

Lady in Red

DirtyDaveDuncan

Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



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Summary

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Son finds mom, cuckolds dad.

1. Lady in Red

Lady in Red

I was 22 and home from college for the summer. My parents were allowing me to live at home rent free while I worked an internship three days a week. I had just finished my junior year and had a semi-productive summer planned. The three days a week work schedule gave me five days a week to fuck around. Visit friends, get drunk at bars, the usual 22-year-old stuff.

As their only child I think they enjoyed me being home. I was a few hours away at school, so I didn't visit often during the school year. Plus being empty nesters didn't seem to suit them. Mostly because I didn't think they enjoyed each other's company that much. Don't get me wrong, they didn't fight. But they were more like roommates, doing their own things under the same roof, never super affectionate with each other. I never heard them having sex even, and it wasn't for lack of trying. I've always had a voyeuristic streak in me.

Having me home seemed to open them up more. I got the feeling they didn't spend much time together without me around. My dad was a nice guy, but he had become lazy as he got older. He would come home, have dinner, watch tv and go to bed. He didn't even drink that much. He wasn't bad, just boring. With his lifestyle he gained some weight as well. My mom took pride in her appearance and her husband was a lazy, slovenly mess.

My mom's main focus was work. She usually worked late, not because she had an important job but because she enjoyed working and being needed. With her focus on work, and my dad focused on the tv, they just didn't seem like a super compatible couple anymore. I felt like I was the one thing they had in common.

They seemed genuinely excited that I was home for the summer. Especially with an internship nearby, they had hoped I would stay close to them after I graduated. Truth be told, I was excited to be home too. I wasn't the most social person and didn't have many close friends at school. Back at home I had a few close friends that I could count on and hang out regularly with. At school though, I had what I thought of as friends of convenience, we would only hang out and do stuff so we wouldn't be alone. I was pretty shy and reserved, so it was hard for me to make friends.

Since I could barely make friends with other guys, making friends or even talking to women was out of the question. I didn't have any girlfriends in college. I did manage one date that went nowhere and drunkenly made out with one girl at a party once, but I was too shy to do anything else. So I was still a virgin at 22.

I figured back at home I might have better luck. My two friends Rob and Mark were far more outgoing. I figured if I got back to home, hung out with them more, they could maybe help wingman me into some situations with some ladies. Even if that didn't work out, it would just be nice to hang out with them.

My first full day back I had off. My parents had to go to work, and I was home alone and bored. I decided to snoop. I enjoyed poking around and seeing if I could find anything interesting. I had been gone from the home for months, maybe my parents had some interesting secret hidden somewhere in the house. I was always a bit of a voyeur and the curiosity of going through things gave me a thrill.

If I was being honest with myself, my desire to snoop probably started when I was in my late teens. My parents worked and I was home by myself a lot. As an only child, where both parents worked, they often gave me chores around the house to do. It was while during those chores I stumbled across my dad's porn stash.

It was a dream come true for a teenager. Sure, we had the internet, sure there was porn on it but there was something taboo about finding the stash. I knew I wasn't supposed to be there, reading and enjoying it,

but I was anyway. It was naughty, forbidden. So, when I was putting something away in my dad's office closet and found the stash on the top shelf behind some old work binders, I was in heaven.

It was a blessing finding my dad's stash. It was a mix of magazines at first. Playboys, Hustlers, Penthouses. But slowly over time it morphed into Penthouse Letters. There were always centerfolds, hair up, fancy necklaces, exotic poses. Beautiful women. The kind of women I didn't see in real life. But there were a shit ton of articles in there. Who wanted to read porn?

It became a somewhat regular habit. I wouldn't do it every week, but every now and then I would sneak into the closet, pull out the magazine and crank one out to the beautiful pinups. The thrill of not getting caught ogling my dad's porn making it all the more exhilarating.

As time went on and I got into my own things, I would check less often. The internet provided variety and I didn't care for all the letters contained in the magazine. I was young, in a hurry and I didn't have time to get horny by reading some long ass story, I needed to get right to it. I think I kept it up mostly for the thrill of searching for the forbidden. I knew it was my dad's porn and it was his secret.

One day, as I was pulling out the folder, I noticed a small envelope in there. I was shaking with nervousness and excitement hoping for something good. I carefully opened the envelope not to damage it or its contents, and out came a photo of my mom. A polaroid of her with her tits on display. "Gross" I immediately thought shoving the photo back into the envelope. I didn't know what to expect with the envelope, but I certainly didn't expect that. I didn't want to see my mom naked.

I never thought of my mom as a sexual being. Up until that point I didn't know she liked or even had sex. Sure, I existed so she did it at least once, but never did I think she was sexual. She rarely kissed my dad, never flirted, always wore conservative clothing. I was shocked more than anything she would have a photo showing off her tits. My mom certainly wasn't a turn on. The opposite in fact. I could picture her disapprovingly staring at me telling me I shouldn't be jerking off.

I was somewhat put off by the whole ordeal and gave up on the snooping for a bit, focusing on the sexy women with fake tits all over the internet. Even so, every now and then when I was home during college, I'd take a peek at what he was up to. His stash regularly changed but always remained the same. New magazine issues, but the same magazine. More articles, but different articles. Thankfully, the envelope never returned. The last thing I needed while getting off was photos of my mom.

So with that as a background, that is how I found myself at home, at age 22, snooping through the house. I went straight to the shelf, but it was empty. Maybe he had moved his place. I poked around the office some more, eventually finding my way to the computer. I figured maybe he joined the tech revolution and discovered online porn, so I began looking around. I started in the usual places, bookmarks, history, etc. I found a couple sites he was looking at that weren't particularly interesting. He clearly was unaware of all of the tube sites out there, the porn hubs of the internet. He was focused on frumpy old lady photo sites. Not my cup of tea.

After that I began searching the hard drive through the file explorer. I started clicking on the folders, beginning with the obvious photo and video folders. Both were empty. Not completely surprising. Clicking around, I eventually found a subfolder in his work documents folder titled "Rick." That was his name. Promising, I gave it a click.

There were about 12 files in the folder. Photos, listed by name, no thumbnails. The file names weren't anything descriptive, just the generic kinds of names that are autogenerated. This was something. I was exhilarated with the find. I anxiously clicked on the first one.

That was the moment things changed for me.

It wasn't the best quality photo, definitely not professional, but there she was. My mother. Dressed and posed like I never imagined. I didn't even think to imagine her like that. I was dumbfounded. Unlike the first time I saw the photos of her boobs, this time I didn't turn away.

She was lying on the couch, posed like a pinup in a men's magazine. She was lying on her side. Her head was propped up by one arm, the other arm draped along her body. One of her legs was bent at the knee. Her normally shoulder length brown hair, teased up with a few loose tresses hanging down. She had a mischievous smile. She was wearing makeup, but not like normal. This wasn't going to work makeup, this was going to the club to get fucked makeup.

My already hard cock ached as I studied the photo. This was wrong. I shouldn't be looking at her. She shouldn't be dressed like that. She was my mother. I felt conflicted, despite those thoughts my cock was rock hard and I involuntarily gave it a squeeze with my hand.

She was wearing a red corset which pushed her boobs up and to the front. Outside of the one photo I quickly saw of her boobs, I hadn't given much thought to them. She never wore anything to push them up and I couldn't even remember her wearing anything low cut. But here, in this corset, they looked damn good. I didn't realize they were as big as they were. A fancy pearl necklace lay just above them.

After pausing at her beautiful cleavage, my eyes wandered along the rest of her body. The matching red panties rode high and hugged only her pussy, leaving little to the imagination. I looked closely at her crotch, not sure what I was expecting to see but hoping for something. All I could tell though was that at the very least, she did get aggressive with her shaving because as revealing as those satiny red panties were, I couldn't see any hair.

Further down I noticed her legs, clad in red stockings that stretched to and covered her feet. She was only 5'0 " , where was she hiding those legs? Had she always had legs that looked that good?

The kicker for me though was unexpected. It was the gloves. She wore matching red elbow length gloves, elevating the look from sexy to glamorous. Almost sophisticated. At least as sophisticated as a woman can look dressed to get fucked.

I realized I was slowly stroking myself. Not fast enough to cum though. I wanted to enjoy this. I examined everything about that photo. Not just the gorgeous woman, but also the background. It was clearly taken in our living room. That was our couch she was on. Never did I imagine that the boring couch I sit on every day watching tv held such a stunning woman. She probably got fucked on that couch that day. Hopefully good.

I started to imagine my mom having sex after that photo was taken. Did she leave the lingerie on? What parts. I'm sure she would have left the stockings on. What about the panties though? Was it a push them to the side, need to hurry kind of fuck? Or did they come off and take it nice and slow? What about the gloves? Hopefully she kept those on, they looked like they would feel magical on a cock. Did she leave the corset on, or let those magnificent tits free to bounce around as she got fucked?

And what about positions, was she just taken? Flipped over and fucked from behind doggie style? Or was she more dominating, and ride on top?

Jesus! What was I doing? This was my mom on the screen. Why was I imagining her having sex? Why was I jerking off to my mom?

Those thoughts were fleeting. My mom was a knockout. A fox for sure, even at 44 years old. All 5'0 "and 105 lbs of her. Just a tiny little sex pot. Under my nose the whole time. Right then, she looked as sexy as any woman I had met. Beautifully done up from head to toe, matching red lingerie, her hair and makeup looking perfect. Even the women in the magazines and pornos I watched would have trouble keeping up with that look. Far sexier than any of the real women I had seen naked at that point. But then again, the only women I had seen naked in real life were strippers.

I continued to wonder about that photo shoot and the aftermath. Did she cum hard? Or did she cum at all? I couldn't imagine my dad giving her a proper fucking. While nice and attentive, he seemed like he would get winded jerking off, forget about having sex.

I must have been enjoying that photo for close to five minutes before remembering there were more.

It was with excited trepidation that I zoomed out of the photo and went back to the file explorer box. I clicked on the next one, nervously excited. I was shaking, probably from the excitement that was generated by the taboo nature of all of this.

The next photo didn't disappoint. Still clad head to toe in her stunning red lingerie but posed differently. This time she was on her knees on the couch, her torso upright, head cocked to the side, eyes closed with a smile on her face, and her hands, still in the gloves, up in her hair teasing it further. I didn't know where to look first but I was drawn to her cleavage again, with her chest upright and pushed forward, her boobs strained against the corset, ready to burst out. Fuck me. Then I was drawn to her crotch, searching for any sign that her panties had moved and revealed anything. No such luck.

I didn't spend as much time on the second as the first. Not because it wasn't great, but because I was more cognizant of the other photos and I was getting ready to blow my load. I needed to figure out what photo I was going to climax to and fast.

Photo three changed those plans and in a hurry. She was still on her knees, but this time she was facing the back of the couch bent over with her ass pointed at the camera. She was looking over her left shoulder with a sultry smile as she had her right arm behind her patting her beautiful ass. My eyes were immediately drawn to that beautiful ass. I couldn't tell in the first two photos, but those sexy red panties were actually a g-string! There it was one little strip down the middle of her ass, showing it all off. While I had never paid much attention to her boobs before, I was aware that she had a great ass. I always loved a good backside and my mom had one that was perfectly round and full. Prior to today I never gave it much thought, but I did notice it. She never had a problem filling out a pair of pants.

Seeing that ass in all its glory, the g-string hiding nothing, caused me to start working my cock faster and harder. My gripped tightened as I

ogled my mother's sexy ass, admiring every curve, wishing I could have it in person, to touch it, caress it, grab it, kiss it, lick it, and just fucking enjoy it! Within seconds of those thoughts my cock erupted into one of the best orgasms of my life. With no towel or tissues to catch it, I just let it shoot. I came all over my t-shirt and I didn't even give a fuck.

I leaned back in my chair panting. That was amazing. The post nut clarity and shame that normally comes shortly after jerking off never came. I was covered in my own cum, basking in the glory of my mother's ass, and I was on top of the world. I sat still for another few minutes replaying the previous 20 minutes. Having seen my beautiful mother, not even naked, looking unbelievably sexy and coming so intensely was hands down the best 20 minutes of my life until that point. It sounds pathetic that jerking off would be feel like such a milestone, but it was nonetheless.

I glanced at the clock. Holy shit, I hadn't been at this 20 minutes, it was 45 minutes! It was still early though. Only 3:15 and my dad wouldn't be home until 5:00. I had plenty of more time to clean myself up and get back to the photos.

After a quick trip to the bathroom and grabbing a glass of water I was back in front of the computer, ready to click on image four. Now that I came and came hard, I felt calmer. I was hopeful that since I jerked off, I wouldn't be so wound up and could enjoy the photos some more.

That thought quickly vanished when I clicked on the fourth photo. Nope, there were no tame photos in this bunch. In this photo she had moved from the couch to the oversized armchair across the room. Each of her beautiful, nylon clad legs spread wide over each of the arms of the chair. Inviting. She still had her panties on, but her right hand had grasped the side string of the panties pulling it away from her body. Her left hand grasping her left tit. Her head facing straight at the camera as she held her pearl necklace in her teeth, with face adorned with the most exquisite fuck me look.

My glance was immediately drawn to her crotch again. I couldn't wait to see what treasure lie behind the satiny red door that was her panties. I

was dying to see that pussy. Was it trimmed or shaved? More importantly, was it wet? How turned on was she during this photo shoot, putting herself on display to be leered at, desired?

Staying calm was going to be harder than I thought. My dick was harder than I thought it would be for having just came. One of the advantages of being 22 I suppose, but I was ready to go again. I held off though. There were many photos to get to and I needed to enjoy these. Shit, in the four photos I had seen, she hadn't even gotten naked yet.

I clicked to the fifth photo. She was standing with her back to the camera, facing a chair, holding the chairback with one hand, looking over her shoulder. Her left leg straight, her right leg bent with her knee on the chair. She was sticking her ass out, with a look of being caught on her face. She had been caught alright. Caught with that beautiful ass out. Her other hand was on her ass, either rubbing it or maybe even spanking herself. What I wouldn't give to bury my dick in that ass.

Five photos in and I already jerked off once and was ready to go again. My heart was racing because everything about this was so forbidden. I had finally realized my mom was incredible. She wasn't even naked in any of the photos, and she was driving me wild. She looked stunning in her lingerie, unimaginably sexy. But I also couldn't wait to see more of her, I had to see her naked.

Unfortunately, I would have to wait to see her naked because the sixth photo did not deliver. Don't get me wrong, it was still fucking hot. She was on her hands and knees on the floor, crawling. Staring straight up at the camera, a look of desire across her beautiful face. My mom, a dirty whore crawling on the floor in red lingerie begging to be fucked! Fuck I wish she was crawling toward me like that.

I had to keep moving before I blew my load again.

Clicking to the seventh photo, I got closer to seeing her naked. She was sitting on the counter of the kitchen island, the string of her panties hanging from her mouth, her legs spread wide, her gloved hands covering her pussy. Her bare pussy so close, yet still hidden behind those

silky gloves. It was a good frustrating, driving me wild with the sexy teasing, but still leaving me wanting more, more, more. God I would happily have those panties hanging from my mouth.

As I studied her body in this photo, I saw it! A nipple peaking out of the corset! That was something at least. The erect nipple protruding from the tight corset told me one thing, she was fucking turned on. The nipple I used to suckle as a baby, teasing me and taunting me to come suckle it again.

In the eighth photo she had the corset off. She was facing the camera with her gloved left arm covering her tits. In her right hand she held the corset out, as though she were about to drop it. Staring straight at the camera she had a look of lust on her face. God damn, I needed more of this woman.

Nine photos in and I finally got to see her beautiful tits. Two gloved hands holding them from underneath, pushing them up and together. Her nipples erect, sticking straight out. Her head bent down, tongue out, licking the top of her left boob. Her boobs weren't giant, maybe a C cup, definitely real, but boy did I want to motorboat the shit out of them.

I couldn't believe this was my mom and I couldn't believe how bad I wanted to fuck her.

I clicked forward with anticipation. Photo ten did not let me down. A shot of her from behind, of her behind. Her legs were apart, she was bent over her hands by her ankles holding the sides of her panties. It was apparent that she had just slid them down her still stockinged legs. Her bare ass on display to the camera. Gorgeous. I squeezed my cock with pleasure.

The eleventh photo had left me speechless. It was my mom on her knees looking up. The sexiest look in her eyes, wanting, yearning, needing. Her tits were visible, nipples large and erect. Her right arm reaching up to the camera, holding something. Her mouth agape, tongue licking her top lip. It was clear she was sucking a cock. You couldn't see the cock, but I would bet my left nut that's what she was doing. I wasn't

sure if I was more excited or disappointed that there wasn't a cock in the photo. I could enjoy my mom in her beauty without the jealousy from seeing her hold another cock, but also, I would love to see a cock in her beautiful mouth. A real catch 22.

I had one photo left. I almost wanted to savor it, but I certainly didn't have the will power to do so. The cock sucking photo had me going to town on my cock. Already having cum once, this wasn't going to be quick and I wasn't close but I was working that cock furiously.

I clicked over to the photo. This one was sexy, but in a different way. She was still in the bed, lying on her back. One arm bent upward with her hand by her head, the other draped across her body with the hand resting by her crotch. Gone were the red gloves. Her head was turned to the side, eyes closed, the look on her face best described as "thoroughly fucked." Her boobs lying flat on her chest, her nipples still erect. One leg was stretched straight, the other bent at the knee, both lying flat on the bed.

There it was. I finally got to see her completely naked. Her crotch glistened. A small tuft of hair above her pussy, trimmed not shaved. Focusing in I could see the cum leaking out. There was a decent amount of it too. A proper cream pie for the sexy lady. I couldn't believe I was finally seeing my mom's pussy. I didn't even know I wanted to see it until an hour and a half ago, but here it was in all its glory.

The cream pie set me over the edge. I came again, the eruption small but the sensation still strong. A far better orgasm than I would have expected after having just jerked off.

Wow. Just a marvelous show.

Shoot, it was 4:25. I had to get moving, my dad would be home soon enough, and I didn't want him to find me and my raw dick with images of my mom, his wife, on the computer, looking like the cum whore she is.

In my haste to clean up before my dad got home, I did not save the photos. I was too worried about making sure everything on his desk

looked untouched and concerned about him coming home early.

I couldn't concentrate at dinner that night. For the first time ever, I actually watched my mom making dinner. Admiring her as she moved, focusing in on her butt as it swayed by the stove. Checking out her beautiful chest as it strained against her shirt when she would reach for the upper shelves. She was a beauty alright, I was hooked.

It was the first dinner I had an erection for. The entire dinner. Staring across the table, watching her slurp up the spaghetti noodles, licking her lips. All of it took on a new meaning, she was a sexual object to be desired now.

My dad seemed oblivious, helping himself to a second portion and excusing himself to watch tv before my mom and I had finished. I engaged with my mom, talking to her about school and her job, anything so I could extend the evening and spend more time with her. I was intoxicated with her.

At around 8:00 she begged off to bed, and left me on my own. With nothing to do I went to my room to fantasize.

I laid in bed that night, thinking of my new favorite 12 photos. Foolishly, I didn't save the photos to a thumb drive of my own. I was legitimately pissed at myself for not saving them, it was the dumbest fucking thing I had done. If I had saved them, I would be jerking off to them one last time before going to sleep. Instead, I was left to jerk off to my memories of the photos. That wasn't a problem, I had spent a good two hours enjoying them, I knew them by heart. I mentally flipped through them, like a slide show in my head. I came one last, unimpressive time that night, having beaten my dick raw there wasn't much left to give.

I jerked off 3 times that day to the photos of my mom. I was beyond any and all shame at this point and I was unapologetic in my newfound lust for my mom. There was no going back. It was that night that my mom became my one and only fantasy. She was no longer my mom in my mind, she would now forever be my sexy Lady in Red.

I spent the next few days in the same routine. Admiring the photos, jerking off. Wash, rinse repeat. I got back on my dad's computer a few times looking for more. I did download the photos and transfer them to my computer, so I could use them whenever. But I was hoping, praying that I was missing something and that there was more. Sadly, there wasn't. All that were left were some photos of random women and downloaded stories cut and pasted into word documents.

Out of boredom I read one of the stories. It wasn't long. It was about some guy's wife cheating on him and how the guy got off on it. Very fucking weird. I scrolled the titles to see what else he had story wise, maybe something a little hotter.

Most of them had descriptive titles, along the same lines of the first one. Cheating wives, cuckold husbands and the likes. But one stood out. "Brenda." Just a name. My mom's name. I had no choice but to click it.

I breezed through it. It was ten pages, but unfinished. The gist of it was, a guy and his wife Brenda, went to Las Vegas and she got fucked by two strangers while the guy hid in the closet and watched. It was clearly about them. My dad had described my mom to a T. Five foot nothing, 105 pounds, C cups, a perfect round ass. But it was the attitude that sealed it. The no nonsense directness was my mom. The Brenda in the story was in charge just like my mom was at home.

Wow. I couldn't tell if it was real or fantasy. I don't think they had been to Vegas recently, but I couldn't be sure. Did my mom really go around picking up strangers? Was my mom a slut wife? It didn't sound like her but the photos didn't seem like her either.

Again, my parents didn't seem like sexual beings to me. At least not until I saw those photos. I couldn't imagine them doing something like that, but maybe they were good at hiding things.

The thought of my mom slutting around in Vegas turned me on, but also made me jealous. Why would those two goobers get to enjoy such a stunning beauty. Why couldn't it be me. Still, horny won out and I jerked

myself off picturing her getting double teamed by two random guys in Vegas.

The thought that my mom was willing to step out of the marriage is what go to me. It was an accelerant to my fantasies. Was she really fuckable? Probably not by her son, especially knowing I couldn't even approach women my own age. How would I even try to bang my mom. Even still, knowing she possibly has fucked around made me wonder and drove my fantasies even wilder.

The stories bored me and with nothing else on the computer, I decided to snoop some more around the house. Why confine myself to the computer?

I immediately went to my parent's room and started going through drawers. My mom's drawers to be specific. I found her underwear drawer fairly quickly and started rummaging. It didn't take me long to find it. It was hard and long. Black shaft with a gold tip, about six inches long. Twisting the dial on the bottom it immediately began vibrating.

I was instantly hard.

I found my mom's vibrator. I held it up to my face and inhaled. Dammit, it didn't smell like anything. I put it in my mouth, hoping to get a secondhand taste. Again, nothing. I turned it back on and held it to my dick, enjoying the sensation. I left it vibrating against my hard cock as I continued exploring my mom's underwear drawer with my free hand.

Jackpot! I found the lingerie. I pulled out a corset, a g-string, and two gloves. The nylons weren't in here.

I gently laid them out on my mom's bed, as she would be wearing them. Fantasizing about her in them. I laid on the other side of the bed and began jerking off, buzzing the vibrator along my cock, pretending my sexy mom was next to me in the red lingerie.

I came quickly, careful not to get any semen on my mom's precious lingerie. It was a delightful orgasm. What a find, I smiled to myself,

satisfied with my new treasure trove.

I had fallen into a pattern. On the days I was home, I would wake up admire the photos of my Lady in Red, jerk off and then get breakfast. After watching some tv for a couple of hours or two, I would go to her room find her red lingerie set, and jerk off with it. Sure it sounds pathetic, but I had become obsessed with her and that was the best way to satisfy my fantasies.

I couldn't even make a move on regular women, let alone my mom. I was resigned to just enjoying what I could and pleasuring myself to thoughts of more. I did spend more time around the house slyly ogling her. Not that I had fully realized her sex appeal, I appreciated her every chance I could.

I was obsessed with her though. That was certain. I thought about her when I went to sleep, when I woke up, when I was jerking off, when I showered. I made it a point to be around her as much as I could those first two weeks I was home, anything to be near the object of my fantasies, my Lady in Red.

I was working my dick hard those first few weeks I was home. I hadn't jerked off this much since I discovered it.

It was Wednesday, the third week I was home. My dad was out of town. Work trip, he left Wednesday and would be back Friday. He traveled every few weeks. Dinner was long over and my mom and I retired to our rooms.

Once in my room, I pulled out my laptop and began to enjoy my Lady in Red. Working my way through the photos I was so engrossed I didn't hear my mom approach my room. None of the doors have locks and since I was little my mom would barge in without knocking. She had a "my house, don't need to knock" policy. So I was hyper cautious if I heard her.

Unfortunately, I didn't hear her until the door whipped open and she said "Oh David, I wanted to ask you about tomorrow..."

She trailed off while she took in the sight. She couldn't see the laptop screen thankfully, but there was no doubt in what I was doing. I can only imagine what she would have done had she saw me getting off to photos of her. She paused a little longer than I thought was necessary and backed out of the room apologizing.

I never actually stopped though, not even when I briefly made eye contact with her. As soon as the door closed I came and came hard. I was embarrassed but satisfied. It was a thrill knowing she saw me jerking off.

Thursday night my mom offered to take me out of dinner. Somewhat mortified she would bring up catching me masturbating, I was nervous about going out with her. But she wanted to go out, and I would do anything for my Lady in Red. It was an uneventful dinner, average food and we split a bottle of mediocre wine. Thankfully she didn't mention the night before at all.

I wasn't drunk but my mom might have been tipsy when we returned home. We both collapsed on the couch, not wanting to do anything productive and I turned on a basketball game. We silently watched for about 20 minutes before my mom sat up.

"I think I'm going to take a shower and call it a night." My mom said to me as she rose from the couch. "Don't stay up too late."

"Goodnight mom." I responded, as I watched her stretch, her boobs straining against her shirt as her arms raised above her head. I was further rewarded as I watched her walk away, her round ass swaying in her tight pants. I couldn't get enough of her.

I don't know how much longer I was watching the game, but I heard her coming down the stairs.

I didn't think anything of it until she got to the bottom of the stairs and I heard the click clack of heels on the tile floor. I thought that was

strange, it was 9:30 at night, she said she was going to bed. Now she was coming down the stairs in heels. What was she doing.

The click clack grew louder as she approached, she was clearly coming back into our family room. The couch faced the tv, which was on the opposite wall from the doorway to the family room so I only heard her but couldn't see her. I was still focused on the basketball game anyway, that is until she walked right in front of the tv and stopped, staring right at me.

HOLY FUCK!

It took a second to register, but there she was. My Lady in Red. Dressed exactly as she was in the photos, except in heels.

She was posing, hands on her hips, her left leg in front and slightly bent. My eyes started at the top and worked their way down. Ogling every inch of my sexy mother. Her hair was put up, it was a sexy up do, with wavy tresses fallen along the sides of her face. The same sexy make up highlighting her face, with bright red lipstick. The pearl necklace around her neck. Her red corset tightly pushing her boobs up and together, looking as though a cough could easily cause them to spill out. Her red gloved hands on her hips, pulling at the edges of her sexy red satin g-string. Her beautiful legs covered by those sexy red nylons. The only difference in her outfit from the photos was the pair of red heels she was wearing. I didn't think the outfit needed anything else, but the heels added a lot. Making her taller, shaping her legs.

I was rock fucking hard. My mouth had to have been hanging down.

"I have two rules." She said directly and sternly. "One. You don't talk. Not even a word. Two. You do exactly as I say. Do you understand me?"

I couldn't believe what I was seeing and hearing. What the fuck was happening? Was this real?

"Yes." I eagerly replied.

"Apparently you didn't hear me. Rule one was you don't talk. Do you understand me?" There was a little anger in her voice this time, and she

stretched out her last question, slowly stressing each word as it came out.

I nodded vigorously. Whatever this was, I was going to obey the rules. I wasn't about to fuck up my fantasy come true.

"Good." She responded, acknowledging my nod. She said it with a sultry smirk on her face.

With that she started putting on a show. She slowly leaned forward, bending over at the waist, running her arms down her legs. Displaying her cleavage to me.

"This is what you want, isn't it?" She asked rhetorically. "You want to see your mom in her sexy lingerie. I know what you do. I can tell when my drawer is messed up. You found mommy's sexy underwear."

As she spoke she continued her show. Running her hands all over her body. She stood back up she ran her hands up her torso, pausing at her breasts, pausing to caress and squeeze them, before continuing to slowly raise her hands over her head making a sort of 'ta-da "pose with her arms extended over her head as though she was a gymnast who just finished her routine.

I was stunned. Here she was proudly showing off her tight little body to me, her son. The whole time I did my best to silently memorize every little detail.

"And you keep going back. That tells me you like what you found. That you find it hot. You probably rub my panties all over your cock. I'm certain you jerk off to it. You love going through mommy's drawers, finding her naughty things. Pulling them out, playing with them. Don't you?"

She slowly turned around with a sway of her hips and stood facing away from me with her legs spread. She bent over again, working her way down to her ankles, showing off her magnificent ass. She grabbed her ankles and stared at me from between her legs. She gave a sly smile before giving a thorough shake of her beautiful ass. With a hearty laugh

she stood back up and slowly turned back to me, running her arms all over her body to accentuate it, and show it off.

“And since you were in that drawer, I know what you also found. You found my toy. I’m sure you picked it up. You held it in your hands. You stroked it. Probably turned it on and let it vibrate your cock. You imagined it working in and out of your mom’s hot pussy, bringing mommy to orgasm. I bet you even put it in your mouth, didn’t you, you naughty boy. Yeah, I’m sure that’s what you did, trying to get a taste of your mom’s pussy.”

Who was this woman? My mom didn’t talk like that. Her she was dressed like the sexiest woman alive, talking like a whore. I didn’t think I could be anymore turned on. And how did she know everything. It’s like she was watching me.

The sultry smile returned to her face as she asked “Do you like what you see? This is much better, than in the drawer, isn’t it? You get to see it on your mom. You get to see how I fill it out. This is what you’ve been dreaming about, isn’t it?”

Fighting the urge to scream out “FUCK YEAH” I nodded vigorously again, my hand moving immediately to my crotch.

“Mmmmmmm.” She gave a soft moan of assent. Now stand up.”

As she said that she held out her red gloved hand and made a get up motion.

I practically jumped to my feet tossing the blanket covering me to the side. My gym shorts were tented out and I am sure she noticed.

“Good boy. Now undress. But slowly. Show yourself off to me.”

I froze. I was a little self-conscious. I was six feet tall, generally fit and a decent enough looking guy, but I had never shown myself off before. No woman had seen me naked before. More importantly, at six inches, my average sized dick wasn’t anything to brag about.

“Now is not the time to be shy.” She said sensing my hesitation. “Be a good boy and do what mommy says.”

I grabbed the bottom of my t-shirt and slowly pulled it up over my head. I wasn't some chiseled body builder, but I did have some muscle and wasn't fat or anything. After pulling off the shirt I tossed it to the side and gave a little flex which was rewarded with a soft moan from my mom.

I looked to my mom who was standing there, biting her lip, staring straight at me giving me what I hoped were “fuck me” eyes.

I then went to work on my shorts. I was wearing underwear, but I didn't want to take them off with the shorts. Partly due to the stage fright of showing my mom my cock, but also because she said to go slow and I wasn't about to disappoint her. Stepping out of the shorts I gave them a twirl over my head and threw them across the room.

Feeling a little more confident, I did some posing and flexing, similar to what she did. I ran my hands over my body as sensually as I could before the big reveal. I turned my back to her, made a flex pose before grabbing my underwear and taking them to the ground as I bent over toward my toes. Now she could see my bare ass.

I could hear her moaning softly, it sounded like she was purring. I thought to myself, so far so good.

Stepping out of my underwear I gently stood back up with my back to her, looking over my shoulder, trying to make eye contact with her. However, it was clear to me she wasn't staring at my eyes. In fact, her eyes roamed all over me but never met my eyes. I was a piece of meat to her and god did that feel good.

With that confidence, I deliberately turned around to show off my rock hard cock. Her eyes immediately went to it. She started for a few seconds as she broke into an approving sultry smile. With that she stared straight into my eyes, raised her hand, and made the sexiest ‘come hither’ motion with her hand.

I did exactly what she wanted. Letting my cock lead the way I took a few steps to close the gap between us. When I got close she put her hand out on my chest to stop me. She said nothing, leaving her hand on my chest she stared into my eyes. Standing arm's length away from the Lady in Red who had been the queen of my fantasies was almost too much to bear. My cock ached for touch.

She began to slowly run her gloved hand across my chest. She added her other hand to my arm. Not breaking eye contact she sensuously caressed her prize. She moved around me, running her hands all over my torso and arms. Once behind me she took two handfuls of my butt with a hearty groan.

As she worked her way back to the front, she returned her gaze. She paused for a second before quickly pulling her hand away and swiftly giving my cock a hard slap causing it to bounce frantically. The slap didn't hurt at all. It felt divine.

She reached up and grabbed me by the back of my neck and pulled me into a kiss. It was the most aggressive and passionate kiss I had ever experienced. It left no doubt in my mind as to what she wanted. The Lady in Red wanted me.

As we passionately made out, my hands instinctively roamed the back of her body, settling on her ass, where I unabashedly groped her. My cock pushed against her stomach as I pulled her close.

Just as abruptly as things began, my mom broke away and pulled back. She paused briefly, and while looking directly into my eyes, dropped to her knees in a flash.

OH MY GOD! I thought. Was she going to do what I think she was going to do?

She coquettishly looked into my eyes and grabbed my cock with her gloved hand and began stroking it. The same look in photo eleven. Except this time, it was me she was looking at. After a few gentle strokes, she slowly opened her mouth and took a nice long lick of the underside my cock from base to tip, never breaking eye contact. It was

the most erotic sensation I had felt up to that point. From there she began licking furiously, alternately putting it in her mouth and sucking. It didn't take long. Within 30 seconds of starting her blow job, I was ready to erupt.

Not wanting to break rule number one, I didn't provide a warning. I'm sure she could tell it was coming when I tensed up. Despite hoping I would cum all over her pretty little face, when I erupted, she held on tight with her mouth, taking every last offering I had. The entire time she stared into my eyes, making it the most erotic experience of my life.

As she pulled off of my rapidly deflating cock, she held out her hand for me to help her up. I brought her to her feet, and she pulled me in for another kiss. This one was not as aggressive as the first, more sensual, but every bit as passionate.

I couldn't believe what just happened. My mom had just blown me, and now I was making out with her, sharing my own semen straight from her hot little mouth.

Breaking away from the kiss, she said "Good, now that that's out of the way, we can go slow and really enjoy this." And with that she walked over to the couch, laying down on her side in the sexiest pose.

"I want you to explore me. But I want it to be slow and deliberate. Now that you came you won't be in such a rush."

I walked over to her and she pulled me into an embrace. We began making out like crazy teenagers. Tongues twisting, hands roaming, bodies being groped. There wasn't an inch of her body that I didn't explore.

I undid her corset and attacked her boobs. I had played with some stripper boobs before, but this was different. These were real and attached to my mom. I teased her nipples with my fingers and tongue. Making love to them with my mouth, sucking and licking as my life depended on it. Her moans assured me I was doing good.

Not wanting to neglect the rest of her body, I begrudgingly moved on. Working my way around, exploring her legs with my hands, caressing and kissing her beautiful ass. Eventually making my way to her panty clad pussy. Pausing, I looked at her and she just nodded in assent.

I didn't hesitate in pulling down her panties to see what mystery lie beyond. She didn't shave completely, she had a tuft of hair above, a landing strip of sorts. It was neatly trimmed and not too long. It looked stunning.

I hesitated and just stared. I didn't know what to do. I'd never seen a pussy in real life before. Now here was one, literally right in front of my nose, glistening with my mom's wetness, pleading to be used.

Do I just stick my dick in? Should I go down on her? So I just finger her? So many thoughts were running through my head.

"We aren't fucking tonight. I know you're disappointed, but we aren't fucking. This hot pussy hasn't been ate in ages, why don't you get started with that."

In an effort to obey rule number 2, I dove right in not knowing what I was doing. I attacked it aggressively with my tongue. Licking fast and fiercely with no rhyme or reason. My mom ran her hands through my hair, moaning gently. Not having any experience beyond watching porn, I just kept at it for about 10 minutes hoping for the best.

My mom interrupted me, pulling my head back gently by the hair.

"Mmmm that's a good start David. Now I need you to rub my clit with one hand in a circular motion, and with the other, I need you to finger my pussy. Can you do that for mommy?"

I must not have been doing the good job I thought I was. Either way, I figured for a first timer like me, fingering was far easier. I'd heard enough firsthand stories about that to handle that.

My mom let out a guttural moan when I inserted my fingers, clearly loving it. She followed it up with a longer moan when I found her clit. From there, I worked her clit with a gentle firmness, as I moved my

fingers in and out of her pussy. I slowly increased the speed, and she started shaking.

“DON’T FUCKING STOP NOW DAVID!” She screamed.

I kept going as the shaking got more intense. After a few moments she began bucking and screaming.

“OH GOD YES! FUCK ME!”

I knew I had done my job and done it well at that point. I was so hard watching her cum. I was waiting for more, but didn’t want to push it.

She was panting hard and basking in her orgasm. She was silent for a while as she recovered. Eventually, she spoke.

“I won’t let you go to bed hard though, so bring that beautiful cock over here.”

She seemed to know my thoughts, although I am sure they were pretty obvious as I stood there with a hard on.

As I came to her face, she grabbed it by the shaft and started working it with her hand. She took me in her mouth again, teasing it with her tongue. As she sucked and slurped, I was proud that I had outlasted my first blowjob, making her work this time and enjoying the sensations.

It wasn’t much longer though, as she pulled my cock out of her mouth and finished me by stroking me with her soft, silky gloves. Within seconds I was blasting another load. This time with no mouth to cum in, she expertly pointed my cock at her face and I watched rope after rope of cum land across that sexy face of hers. What an erotic scene it was.

She moaned in delight, before standing and kissing me.

“Goodnight. Clean yourself off and don’t stay up too late.” She smiled and retreated to her room.

As quick as it started, it was over. I lay there not knowing what to make of what just happened. My Lady in Red just blew me. Twice! On top of that, I got to come on her face. Even though I didn’t fuck her, this

was beyond my wildest dreams. Sure I imagined wilder things, but I didn't think that they would come true. If nothing further happened, I would be the happiest man in the world.

I didn't see her again until breakfast the next morning. I wasn't sure what to do or what to say. I figured the best approach was to just let her take the lead.

"You want to know why, don't you?" She asked as I sat down at the table.

"That was the best night of my life. I'm just happy it happened." I said honestly. Not knowing if the explanation would ruin whatever this was.

"He got some virus on his computer and needed me to help him with it. It wasn't a hard fix, just run the virus program and resolve it. But I poked around some, it was clear he was downloading things that he shouldn't be looking at and that's why he got the virus. I found a whole stash of photos on his computer. They were various photos of women he downloaded. Some of the fake barbie girls like in the magazines, but there were a lot of women just like me. Average, middle aged houses wives."

I nodded along, not sure where to interject or even what to say if I did.

"It pissed me off. It's not cheating, but why spend all of your time looking at other women on the internet when you have a real one at home to play with. Your dad and I do have sex you know. Not often, we aren't wild and crazy or anything, but we do some light roleplay and fantasy stuff. When you've been married and with the same person for so long, it's only natural to fantasize about other things."

"He told me it didn't mean anything. He just liked how the women were normal women, dressed in sexy lingerie, hair and makeup done up. He said it was a turn on for him."

“Makes sense, I guess.” I responded, saying something just to acknowledge her.

“Well, I told him, if that’s what turns you on, I will do it. So, we did. I went shopping at the mall and found that sexy red lingerie set that you found in my drawer. And one night we had a night where I got dolled up, put it on and he took photos of me.

“It was the first time in a long time I felt like he desired me. I was his dirty whore wife posing for him and he took photos of me. I kind of liked being objectified. We actually had sex afterwards for the first time in months. It was really good sex too.

“Things were good for a bit but it wasn’t long before he grew disinterested again. So I went back and snooped on his computer to see what he’s up to. I thought there might be another woman. About a year ago, I noticed he started collecting internet stories. Strange stories, mostly about cuckold fantasies where the husbands shared their wives with strange men. Watching their wives and getting humiliated. I even found a disgusting fantasy story he wrote about us.”

Mentally I breathed a sigh of relief. I don’t know why but the thought of that story being true made me jealous and angry. Knowing it wasn’t true put me at ease for some strange reason.

“I confronted him. He said he was just fantasizing. I said that’s all they will ever be because I am not for sharing. What kind of sick fuck wants to give his wife to strangers to use as they please. I wasn’t about to fuck some guy in front of your dad. That’s gross. But he kept bringing it up. At first he just wanted to fantasize about it, then the fantasies started getting more and more descriptive, suggesting going to places, and even actual people we know. It was clear he was giving this a lot of thought, but I refused to do that.

“That has been bugging me the last few months as our sex life has all but dried up. He doesn’t even try to initiate it anymore. I can’t keep going without any sex, especially not on your dad’s terms. It’s not like

his fat ass has put in any work on his end. He wants me to do all this stuff for him, but he can't do the same?

"I've never stepped out of this marriage, not before our adventure last night, but I've just been so sexually frustrated lately. I want to be desired too."

Wow. My mom was telling me way more than I wanted to hear.

"And since you've been home, I've noticed you going through my stuff. It kept happening. Every day things were moved. You're not very careful, you know. I got turned on knowing you were in my lingerie. I figured you were jerking your cock to mommy fantasies. I felt desired again. I've been horny as hell these last few weeks. My toy only does so much.

"I wanted to be sure though that you really did want your mom. I figured I'd search your computer and see what kind of kinks you had. Maybe some of the mature or mom porn that seems to be the rage right now. And though you think you're slick, I found them pretty easy."

"Found what mom?" I asked cautiously, already knowing the answer.

"My photos David. Did your dad give them to you?"

I winced. I was busted. But why would she think dad gave them to me.

"No. I found them on his computer. I guess I know where I get my love of snooping from."

"How did they get on your computer David? Why are there naked pictures of your mother on your computer David?" She asked in a sultry voice.

"I think you know why mom." I said, unable to admit it.

"Say it David. I want to hear it from you."

"Jesus mom. Those were the hottest fucking photos I had ever seen. You look so fucking sexy in those photos. I had to have them mom. I

couldn't not keep them. You looked amazing. I have been fantasizing nonstop about you since I saw them. I jerk off to them every day."

"I figured as much." She said with a smug smirk. "That's why I went to your room the other night. I wanted to see it for myself."

"Honestly mom, I was turned on when you came in and saw me jerking off. I came so hard after you closed the door."

"What were you looking at when you were jerking off David?" She asked, already knowing the answer.

"Your photos mom. You're just so fucking sexy mom."

She just smiled in response to that.

"Well with that, I now I have my plan set."

"What do you mean your plan?" I asked.

"I'm going to give your dad what he wants. But not on his terms. I am going to do it on my terms."

And with that she excused herself from the table and went about getting ready to go to work.

While I was at work, I got a text from my mom.

"What are your plans tonight?"

"Not sure yet, Mark has a family thing. Rob has to work late, but he might come over after."

"He can't come over. I need you to be out of the house tonight until 8:30. Don't come home after work, but come home exactly at 8:30. And come home alone. When you get home, come to the front door and ring the doorbell. I will let you in."

That was strange request. I was 22, she didn't get to control what I did anymore. Sure she could keep me from bringing friends over, but

demanding me to be home at 8:30 on a Friday? She didn't control me.

"Ok... what's going on?"

"Rule number two. Do as I say. See you at 8:30."

Holy shit! The rules again, there was hope for a repeat performance of the Lady in Red. I guess she did control me. But my excitement was quickly put to rest when I remembered that dad was coming home today.

"Shit." I thought to myself. Too bad dad didn't have a social life. If he did, he could go out with his friends tonight and I could enjoy some mother son time.

The rest of the day dragged. The curiosity was driving me crazy. Not only that, I couldn't come straight home after work. I had to kill a few hours with the not knowing.

I would have worked late to kill the time, but as an intern I didn't have a whole lot to do to begin with. As such I was actually out of work at 4:30. Four hours to kill.

After a painstaking dinner and much driving around, it was finally nearing the time, I couldn't get home fast enough.

I didn't want to be late. So I got home actually by 8:20 and sat in my car in the driveway until 8:30. I looked at the house, nothing seemed out of the norm. No extra cars in the driveway, or street. The lights were on but the usual ones you could see from the street. No loud noises. The normalcy of it all made me even more curious about what was going on.

I nervously rang the doorbell to my own house as the clock on my phone flipped to 8:30. At this point, I would have ate a rock if that's what my mom told me to do.

I waited a few second before hearing noise on the inside. I heard a faint "I'm coming" followed by a click clack that got louder as it approached the door.

The door swung open and for the second time in two nights I was wide eyed and stunned into silence.

The Lady in Red had returned. There was my mom, dressed up just like last night. Her sexiest red lingerie, hair done up, and the sexiest smile on her face. The look never got old. I wanted her so bad. I would have loved to just grab her, throw her down and take her right then and there, but that was just a fleeting fantasy. I was a mommy's boy after all, even more so after last night.

"Come in. And remember, Rules one and two still apply."

I nodded silently, remembering not to talk and that I needed to do exactly what she said. I was shocked. I figured dad was home from his trip. I wasn't going to start asking questions though, I wouldn't do anything to mess up my fantasy with the Lady and Red.

She closed the door behind me as I entered and gave me a short, but passionate kiss.

"Follow me." She said, and with a quick turn was strutting down the hallway toward the stairs.

I dutifully followed. My eyes locked in on her g-string clad ass. Watching it sway and bounce as my mom strutted down the hall. Between the heels and the extra sway she threw into her hips, I was hypnotized before we even reached the stairs. I enjoyed the show even more as she climbed the stairs, mentally taking note of the scene, hoping and praying I would never forget. She was stunning and her ass was perfection.

She paused at door of her room. It was closed, but you could tell a light was on inside as it shone from under the door.

She turned to me and whispered. "Take off your clothes."

As I quickly undressed I could feel her gaze ogling me. It felt nice to be desired, even more so by the objects of my fantasy.

“Remember, absolutely no talking. Do exactly what I say. If you do those two things, this will be the best night of your life.” She gave me a peck on the cheek and a squeeze of my cock.

With a deep breath she slowly opened the door and changed my life forever.

As she entered the room, I took notice of everything. The bed was freshly made, a lavender scented candle burning, the lamps turned low creating some mood lighting but enough to see. Glancing around, I saw him.

It was my dad. Sitting in a chair, completely naked. He was wearing a blindfold and had a ball gag in his mouth. He was also restrained. Tied pretty thoroughly to the chair in fact. His large belly stuck out and hung over his small dick. Hopefully he was a grower because from what I was seeing he wasn't a shower.

What the fuck was going on. Why was my dad here, naked and tied up? That's when it hit me. My mom was giving him his fantasy just like she said, on her terms. She was going to have me cuckold him. I was going to fuck my mother in front of my loser dad. My cock lurched at that thought. I didn't hate my dad, but if he wanted to see his wife get railed, who better than me to do it. Tonight, I would humiliate my father and be the man of the house.

“I'm back Rick. And I brought the gentleman I was telling you about.” With that she brought me in front of my dad, both of us standing there facing him, even though he couldn't see either of us.

She began caressing my torso while she spoke. “This is my stud. He's six feet and 190 lbs of 22-year-old muscle who is going to fuck me every which way while you listen and if you're good, maybe even watch.”

With that I saw his dick jerk. I noticed he was hard now. It did some growing but he was still smaller than me. Not by much though, maybe five inches. Not as thick either. I wasn't trying to check out my dad's

dick, but knowing I had a bigger cock than him made me feel more confident about pleasing my mom and humiliating him.

“I can’t wait to finally be satisfied.” She added, taunting him. “And by such a hot young stud. Mmmmmmm.”

As best as I could tell my dad was definitely turned on. His soft moans of protestation despite the ball gag seemed half-hearted at best. However, his hard red dick is what really betrayed him. It was bouncing, just begging to be played with. This was a man who wanted his wife fucked proper. Used and abused. With him helpless and watching.

“Open your hand.” She commanded my dad.

She grabbed my cock and brought me over to his hand. Placing my cock in his open palm, she wrapped his fingers around it. This was weird for me. I wasn’t into guys, certainly not my fat ass dad, but having him tied to a chair holding my cock with us both knowing I was going to fuck the daylights out of his wife was a turn on. My cock pulsed in his tight grip.

“I know you can’t see him, and I’ve instructed him not to talk, but now you know this is a real live hard cock.”

There was some head shaking and more moans of protest. But despite the show, his grip didn’t loosen, and he was actually trying to jerk my cock, at least the best he could with his arm being tied.

My mom gave a quick swat to his cock with a laugh, making it bounce harder. “You’re so fucking turned on holding another man’s cock. You’re such a loser. No wonder you can’t fuck me and have to jerk off to your little stories all the time. Maybe pleasing men is your thing though.”

“Sorry Ricky, you’re going to have to let go of that beautiful cock. That’s my toy tonight, you don’t get to play with it anymore.” She added in a taunting tone. My dad hated being called Ricky, he was always Rick, so she was coming on strong with the humiliation.

With that she pulled me away from my dad and positioned me in front of her.

“Well stud, it’s time for your first reward for coming over tonight.”

She slowly slunk to her knees with her gloved hands tracing my body down from my chest to my cock. She grabbed it by the base and gave it a shake.

“What a beautiful large cock you have stud. I haven’t seen a cock this big and hard since before I met my husband. This will be a nice change for me.”

She took a different approach than last night. Tonight, she seemed focused on putting on a show. She began with a kiss to the head. Slowly kissing and licking her way toward the base long the side of my cock. She had one hand at the base and with her free hand, she started fondling my balls. The satin gloves felt amazing. She was moaning and making exaggerated kissing noises as she worked down my cock. With dad unable to see, it was clear she wanted him to know something was going on.

After working her way around the outside, she opened her mouth and took me inside. She began slurping loudly for effect.

Pulling my cock out with a loud plop, she said “Do you like that stud? Do you like getting your cock sucked by an older married lady? Does it turn you on when a married woman sucks your big dick in front of her husband?”

“Mmmmmmm.” I groaned loudly. I knew I couldn’t talk but I wanted dad to know my mom was doing a good job. The smile my mom returned told me I did good.

She went back to work aggressively this time. The savoring was over, it was devouring time. She attacked my cock like it was the best thing she ever tasted, and her life was dependent on it. It was amazing. I was too overwhelmed and came far too fast to enjoy the actual blowjob, but tonight was different. The feeling of her tongue dancing and swirling

around my rigid dick was amazing. I wanted to run my hands through her hair but didn't for fear of messing up her hair. She looked for too sexy with the hair to risk ruining it.

Knowing I was getting close she paused and said "I know you're close, but when it's time I want you to come in my mouth. Understand stud?"

"Mmmhhhhmmm." I responded. That was an easy enough direction to follow. I could handle coming in my mom's mouth without a problem, by this point it felt natural.

A short time later it got to be too much. My mom's expert work with her mouth on my dick was too much for me. My urges overcame me and I exploded into her mouth. It was so overwhelming I instinctively grabbed the sides of her head and pulled her down to the base of my cock as I felt the waves of orgasm wash over me. It was the most satisfying orgasm I had ever had. It must have been four or five good spurts I blasted into her mouth.

In my post orgasm daze of delight, I watched her pull my cock out of her mouth, stand up and go over to the chair my dad was sitting in facing his still blindfolded face. Leaning over she undid the ball gag and immediately started kissing him before he could say a word. It was an aggressive kiss, not passionate. After maybe ten seconds she pulled away and quickly replaced and secured the ball gag as my dad groaned in protest.

"Do you like that Ricky? I didn't swallow a drop of my stud's cum. I saved it all for you. I hope you enjoy it swirling around in your mouth. A real man's cum. It has nowhere to go now, you'll just have to swallow it like a sissy."

My dad was trying to talk the whole time, but it was just muffled noises behind the ball gag. I could see him swallowing.

"How did that taste Ricky? Did you enjoy it? Did it taste manly? That's how my pussy is going to taste. Just like my stud's cum."

At that point my dad's moans got loud, and he strained against the restraints. It was obvious though that the was no longer putting up a fake protest, they were moans of enjoyment. His dick was still rock hard, looking to explode, shaking as he wiggled.

"Now it's time for my reward. You don't get to see this part Ricky. I'm not sure you've been good enough to watch yet. But now it's time for my stud to please me. Licking every inch of my wet pussy. Sucking on my clit. Getting me off like a real man would."

My dad was squealing in what sounded like delight at that point. I thought it was weird that he was so turned on by everything, but knowing he enjoyed another man taking his wife turned me on even more. I seemed to enjoy the humiliation.

Before my mom could move, I picked her up and tossed her on the bed. Although she was in control of everything that was happening, I wanted to show her I was not my dad. I wanted to show her that I was man enough to handle a woman like her.

She smiled sexily as she crawled back on the pillows and adjusted herself. I climbed up on top of her and gave her a passionate kiss and slowly worked my way down to her panties. Grabbing the waistband in my teeth, I pulled her panties away from her body and took in the scent of her pussy. It drove me wild. I needed that pussy. I quickly grabbed the sides of the g-string and pulled them down and over her feet.

With her legs free, my mom spread her red nyloned legs as wide as she could. Giving me a beautiful view of her pussy in all its glory. And glory it was. I paused and admired it. It was only my second time seeing my mom's pussy, or any pussy for that matter. The previous night had been somewhat a blur, so this was my opportunity to take things slower and enjoy.

I was a bit nervous though. I knew I had to make her cum and cum hard. This was a show for my dad after all. It had to be good. I couldn't have her faking an orgasm in front of the loser who couldn't give her one. However, I was determined that any failure wouldn't be from lack

of trying. Knowing my loser dad was watching motivated me to do whatever I could to give my Lady in Red a great orgasm.

From her feet I worked my way up her legs, caressing her red nylons with my hands as I went. Soft enough to be sensuous, but not too soft to be ticklish. I was shaking as I brought my face to my mom's hot, glistening pussy, I inhaled deeply. It was then that I decided rather than attack it with enthusiasm like I did last night, I would go slow and make love to it with my mouth tonight.

I also wanted to go slow because other than last night I had never licked a pussy before. All of my pussy eating knowledge came from reading the internet and watching porn videos, and who knew how much of that stuff was true or felt good. So if I took it nice and slow, I could find what worked and follow the lead from her reactions.

So I started with a nuzzle with my nose and a soft kiss on her lips. A few slow licks up on either side, working all of it. After a bit of that, I went for a long, slow lick up the middle, splitting her lips with my tongue. I was rewarded with a shudder and moan.

"Mmmmmmmm. Your tongue feels so good. Oh god!" She blurted out in her most sultry voice.

I made long strokes with my tongue, gradually increasing the speed. I moved my hands up and slowly spread apart the lips. I

I found her clit and took it into my mouth giving it a gentle suck.

I continued to lick, suck, and. w... trying to follow her verbal instructions and her body's cues.

After a... I felt her begin to shake.

"Fuck yes stud!" She blurted out. "Keep fucking going. Don't you dare stop now."

Her hands stopped rubbing my hair and instead grabbed on. I knew enough to know that we were getting pretty damn close and I picked up my intensity.

“FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!” She screamed as she bucked her hips violently. “OH GOD! FUCK! UGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! FUCK!”

She pulled my head toward her crotch and grinded away as she continued to orgasm in delight, wrapping her legs around my head.

I was every bit as in heaven as she was. I took great pride in knowing I just made my mom cum with my cuckold dad feet away, blindfolded, gagged and tied to a chair. She tossed my head around like a rag doll and I didn’t care. Servicing my mom was such a turn on to me. Maybe I was a sissy like my dad because I enjoyed her taking charge and grinding her crotch into my face. It got me hard again.

“Jesus fucking Christ!” She exclaimed between panted breaths after what seemed like minutes of silence as she recovered.

“That was fucking amazing. I haven’t cum that hard in ages. You can sure please a lady with that tongue stud. I can’t wait to have that tongue in me again. Fuck.”

And I couldn’t wait to bury my face in that pussy again. She could use my tongue any day or time she wanted. I would always be available for my Lady in Red.

“Ricky. Did you hear that? If you could eat me half as good as that, I wouldn’t need this stud.” She asked to receive groans in response.

I looked and my dad had rolled his head back and was groaning. He was clearly enjoying things, but also frustrated he couldn’t fully enjoy the show. I almost felt bad for him. He was so close to his fantasy but couldn’t enjoy it.

“Come on stud, it’s time to get some water.” She said as she jumped out of bed, grabbed her panties and led me out of the room.

We went to the kitchen where I grabbed some glasses and got some water as she leaned back against the counter, slipping back into her g-string.

Sensing my disappointment, she said “I need to be fully dressed for the next part. I think you’ll enjoy it.” She added with a wink.

I couldn’t be too upset, she was fully dressed as my Lady in Red, still looking amazing. I ogled her without shame as we drank our water. She knew I was in heaven, she was admiring at my naked body as well and could tell from my throbbing cock.

She finished her water and gave me a soft peck on the cheek. Whispering in my ear, she said “You’re doing great stud. I’m a very satisfied woman and I’m so looking forward to this next part.”

And with that I followed her back upstairs to the bedroom where I hoped I would finally get to fuck my mother.

My dad was right where we left him. His sad cock had deflated. I guess it couldn’t stay hard forever, especially when we had left him without anything to get excited about.

“Okay Ricky. During our break I thought long and hard about whether you’ve been enjoying yourself. I think you have. I think you deserve a reward. So I’ve decided, I’m going to let you watch the next part. You’re going to stay tied up, and the ball gag stays in place, but you get to watch my stud love every inch of my sexy body. You’re going to get to see your whore wife get used and pleased by a younger, stronger, and sexier stud with a bigger cock. You’re going to get what you want, to see me get fucked by another man.”

Holy shit! It was time. I was going to get to fuck my Lady in Red. But what the fuck? Take the blind fold off? She wanted him to see me fuck her. He knows who I am. He’s not going to be okay with this. I am his son, this is his wife, she is my mother.

She positioned me into the center of the room and went over to my dad to presumably take the blindfold off. I stood nervously, shaking a little. I was excited to have sex for the first time. And over the moon with the fact it would be with the sexiest woman I’ve seen, my Lady in Red. This was glorious and fucked up at the same time. Even though my

dreams were coming true, this was my mom, and I would be fucking her in front of her husband, my dad.

Despite the nagging feelings I knew there was no way I wouldn't do it. She was my greatest fantasy. Ever since I saw those damn photos I had been obsessed with this woman. I needed this more than anything in the world. Family issues be damned, my dad was going to see me cumming in his wife.

As she took off the blindfold, I heard her instruct him to keep his eyes closed until she said so. Adding that if he didn't the blindfold would go back on, and he would not be rewarded.

She came over and stood next to me, fixing her outfit so she looked her absolute best. Mission accomplished with that, I thought to myself. She gave my cock a little jerk to ensure that it was hard.

"Ok Rick. Are you ready? I'm going to count down from three and say open your eyes. Three... Two... Onnnnnnnneeeee... open your eyes!"

His eyes shot open and immediately bulged. He wasted no time in recognizing me. Standing naked as the day I was born, with my six-inch cock at full salute, next to his sexy wife who looked like a glamour model.

He was struggling and trying to talk, but other than some groans and muffled noises I couldn't make anything out. He looked mad, his eyes bulging as he squirmed. But again, his dick betrayed him because his cock was at full attention, throbbing in anticipation.

My mom smiled that sultry smile at him.

"That's right Ricky. The stud I chose is our son David. When I realized he was rummaging through my lingerie drawer every day, I knew he would be the one."

"I was a little hesitant he wouldn't come through, so I took him for a short test drive last night. I haven't fucked him yet though, just a nice blow job and some exploring but I knew he was in as soon as he saw me in my red lingerie."

She paused for effect, letting him take in the significance of everything. She began slowly stroking my cock with her gloved hand while she continued.

“But I held off on letting him fuck me. I wanted you to see that. I wanted you to see him violate our marital vows. I wanted you to witness him turning me into a slutty whore of a wife. I wanted you to see a new man claiming me.”

She spoke slowly and deliberately, intending to drive my dad wild. You could tell it was working. He moaned a few times and his eyes rolled back in pleasure a few times during her speech. That sick fuck was enjoying this.

When she finished speaking she pulled me in and kissed me. Passionately, our bodies pulled close together, my cock against her stomach. At this point, neither of us were in a hurry and were just focused on enjoying each other.

“Now David. Undress your mother. But do it slow so your father can see you enjoying this.”

I didn’t need to be told twice.

I began with the corset. I was anxious to free those magnificent tits. Undoing the back the corset fell to the ground, exposing her tits to the room for a brief moment before I recovered them with my eager hands. Groping, squeezing, and kneading them in my hands I let out a low moan. They were beautiful. I lowered my head and put a nipple in my mouth, twirling my tongue around it. My mom’s hands gripped my head and pulled it closer. She was clearly enjoying this.

After what seemed like minutes, I kissed my way down her belly, lowering myself to my knees where I had a face full of my mom’s panty covered pussy. Reaching up I grabbed the sides of the g-string and slowly lowered it down her legs. After she gently stepped out of them, I paused and gave her pussy another kiss. That got a reaction from my dad. A loud grunt.

As she helped me back to my feet, she asked “Anything else you’d like to take off?”

I shook my head no. She still had on the gloves, nylons and heels. I would have left it all on but I wanted to see her tits and needed access to her pussy. Even without the corset and g-string, her outfit was still incredible. She was stunning.

She led me over to the bed and got on first. Laying on her back with her legs spread facing the chair, giving my dad a prime view of her pussy.

“Okay David. I want to go slow at first. I want you to fuck me missionary style. I want you looking in my face, knowing exactly who you are fucking as you cuckold your dad. Do you understand? Now I know you’re a virgin, so you probably won’t last long. That’s okay. I want you to enjoy it. Besides, you’re 22 and stud, you’ll be ready again in no time. Are you ready?”

I nodded and climbed on the bed kneeling between her legs, my back to my dad. Slowly I crawled on top of her, holding myself over her naked body, my rigid cock inches from her hot, wet pussy.

She grabbed my shaft and guided me to the entrance. Giving me nod indicating the go ahead, I pushed forward.

“Oh god.” I meekly whispered, worried I broke the rules.

The feeling was incredible. Her pussy enveloped my cock in a feeling of warmth. I could feel her wetness all around. I paused after entering her. This was amazing. I just wanted to stay still and enjoy this feeling forever.

My instincts made forever short though, and I slowly started rocking my cock back and forth.

“That’s it David. You feel so good! Fuck me.” She said softly but loud enough for my dad to hear.

I only had completed about a dozen strokes when she spoke. It was the “Fuck me” that sent me over the edge. Hearing my Lady in Red, my mother, in her sultry voice begging me to fuck her was just too much for me. I came fast and I came hard. With every wave of orgasm I thrust forward into her, receiving a groan of pleasure in response.

“Oh yes David! Give me all that cum. Don’t stop! Cum in your mom!”

I collapsed on top of her after I finished.

“God mom you are amazing.” I whispered in her ear. “You don’t know how fucking sexy you are. I love you so much. Thank you.”

I hope I hadn’t pushed my luck too much with breaking rule one.

“Thank you David. That was great.” She gave me a soft kiss on the side my head as she wrapped her arms around me. “I need you to roll off me for a second.”

I did as I was told and was on my back next to her in the bed staring at my dad, naked and tied to a chair with the ball gag in his mouth. My mom spread her legs wide and with her hand, spread her lips.

“Do you see that Ricky? Another man’s cum leaking out of my pussy. Your son’s cum. I’m filled to the brim with his seed. Does that turn you on Ricky? Do you like it when your son fucks his mom with his big dick? Do you like it when he cums in me? Do you like watching me have sex with your son? Is this everything you wanted?”

My dad looked like he was starting to cry as she spoke. But his body betrayed him, he slowly nodded in approval, his cock still hard. Trying to mutter through the ball gag.

“Does your little dick need a release?” She asked.

He nodded vigorously in return.

“Hmmmm. I don’t think you’ve earned that reward.”

She turned to me and kissed me forcefully. We began making out like horny teenagers. Our hands roamed each other's bodies. Groping, caressing, probing, flicking. It was hot. I wasn't new to making out, but I had never made out like this. We both had an insatiable aggression about us. It was if we were trying to scratch an itch but couldn't.

In no time I was hard again. I was somewhat shocked but again, I'd never had such a stunning woman in my arms motivating my cock. It was far different than watching porn. Once her hands found my newly hard cock, she pulled away with a mischievous smile.

"Good. You're ready again. I want you to fuck me from behind David. Hard, fast and good. Do you understand?"

I nodded happily, ready to do anything for this woman.

She got on all fours facing my dad. Staring face to face with him. I got behind her and lined my cock up to her pussy, about to take it for a second time. Glancing up, I looked at my dad. So pathetic. As I entered my mom I made an exaggerated moan, putting my dad on notice at how good his wife felt.

"Ok, David. Fuck me, and fuck me good." My mom commanded.

Obediently I began to thrust. In and out, in and out. Giving what I could. I made it a point to stare at my dad. I did so for two reasons, one I thought looking at my dad would keep me from cumming quick, and secondly because part of me wanted him to know that I was taking his wife. Surprisingly he didn't look away. What a loser.

I kept pounding away at my mom. Giving her everything I could.

"YES DAVID! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! HARDER! FUCK ME!" Is what I got in return.

That only motivated me to go harder and faster. I gave what I could but after a few minutes I exploded. Spurt after spurt into her hot pussy.

"Fuck Mom!" I blurted out as a I came.

“Ugghhhh. That was amazing.” She said as we both collapsed.

My dad’s eyes were wide. His cock purple and hard as a rock. Part of me hoped he was impressed.

“You’ve been a good boy Ricky. I think you’re ready for a reward. I am going to untie one of your hands and you can pleasure yourself.” My mom said once she caught her breath.

He pulled his hand free the second the rope was loosened and immediately went after his cock. Poor guy got maybe four strokes in before he came. He came hard too. His eyes rolled back and he groaned as he shot load after load from his cock. He had certainly worked himself up.

Watching his son fuck his wife was certainly a turn on for him. It was twisted. I mean It was weird that I fucked my mother, but any straight man who saw her dressed in her red lingerie would have done the same and none would blame me for doing so. His kink was weird. This was his wife, being used and abused by another guy. He should be embarrassed and ashamed, not turned on.

That loser couldn’t please my mom and I did. I had humiliated my dad, it made me feel somewhat powerful. Thinking about my superiority was a turn on for me. I was getting hard just thinking about it.

My mom took noticed and grabbed my enlarging manhood, working it deftly with her gloved hand.

“Oh wow David, again?” She looked at me with those sultry, coquettish eyes.

“I can’t get enough of you mom. You are the absolute sexiest woman I’ve seen.”

“You sure know how to sweet talk a lady.”

She swung her leg over my body and climbed up on top of me. She was facing the headboard, her back to my dad in the chair at the foot of

the bed. She turned her head to look at him over her shoulder as she lowered herself onto my cock, shuddering in pleasure as she did.

“Okay cowboy.” She said gazing down to me. “You ready?”

“Giddy up!” She screamed before beginning to bounce up and down on my cock with reckless abandon. Throwing her head back as she did she screamed out in pleasure.

“OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD! GIVE IT TO ME!”

I wasn’t giving her anything, I was just enjoying the ride. The warm sensation on my cock, watching her beautiful tits bounce right above my face, her screaming. This was fantastic.

She was going wild. She grabbed the headboard to steady herself but that only made the bed shake harder. She was enjoying the hell out of this and putting on a show for my dad. After several minutes she started to shake and got even louder.

“OH FUCK! I’M CUMMING! SO GOOD! SO GOOD!” She announced to the world as she began to shudder violently on my dick. She collapsed on top of my chest out of breath and in clear ecstasy.

I hadn’t even finished. I didn’t even need to at this point. I came three times already my cock was out of steam and perfectly happy when she finished, deflating inside her as she caught her breath while laying on my chest.

“God David, you are insatiable. I am glad someone in this house can fuck me properly. You have worn me out. I need you to do one thing for me.”

“At this point mom, I will do whatever you want.”

She smiled. “Great. With your dad still in the chair, I need you to tip it over so he’s on his back on the floor.”

I didn’t question the strange instruction. I just obediently did what I was told.

I walked up to the chair behind the chair and slowly lowered him back. He was fat, but not heavy enough that I couldn't handle it. When I got him to the ground I hovered over him. I wanted my cock, covered in a mixture of cum and his wife's pussy juice, as close to his face as possible. I wanted him to have a close-up view and smell of what took his wife from him. The loser didn't even turn his head, he just stared at my cock in defeat.

As I stood up triumphantly over my dad, my mom came over and undid his ball gag.

"Brenda! What the fuck are..." he got out of his mouth before my mom lowered her cum drenched pussy onto his face.

"No talking Ricky. Time to clean up your son's mess. You never cleaned up after him as a baby, the least you can do is clean up proper now."

You could see him struggling to do his best to pleasure my mom. He tried his best for a good five to ten minutes, but it was clear he wouldn't be able to make my mom cum. In fairness he was tied up and could only use his mouth, but even then, with her sitting on his face he couldn't move it that much.

"That's what I figured." My mom said in a disappointing tone as she rose from her seat on his face. "David, untie your father and then come snuggle me."

I untied his arm, but I realized with his loose hand he probably could have himself. How pathetic. He could have stopped me from the last round but didn't. He chose to enjoy the show. As soon as his hand was free he bent down to untie his legs. He then got up and scurried to the bathroom to clean himself up.

My mom and I didn't even bother to clean ourselves up. I got in bed next to her and cuddled my naked body to hers, both knowing we would be sleeping together tonight.

My dad came out of the bathroom thinking differently.

“Okay David, I need you to go to your room. Your mom and I need to talk.” He said with a false bravado, no one actually believing him.

My mom laughed. “No Ricky. David has proven he is right where he belongs. We can talk tomorrow.”

“I pay for this house and this is my room.” He said sternly, fooling absolutely no one.

“If you want to stay in the room you can Ricky, but you have to sleep on the floor.” My mom said with her normal, boss like demeanor.

Rather than argue, my dad hung his head, grabbed a pillow and laid down on the floor next to the bed. I could have sworn I heard a very soft “thank you” from him.

My fantasy had been realized. I just had the absolute best night of my life. Ever since I had seen the photos, I had wanted nothing else but my mother. Here I had actually gotten in. My dream came true and was in my arms. With a smile on my face, I fell asleep, holding my Lady in Red.

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