hammer her perfect tight asshole, or willingly swallowing my load, or taking it all over her pretty face," I listed.

"Oh, yes son. Mommy loves doing all of those things," she moaned, really riding my cock with smooth fluidity... taking my entire length all the way inside her. I wasn't going to last much longer.

"I'm about to fill your pussy with a massive load, Mommy," I groaned. "Is that what you want?"

"Yes, son. Go ahead and give me that load," she responded urgently, her own third orgasm also imminent .

"Tell me what you want, Mommy-slut," I ordered, holding back for as long as I could.

"Mommy wants you to cum inside her unprotected cunt," she said wickedly. The thought I might get her pregnant hadn't even entered my head until that moment... but the nasty idea really turned me on!

"Do you want to carry your son's child, you nasty cum slut?" I teased.

"I'll do anything for my precious son," she vowed, her pussy once again tightening around my cock.

"Oh fuuuuuck." I groaned, before I could continue our nasty and hot conversation. Her pussy milked my dick, and I erupted inside her.

"That's right, breed Mommy," she moaned, and she continued riding me and taking my entire load deep inside her pussy.

"Fuck," I grunted again at the wild thought of impregnating my own mother, just as my phone buzzed with a text... which I ignored.

"Oh, yes son! Fill me right up," she cried out, and she kept bouncing on me like I was a human trampoline, her braless tits bouncing all over the place beneath her transparent blouse.

"Come for me, Mommy slut! Come while you imagine getting knocked up by your son," I commanded, shocked by the idea, but shocked even more by how much it was turning both of us on.

"Yes, I'll GLADLY carry your babyyyyyy!" she screamed, as orgasm number three struck, and her breasts collapsed onto my face, while her entire body quaked against mine. The sensations of her pussy twitching on my cock, and her body shaking and quaking against mine all combined, giving me an amazingly satisfying rush!



"Good Mommy," I said, as we cuddled together in the aftermath of our simultaneous orgasms.

A minute later, she sat up and observed, "Well, *that* was a new experience!"

"It was," I agreed, unsure if that had been just kinky heat of the moment talk, or something she'd seriously consider. Her next words resolved my pondering.

"I'm serious, son," she said, kissing me once. "If that's something you want, I'll let you knock me up."

"Seriously?" I asked, having assumed for some reason she'd had her tubes tied, since she'd already let me dump a few loads in her pussy.

"Yes indeed," she smiled, kissing me again. "And for all we know, you already have."

I was about to respond, when the doorbell rang.

"Go answer the door; I'm going to disappear for a few minutes," she instructed.

"Um, okay," I said.

"Pretend you're home alone," she said, climbing off of me and sauntering away in all her sexy finery. "You know? Your cum is leaking right out of me."

The doorbell rang again.

I shook my head at the wildness of the encounter we'd just shared, and that the head cheerleader was at the door anxious for my dick. I was curious to discover what else might happen on this already crazy night.

I decided to let Cherry wait, as I checked out a second picture from Mrs. Dieks. This time she had the assumedly same zucchini up her ass, and seemed to be fucking herself with an impossibly wide wine bottle.



I was impressed. I responded: **Now that's better, slut. Think you can top it?**

She responded: **I'll try.**

I headed to the door while it rang for a third time, smiling at Cherry's obvious impatience. This entitled girl wasn't accustomed to waiting for anybody. I was still totally naked as I reached the door and peeked through the peephole to make sure it was her... it was.

I opened the door, and she bustled right in. "What took you so long? It's really cold outside when I'm dressed like this!"

I closed the door before she turned around and saw that my dick was already out and undeniably hard.

"Jesus!" she gasped, looking really hot in her cheerleader outfit with the thigh high stockings... which were completely in view beneath the short skirt.

"Knees," I ordered, pointing to the floor.

"Excuse me?" she objected, even while she couldn't take her eyes off my dick.

"You heard me," I said. "Don't pretend you're not here because you're desperate to get fucked."



"You're quite the smug bastard," she accused, but using a tone that inferred she was very impressed. Not to mention she couldn't rip her eyes away from my hard dick!

"Why wouldn't I be?" I asked. "The head cheerleader is dressed like a bimbo so she can get all three of her holes plugged by a guy who yesterday she considered a nobody nerd."

"Don't call me a bimbo," she complained, but not denying my three-holes barb.

"Don't like being called that? Then how about I call you a slut? Fuck toy? Cum bucket?" I pushed my various descriptions of her one at a time with pauses between them, a huge smug smile on my face.

"You're lucky I'm even here," she said, trying to make it all about herself.

"Oh Cherry," I gasped overdramatically, shaking my head in mock sorrow. "Let's not pretend this isn't about your hungry cunt. I gave you the fucking of your life today, and now it's all you can think about."

"Don't flatter yourself," she denied ineptly. Her weak-ass resistance was hilarious, since she drove over here dressed exactly like my mother had told her to. Not that she realized that yet, which was also hilarious.

"I don't need to flatter myself," I said. "I can have two of your fellow cheerleaders here in a few minutes, if you're going to play this ridiculous pretentious game about you're-not-here-to-be my-*bimbo*-fuck-toy," stressing the word bimbo. "So either drop to your knees to show me you're ready to be my submissive slut, or get the fuck out of my house."

She sighed as she dropped to her knees before me and admitted, clearly confused by her own feelings and needs, "I can't believe I'm here letting you talk to me this way."

"Or that just seeing my cock and being called a bunch of dirty names is making your pussy wet?" I added.

"Sadly, that's true," she sighed, as she began stroking my cock, clearly ashamed by the truth about her.

"And you'll do anything to get it back inside you," I added, as her expression changed to perplexed.

When she brought her face close to my cock, she gasped, "Your dick is sticky! And it already smells like pussy!"

"True. You're not my only slut," I pointed out.

"But this is *fresh* pussy juice," she objected, looking up at my face while she stroked my cock.

"Yeah. I unloaded inside a sexy MILF just a few minutes ago," I bragged.

"Seriously?" she asked, shocked.

"Yeah. Older women are much better cock suckers, and even all-around sluts," I said. "Maybe it's experience. Or it could be appreciation."

"Are you telling me that older women are better lays than I am?"

"Without a doubt," I said without even needing to think about it. "Although if you're a good girl, I'll train you how to be a perfect cock-sucking, cock-riding, ass-taking cum bucket. So if you behave, you might have something special to look forward to. Now get sucking."

"Jesus, you're sick," she accused.

"Perhaps. But you're the sicko who drove over here without any panties so you could get my dick inside you," I pointed out.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she sighed, even as she opened her mouth and unknowingly sucked my mom's pussy cum off my dick.



"And you love it," I said, as I watched her slowly bobbing on my cock... taking barely more than two inches into her wide-open mouth. After a minute, I made my dissatisfaction clear by suddenly shoving my entire dick

into her mouth, then pulling out when she gagged. "For the record, all my MILF sluts can easily deep throat my cock."

"I can't imagine how they could even *manage*," she gasped, wiping saliva off of her lips.

"Practice," I shrugged.

"Can we go to your bedroom now?"

"You'll have to earn that," I said as I slid my cock back in her mouth, and she resumed sucking, now taking more of it into her mouth... but still not even half of it.

I caught sight of mom surreptitiously filming us with her phone, and she mouthed, 'make her talk... to incriminate herself'.

I pulled my dick out and ordered, "Beg, slut."

"Please give me that big dick," she whined more than begged.

"What are you?" I asked, bringing my cock close to her lips.

"Huh?" she asked, not understanding the question, and trying to get my dick back into her mouth, but I pulled it away.

"Tell me you're a nasty slut who'll do absolutely anything to become my three-hole fuck slut again," I ordered, "and make it believable."

"You nasty fucker," she accused.

"Oh, you don't know the half of it," I smirked, slapping her face with my dick. "Now tell me what you are. Prove you're worthier than Amber."

It must have been her competitive nature, because she immediately responded nastily, yet sensually, "I want to suck your cock, to taste and feel you unload into my mouth, to cum on my face, pound my pussy, and destroy my asshole with your big cock, Kevin. Is that what you want to hear?"

"It's a start. Next tell me... who would you rather have inside you... Ethan or me?" I quizzed, slapping her face with my hard-on again.

"I'm inside your house, dressed like a complete slut like you told me to. I'm on my knees sucking your dick, and I've just said I want to take it in all three of my holes, beginning with when you came inside my asshole this afternoon," she said wickedly. "Doesn't that speak volumes?"

"It does, it certainly does," I agreed. "But I already have a dozen other sluts who'll do everything you just promised me. What makes you special?"

"You asshole," she growled, my statement and question actually annoying her. "I'm special because I'm the most popular girl in school, my daddy is a U.S. senator from this state, and I'm rich as fuck. You can't *possibly* do better than me."

"Interesting. So... will you walk down the hallway at school holding my hand?" I asked, not really wanting her to, just seeing how far she'd go for my cock.

"I, um, I..." she stammered.

"Just kidding," I laughed, sliding my cock into her mouth and beginning to face fuck her. "I don't want you to be my girlfriend. I just want you to be my three-hole cum dump, and perhaps I could also use your daddy's connections someday."

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned, as I kept sliding just over half of my dick in and out of her mouth.

"Although since you're rich, I think you could buy me some nice things," I suggested, thinking of a wicked twist to the age-old concept of a Sugar Daddy, "maybe you could be my Sugar Cheerleader."

Then I pulled out and asked, "How much are you willing to pay for me to fuck you?"

"You're so bad," she said, evading the question, while she leaned down and sucked on my balls.

"Today's a freebie," I said, "but next time you'd better buy me something for the privilege."

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I could use a virtual reality set for my PlayStation Five," I said.

"Done," she agreed. "Now please shove that dick in my pussy."

"You mean in your cunt?" I corrected.

"My cunt, my fuck hole, my twat, whatever," she listed off frantically, "just give me that cock right now!"

"You still haven't said who you'd rather have inside you... Ethan or me," I pointed out, knowing mom was still filming our interaction.

"I'd rather suck and fuck you over Ethan any day," she answered point blank. "He has a tiny-boy penis, while you have a giant man-spear." (Cherry herself was tiny, I assume because she'd been a competitive gymnast while her body was growing up.)

"Yeah, and I'm going to destroy those holes of yours," I promised, and I slid my dick back into her mouth.

After another thirty seconds or so, mom finally spoke up. "So this is the slut whose asshole you dumped a load in today?"

"Actually I fucked all three of her holes earlier today," I corrected, as Cherry's eyes went wide.

She then turned around and froze when she saw my mom filming her. "Who the hell are you?"

"I'm your new Mistress," Mom introduced herself, still filming as she sauntered the remaining few feet towards Cherry.

"My what?" she asked, stunned as my mom hiked up her leather skirt, grabbed Cherry's head, tugged it up a few inches, draped her right leg over Cherry's left shoulder, and used the girl's momentum to shove her face firmly against her own pussy.



"Slurp down that load out of my pussy that my darling son shot into me a few minutes ago," Mom ordered, thus answering the question that was just formulating in my head... would she let Cherry learn I was fucking my mom?

"You're his mom?" Cherry gasped through her daze a few moments later, when mom released her head.

"I am," she agreed without hesitating.

"And you let him fuck you?" Cherry gasped some more.

"He does it all the time," Mom admitted. "I mean, who in her right mind could resist that cock?"

"Mom, Cherry; Cherry, mom," I formally introduced casually.

"So to make matters clear between us, you won't say a word about our incestuous relationship, or else the video I just filmed of everything you said and your mouth full of cock goes viral," mom warned. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," Cherry agreed, looking back at me just as I knelt behind her, and Cherry placed her hands on the floor. But I wanted to dominate her more than that, so I grabbed her upper arms and pulled her up until her back was arched, probably uncomfortably. And her top had gotten disheveled, so her breasts were now showing.

"Yes, what?" mom asked archly.

"Um. Yes ma'am," Cherry said, a bit confused, as I slid my dick deep inside her pussy. "Oh, fuck!"



"It's *Mistress*, you dumb bimbo," Mom barked. "Kevin, pull out of her twat, she hasn't earned that right yet."

"Yes, Mommy," I agreed, pulling it out as quickly as I'd slid it in.

"Noooooooooooo," Cherry whined.

"Obey your Mistress," I ordered harshly, slapping her ass.

"I won't say a word to anyone, Mistress," Cherry blurted out urgently, desperate to get my dick back inside her pussy.

"Good. Because if you do, we'll destroy you," mom warned.

"And I'm going to destroy her holes anyway," I said, then I slammed back into Cherry's sloppy pussy.

"Let's go upstairs to my bedroom," mom said.

"Okay," I agreed.

"And slut, you may crawl behind us," mom instructed, as if it was a privilege. Or actually, I guess it was.

"Yes, Mistress," Cherry obeyed mindlessly, as I pulled out of her again and followed my mother upstairs. I looked back to see Cherry crawling on all fours with a mixed look of humiliation, submission and horniness.

I smiled ferally.

Once we were in mom's bedroom (actually *our* bedroom now, but Cherry didn't need to know that), mom slid out of her skirt and boots, got onto her bed and asked rhetorically, "I assume you eat pussy?"

"Usually they eat mine," Cherry said, still acting rather stubborn, trying to hold onto the scant pride she had left.

"Well, tonight you're the one eating mine," Mom dictated, spreading her legs and snapping her fingers imperiously.

Cherry silently got onto the bed, crawled between my mom's legs, and began licking.



Watching them was really hot.

After a couple minutes, I went behind her, removed her shoes, and caressed her nylon legs.

"Just fuck her, son," Mom ordered, "the slut obviously needs your cock badly, don't you, slut?"

"I really do," Cherry agreed from between mom's legs.

"All right," I said, climbing onto the bed behind Cherry. Except there wasn't enough room on the bed for all three of us in a row, so we relocated our *ménage à trois* down to the floor. Then Cherry resumed licking mom, and I slid my dick back inside her.

"Oooooooh, yes," Cherry moaned.

"You've obviously licked pussy before," Mom observed.

"I'm afraid I have," Cherry admitted.

"I think this is your natural role... a submissive slut to men and women, girls and boys," mom mused, as I slowly fucked Cherry. "You'll become more comfortable with yourself once you abandon the pretense of being an arrogant bitch."

Cherry didn't say a word... she just moaned... I assumed because of my dick inside her, not the accuracy of mom's words... but perhaps it was both.



"I think you're right, mom. She saw my dick and stuck her nose in the air, but then she caved and became my fuck toy within a couple of hours," I said, slowly pumping my fat cock in and out of Cherry.

"I couldn't resist it for very long at all," Cherry admitted from between my mom's legs.

"Me neither," mom concurred. "His dick is just too perfect." Then her mood changed. "Now really get that tongue in there," she ordered, grabbing the back of Cherry's head and shoving her deep into her perfect pussy.

"Get my mom off, slut," I ordered, as I continued my slow, methodical fucking. I was giving her pleasure, but not fucking her hard enough to get her off. Plus, I was enjoying the lesbian show.

"Yeah, slut. You'll come over here to service me whenever I summon you," Mom said, gazing into her eyes. "Is that understood?"

"Yes, Mistress," Cherry replied obediently... and even contentedly... as she kept licking... apparently already accepting her new role as our family pet.

"I've always wanted my own cheerleader... lesbian... bimbo... pet," Mom said.

"Now you have one," I smiled.

"And she *is* quite the pussy licker," mom admitted.

"And I bet she'll soon become a good ass eater too," I opined.

"I bet she will," Mom agreed, "but right now I need her to get me off."

I stopped moving, although buried all the way inside Cherry, and said, "You heard her, pussy slut. No more dick until you get my mom off."

Cherry didn't say a word, but her head began moving faster, and mom's moans increased.

"That's it, bimbo, get me off," mom said, and she began grinding her pussy up and down.

"That's good, use her pretty face," I urged, finding this scenario so fucking hot!

"Do you want me to come all over her face, son?" mom asked.

"Yes please, Mommy. Coat her pretty face, and use her like the cheap slut she is," I urged.

"Okay, I will," mom moaned, and then she closed her eyes, and thirty seconds later, she came. "Fuck!" Mom held Cherry's face plastered against her pussy while her orgasm ripped through her.

"Halfway there," I noted, and I resumed slowly fucking Cherry, since she'd successfully completed her assigned task.

"Mmmmmm," mom moaned, and she opened her eyes and released Cherry's head.

Cherry immediately begged, "Harder, Master! Please fuck me harder!"

"What do you think? Does she deserve it harder, mom?" I asked.

"She does," mom approved. "Pound that slut's cunt and give her a great orgasm."

"Yes, Mommy," I replied, and I grasped my hands firmly around Cherry's hips and slammed into her.

"Fuuuck, yes!" Cherry moaned.

"You like my son's cock?" mom asked.

"I love his cock," Cherry replied, as I pounded her hard from behind.

"And you'll make sure everybody starts treating him better at school?" mom asked, shifting into her traditional mom mode, even though her legs were still spread wide, like the slut she also was.

"I'll do what I can," Cherry said, not too convincingly.

Mom noticed that too, and her voice got edgy, "I'm not asking you to make a trivial effort, I'm ordering you to accomplish something meaningful, come hell or high water, even if you think it might damage your precious reputation."

I pulled completely out of her pussy, and slapped her ass with my cock. "You'd better show us your dedication a lot better than that! You know I could have Amber and Stephanie here to replace you in fifteen minutes or less."

"But neither of them has the influence I have," Cherry rebutted, and she moved her ass around blindly, trying to locate my dick by chance. "Plus, you earned some major respect by standing up to Ethan today. You really got people talking!"

"What did you do?" mom asked.

"Stood up to my longstanding bully," I explained.

"Humiliated him, too," Cherry added.

"That's my son!" mom glowed with pride.

"Thanks, mom," I said.

"Can you please stick your big fat cock back in my pussy?" Cherry asked, frustrated she wasn't full of dick.

"Depends. Will you make sure my son... your Master... will no longer be ostracized?" Mom asked.

"Master?" she gulped.

"You've already been instructed about that," I reminded her, having coerced her into calling me Master earlier today. I slid back deep into her pussy, but then pulled completely back out... and waited for her response.

"Yes, your *Master*," mom stressed. "You'll obey whatever he tells you to do. It's pretty fucking simple. In fact, I do it all the time, and I really get off on it. Show her, Kevin."

"Come here and suck my cock, mom," I instructed with authority, while I stood up and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Yes, Master," Mom said, hurrying over to me and kneeling.

"Shit!" Cherry said, releasing a shocked little gasp as she watched my mother take my cock into her mouth.

"You see, slut?" I said. "This is the kind of dedication I expect from a slut who wants regular access to my big fat cock."



"I don't think I could *ever* do anything that kinky," Cherry said, as she watched in complete fascinated shock and awe, while mom sucked my cock right in front of her. I suspected she didn't actually *mind* the idea, she just didn't think she had that much gumption.

"*Au contraire*, you'll be doing some *very* kinky things even before you leave here tonight," mom assured her, taking a moment's break to speak, before devouring my dick again.

"Have you officially broken up with Ethan?" I asked.

"Well, not officially," Cherry said uncomfortably.

"No?"

"I have a reputation to uphold," she explained as if that was a given.

"So you can sneak out to slum it up with me and get the fucking fix you crave, but pretend to everyone you're still with him?" I asked, not at all surprised.

"It's not like that," Cherry objected, although we all knew it was exactly like that.

"I think 'sneak out' was the key phrase just now. So your plan is to sneak out and use my son for his dick, with nobody knowing your 'shameful secret?'" mom asked, sounding very annoyed. Which was demonstrated when she manhandled Cherry onto the bed, pushed her onto her back, and roughly spread the cheerleader's legs.

"Well, I... um... I..." Cherry began, and shambled to a halt. She then admitted, as I went back between her legs, "Okay, you're right. That's exactly why I'm here."

"Then how badly do you actually want this dick, going forward?" Mom asked, "such as right now?" as she positioned my dick back against Cherry's pussy and waited for an answer.

"*So fucking badly*," Cherry admitted, and mom glided my dick head up and down her very wet pussy lips.

"Then what are you willing to do for it?" Mom asked, tapping Cherry's slit three times with my cock head.

"Ooooh, almost anything," Cherry moaned.

"Wrong answer," Mom said, slapping her ass hard.

"Okay, *absolutely* anything, Mistress," Cherry urgently corrected herself.

"Better," Mom approved, and she repositioned my dick, placing it back between the girl's pussy lips, but not very far past them.

"Oh, *please* fuck me! I need it soooo bad," Cherry pleaded, desperate for my cock.

"All in good time. Where's your phone?" mom asked as she pushed my ass forward, thus sliding my dick back inside the popular cheerleader. I was enjoying my mom's manipulation of me, but was also curious about what her plan was.

"In my purse near the front door, why?" Cherry asked.

"I'll ask the questions," mom said firmly, as she headed out of the room and downstairs. "Tease her with your dick... maybe edge her some... but don't let the bitch come yet," she called back to me.

"Please, Kevin! Give it to me harder! Even fuck my ass if you want," she pleaded, "I need to come so bad!"

"Not quite yet. You heard my mom."

"Do you really just do whatever she tells you to?" Cherry asked, trying to shame me into doing whatever *she* wanted me to.

"No, usually she does whatever *I* tell her to," I corrected as I slowly fucked her. "We both call her my Mommy-slut."

"That's so crazy," Cherry moaned as I fucked her. I couldn't tell if she was impressed or appalled.



"You think that's crazy? Then how about this? I've never met your mom face to face, but I've learned in the past couple weeks that because of my huge dick, I could get her... for instance... on all fours next to you getting fucked. Or if I chose instead, I could get her between your legs munching your wet pussy while I sodomized her," I bragged wickedly, confident I could actually make that claim into a reality.

"I'd like to see *that* happen," Cherry said, still in an unreadable tone.

"Just ask me, and I'll have her begging for me to fuck her, begging to eat your pussy, and begging for my load all over her face," I listed off, those

possibilities making my dick throb... I'd been in the same conference room with her at school on a few occasions, and Cherry's MILF mother was as hot as her daughter was... and equally as bitchy.

"None of that could ever happen," Cherry said confidently.

"Why not?"

"Because she cares more about her reputation than anything else."

"And you don't?"

"I'm here, aren't I?" she answered.

I pulled out and flipped her onto all fours.

"But you're too embarrassed to admit that to anyone but me, and once you leave here, you'll feel ashamed for allowing yourself to succumb to your lust for some chubby nerd's cock," I said. I sucked on my finger for some moisture, then positioned it at her puckered anal entrance, while I slid my cock back into her hot box. "I imagine those were your feelings earlier today, once you were alone with my load leaking out of this asshole of yours."

"Yes, but how did you know that?"

"Because you're a stuck-up cunt, and you think you're better than everyone else just because you're hot and rich," I explained, sliding my finger inside her asshole. Then once I felt I'd prepped her enough, I worked my dick into her ass.



"Ooooh," she moaned, but she didn't verbalize anything... perhaps I'd struck a nerve.

"I see you've progressed to some anal with our slut," Mom said, as she went over to Cherry, handed her own phone to her and ordered, "Unlock this for

me."

"Excuse me?"

"Did I stutter?" Mom barked, instantly annoyed. "Unlock your fucking phone!"

Even while I continued fucking her rosebud very slowly, Cherry, fully cowed by my mom, silently unlocked her phone and handed it back.

"Don't fucking question my orders again, or there'll be consequences," Mom threatened, which made me wonder what kind of consequences or whatever else might already be marinating in her wicked mind.

"Just now, I was offering to fuck Cherry's mom and present her to her as her own personal Mommy-slut," I reported.

"Or perhaps instead, we should give Mrs. Allen *this* bitch for her personal *daughter* pet," mom suggested.

"Nooooo," Cherry wailed. "Master said he could make her be mine!"

"So you want your pretentious bitch of a mom to become your fuck toy?" mom asked.

"I do," Cherry agreed, her tone of voice finally expressing that she really loved the idea.

"And do you also want to watch me fuck your mom?" I asked.

"I want to watch you fuck her ass, come on her face, and make her into my pussy-eating slut," Cherry listed off. There was obviously some tension between her and her mother... trouble in paradise.

"That's pretty extreme," mom said, as she snapped a pic of me slowly fucking Cherry's asshole.

"Please don't take any more pictures," Cherry pleaded, although she made no effort to stop what we were doing, or even to cover herself. Then,

obviously beginning to understand her position in the hierarchy of her brand-new sexual submission, she added, "Sorry... Mistress!"

"Tonight we're going to make sure your tiny-dicked and bullying boyfriend understands that it's over between you," mom announced.

"Huh? What are you going to do?" Cherry blurted out, her eyes going wide, as I began fucking her faster... and deeper... knowing that any impulse she might have to stop my mom from doing whatever she had in mind would be overridden by just a bit more pleasure.

"I'm going to take a few more pictures of you in a variety of submissive slut positions to your Master, and then I'll text them to him," Mom explained.

"No! Please, not that!" she pleaded. "Then he'll use them against me if I try to break up with him!"

"If, or when?" I asked.

"Ummm... okay, when. He can't give me anything even *close* to what you and your mom can."

"I'm glad that's settled. But now we also need to make him powerless to hurt you. Hmmmmmmmm," mom pondered, wanting to humiliate this bitch, to use her like a cheap slut and teach her to love it, but also not to destroy her reputation.

"I'd love to humiliate him as a tiny-dicked asshole who never satisfied me," Cherry explained. "I just don't want him to be able to use any compromising pictures against me."

"Gotcha. And that's fair enough," Mom agreed, pondering the best way to make her mysterious plan work.

Meanwhile, I began fucking Cherry faster, since her orgasm was rising.

"How about you take some pictures just for you and me?" I suggested, stopping deep inside Cherry's bowels.

"But also text him it's over with me," Cherry added, apparently now on board with anything we decided to do... so long as her reputation remained intact.

"That's a good idea," mom agreed, and she did just that, and then she set Cherry's phone down and picked up her own phone. "And perhaps even some video."

"Whatever. Just keep fucking me," Cherry frustratedly demanded.

Mom aimed the camera at Cherry and asked, "What do you want, slut?"

Cherry didn't hesitate this time and responded, "I want Kevin to give me the fuckings my small-dicked boyfriend could never manage."

"Fuckings plural?" I asked.

"Yes please, lots and lots!"

"And who's your boyfriend?" mom asked.



"Ethan *was* my boyfriend," Cherry said, and I gave her three hard thrusts for answering the question acceptably... and I noted she'd stressed the word 'was'.

"Do you want your *new* boyfriend's huge dick in your asshole?" Mom queried, and she gave me a nod, so I resumed fucking Cherry's butt, now *slamming* into her tight body with each hard thrust.

"I'll take my new boyfriend Kevin's dick in all three of my holes anytime he wants," Cherry moaned wildly.

"And you'll be his no-holes-barred cum slut?"

"Yes! I'll take his cum in my pussy, down my throat, in my asshole, or all over my face," Cherry listed off, her orgasm clearly rising rapidly.

"Anytime, anywhere?"

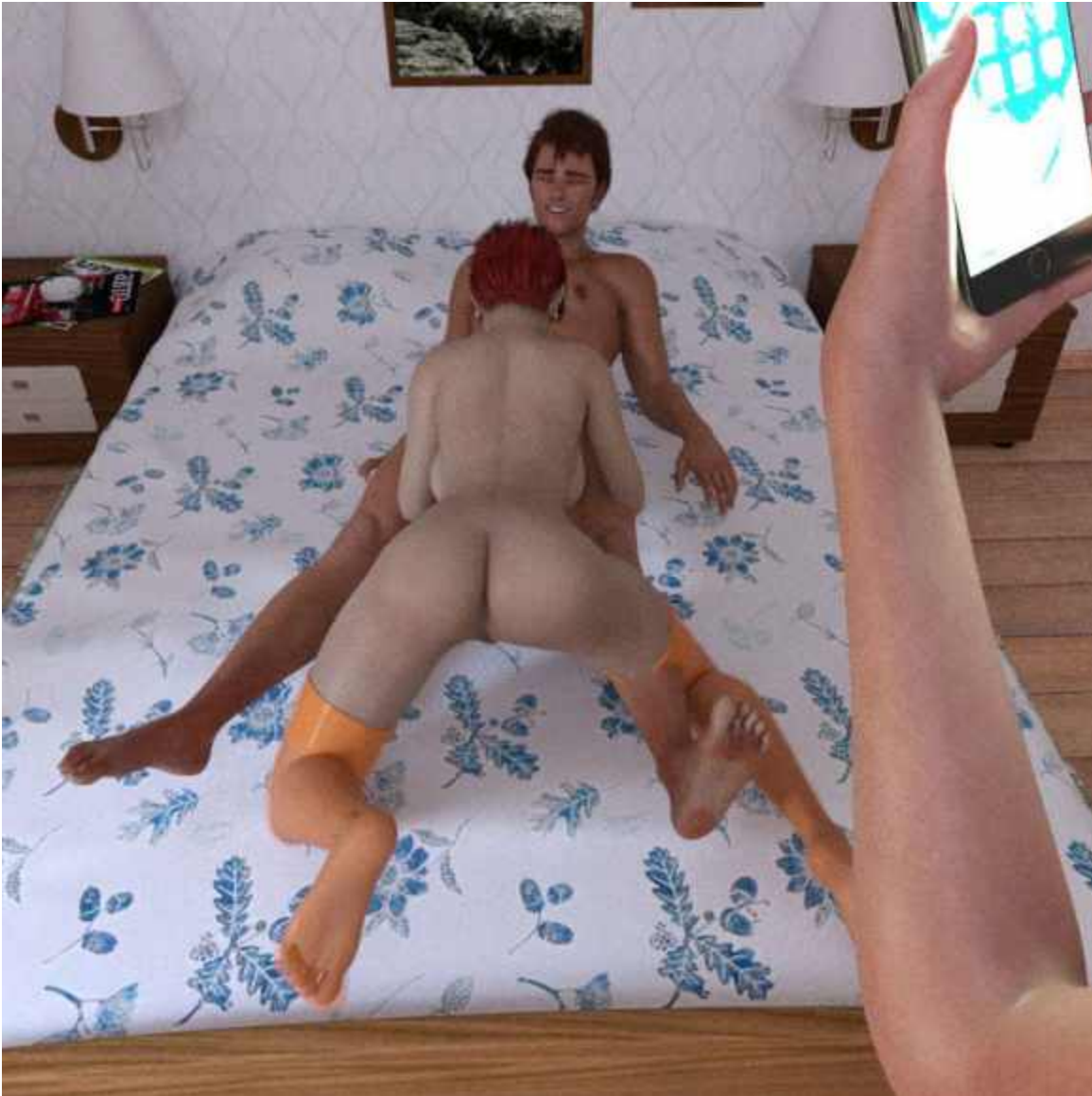
"Yes... yes indeed! He's already sodomized me at school, and now I'm at his house just a few hours later, begging for his dick," Cherry admitted, although it came out as a totally disjointed sentence, since she was being overwhelmed with pleasure.

"Beg, bitch," mom ordered harshly, giving me another nod, so I pulled out completely.

"Nooooooooo! I was so close!" Cherry whined like a bitch in heat.

"Suck all your ass juice off his dick," Mom ordered, loving that she was pushing Cherry to the brink.

Cherry spun around and devoured my cock with a lustful urgency that couldn't be faked... it was obvious she was cock drunk.



"Oh, yeah! Show Kevin how much you love his cock," mom spurred her on, while Cherry sucked her own ass juices off of it.

"Yeah, I think she's cock drunk," I quipped, a term that'd popped into my head a moment earlier, while I was watching the most popular girl in school sucking me, no longer wearing her cheerleader outfit, but still wearing the orange nylons my mother had ordered her to wear for us.

"Mmmmmmm, what a perfect description," mom purred. After a minute, she asked, "Are you cock drunk for Kevin's cock?"

I backed away from her, even though my balls were beginning to boil.

Cherry responded, "Oh God, I can't explain why, but I'm completely in lust for this cock," as saliva dropped down her chin. "I fucking *have* to have it!"

"And you'll do anything for it?" mom asked.

"Yes, I'll do *absolutely* anything!" Cherry responded. Her frustration and desperation were hot as fuck.

"Roll onto your back and spread your legs," Mom ordered.

Cherry obeyed without hesitation.

Mom, still filming as she approached to get a great view of Cherry's amazing spread legs and wet pussy, ordered, "Tell Kevin what you want him to do to you. Use his name. Be detailed. Talk about how much bigger and better his is than any smaller dick."

Cherry looked at my cock, and back to my mom.

"Once you do what I just said, he'll fuck you until you come," mom promised her.

Upon hearing those magic words, Cherry, speaking directly into the camera... and to me, since I was crouching on the bed right beside my mother, who was still standing, "Ethan, we're fucking done, and I'm proud to say that I'm now Kevin Walsh's three-hole cum slut. I'll do anything to earn having his big fat cock gagging me, or filling my pussy, or destroying my asshole. I'll happily take his loads on my face, down my throat, on my cheerleader outfit, inside my pussy or just like our first time, when he plugged all three of my holes, including my ass. His dick is so much bigger than yours, and also unlike you, he knows how to use it. He's not a jock like you are, but I no longer care about that, because he's a real man, while you're just a *widdle boy*, and you'll always remain one. And now since I hope Ethan is watching this video... please, Kevin... crawl between my legs... clad in the nylons I wore just for you... and shove your big fat cock

deep into my cunt, while my pathetic ex-boyfriend watches us, and to his shame, probably gets all hard and excited... and especially... humiliated."

Mom nodded approvingly and kept filming, while I went between her legs.

"Oh yes, Kevin! I need your big fat cock so bad," Cherry moaned.

"You're saying you want Ethan to know you're my personal cum bucket?" I asked, and now between her legs, I slapped her clit with my fat cock.

"Oh, yes Kevin! I left my house dressed as a whore just so I could be your fuck toy," Cherry said, moaning wildly.

"Then beg for it, bitch," I ordered, feeling so powerful, and loving that my mother was filming this utter submission of the stuck-up popular cheerleader. I grabbed her legs, shoved the right one high and the left one low, and held them in place.

"Please fuck me *now*, Kevin," she begged. "Pound my pussy, plug my asshole, and cum anywhere you want! Just please use me as your cheap cum slut."

"As you wish," I said, and slid into her.



"Oh, God!" Cherry screamed, as I slid deep inside her from a new angle, thus stimulating her differently and better.

"You like that?" mom asked, and she set the phone on the dresser, assumedly still filming, then she joined the twosome on the bed, making it into a threesome again.

"I fucking *love* Kevin's dick!" Cherry declared, "it's so fucking perfect!"

"Kevin promised me I'd have eight orgasms tonight..." mom said, as she straddled Cherry's head and lowered herself down. "...and I've only had four so far. So I want you to give me number five."

"Yes, Mistress! Just drop that sweet cunt onto my face, and I'll do it," Cherry agreed brightly, while I slowly fucked her... still filling her with pleasure, but not enough of it for her to come.

"I think we've found our perfect plaything, honey," mom observed as she planted her pussy onto Cherry's face.

"Our perfect three-hole cum bucket, with the added perk of also being our cunt-munching slave," I embellished, and I assumed said cunt-munching slave was now licking mom as required.

"Mmmmmm, now fuck her good, honey. Fuck her like you always fuck Mommy," mom instructed.

I nodded, and began pounding Cherry's pussy hard, making her moan into my mother's pussy and giving her good vibrations.



Then for a few minutes, there were just the sounds of fucking. Me slamming into Cherry hard. Mom's moans increasing as she sat on Cherry's face, and began to grind. Cherry's cunt-muffled moans as I pounded her... having already surfed through one orgasm, and now cresting towards

another one. I adjusted my grip on her legs, spread them wide, and *really* hammered her hole. this new angle going even deeper than before, and sending her ballistic!



Cherry's muffled moans sounded wild as Mom ground on her face, and she ordered me, "Make the bitch come again."

By now I was very excited, and I cried out, "Can do, Mommy! But *you've gotta* cum on her face! Come *all over* our slut's pretty face!" and I felt passionate about that. My balls were once again bubbling... but I wanted to hold back long enough to shoot my load on Cherry's face. But only *after* she made my *mom* cum on it first.

"Yes, baby! I'll come for you. I'll come all over our pet's face for you," Mom agreed, using Cherry's face very roughly.

"*Now*, Mommy-slut! Come right fucking *now!*" I demanded about thirty seconds later, staring into her eyes.

"Yes, Master!" she screamed. Her orgasm struck, and she lost it all over Cherry's face.

After a moment, mom rolled off, and Cherry begged, "Please don't stop now, Master! I'm really close again!"

"You want my cum?" I asked, really piledriving into her.

"Yes please! Give me your load," Cherry affirmed.

"First come for your Master, and then I'll give you my load," I promised, and mom rolled onto her side to watch.

"Oh yes Kevin, that's a deal! I love your dick so much! Oh, fuck! Yes, fuck! Yes, yes, yes! Masssssstster!" she bellowed loudly enough to wake the dead, when her second orgasm in rapid succession ripped through her slender, tiny, perfect body.

I accelerated my pumping, now almost ready to erupt on her face.

After a couple dozen more strokes, I pulled out and ordered, "Get down on the floor and get ready for my load on your face!"

She obeyed, although it took her a few seconds, since she was still weakened from the rapture of her twin orgasms. But soon she was on her knees looking up at me, while I stood above her, stroking my cock furiously.

"Beg," I ordered, loving my new ability to get what I wanted with just a single word.

"Please, Kevin! Come all over my slutty face," she responded dutifully but sincerely, her mouth wide open.

"Close your mouth," I instructed. "I want my entire load to go on your face."

She obeyed, just as rope number one of half a dozen cannonballed out of my cock directly onto her face. Six direct hits... sexual target shooting at its finest!

"Mmmmmmmmm," she purred as I painted her face.



"Yes! Give her all that cum," mom cheered as she filmed the cum shot, although I'd pretty much already done that. Then she left the room for some reason.

I slid my cock back into Cherry's mouth, and she sucked my dick, swallowing down any last droplets.



Mom soon returned with a double-ended dildo, but before using it, she first snatched up the phone that had been filming everything, and took some closeup pics of the cum-coated Cherry with my dick still in her mouth.

"That's so hot," mom said.

"She does look terrific with my load all over her face," I agreed.

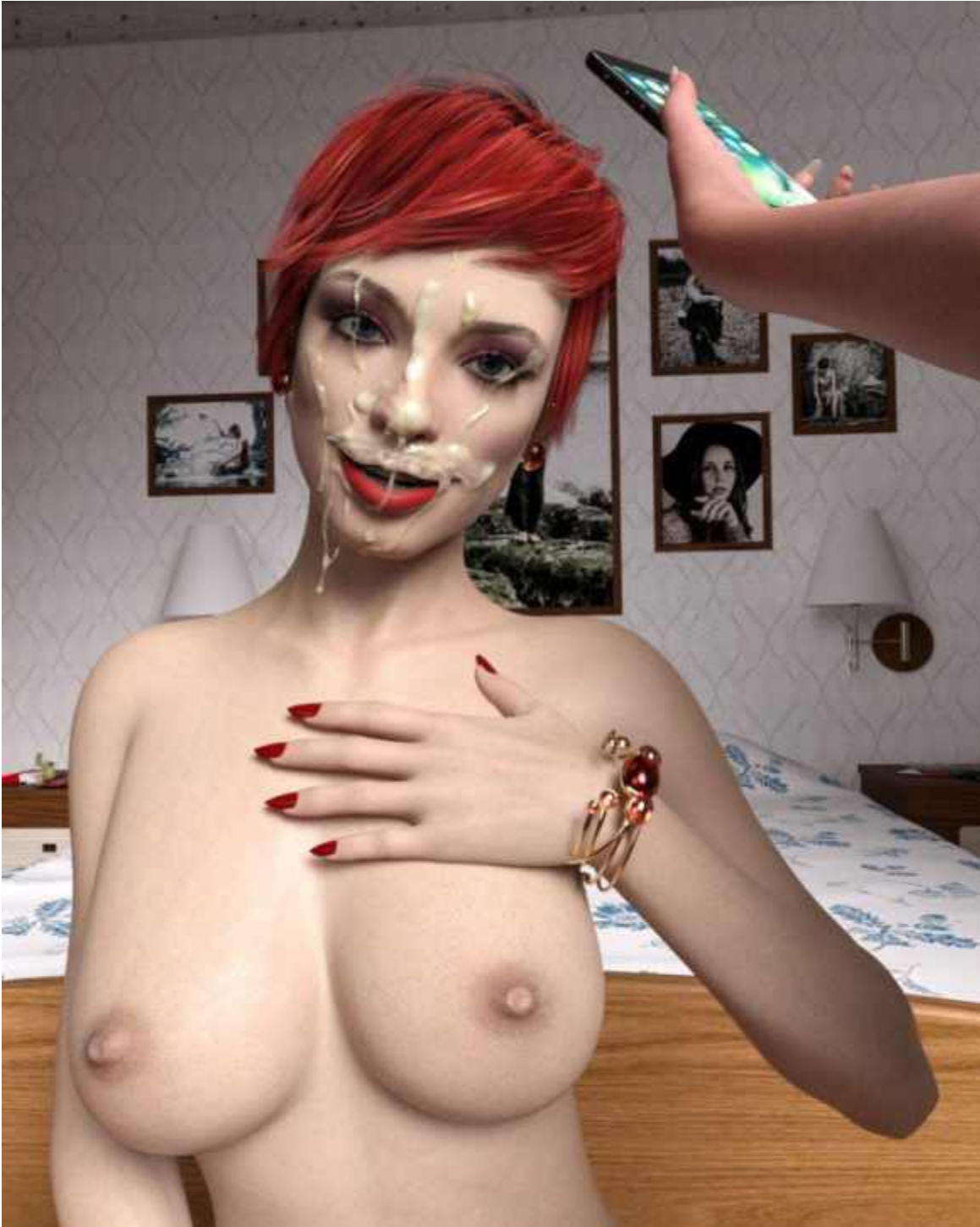
"Want to take a rest and watch your mom and your cheerleader slut fuck each other?"

"What do *you* think? Am I a mother fucker?"

"Why, yes you are," she grinned.

I pulled out of Cherry, and mom told her, "Smile."

Cherry did, and mom took a few more pics.



"Now once again, tell whoever sees this video what you are," mom ordered, now that Cherry was dripping with cum.

By now Cherry had succumbed completely to her roles as our bottom bitch, cock slave and pussy pet, so without hesitation, she said to the camera, "I'm

lots of nasty things, but I'm proudest to be Kevin's personal cum slut."

"More. And tell everyone your name," mom instructed as if she were hosting a popular TV game show.

"I'm Cherry Allen, daughter of U.S. Senator James Allen and socialite Sarah Allen," she elaborated, "and I'll do absolutely anything for the privilege of being Kevin Walsh's cum slut. For instance, I'll wear his load on my face like I'm doing right now... doesn't it make me look pretty? I'll also take his dick deep inside my pussy whenever he wants, and even let him bury his fat cock in my asshole. I'm his obedient slave who's ready and willing to be his mindless slut, by which I mean I'll always do anything he tells me to without even questioning it for a moment."

"Impressive," mom approved.

Cherry turned to me and added, "I really mean it, Kevin! I'll even walk hand in hand with you down the hallway at school, and proudly tell everybody I'm your submissive girlfriend."

"Really?" I asked, this newest concession surprising me... since until now, she'd pretty much said and inferred the very opposite of that. Until this moment, her reputation and social standing had been all-important.

"I'll do anything for you, Kevin," Cherry pledged, looking vulnerable, which was a very odd look on this heretofore stuck-up, diva head cheerleader.

"You understand that I still plan on fucking lots of other girls and MILFs?" I asked. "Probably including all your cheerleaders?"

"Yes, that's just fine," she agreed, "I just want to be your number one slut."

"No way. *I'll* always be his number one slut," Mom interjected. "Right, Kevin?"

"Absolutely, Mommy," I agreed immediately.

"Sorry, Mistress," Cherry apologized, looking up at my mom. "Then can I please be his number two slut?"

"That's Kevin's decision," mom told her.

"And I won't decide right away; you'll have to earn it," I said. Although the idea of walking down the hallway with the hottest, most popular girl in the entire school holding my hand was too good not to consider... it would completely upset the school's social hierarchy.

"I mean it, Kevin, I'll do anything for you," she reiterated.

"I hear you, but like I said... before I decide, I'll have to test the sincerity of that promise," I assured her, already having a few sluts doing whatever I wanted them to... like Mrs. Dieks, Mrs. Grady, and Amber. And of course I couldn't exactly call my sex guru Ms. Chan my *slut*, but secretly, she was definitely second only to my mom in my affections.

"Please do, and I'll show you I live up to my promises. You can require anything of me," Cherry emphasized, and she looked into the camera, scooped some cum off her face, slurped it into her mouth and purred, "Mmmmmmmmm."

"I'll be holding you to that obedience pledge too," mom said, giving me a wink. "Now lie on your back and scootch beneath my legs and impale both of us on this dildo, until we're pussy-to-pussy. Let's give our Master a hot show."

"Yes, Mistress," Cherry replied readily, in full submission mode.

They closed in on each other as described, then for a few minutes I watched mom and Cherry fucking each other with a long, turquoise, double-ended dildo, with the entire massive snake disappearing inside both of their pussies, until they were literally tribbing each other, with the long, fake snake inside them both.



I just watched at first.

Then I filmed.

Throughout, I remained hard.

I watched mom reach orgasm six and Cherry orgasm three, and I considered it wickedly hot when mom ordered Cherry to call her Mommy, and even hotter when Cherry screamed when her orgasm hit, "Thank you, Mistress Mommy!"

Mom got off the bed, and Cherry just laid there, exhausted from the marathon tribbing. I had at least one more load stored away inside me, and I planned to deposit it in Cherry's pussy, or perhaps another load in her ass... there's just something about shooting a load into a woman's asshole that's exhilarating.

Cherry smiled at me as she rolled onto her side. "I can't believe you fuck your own mother."

"I fuck a few mothers, and I can fuck yours too, if you want," I bragged, recalling our earlier conversation.

"I'd love to see that," she said with a wide grin.

"You sure?" I asked. "I'm not kidding. And if I offer her my cock at all, she'll very likely take it in all three of her holes soon afterwards."

"Sounds great! Please make it happen," she urged.

"Consider it done," I agreed. "But you understand I'll expect to see some incestuous lesbian action as well."

"Just so long as I can be in charge," she said. Then hastened to add, "Not in charge of you of course, Master! I just want to boss around my bossy mom."

"I can make that happen too," I assured her. The visual of one of the hottest MILFs around bent over taking my dick in her pussy or ass while she ate her daughter's pussy, would be pretty hard to get out of my head.



"Want to DP our slut now?" Mom suggested, having stripped down to just her stockings and necklace, but also with a new accessory: a strap-on cock around her waist. She handed me some lube.

"I think I do," I concurred, so mom took the phone and placed it on the nightstand to keep filming, and then she stood next to the bed.

"Now I'm going to orchestrate some choreography for us," mom said. "Kevin, you stand right there," pointing to a spot very near the bed. "Now Cherry, I want you to back up against Kevin, and son, stick your dick in her bum. Is it nicely lubricated?"

"Yes it is, Mommy," I said, wedging my slick dick into my... new girlfriend's?... back door.

"Good. Now Kevin, wrap your arms around Cherry and bend your knees as if you're sitting down, and Cherry, lift up your legs while Kevin holds you in midair."

Then mom approached us, lowered herself just like I'd done, guided Cherry's upper legs so they were resting on top of hers, slid her eight-inch strap-on dildo into Cherry's pussy, and reached her hands past Cherry to grasp them around my waist.

"And almost finally, son," she said, "wrap your arms around *my* waist." Then when I had, she said to Cherry, "Wrap your arms around me tight. Now your feet aren't anywhere near the floor. Are you the least bit concerned you might fall?"

"Not at all, Mistress."

"Good girl."

And here she was... in mom's and my bedroom, essentially naked, and happily doing all the weird things we told her to. Which would have been impossible... and completely unfathomable... before I began proving the veracity of the big cock theory my dad had told me about.

"And now, *actually finally*... we start fucking our slut in two of her holes," she finished.

"Yeah, baby! Pound that big fat cock up your slut's shit hole," Cherry urged me wickedly, holding onto my mom breast to breast, thus offering me even better access to her back door.

"Just so you know," I then said, as I gently stroked my cock in and out of her asshole, "I'm an unfair bastard. Because I'm going to fuck other girls as much as I want, including your friends and your mom, but I'm reserving *your* three holes for my dick only. Is that clear?"

"Except that my dick is the exception," mom added. "I too get to fuck you any way I want, and also any other women I want, unless Kevin objects. Plus, I guess, I'll fuck any *guy* he tells me to fuck, although we haven't discussed that possibility."

"Yes, Master and Mistress, I agree. No other dicks will touch my holes unless you tell me to. But why would I bother with them? You two have

already ruined me for other men."

"I think you've found yourself the perfect girlfriend," mom told me, as I continued fucking my new girlfriend.

"Oh fuuuuuuck!" Cherry whimpered, as I pounded her ass.

"She's hot, filthy rich, and submissive," mom summarised.

"And I'm a complete slut for this mother and son team I'm serving right now," Cherry added, as both of our cocks stroked away gently, deep inside her.



I then recalled mom's earlier suggestion while we'd been double teaming Ms. Chan on her birthday... that we'd gather a collection of sluts to share with each other. I also recalled that originally she was afraid of getting outed by our doing anything like that. That fear had faded it seemed, although she was taking steps to protect us... such as filming compromising videos of our various sex partners. Which of course we'd have to edit carefully if we didn't want to out ourselves as well, if we ever made any of them public.

"Now let's *really* give it to her," mom urged me.

"On three," I said, still resting, buried in Cherry's rectum.

"Yes, dominate my two holes," Cherry said, a brief calm before our sex storm.

"One, two, three," mom counted, and then I pulled out and slammed back into Cherry's asshole, mom also bucking her hips to counter my deep thrusts.

"Oh my fucking God!" Cherry screamed, as our two cocks raced back and forth along parallel tracks inside her playground of pleasure.

"You like that?" mom asked.

"Fucking love it!" Cherry responded, as my mother and I worked together in perfect unison, having already practiced a similar maneuver on Ms. Chan.

"You like my dick in your asshole?" I asked as I slammed into her.

"So fucking much!" Cherry moaned wildly, her tiny body bouncing around all over the place, as our two cocks filled her entirely, but from different angles.

"Yeah, she's just a fuck toy for our pleasure," mom gloated, rubbing her tits against Cherry's for their mutual enjoyment.

"Oh, I think *she's* getting a lot of enjoyment out of this too," I said, as I kept up my hard, deep thrusts inside her incredibly tight ass.

"You're so right, Master! And please don't stop," Cherry managed to say semi-coherently during our double assaults against her two holes, rendering her a moaning mess.

We continued the double teaming for a while, then mom suggested, "Let's try a new position."

We both pulled out, and mom ordered, "Lie on the bed on your side, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," Cherry said, somewhat out of breath, but still with utter lust shining from her eyes.

We repositioned ourselves, mom lying down in front of Cherry face to face, while I reclined behind our well-fucked cheerleader.

"Please shove those cocks back inside your slut's holes," Cherry begged. She raised her left leg, thus giving mom smoother access into her pussy, while I slid back into her well-gaped asshole.

In this position, mom could really fuck Cherry... and after a couple of misfires, we got our timing perfect, so we could slam simultaneously into the tiny tight cheerleader with aggressive bravado, and our fast-paced double teaming brought Cherry to utter rapture within a couple dozen strokes. The pleasure for us all was so intense there was little talking, and not any complete sentences, but Cherry did manage to babble things like, "Oh, fuck!" and "Jesus!" and "don't..." and "...stop!" before she screamed through yet another orgasm ripping through her body.

Yet wanting to completely drain her while giving her multiple orgasms, neither of us even slowed down, while mom ordered, "Keep fucking our slut, son."

"I sure will, Mommy," I responded, as we continued slamming into our quaking, moaning slut.



"Fuck," Cherry mumbled. She was in a lustful daze, while we continued double penetrating her roughly and thoroughly.

As we continued, I studied mom while she fucked Cherry. She was so hot! Her big tits were bouncing all around as she fucked. I was so lucky to have

a mother like her!

Sweat was eventually coating my mother and me, and yet another orgasm was rapidly rising inside Cherry, who was still moaning like a bitch in heat. "Oh God!" "So good!" "Fuck my holes!" and "Jesus Christ!"

"Come again, slut!" mom ordered. I sensed she was getting tired. I sure was.

"Yes! Fuck! Oh God! Yes, yes! Fuuuuuck!" Cherry babbled through another dozen-plus double penetration strokes, before once again she erupted.

This time mom pulled out instantly, apparently needing to stretch. She then slipped out of her strap-on and lay down on Cherry's face, using her weight to push our pet onto her back.

I got off the bed and watched the lesbian action for a minute, before mom demanded, "Come fuck my ass while our pet eats my pussy, son." She then spun around, bent over and stuck out her ass, while she straddled Cherry's face.

Never one to refuse any invitation to fuck any of my mom's holes, I maneuvered myself between the two pairs of legs, placed my hands on my mother's hips, and demanded, reminding Cherry I was in charge of all the women I fucked, "Beg, mom! Beg for your son's cock up your asshole."

"Oh, you nasty boy," mom purred, as Cherry licked her pussy, and her own body was still trembling. "You want to show your new fuck toy girlfriend what kind of demanding mother fucker you are?"

"I do," I affirmed, rolling my cock around against her rosebud.

"Well then, please son... slam that big fat cock deep inside your Mommy's asshole and use me as your incestuous fuck toy," mom said wickedly, and she reached underneath herself with her left hand, pulling Cherry's face roughly against her pussy.

"As you wish," I acceded, pushing myself forward and watching as my dick disappeared inside my mother's ass... which was still the most exhilarating experience of all my recently discovered sexual prowess.

"Oh fuck, son! Yes!" mom moaned, as she took my considerable length into her ass. "Fill Mommy's butt with your fat cock!"



"This is so hot," Cherry said, her words muffled by my mom's pussy in her face.

"Now give it to me, son. Fuck Mommy's asshole hard," mom demanded.

I obliged, giving her deep, hard, backdoor butt shots, which I loved doing.

"Oh, yes! Fuck me!" mom moaned. "Fuck Mommy's asshole!"

"Do you like getting your asshole reamed?" I asked as I kept pounding her.

"I love it, son," she moaned, "I love your fat dick up my shit hole."

"Jesus!" Cherry gasped from beneath my mom.

"Remember bitch, you'll never be his number one slut," Mom said through her wild moans, her next orgasm looking imminent.

"I will. Mistress," Cherry responded dutifully.

"Now get Mommy off, Kevin," mom demanded. And for the next couple minutes Cherry worked mom's pussy over, while I destroyed her back door.

Eventually she screamed, as orgasm seven erupted through her, "Yes! Mother fuuuuuucker!"

I kept pounding her throughout her newest orgasm, and eventually she rolled off of Cherry and onto her back.

"My turn!" Cherry sang out merrily. She rolled onto her stomach, got on all fours, and begged, "Please fuck me again, Master."

"Suck my cock first," I ordered, loving to see sluts... especially my new ones... doing ass to mouth... pushing them to the extreme.

"Yes, baby," she agreed. Then she hurriedly spun around and took my dick... recently inside both her and my mom's assholes... deep into her mouth. I noticed she still had my slowly drying cum all over her face.

"Yep, she's a keeper," Mom approved, standing up and stretching.



"Probably," I said, still not giving the girl a clear win, as Cherry bobbed on my cock.

The doorbell rang.

"I wonder who that could be?" mom said.

"I don't know," I responded, suspecting she knew very well who it was, even though I didn't.

"Drop another load onto her ass or her face," Mom suggested, as she headed downstairs.

"Put on a robe!" I called after her.

"Not necessary!" she called back as she disappeared. Yep! This was definitely someone she was expecting.

"Want it back in your ass now?" I asked.

"Yes, please," she said, looking up at me.

"Crawl up here first," I ordered, deciding to do something I hadn't done with her yet.

While I leaned up to meet her halfway, she crawled closer until we were face to face, and I kissed her. I wondered if she'd kiss me back, and she did without hesitation.



After about a minute, I broke the kiss, got us both facing the foot of the bed, stuck my cock in her ass, and invited her to, "Fuck yourself on my dick."

"Mmmmmmm. Yes baby," she said, licking her lips as she began rocking.

"There you go," I approved, watching her slowly take it all back inside her ass.

About another minute later, Mom entered the room... and so did Ethan!... and she taunted him, "See? I told you she was busy."

"What the fuck?" Ethan bellowed, the moment he saw his now ex-girlfriend riding my dick... although he didn't yet know she'd terminated their relationship.

"What are *you* doing here?" Cherry asked unashamedly, still fucking me.



"What THE FUCK are YOU doing here?" Ethan countered, absolutely furious.

Unconcerned and still naked, mom grabbed a strap-on.

"What's it look like I'm doing? My boyfriend is fucking my asshole," Cherry answered matter-of-factly.

"You're dead," Ethan growled, getting ready to lunge at me.

"Stop! Don't you DARE!" Cherry ordered in her trademarked Ice Queen fashion.

He froze.

"I believe I made it clear in my text that it was over between us," Cherry said, just as frostily as a moment ago.

"First, you don't break up with someone with a text," Ethan said, still growling, his eyes on fire. "And second, we're not done until I SAY we're done."

"It's numbers, is it? Okay, first, shut the fuck up," Cherry snapped, still smoothly riding my dick in her ass.

"Stop fucking him... NOW!" Ethan demanded.

"I SAID... shut the fuck up!" Cherry repeated, giving him her famous glare.

This seemed to work.

Behind him, Mom had her strap-on back on.

"Second, let me make something perfectly clear... you never once got me off, not fucking once!" Cherry barked.

"Huh? But I..."

He stopped speaking, and I assumed Cherry had given him another frozen glare.

"Third, you have a tiny fucking dick," Cherry continued. She then crawled off my dick and to the side and pointed at it with a 'Tadaah' gesture and said proudly, "Now *that's* a dick!" (Think Crocodile Dundee saying to some thugs with his big grin, "*That's* a knife!")

"Jesus!" Ethan gasped, partly out of revulsion, but also partly out of shock and awe.

(Mom was lubing her dick, and I wondered what her intentions were... was she planning to fuck him?)

"Now fourth, unless you want the pics I have of your tiny dick sent to everyone at school," Cherry threatened, "you're going to strip off your pants and underwear... NOW!"

"What? Why?" he asked, flummoxed by the demand.

"Because it's high time you learned your proper place in the world," Cherry explained, still coldly. She then climbed down to the floor, braced her hands on her knees and requested, "Master, would you please sodomize me some more in front of my ex?"

"Don't you dare," Ethan warned me. But before he could move a muscle, my mom reached over and squeezed his dick.

"Why is your dick so hard, sonny boy?" she asked, while I crouched behind Cherry and easily slid my cock back into her well-gaped asshole.

"W-w-what?" he stammered.

"Why is your tiny dick so hard? Is it because you're watching my son fucking your girlfriend?" mom asked.

"*Ex*-girlfriend," Cherry reminded everyone while I sodomized her.

"It's not hard," he denied, while my mom rubbed it.

"Oh, it's hard all right," mom said sweetly, and she tugged down his pants and underwear with a single yank, then grabbed his uncovered cock.



"What are you doing to me?" he asked, confused. He tried to cover his tiny dick, but mom's left hand was giving a new meaning to the term 'cock blocking'.

"I'm showing everyone how hard you are, while we watch my son pounding your ex-girlfriend," mom breathed into his ear. "And if you look closely..." she added with a giggle, "...you'll see something you've never witnessed before... she's about to have an orgasm!"

"Why don't you fuck him, Mistress?" Cherry suggested.

"Huh?" Ethan asked, his eyes going wide. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm saying that unless you want the pics of your teentsy little dick I shot earlier, PLUS the evidence I have that you cheated on the SAT's revealed

far and wide, you'll bend over wherever she tells you to, and allow my Mistress to fuck your asshole for as long as she wants," Cherry explained.

"You can't be serious!" he gasped, even as my mother grabbed his hand and led him to the bed... and he followed.

"Oh, I'm serious all right," Cherry moaned, as I kept pounding her ass in this perfect position. "You used to fuck my ass... well, if you can call what you did fucking... so now it's your turn. Fair's fair."

"Bend over, bitch," Mom ordered, sounding like a drill sergeant.

"But I'm not gay," Ethan objected.

Mom bent him over and rebutted, "There's nothing gay about taking it in the ass from a woman. It's called pegging, and some perfectly straight couples do it all the time."

"They do?" he asked. His tiny dick was rock hard.

"Only some couples. In fact, it takes a real man.. like Deadpool for instance... to obey his woman and take it like a man," mom asserted, positioning her bright blue dick against his rectum.

"Just slam it in there, Mistress," Cherry recommended, "he'll love being our bottom bitch."

"I don't know about tha...." he began saying, but then swallowed his words when my mom filled his asshole with her dick.

Now I'm not gay, but watching my mom slide a dick into Ethan was pretty hot. Especially when he began whimpering!

"Take it like a man, bitch," Cherry ordered, struggling to hold back her giggles.



"Slut, tell your ex how much you love my cock," I ordered, wanting to play my part in this cuckolding humiliation session... recalling how humiliated Ben Walker had been when I'd fucked his storytelling mom and his girlfriend right in front of him.

"Oh yeah, baby, you know I love your big cock," Cherry started adlibbing a litany. "It's filling my asshole so good." And Ethan moaned when mom began slowly fucking him... but he didn't say anything at all.

"I think he likes this," mom said.

"Maybe almost as much as I like finally getting fucked by a *real* man, with a *real* dick, who's already made me come half a dozen times since this afternoon," Cherry said.

"And still counting," I added.

"Fuck you," he grunted through gritted teeth. I couldn't tell whether he was feeling pleasure or pain.

"Sorry, you'll have to make that request later. Right now I'm too busy fucking my new girlfriend in her asshole..." I said, "...while my mother fucks *your* asshole."

"Never talk back to my son," mom scolded, emphasizing her point by bucking her hips hard, pounding her dick to new depths inside his asshole.

"Ohhhhh, fuck," he grunted.

"You know... you never made me come... not once... not even close," Cherry repeated, as she moved into a new position, one that only someone with the flexibility of a prizewinning former gymnast and current cheerleader could achieve.

"Never?" he asked, shocked by this revelation. I guess he wasn't paying attention the first time she told him... understandable at the time, since we'd sprung all this upsetting chaos on him without any warning.

"No woman will ever come from a dick this small," mom added, as she began fucking him faster. "I hear they're selling dick extensions these days. Maybe you should look into that?" She stopped fucking him long enough to strip him naked, before resuming her fucking him in a new position... still anal. Except for his clenched fists, I thought he looked downright effeminate, especially with the profound embarrassment on his face.

I slid back into Cherry's gaped asshole and said, "Jesus, I could fuck this asshole all night."

"You'd better," she said. "For you, I dumped my boyfriend today, took a load in my ass, came over here in the middle of the night dressed like a slut, ate your mom's pussy without complaining, and became a three-hole fuck slut... again. I'm far from regretting any of that, so kindly keep doing me."



"Cherry, *please!*" Evan gasped in humiliated shock upon hearing her words, but he was also beginning to moan like a girly bitch.

"We did that second part at school today, right after you dumped him," I added, as I resumed giving her asshole deep hard thrusts... in a position I'd never imagined until she guided us into it.

"Yeah, but that first time you were only inside my asshole long enough to dump that load inside it," she revealed wickedly.

"True, true," I acknowledged.

"You like that dick in your asshole, slut?" Cherry asked Ethan.

"I don't know," he answered with a moan that compromised his masculine image. He ignored her calling him a slut.

"Do you want it harder?" mom asked.

"I don't know," he repeated with another moan.

"I think you do know... you just don't want to admit it out loud," Mom said, pulling her dick all the way out, and then slamming back into him.

"Fuuuuuck!!" Ethan screamed, not sounding at all like the so-called he-man of the school he'd always pretended to be,

"Give me a minute, honey." Cherry rolled over, stood up, and grabbed her phone, while mom's was still filming our entire debauchery.

"I'll ask you again. Do you want it harder?" mom repeated.

"Yes," he whispered shamefacedly.

"What?" mom asked, "we can't hear you," pulling all the way out and slapping his butt.

"Yes," he said more loudly, but his face was buried in his chest.

"Yes, what?" Mom interrogated, slamming back into his ass and then pulling out again. "And look me in the eyes when you speak to your Mistress."

He raised his head while I watched, and Cherry began filming, "Yes, Mistress. Please fuck my ass harder!" Then he noticed Cherry filming, and he begged, "please don't record this!"



"Why not? Are you ashamed?" mom asked, pulling out.

"No! I... I just, I..."

"Get down on your knees," mom ordered brusquely, spinning him around and roughly shoving him to the floor.

"Suck that cock," Cherry ordered.

Ethan didn't have time to do anything, before mom slid her dick into his mouth, and he was suddenly doing ass to mouth.

"Oh yeah, look at the mighty jock sucking his Mistress's cock," Cherry purred, as she filmed mom slowly fucking his face.

"Yeah, maybe he's a secret faggot," I mused out loud, as I went behind her, reached around and felt her up, and slid my dick back into her ass, while she kept filming.



"He does love calling guys that," Cherry said with a moan, "perhaps he was deflecting."

"Huh? What's deflecting mean?" the boy wonder asked.

"It means saying something stupid to obfuscate the main point," she explained.

"What does obfu... oh, never mind," he said, giving up while he was behind.

"Oh, yeah. Suck that cock like a good boy," mom encouraged him, following our cues.

To no one's surprise, he started bobbing on his own.

"Oh yeah! Suck that cock, faggot," Cherry taunted.

"Yeah, he's a natural cock sucker," mom added, winking at us as I noticed Ethan's dick was rock hard.

After about two minutes, mom suggested, "Shall we fuck our sluts in unison, son?"

"Fuck yeah," I agreed.

"Get on the bed on all fours," mom ordered Cherry.

"Yes Mistress," Cherry replied obediently, a bit reluctantly setting her phone down.

Mom pointed reassuringly to hers, which was still filming whatever happened on the bed.

"This farce has already gone too far," Ethan finally objected from his knees.

"You don't want me to fuck you anymore?" mom asked, surprised.

"Get up here beside me, faggot," Cherry ordered.

"Please don't call me that," he whimpered. He was clearly confused and overwhelmed by his newfound desires, so mom explained, "You're discovering the real you, sweetie. We're being a bit rough on you because you've acted like an asshole to everybody for so long, but believe it or not, we're looking after your welfare. Now just do whatever you're told, and trust us." She then helped him to his feet and semi-gently pushed him towards the bed.

"Our Mistress is right," Cherry chipped in. "For one thing, it's obvious to us that you love cock, even though you probably still think you don't. So

behind closed doors, we're going to keep calling you a faggot and a slut, and you'll learn to enjoy being called those names. Sound good?"

"Ummm... I guess," he mumbled almost inaudibly.

I then gave him a grin and got onto the bed, and he sheepishly followed my lead.

I got behind Cherry, and mom ordered, "Sluts, onto your backs."

Ethan quietly did so, and so did Cherry.

"Such an obedient boy," mom cooed, as she pulled him to the edge of the bed, muscled his legs into the air, and positioned her cock at his asshole.

I got off the bed and got into a similar position, as my mother and Ethan wiggled their bodies to the edge of the bed.

"Ethan my boy, you're now on the road to becoming a major cock-sucking bottom bitch for dicks," mom told him wickedly, sliding her dick back inside his asshole.

"Oh fuck," he groaned.

I did the same, sliding into Cherry's asshole once more.

"Oh, yes! Fuck my ass some more," Cherry moaned, looking into my eyes.



"Do you know Ehan refuses to eat pussy?" I asked my mom, as we both slowly fucked our respective assholes.

"Seriously?" Mom blurted out. "What a selfish asshole!".

"Yep, he won't, and he is," Cherry confirmed.

"Maybe he prefers cock," mom speculated.

"Noooooo," Ethan denied. But all his moans from mom's dick gave the lie to his protest.

"It sure looks like he's enjoying yours, mom," I chipped in.

"I'm not gay," he muttered, as mom and I picked up the pace.

"I bet he'd love getting cornholed by a real cock," Cherry said, ignoring his denial.

"Oh yeah, he's a born cum dump," mom appraised,

"His tiny dick is rock hard from getting fucked, which means he's a faggot," I Sherlock Holmesed.

"Nooooooooo!" Once again he disagreed pathetically.

"Beg for it," Cherry ordered, reaching over to stroke his tiny dick.

"Oh, God," he groaned.

Mom pulled out and ordered, "Beg for me to resume fucking you, bottom bitch."

After a moment while he looked at Cherry (who was still stroking him), he turned back to mom and said, "Please fuck me some more."

"Because you're our bottom bitch?" mom queried.

"Yes," he admitted, this time shamelessly, and mom slid back inside his asshole.

"Yes what, cum dump?" Cherry asked. She took her hand away, and mom pulled back out.

"Yes, I'm your bottom bitch," he admitted, defeated.

"And our cum dump?" Cherry repeated.

"And your cum dump," he mumbled softly.

"Joey would love to use him," I said. Joey was a gay friend of mine who'd come out to everyone a while ago.

Mom slid back inside him and hammered him hard.

"God, no! Not that!" he moaned, even though his cock twitched.

"Oh yeah, I bet you'd *love* Joey's cock in your mouth," I said.

"Or being on all fours taking Joey's load up your ass," Cherry added, as mom kept hammering his hole.

"Or taking his load all over your face," mom added.

"Nooooooooo," Ethan moaned again. "I'm not gay!" But then his body spasmed, and he came all over himself.

"Shit! Only a *real* faggot comes from getting sodomized," Cherry laughed harshly. She then got up, straddled his face facing away from my mom... and guess what... he raised his head and started licking her!

"Wow!" Cherry exclaimed. "He's licking me! Mistress, maybe you're curing him of his assholery!"

"Maybe so," mom agreed with a grin.

Then Cherry ordered... while mom kept fucking Ethan's ass... "Master, please fuck me some more and cum in my pussy."

"I can do that," I agreed, and I quickly got off the bed and left the room to wash off my dick... ass to pussy was NOT something I wanted to inflict upon my new girlfriend... and I returned to find mom still fucking Ethan, and Cherry still straddling his face with a happy expression on hers.

I got onto the bed, straddled Ethan's torso facing Cherry, and slid my dick inside her pussy from behind... while she arched her back to give me access to it.

"You're soaking wet," I noticed while I filled her up.

"Being your fuck toy and watching Ethan become our faggot cum dump set me on fire," she explained. "Now please fuck me good, and cum in my cunt."



"Sure thing," I said, having been holding back my next load for a while now.

"Yeah, fill her up, son," mom encouraged.

"Yeah, give me a nice big cream pie for our bottom bitch to dine on," Cherry said.

"Please! No more," Ethan whined, as mom kept hammering his ass. His cock was still rock hard, and he was underneath me, watching my dick slide in and out of his ex-girlfriend's pussy from two inches away.

"Shut the fuck up, cum dump," mom ordered.

He did.

A couple minutes later, just after Cherry had reached yet another orgasm, I grunted and spewed a load inside her pussy. "Yes! fuck!" she screamed.

As soon as I finished cumming and had pulled out, she dropped her pussy back onto Ethan's face and ordered, "Eat me some more, you pussy. Now my pie is *a la mode* for you."

I climbed off of the bed and turned to my mom, while she pulled out of Ethan. She dropped to her knees and sucked Cherry's pussy juice off my dick.



"Yeah, *eat* that man-cum," Cherry ordered, grinding her pussy up and down all over his face.

Mom's phone rang, and she went the dresser to get it.

Cherry climbed off of Ethan and ordered, "Get down on the floor on your knees."

Totally defeated by now, he rolled off the bed and sank down onto his knees.

"Kevin," Cherry said as she grabbed her phone, "please stick your dick in his mouth for a moment."

"Really?" I asked. "Just for a moment, right?" I wasn't eager to do it, but by now she'd earned a favour or two.

"Yes please. Just long enough for me to get a closeup of him with someone's dick in his mouth, in case he ever considers doing anything stupid to any of us," Cherry explained.

"Cherry... not that, please! I'll *never* say anything about this to *anyone!* I promise!" he pleaded desperately.

But I was already bringing my dick to his mouth.

"Open up, faggot," I said bluntly.

He stared up at me, then back at my dick.

"Now, cock sucker," Cherry ordered, "or I'll ask him to fuck your face until he cums. Maybe you'd enjoy that more?"

He shook his head no, and with no further protest, he opened up and took my dick more than halfway into his mouth. I grabbed his head, and... I guess instinctively... he grabbed my hips.



Cherry sat down on the floor and took a few closeups... of Ethan's face and my cock, but not my face... and then she barked, "Now get the fuck out of here, ex!"

Ethan went to fetch his clothes.

"By the way, how the fuck did you know I was here?" she asked.

"I installed a tracker on your phone a long time ago."

"Delete it, or I'll get the entire nerd squad to team-fuck you in front of all the cheerleaders," Cherry threatened, in full bitch mode.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now!" she yelled, stalking over and handing him her phone.

"Yes'm." he replied humbly, and he took about half a minute to uninstall the app, while she watched closely.

"Now get the fuck out of here. I've got a *proper* dick to suck some more," Cherry said, and she dropped before me and took my dick back into her mouth.

"Deep throat me, babe," I ordered, as Ethan sheepishly slunk out, not taking the time to dress, but just carrying his clothes away.

A couple minutes later, mom returned, still on the phone. She asked somebody, "So what time are you arriving?"

She sat on the bed and pointed at her pussy.

I pulled out of Cherry's mouth, pulled her to her feet and led her to the bed, holding her hand in mine, which I must admit, felt nice and intimate.

Mom spread her legs wide as she said, "All right. I'll make sure Kevin and I are there on time to pick you up."

"Who?" I mouthed, now standing in front of her, still holding Cherry's hand.

"My mom," she mouthed back, and pointed at Cherry and then at her pussy.

Cherry applied her mouth to mom's clit, and I knelt behind her, shoving my cock into her cunt again.

"I've got to go," mom said. "See you on Thanksgiving."

As soon as she hung up, she lay down on the bed and ordered, "Lie on your back, son, and I'll climb aboard for another ride. I'm hungry and horny again. Cherry, why don't you lick his balls while he fucks me?"

"Sounds good," Cherry said, and she did just that.

So for a few minutes, I fucked mom, and Cherry licked my balls. The double stimulation felt really good!



And soon mom received her eighth orgasm of the night, thus reaching our target.

We switched positions, and Cherry had one more O herself.. I'd lost track of how many we'd given her.

And I finished the night with one final load... coming on Cherry's face again, after she sucked mom's cum off my cock.



Mom took a picture of her cum-coated face. Then one more with her mouth wrapped around my cock with my load on her face.





Cherry then asked while she got dressed, "So what about tomorrow?"

"What about it? What do you want to do?" I asked.

"I want to come out to everyone as your girlfriend."

"Really?" I asked, a little surprised, even after all our fucking, and all her promises in the heat of the moment. Since at this point, her libido was no

longer controlling her.

"Yeah, I can't explain why, but maybe it's time I dated a nice guy," she said.

"I'm a nice guy?"

"Well, in the bedroom, you're a *nasty* fuck," she grinned, leaning in and kissing me tenderly. "But the rest of the time, you're a great guy."

"If that's a compliment, I'll take it," I said.

"Sooooooo..." she said bashfully.

"So what?" I asked.

"So are you going to ask me out?"

"Absolutely! Would you like to go out with me, Cherry?" I asked, calling her by her name for once.

"Yes," she said, kissing me again.

"But I still plan on fucking lots of other girls and women," I reminded her.

"Including my mom," she reminded me.

"Including your mom," I agreed. Then I led her out of mom's and my bedroom and downstairs to the front door, kissed her goodnight, then went and found my phone.

Mrs. Dieks had sent me a third picture, this time with a vacuum handle buried deep inside her pussy. I couldn't imagine how that was even possible:
How is this one?



I responded: **Impressive, slut. I will see you soon. But I expect you in a slutty schoolgirl outfit when I do, with your hair in pigtails.**

I saw Amber had also responded, sending me a video. That would have to wait for later, since I was exhausted, and ready for some much-needed

sleep.

I headed back upstairs and mom said, leaning against her doorway, still almost naked, "You've found a keeper."

"Maybe," I said, not sure how I felt about all these recent changes in my lifestyle. And maybe someday I'd find the courage to approach Heather.

She took my head and led me to our bedroom. We didn't fuck anymore that night, but she cuddled into my arms and whispered, "I love you, Kevin."

"I love you too, mom," I said, and I drifted to sleep, exhausted after perhaps the wildest day of my life. And that's saying a lot!

The next morning when I woke up, there was a message on my phone from Mrs. Dieks: **Master, I'm dressed like you said. If you'll please drop by my backyard before school, I'll be most grateful.**

I told mom about it, she decided to come along, so she donned a transparent teddy and did. Sure enough, Mrs. Dieks looked like a *very* slutty schoolgirl. But...

"Joan!" she worried. "What are *you* doing here? This was supposed to be a *secret!*"

"No worries," mom replied. "I'm just coming along to watch my sexy son in action. As you can see by my own sexy apparel, I'm not here to be prudish. So just relax and strike a sexy pose for our enjoyment."

"Are you sure this is all right?" Mrs. Dieks asked me nervously.

"Perfectly all right," I reassured her. "So strike that pose my Mommy-slut asked you for. And if we like it, she'll get to watch us doing a 69. Trust us... we'd never out you in a million years!"

"Well, if you say so," she said, gaining some confidence. Then she flashed us a dynamite smile and posed like a professional stripper.



So then we stripped down, and with mom watching us and posing languorously, we did a pretzel version of a 69 until we both came.



While we were walking back home so I could dress for school again I said to my mom, "You know, I've been thinking that maybe I've been treating Mrs. Dieks a bit too disrespectfully. What do you think?"

"Well," she replied, "judging from those pictures she sent you recently and from being with her just now, I think she's been going the extra mile for you, so I think she deserves some respect."

"I think you're right," I agreed.

Then when I got to school, Cherry kept her promise. Between each of our classes, we strolled through the halls together hand in hand, accompanied by Amber and Stephanie. They were very congratulatory about our new status... especially after both Cherry and I reassured them I'd still be fucking both of them whenever I chose to do so. We encountered lots of surprised looks from the other students, and even from some teachers, but hey... I was

hanging with the top-of-the-social-hierarchy cheerleaders! So nobody said a negative word. (I was unaware at the time that our parading around had caught the attention of my secret romantic crush Heather, who sometimes followed us, gazing at me curiously. Just like me, she never said a word... that's her in the sweater and wearing a ponytail).



The End

BUT keep reading for clips from more possible episodes that might come someday... maybe.

PLEASE NOTE TO CELEBRATE REACHING 700 STORIES WE DECIDED TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN WITH IT (This was supposed to be story 700 before going instead with the Trans School rewrite... but consider this a double celebration) ... SOME OF THE FORTHCOMING CHAPTER IDEAS ARE REALISTIC POSSIBILITIES, AND SOME ARE

EXTREMELY OUT THERE. (Also in the suggested chapters that are *really* out there, we'll be living in a make-believe world where all the women wear nylons (which seems like a good world to me), and everyone loves to be naked (but still with nylons of course) and to fuck at the drop of a hat (which also seems to be a good world to me).

So future chapters might include (P.S. If I do write any of them, they may be very different than what I'm proposing here, LOL):

ALSO, please leave a message of which chapters you would like to read!!!

.....

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BIG FAT COCK: Elated Scenes at School (won't be illustrated as only have the 4 pics below)

The next day is another great one for Kevin....

After struggling to look pleasant during the parade of cheerleaders down the hallway featuring Kevin and Cherry holding hands, a very jealous Amber decides she needs to do whatever it takes to keep Kevin's dick in her life. She takes Kevin to the cheerleader room at school (Kevin's new location to fuck a variety of hot chicks), and knowing Kevin appreciates new sluts, she introduces him to her hot cousin. The cousin is a beautiful blonde named Veda, who Amber has told in great detail about Kevin's dick, and Amber asks Kevin to allow her to give him a blowjob... and then, of course, Amber gets that big dick in her pussy, for a marathon pounding that makes them all quite late for their next classes.



Cherry realizes Amber is scheming to get Kevin's dick for herself, and she hates to lose any contests. So at lunchtime, she too invites Kevin to the cheerleader room, and she brings along the pretty Asian-American nerd and pet Shani, who Kevin had always thought was very cute.

Cherry had instructed this pussy-munching pet to wear green nylons, and Shani, who loves to eat Cherry's pussy, obeys. Cherry is wearing a pair of sexy beige nylons.

Taking control, Kevin surprises both girls by ordering Cherry to lie down on the tiled floor, and Shani to sit on the redhead's face, thus flipping the school hierarchy on its head in just a few words. He then reveals his humongous cock.

Cherry obeys... although she doesn't like the hierarchy shift, she knows she's about to get fucked by Kevin's perfect cock... as does the very impressed Shani... and Kevin fucks Cherry's pussy while he watches the head cheerleader eating Shani, who looks adorable in her oversized glasses while she's being eaten out. Shani even gets nasty by grinding her pussy on Cherry's face and calling her a slut.



Kevin, of course, fucks Shani too, before he drops a load onto both of their faces. Cherry then regains control of the hierarchy by fisting the disobedient pet nerd in her pussy, and ordering her to leave the rendezvous with cum still on her face.

After school, Amber... now dressed in the utterly sluttiest outfit possible, that doesn't even *try* to conceal her hard nipples, and with her face dripping with cum from several massive loads delivered by Kevin and some of his nerd buddies (taking 4 loads in total), in a secluded location in a city park walks hand in hand with the guy she's utterly in lust with for a wicked cum walk.



They pass a few people, who are shocked at the sight of her drenched in cum, but Amber is delighted by all the attention she's receiving, and the thrill of Kevin holding her hand in public.



BIG FAT COCK: Elderly Orgy (my version)... (Won't be illustrated)

That's just before Kevin's big night volunteering with the elderly.

BIG FAT COCK: Elderly Orgy (Tex's much more twisted version which wouldn't be written but here it is anyways)

Kevin's mom Joan learns of the elderly orgy Kevin was invited to be a part of, and instead she invites him and the old ladies to a swinger's nightclub that has an entire basement reserved for elderly women... mostly GILFs... to pair off with some young, hard cock. Also welcome down there are any other people who're strongly attracted to these timeless women.

Kevin, respecting his elders, takes part in a marathon night, fucking seven different fifty-plus sluts, including the three pictured below that he's fucking in a rapid rotation. Also included is a matron of eighty-two years Mrs. Baker, who isn't feeling well, but takes this picture just before she asks Kevin's mom to eat her pussy. (You're never too old to cum on a gorgeous MILF's face.)



BIG FAT COCK: Exchange Student (From Holland) (Will be illustrated)

Kevin's luck continues when he gets a wild day with an exchange student that catches him fucking Mrs. Walker in the secret rendezvous locker room leading to a threesome, followed by a five-some in the Principal's office and another threesome back home with mom and the wild exchange student who is up for anything.



BIG FAT COCK: Ethan's Family (Will be illustrated)

At school, Kevin encounters Ethan and an attractive lady that he surmises must be his mom. Pretending they're friends, Kevin greets Ethan cordially and asks if this attractive lady is his mother. Playing along in front of his mom, Ethan introduces them politely, and Kevin learns that Rayne Harrison is there for a meeting with Principal Appleby, to discuss why her son was suspended.

This leads to a threesome in the Principal's office followed later by a wild orgy at the Harrison house with multiple generations of Harrison women.

Here is a teaser pic of Kevin fucking Ethan's grandma while the orgy is in full swing.



BIG FAT COCK: Farm Fun (Won't be illustrated)

One weekend Stephanie takes Kevin to visit her Aunt Maggie, Uncle Henry, and Cousin Penny, who live on a farm.

Kevin is no traveling salesman, but with Stephanie watching and touching herself, he plows the farmer's daughter in the barn.



BIG FAT COCK: Foot Worship Foursome (Won't be illustrated)

Amber, generously fulfilling one of Kevin's ultimate fantasies, invites two moms who are her pets, to indulge in a wicked Sunday evening foot worship... which Kevin thinks is way better than worshipping at church. All three give him foot jobs, and they also let him suck on their salty, sweaty feet. He, of course, fucks them all, while always having at least one nylon-clad foot in his face. For a grand finale, they triple tag team him with some nylon-clad foot worshipping.

Soon their respective purple, green and pink nylons are spattered with white.



BIG FAT COCK: Fucking Cherry's Mom (Will be illustrated)

Cherry takes Kevin home to meet her mom, and she immediately disappears to slip into something sluttier, giving Kevin some time to work his magic, since they'd agreed he needed to pound her mom.

As usual, it takes Kevin just a few minutes to get Cherry's mom captivated by his irresistible cock, out of the dress she was wearing, and on her knees. When Cherry rejoins them, she isn't at all shocked to see her mother succumbing. You know the saying 'like mother, like daughter', or perhaps this time, 'like daughter, like mother'.

Here is a teaser pic:



BIG FAT COCK: Funeral (Comforting a Widow) (Won't be illustrated)

Kevin goes to attend his mom's recently deceased friend Harold's funeral, and ends up assisting the grieving widow in losing some of her sorrows in the funeral chapel.



BIG FAT COCK: Girl Guide's Mom (Won't be illustrated)

Kevin fucks the hot mom of a girl guide... but oh dear... the daughter arrives home early!



But the darling girl, named Pamela, is intrigued instead of appalled. She wants some too, so the trio proceeds with their *tête-à-tête*.



BIG FAT COCK: Gloryholes (perhaps a little out there... but hey, what can I say? My illustrator and editor is just as twisted as I am. And what the fuck is with those vines... I seriously don't know). [P.S. from Tex: Jasmine really loves appearing in her stories, and I really love showing her off in hot situations. I'm as twisted as she is? Guilty as charged. But the vines? I dunno, I just work here.]

Kevin's mom Joan orders the persuasive Cherry to invite some teachers to meet at a certain address at 6:00 PM for a sexy good time... and Kevin also invites Mrs. Walker and a couple of his buddies, Silas and Ollie. Everyone arrives on time, and Joan escorts them into a private club and orders everyone to strip. She then hands out extraordinarily skimpy outfits to the women, consisting only of green vines and pale blue stockings. She then escorts everyone into a hallway, where the brick walls are painted... guess what... also pale blue with green vines. There are also round glory holes installed in the walls. Everyone gets the picture, and the guys disappear... almost... then the quickest three women... Ms. Peterson, Ms. Camden and

Ms. Marcella... start sucking dicks, and Joan and Mrs. Walker make out with each other while waiting their turns.



Next round: Mrs. Walker bends over and fucks herself on Kevin's dick, while Joan blows Ollie, and Ms. Peterson moves from Ollie to Silas. Meanwhile, Ms. Camden and Ms. Marcella get it on with each other.



Then the guys come out from behind the wall, and everyone pairs off. Kevin goes for chocolate with Ms. Marcella, Mrs. Walker does the same with Silas, Ms. Peterson pairs off with the nerd Ollie, and Joan gets it on with Ms. Camden.



The guys get blown and fucked by teacher after teacher at the gloryhole, and for the finale, of course, they all cum dump on Mrs. Walker.





BIG FAT COCK: Grandma Visits for Thanksgiving (unfortunately not illustrated)

Joan's mother visits for Thanksgiving, and knowing the randy old gal all too well, Joan immediately presents her with her grandson's amazing dick.



Which leads to a family threesome, with the mom and son hoisting grandma into the air and DP-ing her. One thing they're all thankful for is that grannie isn't the least bit fragile!



BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgies

Kevin's father's rich girlfriend Portia charts a lavish jetliner to fly him and Kevin to Cambridge MA for a visit to Harvard. The four bare-breasted hostesses have various delightful surprises in store for their two passengers,

and one of them has already been mentioned. They also confiscate all the guys' clothing, and one of them folds it into a nearby suitcase. They promise they can have them back ten minutes before the plane lands at Logan Airport.



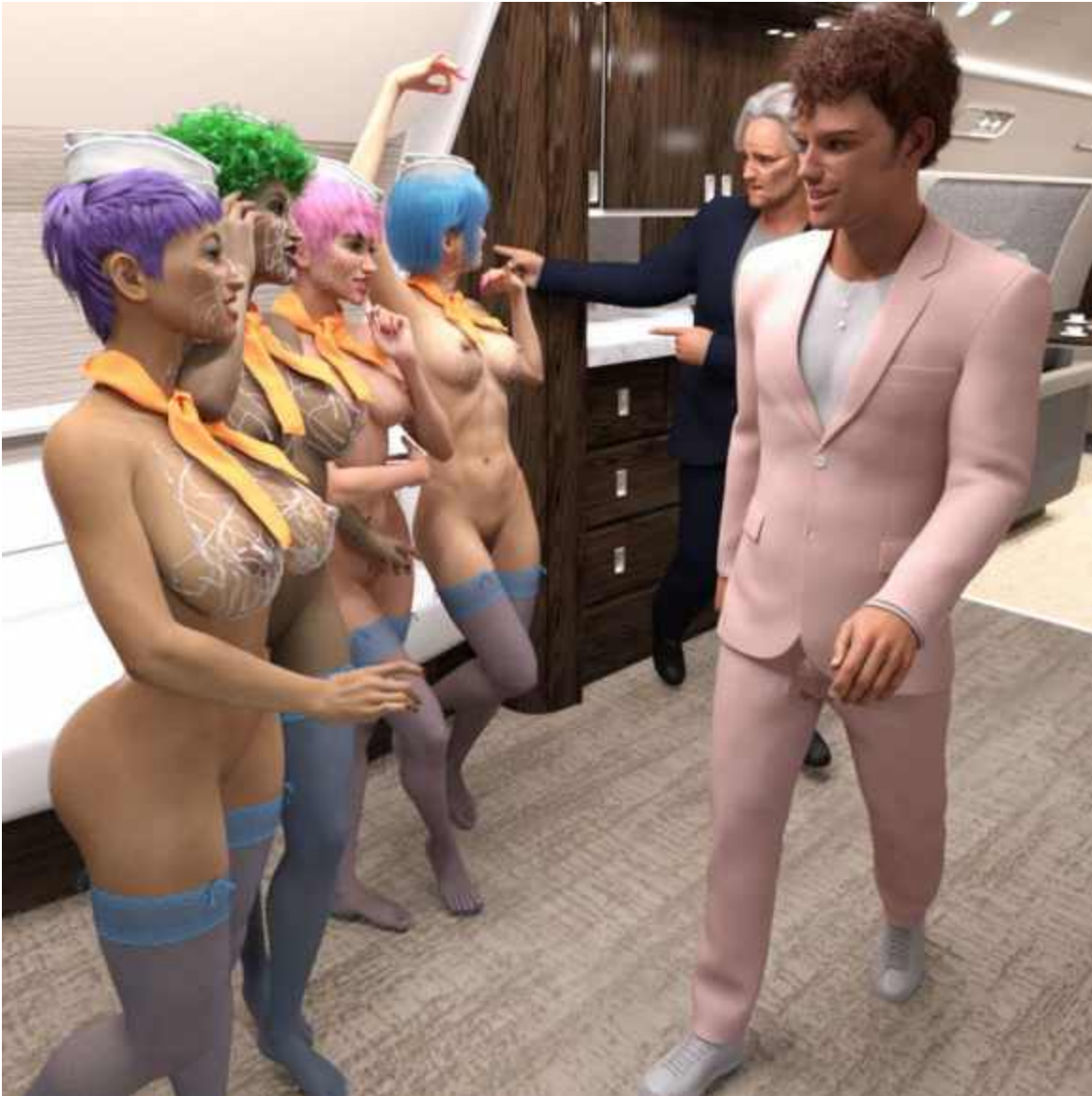
Then they show the guys what First Class *really* means, by putting on a first-class show!



Then the hot stewardesses double-team their two passengers.



A few hours later, freshly decorated with the 'gentlemen's' cum, the hostesses bid them a fond *adieu*.



Once Kevin and his dad deplane at Logan Airport, his dad tells him not to worry about him... he's going to check out some strip clubs in the area. Kevin gets into a taxi, which takes him to an address Portia texted him in a rich rural area near Cambridge. When he arrives and rings the doorbell, Portia greets him wearing some sexy as fuck lingerie. She escorts him into a living room and introduces him to five other gorgeous coeds, all of them dressed just as sexily. "These are my closest girlfriends," she says. "I showed them my photos of what you're packing, so until we totally exhaust you, we're all yours."



With Portia doing the choreography, first Kevin shares a foursome with Tessa (in green lingerie), Tanaquil (in wine-coloured) and Darina (purple). Meanwhile, the other three girls share a lesbian threesome.



Then Kevin swaps trios. This time he's with Mei Lin (violet), Isabelle (red, with a flower in her hair) and Portia (blue).



Then Portia comes up with an idea that just might be an original one... a reverse bukkake! All six girls stand around a kneeling Kevin jilling off, and they do a wonderful job of synchronising when they come. And when they do, they all squirt on Kevin!



The next day, Portia sends him to visit a couple of her friends, who just happen to be hot identical twins. He takes an elevator to the top floor of a skyscraper, and discovers their apartment is inside a clock tower. The twins are indeed hot, and the only difference he can see between them is the colour of their hair. (Perhaps this is out there, but I like the 'Back to The Future'-esque clock).



Almost before Kevin has a chance to introduce himself, they're all naked or as good as, and the twins have Kevin almost standing on his head, while they give him a double blowjob.



And then it's time for a proper threesome.



BIG FAT COCK: Here Cums the Bride (not illustrated)

Kevin fucks a bride in the church before her wedding, and again during the reception, so he's both her very last single fuck, and her very first married fuck.



Here's the blushing bride ready to walk down the aisle... well... if nobody looks at her too closely!



The reception is held in an upscale private park. The happy couple (no, not that one... the *illicit* happy couple) manages to sneak in a quickie before too

many people arrive. The bride leaves her wedding dress on (but no underwear), so from the dance floor behind them it isn't *too* apparent what kind of horizontal mambo they're doing.



BIG FAT COCK: Hot Time Fucking (with Mrs. Walker plus two) **(Not illustrated)**

One morning Principal Appleby requests over the school speakers, "Will Kevin Walsh please report to the Principal's office?"

When he shows up, he learns that Mrs. Walker paid a visit, and she interviewed for a job at the school in the fall... although the interview was a mere formality, since all that really occurred was Mrs. Walker ate the Principal's pussy and took a double strap-on in both of her holes.

And now Mrs. Walker is being worked over by Cherry and Stephanie, so Principal Appleby generously summoned Kevin, so he can go and join them.

So he goes and looks in on them.



And then the threesome becomes a foursome.



BIG FAT COCK: Hot Treasure Next Door (not illustrated)

When Mrs. Dieks' daughter Joline comes home from college for the weekend, she walks in on Kevin destroying her mom's asshole. Jolene is mortified for her mom to be stooping so low, since Kevin is such a fucking geek, until she sees his big fat cock, and then she approves 110%!



She really likes what she sees, and soon she's learning the power of a BFC, while her mom watches.



BIG FAT COCK: Husband Cucked (not illustrated)

Rev. Grady does something *terrible*... don't ask... so his angry wife cucks him... by forcing him to watch Kevin fucking her and their daughter.



BIG FAT COCK: Japanese Visit (unlikely illustrated as I only have these 4 pics)

Kevin travels to Japan, where he visits Katana and her family (one of the three girls from **Big Fat Cock: Eating Asian**). Appropriately, given the occasion, the scantily-dressed family waits until Katana has escorted Kevin into the master bedroom, before they formally welcome Kevin into their home.



Katana then invites Kevin to fuck three generations of her family, beginning with herself. Unlike Rev. Grady, her father has a *wonderful* time watching the show.



Next, Katana's buxom mama-san makes Kevin feel more than welcome, while Katana and her papa-san demonstrate that American families aren't the only ones that play with each other.



And then Katana's grandma-san (is that a thing?) hosts Kevin inside her.



BIG FAT COCK: Kevin's Gay Friend (not illustrated)

After returning home from the Orient, Kevin invites his nerdy and gay friend Joey to come over, and Joan summons Ethan. Once all four are together, Joan orders everyone to strip, and then she instructs Ethan to service Joey. Ethan is reluctant but obedient at first, but soon he's thoroughly enjoying the experience, and thus he becomes a complete faggot... and the two guys become a couple for a little while after this encounter.



BIG FAT COCK: Las Vegas (also perhaps a little out there... but Kevin's BFC is simply magical) **(not illustrated)**

Kevin's dad takes him to Las Vegas, and they visit a club where the strippers do more than just strip... no tipping allowed, to keep it legal). While the guys are enjoying their initial blowjobs, a cocktail waitress explains the ground rules to them. In short, no tipping, to keep it legal, but the cover charge is exorbitant.



Once word spreads about the two BFC's in the house, more strippers join the party, and an impromptu orgy takes place.



Soon even more strippers join in.



BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher (not illustrated)

With Cherry's help, a 100% lesbian teacher pet of hers unexpectedly discovers the joys of BFC, thus drastically reducing her percentage.



Then after a change of positions, and still with Cherry's assistance, the now former lesbian cums on her first dick... loudly!



BIG FAT COCK: Mom's Best Friends (not illustrated)

Kevin participates in a wicked foursome with his mom and her two best friends from high school, Alise and Presley.





BIG FAT COCK: Mom's Sister (not illustrated)

Kevin's Aunt Janie and Cousin Sarah come for a visit. Joan takes them skinny dipping at a lake, where they're happily corrupted by Kevin's big dick. First in the water, with Kevin taking Sarah airborne, while Joan and her niece get busy...



...and then swapping partners on the shore.



BIG FAT COCK: Movie Theatre (not illustrated)

Kevin doggies a MILF at a movie right up front, where everyone can't avoid seeing them, while her shocked daughter watches. (Ignore that the movie is a nasty one starring yours truly with cum on my face, LOL... my illustrator is perhaps a little *too* twisted.)



Then the mother and the daughter take Kevin for a ride, still right in front of the audience. By this time the daughter is getting a real kick out of getting her pussy licked with so many people paying attention. She even hears a few cheers!



BIG FAT COCK: Ms. Chan's Orgy (not illustrated)

Kevin, Joan, and a few of their favourite friends with benefits play with Ms. Chan: Mrs. Grady, Mrs. Dieks, Cherry, and Mrs. Walker.

Mrs. Grady suggests to Kevin they DP Mrs. Walker together. He agrees, and Ms. Chan touches herself while enjoying the spectacle, while the other three ladies indulge in a lesbian threesome.



Very respectfully, Mrs. Dieks asks Ms. Chan if she can please go down on her, and Chan eagerly agrees. But without even asking, Cherry climbs onto Ms. Chan's wheelchair, and once again shows off her Head Cheerleader acrobatic prowess by kneeling on the armrests and shoving her pussy in the Asian sex guru's face.



The night is a marathon of sex, with Kevin unloading three times... the last one all over Ms. Chan.

BIG FAT COCK: New Year's Eve (could be illustrated)

Kevin rents a party room with hot pink walls, and instead of tables and chairs and a bar, there's just a dance floor, some double beds, and just to be tacky, four disco balls. He invites several of his sluts, including a few favourites but irregulars, such as Portia and Amanda the fitness trainer, to a New Year's Eve party. The evening begins fairly tamely... just sexy outfits and dancing...



BIG FAT COCK: Nude Beach (not illustrated)

Kevin goes to a nude beach with Cherry, and she brings along her mom, so she can walk her around in public on her leash. It turns out her mom is a natural submissive, and once she accepts this fact about herself, she's very happy about it. Then the moment Kevin grows an erection, he's thronged by half a dozen women, all wanting him to do them *right now!* Always the gentleman (well, occasionally), he tells them to line up and bend over, and

he'll be happy to do them ten pumps at a time over and over, until they're all satisfied.



BIG FAT COCK: Nun (not illustrated)

Kevin succeeds in making the impossible possible.



BIG FAT COCK: Nurse

While at the hospital visiting Cherry, who volunteers there, and then sneaking off with her, Kevin is caught with his dick in her mouth, when an

Asian nurse comes in, and well... after the initial shock, events progress wonderfully!





BIG FAT COCK: Policewoman (unfortunately not illustrated, but I love these two pics)

A police officer pulls Kevin over because of a malfunctioning taillight, and when she opens the car's door, she discovers that he and Stephanie's Cousin Penny (from the nudist farm) are both naked, and the farm girl doesn't even stop sucking his *dick!* Kevin explains that they're in a deserted area, and they hadn't expected to encounter anyone.



Impressed by the size of Kevin's 'Billy Club', the officer asks him to 'step out of the car', in that polite but insistent voice that law enforcement often employs, but then as they approach her patrol cruiser, *she* 'assumes the position' instead of vice versa, and invites him to feel free to break all the speed limits he cares to. He does, while Penny happily watches from nearby.



BIG FAT COCK: Politician (could be illustrated)

Kevin acts as an *ad hoc* lobbyist by going to see a crooked state legislature bitch who's trying to cut the funding for schools and universities. He offers her a bribe... not money, but his BFC... and she accepts.

This being a freeuse office, an aide comes over and asks the Senator some questions about the strategy for an upcoming election, ignoring that Kevin is really slamming into her.



BIG FAT COCK: Pregnant Dalliance (not illustrated)

When her friend Kim complains over the phone about being overdue in her pregnancy, Joan tells her she needs to induce her labour by getting fucked by a big fat cock. Kim laughs out loud at the 'very idea', but Joan persists, and she even sends over her son to help with the inducing.

Following his instructions when he reaches Kim's house, he enters without knocking, and he meets the expectant mother in the nursery she's prepared for her unborn child.



And then they get frisky.



The excitement and her orgasm trigger Kim's labour, and she calls the paramedics, who rush her to the hospital.

The nurse smiles and says, "I see your husband helped you to induce your labour," as some cum leaks out of her pussy, making her husband's (who's

unaware he's not the baby's father) eyes go wide.

BIG FAT COCK: Psychologist (will be illustrated)

Concerned that he might be a sex addict, Kevin goes to see a psychologist, who happens to be a very sexy woman, and she even dresses sexy to 'relax' her clients.

Although the psychologist is an expert and used to dealing with sex addicts, even she can't resist the massive big fat cock and ends up succumbing like the others.

The big surprise: after some quality sex a shocking reveal the psychologist's daughter just happens to be his secret crush Heather).



BIG FAT COCK: Rampant Reverse Seduction (will definitely be illustrated)

The next day Heather approaches Kevin at school, says her mom told her he's got a really big dick, and blatantly asks if she can see it for herself. This

leads to a wild day and night of raw sex between the two.



BIG FAT COCK: Revenge (not illustrated... maybe added to the previous chapter)

Ethan's mom Rayne Harrison invites Kevin and his new girlfriend Heather to the Harrison house to dominate her, while her 'certified asshole' son is forced to watch, and maybe learn another lesson or two about humility. Also, putting on the best face she can manage after suddenly getting bumped out of second place in Kevin's affections by Heather... and the girl isn't even a cheerleader, just another nerd... Cherry asks if she and her mom can join them, and she brings her mom along to dominate Rayne as well, adding insult and injury to Ethan's plight.



BIG FAT COCK: Royalty (probably not actually written or illustrated, but Tex had some fun with this one so I kept it)

Mrs. Grady informs Kevin that she's a pen pal with one of King Mswati of Eswatini's wives, that she's written to her about his BFC, and the Queen has invited him to spend some time with her and her daughter on their yacht, which at the moment isn't far off the Atlantic coast of America. Kevin asks

if he can bring Heather along, and she explains that one female guest is included in the invitation, and the dress code is that he should arrive naked, and his guest should wear something sexy and very revealing. (When Kevin informs Heather of the invitation and the dress code, she says, "Cool! I know just the thing!" At the specified time, a helicopter picks them up from the street in front of Kevin's house, and when they land on the 'yacht' out at sea, the floating edifice is far more than just a yacht! (NOTE: Eswatini is an actual country in southeastern Africa, it's the only absolute monarchy remaining on the continent, and as of this writing, King Mswati III has fifteen wives and forty-five children. Although I got the King's name and the numbers right, so far as I know, he doesn't own a watercraft like the one in this story, and none of his wives or daughters resemble the fictitious ones you'll be meeting in a moment, except they're probably all black.)

The visiting couple is astonished to be greeted by none other than Mrs. Dieks, who's serving the royalty as a topless maid, she explains that when the Queen asked Mrs. Grady who was the most submissive of Kevin's pets, she sent back her name, so the Queen hired her as a maid (at \$1,000 a day) for Kevin's visit.



Once Mrs. Dieks escorts the guests inside to meet the royalty, everybody bestows formal greetings upon each other... especially Mrs. Dieks... as if they were all formally dressed, which they aren't.



Everyone discards their clothing and goes outside to the pool. Queen Monica requests Kevin to do her doggy style, and Princess Marcella sits on Heather's face. Mrs. Dieks dons a slave outfit and carries out a bowl of fruit, just in case anyone gets peckish, and... oh! Did I mention there's a pet leopard on board? Don't worry, if she's lying down, she's not hungry right now.



Queen Monica supplies Heather with a strap-on, and then she orders the couple to double penetrate her. They're happy to comply, of course. Meanwhile, Princess Marcella requires Mrs. Dieks to set aside that stupid tray, and eat her ass.



Then Princess Marcella wants Kevin to fuck her rough and hard. Her mother is agreeable, so she orchestrates a threesome with the other women, where of course she's the centre of attention.



Farewell, while we show off the overblown 'yacht'.



BIG FAT COCK: Snow Trip (not illustrated or nor will it be written but a cute pic so I left it in)

Cherry arranges a snow trip for Kevin and a few of the cheerleaders, and Kevin brings along his new girlfriend Heather. A playful snowball fight breaks out, while Stephanie blows Kevin.



BIG FAT COCK: Swingers Bowling (not illustrated, likely not written but a kinky idea)

Kevin, a couple of his buddies, Heather, and a few cheerleaders attend Swingers Night at a bowling alley.



As is often the case, the first swinger girl to spot Kevin wants some, and then when she says she likes it rough, a wild mood sweeps through everyone, and the orgy that ensues is more like professional wrestling than like regular sex!



BIG FAT COCK: Top Flipped (not illustrated and likely not written but you know I love lesbian

Kevin thinks the cheerleaders aren't paying Heather enough respect, even though he's made it clear to everyone that she's now the second place top love of his life. (As has been said, Joan is the absolutely top slut.) So he orders Cherry, Amber, Elsa and Stephanie to meet Heather at Cherry's house for an evening of lesbian fun where they'll all do whatever Heather tells them to. He's confident that given her wicked imagination, his girlfriend will show all the girls a wonderful time, and earn their respect!

Once everyone is present, Heather hands out outfits for them to wear. Then once they're suitably adorned, she says, "Gather around me, everyone. Each of you assume a sexy pose, and even though we're not wearing heels, get up on your toes... we look sexier that way. Now we're all wearing outfits that are iconic for men objectifying women, which many people think is a

terrible thing. But since we're all bisexual sex maniacs, what's the harm of people ogling us like they want to get into our panties... except none of us ever wear any. So let's all objectify each other to our heart's content, and get each other nice and horny."



Heather then instructs the cheerleaders to lose their body suits, and pair off. Stephanie licks Cherry's twat, while Elsa fucks Amber's asshole with a large dildo. Cherry's mom is present, and she doesn't take an active part, but she films everything.



Then everyone gets into the act, with two lesbian threesomes, and Kevin shows up briefly to drop a load. (Sorry, he does it off-camera... something about student union rules, which makes absolutely no sense, since a student union isn't the other kind.)



BIG FAT COCK: ValeDICKtorian (likely not illustrated unless I decide to use the pics below; that said, the one of Kevin getting sucked while giving a speech is pretty hot).

Kevin celebrates high school graduation with a weekend featuring some of his newer and older sluts.

But first during the ceremony itself on Friday, Principal Appleby hides inside the lectern sucking Kevin's BFC, while he delivers the Valedictorian speech.





The next day Portia arrives in town and rents a fancy apartment, where Heather and Kevin host an orgy for lots of their playmates from far and wide. Cherry comes as Silas's date, now wearing Queen of Spades jewelry in his honour.



Kevin and Heather are in attendance from the beginning of course, and also among the first arrivals are Cherry, Silas, Portia, Stephanie's Cousin Penny, Ms. Chan's Japanese niece Annie, and the college professor Kevin only knows as 'Sharmuta' (Arabic for slut). She brings her prayer rug, since she plans on getting worshipped by at least a few girls at this party. With a few exceptions, all the girls are wearing the same revealing outfit, but in various colours. Cherry is one exception, since she's wearing what Silas wants her to, and the sharmuta is another, because she always wears the same minimal outfit to all the sex parties. First they greet each other...



... and then they get busy. Heather suggests to Kevin, "Why don't you play with AINU first? She traveled all the way from Japan to be here. And I'm guessing she was an adequate fuck, wasn't she?"

"Not just adequate, but one of the very best," Kevin replied.

"Perfect," Heather said. "So I'll join Cherry and Silas for now, and the other three ladies can play together however they like."



The party guests seem to be arriving in waves. The next group to arrive is the Harrison family... fortunately without Ethan. These ladies are wearing the same topless outfits as most of the earlier group.



Kevin decides to go for the college coed Lynley, and she rides him Cowgirl. Heather invites the grandma to sit on her face, and the sisters Raine and Montgomery get into a 69 together.



Lots of other people join the party before it's over, including lots of guys, leaving Heather coated with cum.



BIG FAT COCK: Wedding Daze (could be illustrated but some of the pics and plot would be a little out there).

This could include grandparents' arrival, a bachelorette party and, of course, the wedding itself.

Here is a twisted teaser pic:



BIG FAT COCK: XXX Honeymoon (illustrated with some crazy pics and ideas)

On their honeymoon, they travel the world and make stops at a plethora of exotic locations fucking themselves and the locals all over the place.

This teaser pic is while in Bali.



BIG FAT COCK-The Naughty End of the Saga: 20 years later, on their kids' 18th birthday... they're twins... Heather and Kevin tell their kids Jeni and Jerry it's time for them to begin taking part in a longstanding family tradition, which soon they'll begin sharing with all their grandparents as well. Jeni has already been sharing taboo secrets with her Grandma Joan, so she immediately asks, "You mean you're going to start fucking us now? Yay!" Jerry is equally excited about the idea, even though he had no prior knowledge that this was coming. Just the idea of finally seeing his mom naked... let alone also getting to fuck her... sounds almost too good to be true! The parents are thrilled by their kids' enthusiasm, and everyone strips and takes a look at each other. Both kids look a lot like their parents used to, and Jerry's cock isn't quite as big as his dad's, but his mom and sister don't think it's too shabby.



Then Kevin takes all three of his daughter Jeni's holes, while Heather offers up her own three holes to her son. Jeni begs her dad, "Please don't go easy on me!" and Heather paraphrases the same plea to her son.



The new 18-year-olds are immediate converts to their parents' freewheeling lifestyle, and they start having lots of sex with their mom and dad's family, and with their friends with benefits, who they call the 'old folks'. They also start bringing home friends their own age to play with them and their parents.

NOTE: Yes, Jeni is the girl I've been dedicating all these chapters to from the very start. We'd already corresponded a bit about my stories, then shortly after her family fun when she turned 18, she sent me a long email telling me about the joys of her dad's Big Fat Cock, only some of which I didn't already know. (As some of you are aware, Kevin began telling me all about his sexual adventures more than twenty years ago, beginning right after we cuckolded my son Ben together.) So I wrote Jeni back thanking her

for reaching out, and explained that her parents and I were already intimate friends. Soon afterwards Heather and Kevin surprised me by bringing their kids to my house for some playtime, and the five of us spent a deliciously long evening together (most of it downstairs in my laundry room, for old time's sake). I began by giving Jeni a good pussy licking, while Kevin and Jerry double penetrated Heather.



And at the end of the evening, because of what appears to be an unbreakable tradition where I'm concerned, I ended up with cum all over my face. I'm not complaining! Following that memorable evening, we've all gotten together several times since.



ONE LAST BONUS:

And finally going back to my 500th story essay from 2021 is three original pics to highlight this original series. You can see how different the three main characters were and how the illustrations have evolved over time.

First, Kevin with Ms. Chan:



Followed by Kevin and his Mom:



Lastly, a threesome where Kevin thanks Ms. Chan for all her assistance:



I hope you enjoyed this twisted tale.

Jasmine November 2024

PS: If you are still here don't forget to leave a message on what chapters you would like to actually read!!!