

A MOM'S DUTY: ACCIDENTAL HARD-ON

silkstockingslover

Son takes powerful erection drug and mom must help him cum.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Son takes powerful erection drug and mom must help him cum.

Note 1: This is a **2018 April Fool's Day Contest Story** so please vote.

Note 2: This story was inspired by a Reagan Foxx clip called My Friends Hot Mom.

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A Mom's Duty: Accidental Hard-On

Carl would be home in a couple of hours and tonight he was finally going to fuck me!

It had been five months since the problem started: three months to get him to admit it was a problem, another month to convince him to go to the doctor, and one more for this new suddenly-popular drug to arrive at the pharmacy.

Today I had picked up the bottle that was supposed to get his cock back up to fully functioning condition.

For all this time he had only been able to get hard from a blow job and he could even come that way if I sucked long and hard enough, but after a couple of minutes in my pussy he always went limp.

At first it was really frustrating... ok, it was *still* very frustrating, but this medication was supposedly a magic drug... more effective and safer than Viagra. Instead of the old little blue pill, my husband (and I!) now had the new and improved red erection spritzer!

Just one spritz in a glass of water, drink it, and in less than a minute little willy becomes Big Willy!

I took the spray bottle out of the box and set it on the kitchen table before going to take a shower and shave my pussy. I wanted a marathon fuck session tonight, including some pussy munching. He didn't need the drug to lick me to orgasm of course, but by this time Carl owed me big time!

I got dressed, sexy lingerie hidden beneath my dress: black lace bra, matching thong and black thigh high stockings, and I headed downstairs to find my son drinking a glass of red juice.

I asked, like I did every day, "How was your day, honey?"

"Same old, same old," he answered, downing the entire glass.

It was then I noticed the spray bottle's lid was open. My eyes went wide. I asked, suddenly very concerned, "You didn't spray any of that in your water, did you?"

"Umm..."

For some reason he paused for a moment before answering.

"Sure, why?" he finally asked.

"How many sprays?" I asked, praying the answer was 'one'.

"Five or six," he shrugged.

"Oh, God!" I said dramatically. "You're only supposed to use a single squirt!"

"What? Why?" he asked. "It's just to make the water taste better."

"You just shot yourself full of a powerful drug," I said, in a bit of a panic as I went to grab the tiny paper with all its dire cautions and warnings.

"What drug?" he asked, showing a bit of worry by now, but not panicking as I knew he'd be doing as soon as it kicked in!

"It's for your father," I answered vaguely, not wanting him to know about his father's erectile issues.

"Oh, God," he groaned suddenly.

"What, honey?" I asked, as I squinted to read the fine print.

"Um, I..." he began and clammed up, clearly embarrassed.

"Is it your penis?" I asked, even though I knew it was.

"Y-y-yes," he stammered, as he began to grab his crotch.

"You've just swallowed six times the regular dose of an erection drug," I explained.

"Oh, God," he groaned. "You're right! I'm so hard!"

"Pull it out," I suggested, thinking the restrictiveness of his underwear and pants could easily injure him.

"Okay," he agreed, looking in major pain. "Don't look, okay?"

"I have to, baby; I'm your Mom and I'm afraid you're in big trouble! You're really going to have to take care of that, and soon," I advised him.

He tore down his pants and underwear to reveal the massive erection.

"Is that any better?" I asked, in awe of the almost equine-sized penis attached to my rather shy son.

"No," he groaned, as he started to pump himself, masturbating right in front of me, no longer remotely concerned about what I might see.

"Just come, and you'll feel better," I suggested, watching him begin to stroke his cock faster.

After a couple of minutes, he sighed, clearly frustrated, "It's not working."

So worried about him, I offered, "Maybe Mom can help."

"H-h-how?" He asked.

"Anything you need," I said, although not meaning anything sexual.

"Maybe if you, um..." he paused, "...stroked it?"

"Really?" I asked, my offer not really meaning a hand job, although I'd be lying if I said I wasn't completely captivated by the size of his big cock.

"Please, Mom, it's beginning to hurt so bad!" he said, sounding in such pain.

Feeling terrible, as it was my fault for leaving the stuff out in the open, I said as I nodded, "Okay... okay, son. I really shouldn't, but this is an emergency, so if it will help you, I'll do it," and I took his hard cock in one hand.

"Ohhhhhh," he groaned.

It was the hardest cock I'd ever felt! I wondered, *Is that the drug, or does he always get this hard?*

I decided to ask. "Do you usually get this hard, son?"

"All the time," he answered, my naughty, neglected mind thinking how awesome it would be to have a cock in the house that was always hard. *Especially after the previous five months!*

Besides my husband being limp and useless the last few months, he'd been a 'one and done' guy for twenty years.

"Oh my," I said, impressed, as I lowered myself in front of him to get a closer look at this massive, throbbing, hard colossus of a cock in my hand. (Yeah, I know I'm waxing a bit poetic, but this monster was fucking impressive and I was horny!)

"That feels so good, Mom," he said, as I slowly stroked his cock.

"You just need to come, honey," I reassured, "then you'll feel better."

"I'm trying," he said.

"I feel so bad, honey," I said.

I stroked his cock for a couple of minutes, staring at its majestic beauty the entire time, before I wondered if I could help speed up the process by massaging his balls. I said, "Mom's going to play with your balls to try and help you to ejaculate."

"Okay, anything!" he said, clearly still in pain.

I stroked his cock with one hand and cupped his ball sac with the other, hoping it would stimulate an orgasm.

"That feels nice, Mom," he said.

"Is the pain gone?" I asked a minute later, my face just inches from his raging rod and those large, full balls.

"No, it still hurts," he admitted, seeming quite antsy.

"I'm going to try something, but it's a bit unorthodox," I said, thinking if I sucked on his balls I might unclog whatever it was that was stopping his eruption.

"Okay, anything, Mom," he said.

I leaned forward and still stroking his cock, I sucked one of his balls into my mouth.

"Oh my God, Mom," he groaned.

"Just relax and let Mommy massage your scrotum," I soothed, realizing I'd just used 'Mommy' like I used to when he was in pain as a child and not an eighteen-year-old man with his fully-grown dick in my hand.

"It feels really good," he said.

I went back and forth between both balls, sucking them for a couple more minutes before I asked, "Anything, honey?"

"I'm just so hard," he said, not really answering the question, but answering the question.

I mindlessly agreed, although my thought was more about being *impressed* his cock was so hard, "Yes you really are."

"What?" he asked, luckily not picking up on my nuance.

After a pause I said, noticing him glancing at my nylon-clad feet, "I have another unorthodox idea, honey."

"Anything, Mommy," he said, looking so innocent and vulnerable and needing his Mommy to make it better.

"Do you like my nylons, honey?" I asked, even though I knew he did, since I'd noticed him looking at my nylon-clad legs and feet many times.

"Um, yeah," he awkwardly replied.

I continued, "I mean do you get excited looking at my legs and feet in sheer nylon? Does it turn you on?"

He whispered, "Yeah, it does. I'm really sorry, Mom."

"It's okay, honey, your father is a nylon man too," I comforted.

"He is?" he asked.

"That's why I wear them so much," I explained, as I stood up, grabbed a kitchen chair, sat down in it and lifted my right foot to his throbbing cock. I slowly rubbed the sole of my silky foot up and down his shaft.

"Oh, Mom," he gasped weakly, his entire body shivering.

"Do you like this?" I asked, as I added my other foot to his balls and proving I was not only flexible, but also an amazing multi-tasker, I stroked both my feet against the shaft and balls.

"So nice," he moaned, staring at my feet massaging his cock.

I began to use my toes on each side of his cock, slowly masturbating him with my feet.

"Oh, God," he groaned, obviously loving the feel of my toes.

"Is this helping?" I asked, being very skilled at foot jobs, something I'd been doing for my husband for over twenty years.

"It feels really nice," he said, moving his hands to my feet and gently rubbing them.

"If you want to pump your penis between my smooth stocking soles, go ahead if it will help," I offered, this often working for Carl.

"You sure?" he asked, clearly still in pain, but in awe with my offer.

"Anything to help you come, honey," I said, still slowly masturbating him. "I feel really bad."

"Okay, thanks," he said, as he grasped my ankles and began to pump his cock between the soles of my feet.

"That's it," I purred with encouragement, wanting to see his cock explode, "come all over Mommy's nylons."

"I'm trying," he said, really bucking his hips back and forth between my silky sheer feet.

Thinking maybe some dirty talk would help (Carl loved how filthy I could get in the bedroom), "Yes, honey, fuck Mommy's nylon-clad feet."

His eyes went wide at me using the 'f' word, not something he would ever hear from my mouth, but he kept pumping his hips, his thick cock head continually poking up through my feet as if playing a teasing game of peek-a-boo with me.

I couldn't deny it. I was really horny.

"Fuck my feet, baby," I repeated. "Fuck them with your big hard cock."

Again his eyes went wide as he asked, "Do you think it's big, Mom?"

"Honey, your cock is huge," I informed him.

"Really?" he asked, not knowing just how hung he actually was.

"I mean really fucking *huge*," I said.

"Cool," he said, continuing to fuck my feet.

But a minute later he groaned again. "I'm sorry Mom, it's not working."

"Have you ever fantasized about your Mommy?" I asked, as I moved my feet off his throbbing cock, hiked up the skirt of my dress, spread my legs and moved my thong aside for him.

"I... um... I..." he stammered helplessly, as he stared at my freshly shaved pussy.

"Tell me. Be honest, honey," I said, as I spread my legs wider and moved my hand to my wet pussy, spreading my lips and giving him an in-depth view of his Mom's pink, glistening pussy.

"Yes," he admitted, his gaze fixed between my legs, so horny that he couldn't even pretend he didn't fantasize about me.

"You have?" I asked, startled, actually surprised by the answer. I mean I knew he checked me out sometimes and definitely drooled over my nylon legs and feet... but this was a whole new level. I'd only asked the question to try and turn him on.

"Mom, all my friends want to fuck you," he said.

"They do?" I asked, again surprised.

"They go on about you being 'such a hot MILF' all the time, it's actually pretty annoying," he said.

"I can imagine," I said, rubbing myself, the idea of his friends wanting to fuck me turning me on; a couple of them were pretty hot! "How often do you fantasize about Mommy, baby?"

Again, all he seemed able to do was to stare at my spread-open pussy and rapidly stroke himself.

"Lots?" I prompted, as I slowly began rubbing myself as my son continued stroking himself, the idea that he jerked off to me, and was even doing it *right now* was pretty damn exciting.

"All the time," he revealed, stroking his cock faster.

"What do you fantasize about?" I asked, as I slid a finger inside myself.

"You," he said simply. He was very much present, but so focussed on my pussy and on trying to get himself off that he seemed to be struggling to find the brain-power to speak more than a few words at a time.

"Watch Mommy finger her pussy, baby," I said seductively. I then added, figuring the closer I could get to his fantasy, the more likely I could get him off. "Imagine my finger is your big cock pounding Mommy."

"Oh God, Mom," he moaned.

"Your cock is just so fucking impressive, baby," I continued, as I pumped my finger in and out of my very wet pussy. The idea of that big cock pounding into me for real was suddenly intriguing... so much so that I had to remind myself he was my son.

"Is this helping?" I asked.

"It's definitely getting my cock even harder," he admitted, staring at the magic trick of my finger disappearing and then reappearing. I don't think he was even aware that his tongue was flicking out and back into his mouth in perfect sync with my finger as if it were doing the fucking.

"Imagine your hard cock fucking Mommy," I crooned bluntly, desperate to get him off.

"Oh God," he groaned, a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"It's not working?" I asked, pulling my finger out and pulling my dress and thong off, desperate times calling for desperate measures. "Do you want to see Mommy's tits?"

"God, yes, please," he moaned and groaned at the same time as he stared at my chest.

"Should Mommy take off her bra for you?" I asked, as I moved my hands behind my back, not waiting for a response.

He stammered, my tits more exciting to him than my pussy, "Mmmm-Hmmm. Y-y-yes."

"They're pretty big, aren't they?" I asked demurely as I tossed my bra aside and cupped them, squeezing my long nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. Except for my thigh highs, which I knew he loved, I was now totally starkers in front of my horny son.

"So big," he said, staring at them like they were a solar eclipse you can't take your eyes off of even though you know you should look away.

"You used to love sucking on these when you were a baby," I reminded him, trying to get him off at all costs.

He kept stroking furiously as I added, speaking as sultrily as I could, "Why don't you get closer and come all over Mommy's tits, baby?"

He moved close to me and stroked himself right in front of me, his cock aimed directly at my tits.

After a minute or two, he asked, "Can I suck on them?"

"Think it will help?" I asked.

"I-I-I hope so," was all he managed to answer, dropping to his knees in front of me, his mouth hanging open.

I leaned forward, offering my right tit to him and urged, "Go ahead, baby, Suck on Mommy's big titties."

I kept telling myself this wasn't wrong. I was just doing whatever it took to get my son to come. He wouldn't be okay until he came, and it was my motherly duty to make sure he was okay. I tried not to remind myself how much I wanted to come right now!

He let go of his cock and cupped both my tits as he sucked my nipple into his mouth.

"Oh yes," I moaned, my nipples always super sensitive when sucked on or pinched. He was zapping hot pleasure through my tits and directly to my pussy. "Mommy loves having her nipples sucked on!"

"So big," he murmured almost inaudibly, as he played with my boobies in complete awe. His hands were everywhere, his lips and tongue roaming randomly.

I moaned again, "As is your hard cock, baby."

After another minute, he asked, "I don't want to let go of these beauties, but I've gotta come! Can I fuck your tits, Mom?"

"These big things?" I asked coyly, cupping my big breasts.

"Yeah," he groaned, moving his hand to his cock.

"You think it will help with your problem?" I asked.

"God, I hope so," he said, standing up and poking his cock towards my tits.

"So you want to fuck Mommy's massive tits?" I asked, as I leaned forward, allowing his cock to go between them. I squeezed my tits around his hard cock.

"God, yes," he groaned, as he began fucking my tits.

"Yes, baby, fuck Mommy's tits, and shoot your cum between them," I whispered seductively.

"Oh yes," he said, as he pumped his cock between them.

I dropped some saliva down between my tits, "Here is some extra wetness, baby."

"So good," he groaned.

I offered, taking over, beginning to move my body up and down to masturbate his cock between my tits, "Let Mommy do the heavy lifting."

"Don't stop, Mom," he said, "whatever you do, don't stop!"

"I want your cum shooting between Mommy's massive tits, big boy," I said, thinking he was close.

"I'm so hard, Mom," he moaned, clearly frustrated he hadn't come yet.

"Trust me, I know," I said, as I added, "Your cock feels so good between Mommy's tits."

"I just can't come," he said frustrated.

I said, as I let go of my tits, "Your cock is too dry, honey."

"It's beginning to feel raw," he agreed, looking to be in a lot of pain.

"Well, I have one more idea, but it's pretty unorthodox," I said.

"I haven't complained so far, and this has all been pretty unorthodox," he pointed out.

"True," I laughed, as I suggested, "let's go to the bedroom."

"Really?" he asked.

"Standing up can't be too comfortable," I pointed out. "Maybe that's why you can't come."

"Maybe," he agreed, before adding, "I'm willing to try anything."

"And I'll do anything I can to help, honey," I said, my next idea definitely crossing another line... although this entire episode was catapulting across lots of lines.

I stripped all his clothes off (thinking how different he looked from the last time I'd done this, when he was seven and it was bath time), took his hand, led him to my bedroom and pushed him onto the bed as I said, "Let Mommy take care of you, son."

"Okay," he said, laying on the bed, his erect cock standing at full attention as if silently begging for me to suck it.

I crawled onto the bed between his legs and said, "I have an idea I'm sure will work, honey, but you can't tell anyone."

"Who would I tell?" he asked, as I took his throbbing missile in my hand.

"I mean it, son," I said seriously. "What I'm about to do is not something mothers do for their sons."

"Do anything you can! I won't tell, I promise," he whined.

"I'm just going to lick your shaft, honey," I told him, not waiting for any agreement, as I started at the bottom and licked all the way to the top.

"Oh, God! That feels amazing, Mom," he groaned.

"Should Mommy suck your cock head, honey?" I asked, as I swirled my tongue around it.

"Please, Mom, I need to come so bad," he whined, my tongue so far doing more teasing than pleasing.

"Now remember, don't tell a soul," I reminded him.

"I promise," he said, "do anything you want," as I opened my mouth and took his hard cock between my lips.

"Oh... oh my God," he groaned, as I began to suck his cock.

I sucked his cock for two or three minutes, eventually taking almost all of his long cock in my mouth.

I pulled back and asked, as I tapped his cock on my tits, "Any closer, honey?"

"I keep thinking so," he said, "but then I still don't come. Maybe if I face fucked you?"

I had *never* heard such words from my son! But by this point I was so into him I thought it sounded like a great idea. Not waiting for permission, he was already getting off the bed as I asked, "Do you want to face fuck Mommy with that massive dick?"

"Yes, I really do," he answered, I mean who *wouldn't* want to? So I turned onto my stomach, placed my mouth at the end of the bed, and offered my open lips for his personal occupancy.

"I want you to fuck Mommy's face and go balls deep, honey," I wickedly said, "I can open my throat for you, so don't hold back," as his cock moved to my lips.

"Open wide," he ordered.

"I like a man who can take charge, son," I admitted, this sudden more aggressive side of him turning me on even more than I already was.

He slid his cock into my mouth and began fucking my face... slowly at first.

I tried to create as much saliva as I could to create a whirlpool of pleasure as he tentatively face fucked me.

I wanted to coax him to fuck my face rougher, but I had a mouthful of cock. Instead I bent my knees, stretched my legs up and grabbed my feet, showing my flexibility... thank God for yoga.... My

attempt was to turn him on in any way possible.

"Holy shit, you're flexible, Mom," he acknowledged.

I moaned on his cock in response.

He then began fucking my face faster, allowing more of his massive snake to glide inside.

I moaned again in encouragement, concentrating on relaxing my throat.

Another minute and he began to finally really face fuck me, his entire cock tickling my tonsils, his balls bouncing off my chin... fuck was I loving it! I wished my husband would be this aggressive or had this big a cock! Slobbering sounds emerged from my mouth as I was used for my son's pleasure.

"Fuck, I just can't come," he cried in frustration, as he pulled out of my mouth, saliva dripping from his cock back to my lips.

"Honey, just keep face fucking Mommy," I suggested. "I mean didn't it excite you having your balls bouncing off my chin like that?"

"It was really hot," he admitted. "But I just can't come."

"I can suck you faster," I offered.

"Actually, can I lick your pussy?" he asked.

"Do you think that will help?" I asked, not sure how licking me would help him shoot his load... although my cunt was so wet by now that I sure wouldn't mind his tongue down there.

"It can't hurt," he shrugged. "If I get excited enough..."

"Okay," I agreed, flipping from my tummy to my back and spreading my legs... offering my wet peach to my hungry, horny son.

He eagerly crawled between my legs and buried his face in my twat.

On contact, I moaned, "That feels so good, honey."

"You taste so good," he responded, as he stiffened his tongue and probed it between my pussy lips before licking me all over.

After a couple of minutes of licking, as he roamed everywhere, his eagerness really driving me crazy, teasing me relentlessly as he didn't stay in one spot long enough to get me off, "Am I doing well, Mom?"

Only my son would think to use 'well' instead of 'good' at a time like this. I moaned, "Oh fuck, baby, so well," as my already fevered pussy began bubbling inside of me. "You have Mommy so horny!"

"Awesome," he groaned, stroking his cock while licking me.

Maybe eating me *would* get him off.

I then added, "Shove a finger up Mommy's ass baby. Maybe that will help me come and help get you off."

"Okay," he agreed, as he kept licking me and slid a finger easily into my ass.

I moaned, "Yes, finger fuck your Mommy's ass, baby!"

He began pumping his finger in and out of me as he licked me. A minute later my orgasm was getting so close, as I demanded, "Suck on my clit, baby. You have Mommy *so close!*"

He obeyed, tugging on my clit with his lips.

"I'm about to come from your tongue, son," I moaned.

Seconds later, I grabbed my son's head and pulled his face deep into my cunt and began grinding on his face, completely forgetting that this was supposed to be all for him, as my need to come took charge.

And a few seconds later, I came... hard.

I screamed, "I'm *coming!*"

He kept licking and fingering my ass throughout my orgasm.

After an entire minute of intense pleasure, I settled down and joked, "At least one of us got to come."

He groaned desperately, "I'm glad; but I still need to come *so bad.*"

"I know," I said, as he got back onto the bed and before I even had time to think, his cock was inside me.

I gasped with a moan, "David!"

"It just slipped in," he said offhandedly, as he hovered over me and began fucking me.

I smiled, "It did, did it?"

"Yeah, kinda, but this may just do the trick," he said.

"Well, then I'd better let you fuck Mommy with your huge mother fucking cock," I said wickedly. I knew this was no accident, but he wasn't the only one who wanted his cock right where it was!

"Oh God, Mom, I love when you talk dirty," he said, as he pumped in and out of me.

"Are you enjoying being a mother fucker, you mother fucker?" I asked, wrapping my nylon-sheathed legs around him and pulling him deeper into me.

"Oh yes, this is so hot," he said.

"Any closer?" I asked, after a couple dozen strokes.

"No," he said. "But this is even better than I imagined."

"Did you fantasize this exact moment?" I asked.

"Every day for about a gazillion years," he said, as he began really fucking me hard.

"Well, we can keep doing this all day until you shoot that big load buried in those big balls."

"Okay," he said.

After another minute or two, he ordered, "Get on all fours."

"You want to fuck me like a dog?" I asked, as he pulled out and I quickly got into the required position.

"Yeah, you can be my pet Mommy," he said, as he moved behind me and slid right back in.

"This pet really loves your big bone," I said, moaning loudly, thoroughly enjoying getting pounded from behind.

"Luckily this bone is always available," he replied, as he held my hips firmly and really began slamming into me.

For the first time since a brief thought earlier, I wondered if this could or would be a more than one-time thing. Did I want it to be? Should I allow it to be? If I decided against it could I even control myself?

I said, deciding to make it a role play for now, although opening the door to make it a reality if I chose to, "Are you thinking of making me your live-in Mommy cum deposit?"

"Oh yeah," he said, before adding, "But be careful what you ask for, I usually come three to six times a day."

"Oh my, that is a lot of cum deposits," I purred, the idea of so many loads a major turn-on, and five more than my husband on even his best day.

"Do you want to be my Mommy slut?" he asked.

"Yes," I moaned sincerely, the role play idea dying a quick death, a second orgasm building inside me. I couldn't recall the last time my husband had actually gotten me off and I definitely couldn't recall ever having multiple orgasms... with him, anyway. With my toys... sure.

"Say it," he ordered, stopping with his cock buried deep inside me.

Again with my lust taking control of me, I obeyed, responding, "Yes, son, Mommy wants to be your Mommy-slut, your cum bucket, your live-in fuck toy. Now shoot your big load in Mommy's wet cunt."

He chuckled actually, surprising me, as he said, "It seems you're getting off on this even more than I am."

"Your big dick has me raging like a porn star bimbo," I admitted, dying for him to resume fucking me.

"Tell me again you want to be my slut," he ordered, giving three quick, hard thrusts.

"Yes, yes, son, I want to be your fuck slut," I declared. "I want to take a load for breakfast! I want you to come home at lunch and deposit a load in Mommy! I want my late-night snack to be extracted from your big balls!"

"Oh fuck, Mom," he groaned, resuming fucking me. "This is so hot."

"Keep fucking your pet Mommy-slut until you can't handle it anymore and cum wherever you want," I said. "In Mommy's cunt, down Mommy's throat, all over her big tits or all over her face."

"Oh fuck, Mom," he groaned. "I think I'm getting close."

"Just tell your slut what to do, baby."

"Bounce back on me," he ordered, "hard."

"Sure thing," I agreed, as I began to fuck myself on his massive dick, bouncing back hard and taking every inch of his dick.

"Oh yes, Mom, don't you dare stop," he groaned.

"Fill Mommy's cunt with your load, baby," I said, trying to milk his cock the best I could.

"Oh fuck, yes," he moaned loudly, his breathing changing in a way that told me he was finally close.

"Do it son, fill my cunt with your cum and claim me as your full-time Mommy cum-slut."

"Oh fuck, yes, fuck, ride me, you fucking slut," he said, his breathing getting even more erratic.

"Fill Mommy, Master, fill your sex slave with your dominant cum," I said, trying whatever I could think of to get him off, even as my own next orgasm was imminent.

"So close," he said.

"Mommy too, baby!" I said, furiously riding his cock, burning a lot of calories as I did so. "Come with me, son. Come... come... fuck... COME WITH ME!" I screamed, as my second orgasm hit me.

A few seconds later, he demanded, "Open wide!" pulling out of me, and moving his cock to my face as he stroked it furiously.

"Yes!" I moaned loudly, moving my hand to my clit to rub myself through my continuing second intense orgasm, "Come all over Mommy's face with your big load."

I had just finished my plea when the first massive wad exploded right onto my face. Five more ropes followed, as he completely coated my face with easily the biggest load I'd ever seen!

Once he was done, my eyes closed, both coated in cum, I leaned up, opened my mouth and he slid it right in.

I nursed his cock for any more cum and used my mouth and tongue to clean it thoroughly, before I collapsed back onto the bed and asked, "Feeling better?"

"Yeah," he agreed.

"That was the most amazing fuck ever," I admitted, as I scooped the cum off my eyes and slurped it into my mouth.

"Agreed," he said, before adding, surprising me, "Although that is based on only this once."

"You're a virgin?" I asked, shocked.

"I was," he admitted, as I opened my eyes.

"You never fucked Sandra?" I asked, his girlfriend for a year before they broke up a month ago.

"Just a couple blow jobs. Usually I went down on her," he said.

"Well that explains why you were so good at that," I smiled.

"Practice makes perfect," he said.

"Agreed," I said, looking at his cock, which was still completely erect. I asked, as I reached for his cock, "How long does it take for this cannon to reload?"

"With you around? Not long at all," he said, but that's not because of Dad's drug; you just make me really horny."

I felt a sinking feeling. "David, tell me what you mean."

"Mom, I wasn't lying about how turned on you've always gotten me and how hot I think you are. But I was lying about the drug: I didn't take any."

"What? How?" I gasped.

"There was a label on the spray bottle saying what it was for, Mom. And the liquid was red, so I opened the bottle, but just poured myself a glass of cranberry juice from the refrigerator."

"But... but..." I spluttered, "...you were so big and hard! How could you have faked that?"

"Didn't have to! Just the idea of getting it on with my hot Mom had me harder than granite! All I had to fake was the desperation, and once we got going, I didn't have to fake much of that either. Are you mad, Mom?"

"Oh dear," I moaned, feeling a bit of guilt, but surprised to feel no anger at all. "I should be, honey, but God I haven't come like that in forever." After a pause, as I looked at his hard cock, I added, "God, maybe ever."

"Really?" he asked, clearly still worried of my reaction of the truth. He had played me. He had tricked me into fucking him.

"Son," I said, as I realized I still had my hand wrapped around his hard cock and I leaned forward invitingly. "I know this is wrong, but I can't resist this cock."

I leaned forward and showed I definitely wasn't mad at him as I took his cock in my mouth.

"Oh, God," he groaned, I imagine relieved that I wasn't mad.

After a dozen bobs, I took his cock out of my mouth and said, looking up at him from my submissive position, still stroking his cock, "I still want to be your fuck slut!" I then corrected myself, "No, I need to be your slut."

He grinned at me possessively as he replied, "And I still want you to be," before he shoved his monster into my mouth.

As I resumed bobbing, this time without any pretense that I was protecting him from harm, I thought to myself, *There's no way I can resist this cock, not now, not tomorrow, not ever.*

As I sucked on my son's big cock, I decided I would be tossing away that drug... I wouldn't need a drug-induced hard-on from my neglectful husband when I had a natural, bigger, harder and quickly refueled cock in the house.

After a few minutes of slow sucking, I offered, "You know, there is still one hole you haven't fucked yet!"

"Really?" he asked.

I went to get the lube I used on myself on occasion when I played with my butt (rarely) as I said, "A true Mommy-slut is a three-hole Mommy-slut, isn't she?"

"I can't believe you just said that," he said, awestruck.

I grabbed the lube and said, "Just so you know, I meant every word. I want to be your slut, son. You can fuck me whenever you want, and I'll suck you whenever you want. If you don't think of it often enough, I'll pester you."

"This is a dream come true!" he said, as I lubed his cock.

"It had better be a dream cum true," I countered, gesturing air quotation marks around 'cum'.

"Get on all fours, my little ass slut," he ordered.

"Yes, Master," I said, wanting him to take control.

"Master, I like that," he said as he moved behind me and positioned his cock at my puckered rosebud.

"Just slide it in, baby," I said. "Mommy loves it in the ass."

"Best day ever," he groaned, as he pushed forward and his cock slid in my ass.

"Best cock ever," I moaned, as I gave all three of my holes to my no-longer-virgin son.

THE END