

A MOMMY'S NEED: A BIG DICKED SON

silkstockingslover

Mom spies her son's dick on a surveillance camera and...

Incest/Taboo

4.7

11.3k words

Summary: Mom spies her son's dick on a surveillance camera and....

Note: This is a 2019 Nude Day Contest Story.

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven and Robert for editing this story.

*

Walking in on my husband fucking his much younger secretary had gotten my pussy as dry as the Sahara Desert.

I now hated men.

I'd lost interest in sex.

The only thing that made it worse was I'd made my discovery while I was dressed in sexy lingerie and a trench coat because I'd decided to surprise him, since he'd been working late nights trying to close a big deal. I'd stripped off the coat, flung open his office door and cried out, "Surprise!" Well, it had most certainly *been* a surprise for all concerned.

That was eight months ago.

I'd given my husband the boot, and the judge had awarded me the house and car. Our two kids were old enough they didn't need to be awarded to anyone, and they both pledged all their love and support to me, the sweethearts.

But my pussy had remained a desert.

Dry.

Ignored.

Unexplored.

Living, metaphorically, in a desert.

So I continued working as a nurse, now picking up every shift I possibly could, both because I was now the only breadwinner, and also to fill up my days and nights with activity instead of moping around.

I'd put a security system in my home for a few reasons:

1. I was about to be living alone, my just graduated from college daughter Eleanor spending the summer in Europe, and my son Jason had just done his first year of college (although he was home

for the summer and thus my empty nest syndrome wouldn't come in and kill me to the core until late August).

2. The home would be empty a lot with my working more and no kids at home.

3. There'd been an increase in break-ins in the area during the last year with the downturn in the economy.

4. It lowered my home insurance enough that now it was only a nineteen dollar per month cost.

So I had hidden cameras in most rooms of the house except for the bathrooms and the kids' bedrooms. A burglar can't spray-paint a camera he can't detect.

Today I was on my break at the hospital and figured I'd check out my new system; it had been installed last month, but until last night I hadn't figured out how to use the app.

In no way did I intend to spy on my son... although what I witnessed shocked me to the core. He was in my bedroom, naked, stroking his cock using one of my nylons and appeared to be talking to someone while his laptop was open (assumedly to porn, but the screen was facing away from the camera).

I stared in shock.

Realizing I was watching my son jerk off, I quickly exited from the app. After a moment though, I decided to check on him again with the idea that I needed to see if he was talking to someone. It was one thing to masturbate at home, even on your mother's bed, but quite another to invite someone over for sex.

I grabbed my ear buds from my purse and went to the washroom.

I sat on the toilet, put my earbuds in and pulled the app back up.

My son was still on my bed, still jerking himself off, but what I heard next was way more shocking than seeing him masturbating with one of my nylons on my bed.

"That's it, Mom, suck my dick," he groaned, his eyes closed. There was no stranger in my house, he was pretending to have sex with ME!

I let out a loud gasp at such inappropriate words from my mild-mannered son... the inappropriate words being about me. In a way, he was inviting his *Mother* over for sex.

"Oh yes, beg for it, Mommy-slut," he moaned, furiously beating his meat.

Mommy-slut?

I couldn't believe what I was hearing... yet instead of closing the app and confronting him over his foul language and inappropriate declarations about me when I got home, I kept watching and listening, which included, for the first time since he was ten, taking a better look at my son's cock.

His damn *big* cock. Or at least it seemed pretty damn big on my small phone screen.

Shit, clearly I needed to get laid if my son's cock was fascinating me... and, oh my God.

My eyes went wide as he grunted, "Get ready for my load, Mommy cum bucket."

Okay, now I definitely *was* spying on my son. Perving, even. Riveted to the screen, I watched in voyeuristic awe, unable to tear my eyes away from his cock. I knew it was wrong, but I was visually paralyzed and to make matters worse, my pussy was on fire. Before I knew it, my hand was under my dress, happy I'd worn thigh highs today like I often did (my secret rebellion against a hospital dress code requiring pantyhose) and rubbed my pussy, suddenly needy and begging for attention, over my wet panties.

"You want my cum, don't you, you cum-hungry Mommy-slut?" he asked, as if expecting an answer in the affirmative.

I automatically whispered "Yes," then was mortified to hear what I'd just said.

Yet truth was, I'd always loved sucking cock, loved swallowing cum, even loved taking warm loads on my face... it was part of my natural submissive persona that only a few of my previous lovers knew about. But in a relationship with a partner who was open to being dominant, I was a very obedient girlfriend or later, wife. I'd sucked cock in a number of kinky taboo places including:

- taxi (twice) and an uber once, just a few months before my husband's betrayal

- at my future mother-in-law's house in the kitchen under their table while he chatted with both his parents (thank God for a long tablecloth that hid me completely)

- in a few different locations in my high school and in college (including the Dean's office accepting a wild dare)

- and the wildest: while hiding inside a church podium up on the dais as my boyfriend at the time, the son of the Minister, preached sexual blasphemy (such as 'Honour your father and mother with your dick in their mouths') to empty pews as I bobbed on his cock. This nasty act was even hotter since across the hallway was occurring a Christmas dinner feeding the homeless.

It wasn't my son's cock I wanted specifically... clearly, I just needed a cock.

Now!

I was furiously rubbing myself, staring at his hand stroking his cock, imagining myself eagerly obeying every nasty command emerging from his mouth.

"Oh yes, Mommy looks so good with my big cock in her mouth," he groaned, as I envisioned being on my knees devouring that big cock.

"Or maybe Mommy prefers it in her tight cunt," he said, hearing him say cunt somehow more shocking than all his other shocking words.

"Oh yes," I moaned, my own orgasm imminent. Fuck, I *needed* that cock inside me. I mean... *a* cock inside me.

"Want to be my Mommy-slut?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," I moaned a little too loud as my orgasm was about to erupt.

Then in a crazy moment of serendipity, we both came at the same time, he oblivious to the special mother-son moment we were sharing, as I came just as he grunted, "Take my load, Mommy," before massive bullets of cum shot up in the air.

I collapsed back onto the toilet and allowed the orgasm, my most intense on my own that I could remember, to course through me.

I just sat there for a couple of minutes, trying to regain some energy after my epic orgasm before opening my eyes and seeing that he was putting my stocking and its presumably clean mate in my laundry hamper. He'd obviously thought his subterfuge through, so this probably wasn't the first time.

I shook my head, now mortified at what I'd just done.

I'd watched my son *masturbate*.

I'd gotten *turned on* watching him masturbate.

I'd *masturbated* watching him masturbate.

What the hell is wrong with me?

Yet as I stood up feeling excessive wetness I smirked, thinking... *my barren desert finally got some rain.*

I washed my face and hands, sure couldn't be dealing with patients with pussy scent on my fingers, and I returned for the last four hours of my shift... which were crazy hectic but allowed me to push my sick sin out of my head.

My day done, I did what I did every day when my shift was done since Jason had returned home, I texted him: **Be home soon.**

He responded a moment later: **Great. I'll start supper.**

I smiled at his thoughtfulness; this was the Jason I knew: caring and thoughtful... a Momma's boy in the best sense... not a mother fucker.

Oh, fuck... what a nasty term.

As I typed him a response, his big cock popped into my head. I shook my head as if my memory were an Etch-a-Sketch I could erase (wouldn't it be nice if we could get rid of unwanted memories that easily?) and I responded, trying to believe the words I was typing: **Thanks, honey. You're such a good son.**

Now what should I do?

Confront him?

Then he'd know I was spying on him.

Scold him?

What would that do but humiliate him?

How would I even bring it up?

'Hey, honey, I saw you jerking off on my bed with my stocking and calling me nasty slut names'.

The only thing more confounding than my son's fantasy of using me as his slut was the way my pussy was once again undeniably wet as I replayed in my head what I'd witnessed earlier.

Why?

Sure, I hadn't had sex in months, not even an orgasm... I'd literally stopped having any desire for sexual pleasure.

And truthfully, I hadn't missed it.

I mean my husband had seldom gotten me off even before we were married. He didn't go down on me ever, the way I came best and most intensely (I learned that in college from a very eager pussy pleasing boyfriend, as well as during a few lesbian encounters where I both gave and received oral pleasure), since hubby thought it was disgusting and unsanitary... of course he didn't see it that way when he wanted *me* to give head.

He had a decent six-inch cock that could get me revved up, but his lack of stamina usually meant he was done long before I was.

On the other hand, although maybe my mind was playing tricks on me, Jason's cock seemed bigger than his dad's.

A lot bigger.

Longer.

Thicker.

And man, did he shoot buckets.

Although I looked pretty prim and proper, I loved sucking cock... and unlike many girls... I loved cum.

I loved its salty taste.

I loved its sticky, slippery texture.

I loved the feeling as it glided down my throat.

I loved its warmth as it splattered on my face.

I loved rubbing cum all over my face, having read somewhere that cum helped a woman's complexion, and for years I'd lived by that theory. Upon reflection, my complexion hadn't been as pure recently, and although I thought it was from stress and lack of sleep from all my double shifts, maybe my face was just missing its homemade whipped cream.

I shook my head after slamming on the brakes at the last moment for a red light. What was happening to me? I see just one cock, and suddenly I'm horny as fuck. Worse... the cock I'm focussing on is my son's.

Shit.

I managed to concentrate on the road for the last couple of minutes driving home and pulled into the driveway.

I went inside and declared a little louder than usual, "I'm home."

"So I hear," he called back, mocking my volume.

"Sorry," I laughed, walking into the kitchen. "I'm a little off today."

"Not feeling well?" he asked.

"Why do you say that?" I asked, as for some involuntary reason I glanced down at his crotch and just as quickly looked away.

"Your cheeks are flushed," he pointed out.

"Oh," I said, now feeling guilty, even though he should've been the one feeling guilty.

"You okay?" he still wanted to know, looking at me concernedly.

"Yeah, yeah," I said, waving him off. "What did you do this afternoon?" I asked, changing the topic to see what he'd say.

"Just surfed on the net," he answered, as again I felt my gaze go lower. How could he hide that big tool of his in those shorts?

"Is that lingo for porn?" I joked, something I'd never remotely implied before. Sexual teasing was completely out of character for me, and I noticed him staring at the floor, or rather directly at my feet.

"What? No," he replied too quickly.

"It's okay, you must watch porn," I generalised. "You're almost nineteen."

"I wasn't, really I wasn't," he repeated, his eyes trying to remain on me but repeatedly detouring to my feet, just like my eyes were continually drawn to the impressive package hiding in his shorts. A package that seemed forever burned in my brain.

"It's okay," I said, wiggling my toes, wondering if a stocking-clad foot fetish could be hereditary. His father had loved me in them... of course he'd also liked his secretary in them. Asshole. "You're eighteen, you can look at porn. Watch videos, read hot stories..."

"Mom!" he gasped, surprised by what I was saying, and I saw his cock flinch in his shorts.

"I'd be concerned if you didn't," I added playfully.

"I can't believe we're talking about porn," he said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"What?" I asked, wiggling my toes and getting the immediate attention I was anticipating. Also a flinch in his crotch and a stammering of distraction. I continued the playful onslaught, "So, my innocent son, you're saying if I searched your browser history I wouldn't find any porn sites?"

"I-I-I," he stammered.

"It's alright, honey," I said, for some reason really enjoying teasing him... something I used to enjoy doing to his father with my nylon-clad legs back in the better days of our marriage. "Without your

father here to have these conversations with you, I probably should step forward. You can just think of me as your loving surrogate father figure... except I have a vagina."

"This is so weird," he said.

"This conversation or watching porn?" I asked.

"This conversation," he clarified.

"Ah-ha, so you *do* watch porn!" I declared as if I'd just solved a challenging case.

"You did say it was natural," he pointed out, getting a little more comfortable.

"Yes, I did," I concurred. "Everyone does it."

"Even you?" he asked, gaining some confidence from this conversation.

"I plead the Fifth," I replied coyly, even though my tone admitted the answer was obviously yes.

"No pleading," he said.

"I used to love to plead," I responded in a seductive voice that didn't even try to hide the innuendo I was bluntly putting forward, my twisted mind overriding my moral mother side.

For a boy who fantasized turning his mother into a sex slut for himself, he sure wasn't catching on to the plethora of hints I was throwing at him. He asked, "What do you mean?"

"Sorry, I probably shouldn't have said that," I replied, meaning it, yet also wanting him to dig deeper. I couldn't explain it, but my long-dormant sex drive had been awakened like a lightning strike directly to my libido, and I was like a cougar on the hunt.

"You can't say something intriguing and then refuse to clarify it," he said, looking at my freshly painted (well, yesterday) red toenails.

"It's a little inappropriate," I said coyly, wanting him to ask, or perhaps even order me to tell him.

"I think we crossed that particular red line back when you accused me of watching porn," he pointed out,

"Which you do," I countered.

"Perhaps," he shrugged, "but that doesn't mean you can chicken out of explaining your innuendo."

"Fine," I sighed over-dramatically and then blurted out, "your father used to make me beg for his member."

"Oh!" he said after a long pause that seemed like an eternity.

"I said you wouldn't want to know," I pointed out.

"It's okay," he said, staring at my feet again.

"How long until supper?" I asked.

"About twenty minutes."

"Can you do me a favour?" I asked, wanting to keep this conversation going as long as I could.

"What?" he asked, still unable to make eye contact.

"Well, for one thing, look me in the eye," I said.

"Sorry," he apologized, as I realized he wasn't embarrassed by the conversation, he was just perving on my sexy feet.

"It's a bit of a weird request," I said, again wanting to draw him in.

"You can ask me to do anything," he said.

"Can we delay dinner and you give me a foot massage?" I requested. "I haven't had one since your dad left the picture. It was the one thing he did that I miss."

"Sure," he said a bit too quickly, confirming my 99% deduction that he was a nylon foot fetish guy. The fact he jerked off with my nylons just added weight to my conclusion.

"Thanks, honey," I said, as I took his hand and led him into the living room.

I sat down at one end of the couch and he hovered, not knowing what to do.

"Sit on the couch with me," I said, pointing to the other end.

"Okay," he said.

I then swung my feet onto his lap.

He put his hands on my right foot and started vaguely massaging it. "Begin with each toe, please," I instructed.

"Okay," he repeated, a little nervous.

"It really relaxes me," I said, which was true.

"Okay," he repeated again, in awe of what he was doing. If I was correct, he'd fantasized about doing this many times, and now that he was, he was in a bit of a pinch-me-is-this-really-happening mindset.

"So... happy to be home?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's nice not to have school," he said.

"Not nice to spend time with your mother?" I asked.

"It's obviously always nice to be with you too," he countered.

"It'd better be."

"It is, it is," he overstated his case.

"That feels very nice," I said. "Thank you for doing this."

"Any time."

"Be careful what you offer," I smiled. "You may have your mother's feet in your lap all summer."

As I said that, I felt his cock flinch underneath my feet.

"Any time," he confirmed, as he finished all ten toes.

"Rub my soles now, please," I asked.

"Sure," he said, and he began doing just that.

"You're very good at this," I said, encouraging him.

"Your nylons are really soft," he said.

"Sheer silk," I explained. "I order them online from Europe."

"Cool."

"Yeah, they're called tights over there," I explained. "But they make much better quality than we Yanks."

"So I can feel," he said.

"Not many girls wear them anymore," I continued, enjoying the conversation, the massage, his hard cock occasionally twitching beneath my feet.

"Tell me about it," he said, all worldly wise.

"You like nylons?" I asked, though I already knew.

"Yeah," he nodded. "I think they're sexy."

"They really do accentuate a pair of legs," I said. "Feminine ones, of course."

"Agreed," Jason said, as he checked out my nylon-clad legs from the hem of my short skirt down to my feet.

"Most women don't wear them."

"And almost no college girls do either," he said.

"Figures," I said. "Girls today are lazy."

"Some professors do though," he said.

"That's good," I said. "Nylons are sexy and they also look professional."

"Many older women still wear them," he added.

"Are you calling me old?" I pouted.

"No, no," he apologized. "I just meant that most women who wear them are older than me."

"I guess I am old," I said.

"Since you're my mother, it's kind of unavoidable that you're a couple decades older than me, but you're still very beautiful," he complimented.

"Thank you," I said. "You're sweet. A liar, but sweet."

"I'm not lying at all," he said. "Not only do I think you're the loveliest woman imaginable, but all my friends in high school said you were a MILF."

"Really?" I asked, although I already knew a couple of his best friends had the hots for me.

"They talked about you all the time," he said.

"That must have been annoying," I said.

"I got used to it," he said. "Actually, I was rather proud of you."

"Well, that's good to know," I said. "Since your father left, I haven't felt very beautiful at all."

"He's a dumbass," Jason said.

"Agreed," I laughed as the phone rang. "Thanks, honey."

"Any time," he repeated his mantra, as I moved my feet off him and noticed him slyly adjusting his cock.

I answered my phone.

It was the hospital.

They were desperate to fill an evening shift.

Although I was tired, I figured I could use the overtime, so I agreed.

I told Jason I was going back to work for eleven tonight. Which meant I wouldn't get off until seven in the morning.

We ate, I took a two-hour power nap, showered and headed back to work.

.....

The night shift usually consists of many long, uneventful hours interspersed with the odd period of extreme crisis. Tonight was incredibly slow, and I was on my phone reading twitter and checking out trips I could take (I do that a lot... check out locations I'll likely never go to) when my phone buzzed, informing me someone was at my front door.

It was one-thirty in the morning.

Who could possibly be ringing my doorbell in the wee hours?

Curious, I clicked on the app and saw Abby, my next-door neighbour, a downright bitch, wearing a trench coat.

Weird.

A moment later the door opened, and I clicked to listen in on the conversation while keeping myself muted. Yes, if I wished, I could warn a burglar to skedaddle.

"Hey, slut," Jason greeted her. "You're late."

No way.

"My daughter came home late, and I had to wait until she went to her room before I could sneak out," Abby explained.

"She doesn't know how big an ass whore her mother is?" Jason asked crudely.

"Please let me in," Abby said, looking around as if someone might catch her in my doorway at one-thirty in the morning.

"Answer the question," Jason ordered. I couldn't see him, just her... but it was obvious he was enjoying humiliating her... and in so doing was also entertaining me.

I wondered how this encounter could possibly occur, although Jason had been her lawn boy last summer. No way had he banged her then, had he?

Abby was married to a guy fifteen years older than she, and I'm pretty sure had never worked a day in her life.

"Yes," Abby replied sheepishly, so quiet I wasn't sure I'd heard her.

"Yes, what?" Jason questioned.

"Yes, my daughter doesn't know I'm an ass slut," Abby admitted. "Now please let me in."

"To do what?" Jason asked.

"To let you fuck any hole of mine you want while my husband snores in our bed," Abby answered bluntly, her shame fading as my son's dominant demeanor turned her on... which it was also doing to me.

Abby takes it in the ass... wow!

I mean she herself was an asshole, so it seemed appropriate for her to take it in the ass... she usually had a stick up it anyway.

I mean I too had taken it in the ass quite a lot when I was younger and wilder, but only a couple of times with my ex, since he thought it was dirty... although he liked doing it when he was drunk.

I really enjoyed the ultimate submission of giving up my ass... it was so taboo, and my natural submissive personality had the pleasure consuming me.

That said, Abby being an ass slut was amazing to imagine. Believable... but amazing.

"Good answer, slut," Jason replied, and Abby walked into my home.

I clicked on the living room camera, hoping he wouldn't take her to his bedroom, where I didn't have a camera.

I had to wait a minute before I watched her take off her trench coat to reveal a short black nightie and stockings.

I wanted to hear what was happening, but I had to turn the volume up high to hear it clearly, so I grabbed some headphones as Abby dropped to all fours and crawled to my son.

I quickly found my colleague Anna and said, "I'm going to the washroom; I have an upset stomach."

"Sure," she nodded, as she played some silly game on her phone. Fortunately it was a slow night, so we both could do whatever.

"I'll be back as soon as I can," I said, rushing off to the privacy of the washroom.

I put the headphones on and once again clicked on the app.

Abby was already bobbing on my son's cock.

My first response was jealousy.

I wanted a cock in my mouth.

Fuck, I wanted *his* cock in my mouth.

Fuck! Fuck! I wanted my son's cock in my mouth, in my pussy and *fuck*, maybe even in my long-neglected ass.

I clicked on the audio but couldn't hear much at first.

After another minute of bobbing Jason asked, "Where do you want my cock, slut?"

"In my ass, sir," Abby responded with a lustful hunger very unlike the prudish tone I was accustomed to hearing from her.

Jason shoved his cock back into her mouth and roughly face fucked her... his beautiful cock deep in her mouth... his balls literally bouncing off her chin.

I wanted to be treated like that!

He fucked her so roughly I could hear her gagging sounds.

When he pulled out he ordered, "On all fours, you fucking ass slut."

"Yes, sir," she obeyed willingly, the name-calling enhancing her obedience just like it always did mine.

Fuck... that bitch Abby and I had something in common.

Actually, we also had another thing in common: we both wanted his cock... although she was the one having it.

I stared at Jason's hard cock swaying around as he stalked behind Abby.

"Just shove that fat cock in my ass," Abby demanded nastily, looking back at my son.

"What would my Mother think if she saw you like this?" Jason asked, as he knelt down behind her.

"She'd be shocked," Abby answered. "I'm pretty sure she thinks I'm a stuck-up bitch."

"Because you are a stuck-up bitch," Jason pointed out.

"Not to you," Abby said, as Jason began teasing her ass.

"Because you're my cum slut," Jason pointed out.

"Yes I am; now PLEASE fill my ass with that big cock and shoot your cum deep in my ass," she begged and then *screamed*, as Jason slammed into her ass, his entire cock suddenly buried deep inside of it.

"Holy shit," I gasped as I watched the prim and proper bitch being sodomized.

"Yes!" she bellowed as a mixture of pleasure and pain coursed through her. I knew what she felt because I'd been there, done that, and now I couldn't wait to do it again.

"Such a tight asshole," Jason grunted as he began really pounding her. No gradual buildup, just an immediate rough ass reaming.

Fuck, it was hot.

"Your fat cock is tearing me apart," the slut moaned loudly between her whimpers of pleasure.

And for a few minutes there was hard fucking... in a few different positions... but very little talking. Well, that's not quite true. There was a little name calling and a lot of begging.

It was obvious he was close when a Code Blue announcement sounded. The patient in room 316 was in cardiac arrest .

Fuck!

I shut off my phone and rushed to the room where the crisis was underway... needing to ignore my burning pussy.

Two hours and one saved life later, I checked my phone and wasn't surprised to see my house was pitch black.

When my shift was over, I drove home and tired yet horny, I discovered myself walking next door to Abby's, knowing she'd be alone since her husband left early for his commute downtown and they didn't have any children.

I didn't even know what I was going to say, although I did know I had a solution to my long, self-imposed sexual abstinence.

I knocked and hammered... waiting almost five minutes for the bitch to come to the door.

Although perhaps calling her a bitch at this point wasn't quite fair: I was about to become her bitch from Hell!

"What the fuck?" she greeted me in a robe; clearly I'd woken her up.

"We need to talk," I said bluntly.

"It's seven-thirty in the morning; come back in six hours," she bitched groggily.

"Thanks clock, but I'm not waiting," I said and pushed my way into her house.

"Won't you please come in," she offered sarcastically.

"Like you did into my house six hours ago?" I retorted, revealing what I knew in a heartbeat.

For me, this was like a verbal cup of java.

Her eyes went wide, and she too was suddenly wide awake.

"What?" I asked. "No witty, bitchy comeback?"

"I'm so sorry," she said, words I hadn't been sure she even knew how to say.

"For what?" I asked. "Fucking my son, or getting *caught* fucking my son?"

"Oh God," she wailed in sudden hysterics.

"I heard you say those exact same words more than once while my son's dick was banging your asshole," I told her bluntly, really enjoying making her squirm.

"Please stop," she said, trying to guilt trip me.

"I don't think so," I replied with icicles in my voice. "You don't get to be the victim here," and I sat down on her couch. I then added, as I spread my legs, having taken off my panties in the car, "but you do get a chance to demonstrate your remorse."

"What do you mean?" she asked, tears streaming down her face as she stared at me.

"I've wanted to have my bitchy neighbor grovelling to me for years," I said, "and now you're going to do just that."

"What?" she repeated, so dim she wasn't catching on to my obvious expectations.

"You're going to come over here, kneel between my legs and FUCKING eat my pussy," I explained, using small words.

"I... am... *fucking*... NOT!" she growled, her face scrunching up like a prune, although those four words took her ten full seconds to exhale.

"You... most... certainly... *fucking*... ARE!" I mocked her sarcastically, showing her my best evil grin.

"Get out of my house!" she demanded.

"Sure," I shrugged, although I didn't budge. I added, as I bluffed, "If you're okay with my showing a few people my video of your getting ass fucked by my son."

"You have no such video," she said, her tone less confident than a few seconds earlier.

"I installed a security system several months ago," I explained, pulling out my phone. I pressed a few buttons and said, "See?" It showed an in-time shot of my empty living room with the morning sunshine streaming into it, not what she'd been doing in it earlier, but together with my accurate description of her activities, it seemed to do the trick.

Her face paled.

It was so fucking cool.

"So either get between my legs and start licking, or for a start I send the video to your husband," I said.

"We can work something out," she said, looking panicked but trying to remain in control.

"I thought that's what I just offered," I smirked, really enjoying making her sweat.

"I'm not a lesbian," she said.

"I'm not either," I shrugged. "I just want a nice cum, and now I have a convenient next-door cunt-licker on hand whenever I need an orgasm."

"If I do it once, will you delete everything?"

"If you eat me whenever I want you to, I won't show this to your husband until you get defiant with me," I countered, as if I had all the cards.

"Denise, be reasonable," she shifted to bargaining.

"I think I'm being *very* reasonable," I said. "I *could* just spill the beans to your husband and be done with it."

"I can give you money," she begged.

"I don't need money," I refuted. "I need my cunt licked. Now!"

"Denise, *please*," she pleaded... looking desperate, which only enhanced my excitement. It was *great* to finally have one up on her.

"I like that," I smiled. "You *do* love to beg."

"Denise," she sighed.

"Look, *slut*," I said, purposely calling her a name I knew would piss her off even more, "I'm pretty tired. I need an orgasm and then I need to go to bed. Stop playing games. You're going to eat my cunt, I'm going to come on your face, and then... only then... you can watch me walk away and leave you alone for a day or two."

"You're such a bitch," she said, as she finally gave in and approached me.

"Pot calling the kettle," I retorted, smiling the entire time.

"I can't fucking believe you're making me do this," she said, shifting from bargaining back to her usual bitchy self.

"*You* did this to yourself by being a complete ass whore to a teenager," I countered as she knelt before me.

"You're enjoying this?" she noticed.

"I am," I admitted. "I've hated your pretentious attitude for years, so this is a sweet bit of retribution. Yet at the moment, I just want to use your tongue and face to get myself off."

Before she could respond, I reached forward to put my hand at the back of her head and guided her into my extremely wet pussy.

"You bitch," she said, just before her voice was muffled by my pussy.

"Start licking," I ordered. "I can hold you like this all morning."

Her hot breath on my pussy made me quiver.

Then after a few seconds, I felt her tongue between my pussy lips.

Tentative... but stimulating.

I moaned, "There ya go, my cunt-licking slut."

I expected a retort, but I didn't get one.

Instead, her tongue began to move faster as she shifted into her submissive mode.

"Good slut," I moaned, enjoying my power over her as my all-night-delayed orgasm began building quickly.

For a couple minutes I closed my eyes and enjoyed the pleasure inside me.

My orgasm imminent, I began grinding on her face and demanded, "Keep licking, slut."

She obeyed as I roughly used her lips and tongue until I came all over her face.

She kept licking as my cunt cum coated her skin.

I let her continue to lap up my juices until my orgasm had dissipated. Deciding to really show her my power, I let go of her head, stood up and said, looking down at her, "Thanks, cunt muncher, I'll be back later," and left.

She didn't say a word as I sauntered out of her house and went to mine, pleased that her tongue could help me deal with the libido explosion I'd suffered since I first saw my son's cock.

.....

During the next couple of days I chatted with Jason a couple of times, but our differing schedules rarely put us in the same place at the same time. Yet even though I tried to focus on his being my son and that my licentious thoughts were taboo and wrong, they continued to consume me.

A second cunt licking from my new next-door sex slave didn't quell it at all... although having her eat me out as I filmed her on my phone was fun, and it provided me with blackmail insurance, since I didn't really have a video of her sodomy by my son.

It was three o'clock Saturday afternoon as I was finishing a shift that Cody, a fellow nurse, asked jokingly, "What are you doing for Nude Day tomorrow?"

I laughed, "There's a Nude Day?"

"Yep, tomorrow, July 14," Cody said, a hot, shapely nurse who'd actually stripped during her college years to pay her expenses. Thanks to her adventurous approach, she hadn't had to take out any student loans.

"And what happens on Nude Day?"

"People go nude, what else?"

"How silly of me," I laughed.

"Get naked, bitch," Cody teased.

"Yes, Mistress," I retorted, even though she was a good fifteen years younger than I, and a lesbian.

"One taste and you'd be mine," she smiled, having been suggesting I switch to her side for a couple months now.

"I prefer sausage to fish," I countered.

"Trust me, I don't taste remotely like fish," she said, a sexy tone in her voice. "More like a fruit salad."

"I do like fruit," I smiled, playing along. Truth was, I *had* been slightly tempted to explore that side of my sexuality again... but right now I really was crazy about sausage.. specifically, my son's big fat sausage.

"The offer is still out there, I can take you home 'Kathleen', and seduce you into your wonderful new life," she improvised, all singsong.

"Tempting," I admitted, which it was, and for some reason it was even more tempting after seeing my son fucking... which made no sense.

She winked and said, "It's only a matter of time."

I smiled, but didn't say anything as a new idea suddenly popped into my head.

Tomorrow was Nude Day.

I wasn't sure how... but I was pretty sure it was some kinky angel from above telling me to use this holiday to push my taboo incest fantasy ahead... perhaps by giving head.

That late afternoon as Jason massaged my feet I asked, "So... any girlfriend yet?"

"Nope," he said.

"Any boyfriend?" I asked, knowing he wasn't gay, but messing with him.

"God, no."

"I was kidding," I smiled as I felt his hard cock stirring under my feet. I then asked, "Why don't you have a girlfriend?" I asked. "If you massaged their feet, I'm sure you could have anyone you liked."

"Most of the girls I know don't wear nylons," he pointed out.

"True," I agreed. "Girls today are so lazy."

"Agreed," he said, as he rubbed each toe individually.

"I love the way they showcase my legs and I know I get looks because of them," I said, as I wiggled the toes he wasn't massaging.

"I sure notice," he said.

"You notice my legs in nylons?" I asked innocently.

"I mean, I..." he began and then just admitted it, "...yes, you're the reason I expect anyone I'm with to wear them."

"I'm flattered," I said sincerely, as he massaged the sole of my left foot. "Do you tell them to wear them?"

"Kinda," he said, one hand now massaging my calf... higher than he had roamed previously.

"Either you do or you don't," I pointed out. "You can't 'kinda' do something."

"Yes, yes," he sighed, this being something I'd said to him many times. Truth was, I hated indirect answers, and I hated the word 'kinda'.

"And they all agree to do it?" I asked quizzically.

"Usually," he said.

"Interesting," I said, as I allowed my son's hand to reach slightly higher up my leg... each of us secretively becoming more brazen as I parted my legs ever so slightly.

"Why interesting?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," I said, purposely luring him in.

"You can't call something I say 'interesting' and then just shut down," he pointed out.

"Fair enough. It's just that I never saw you as a take charge 'kinda' guy," I said.

"I can be," he said, his hands doing magic to my legs.

"I can't imagine," I continued, lying about that, wanting to hint to him every possible invitation to show me his power.

"I usually get what I want," he said rather firmly.

"And what exactly do you want?" I asked, perhaps a little too bluntly.

He paused for a few seconds... trying to figure out how to say what he really wanted... I hoped it was to fuck me and make me his Mommy-slut... but he answered, rather sweetly, but with a hint back to me, still unaware I knew of his deep dark fantasy expressed to me via a security cam, "I want a woman like you."

"Like me?" I asked, pretending to be surprised.

"Yes," he nodded. "Caring, compassionate and...."

He paused.

I asked, "And what?"

"And who wears nylons every day and who's as hot as you are," he blurted out quickly, like if he didn't say it in a rush, he'd never say it at all.

"You think I'm hot?" I asked, loving the flattery.

"Blistering," he admitted, his cock twitching under my feet.

I took a blatant glance at his crotch as I asked again, acting shocked, "Really?"

"I know it's weird," he said, looking down at my feet, his cock flexing again, "but I've always had a thing for older women."

"A Mrs. Robinson kind of thing?"

"The Graduate is the best poster for a movie ever," he said, looking at me.

"Because Anne Bancroft is putting on nylons?"

"I've imagined myself as Dustin Hoffman many, many times," he admitted.

"And tell me 'Benjamin', who is playing Mrs. Robinson in your scenario?" I asked.

Another cock twitch.

And a pause that spoke volumes.

A sheepish stare at my nylon-clad feet.

Finally, he backed away saying, "Teachers, friends' moms, neighbours."

"I see," I said, my tone conveying my disappointment. *Wimp!*

"Well, I know from talking to some of my single friends that they prefer younger men," I continued, which wasn't true, but it helped me to steer the conversation the way I wanted it to go.

"Really?"

"Yeah, something about they last longer, try harder and reload quicker," I listed.

"Mom!" he said, surprised by my bawdy answer.

"Am I wrong? Are those qualities beyond your reach?"

"I'm not saying that," he said. "It's just that this conversation has taken a turn."

"Your dad was a one and done," I sighed dramatically, "and he usually didn't last longer than two minutes."

"Seriously?" he asked with disgust.

"And he'd be asleep two minutes after that, leaving me high, dry and frustrated," I added.

"Well, I'm definitely not my dad," he asserted.

"Good, because a real woman wants a real man who knows how to..." I paused for dramatic effect, but also as if pondering whether I should say the last bit at all, "...to *fuck*."

"Oh my God!" he gasped at my bluntness.

"You're old enough to hear this, I'm your loving mother, and your dad would give you shitty advice," I continued. As he looked at me, stunned, I ordered, deliberately choosing the word 'Mommy', "So for now, keep massaging Mommy's feet."

As he did, I continued, "For example, a real man makes sure his woman comes during sex."

"I can't believe we're having this conversation," he said.

"We can stop if you like," I said, pretty sure he wouldn't like.

"No, no," he said shaking his head, "This is good advice. It's hard to get into the head of a woman."

"If we continue, I'm going to be pretty blunt," I warned.

"I'm good so far, so be as blunt as you wish," he said.

"Okay, then brace yourself. First, do you go down on your women?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he answered.

"Many women can only come from oral, and if you expect a woman to suck your cock, you'd better be willing to munch her pussy," I said, deliberately avoiding vanilla words like 'penis' and 'vagina'.

"Hearing you swearing like this is surreal," he said.

"I actually have quite a foul mouth when I'm horny," I said, before realizing I'd just announced I was horny right now.

"I've found that many women do," he said.

"Found? Many?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Some," he corrected, not admitting how he knew.

"How many is some?" I asked.

"How many men have *you* had?" he rebutted.

"Touché," I laughed, "some secrets are best kept as secrets. But you eat pussy only sometimes?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"I've found some women are rather submissive by nature, and those ones usually just want to be..." he paused, unsure whether to swear in front of me.

"Fucked like the sluts they are?" I finished for him.

"Yeah," he said, still a little bewildered by my bluntness and foul language.

"And to be called names like slut, whore and cum bucket?" I listed.

"Yeah," he repeated, now overwhelmed by this entire conversation. How many mothers bring up cum buckets to their sons?

"Yes, many women who are prim and proper at work, especially in high stress jobs like teachers, lawyers, doctors and nurses, want to come home and just let someone else take charge," I explained, giving an obvious hint that I was one of those women.

"Nurses?" he pounced, catching my hint.

"Yes," I nodded. "A nurse's days are often a series of high stress encounters, sometimes life and death ones, where every decision must be made not only quickly, but also with wisdom and confidence. It can be very exhausting. So once they're home, they often feel they want to shut down that responsible side and just let someone else take over."

"That makes sense," he said, probably understanding the power he had over some of his MILFs... I assumed Abby wasn't his only one.

"The challenge for a young man like you is to be able to read when a woman wants to be made sweet love to and when she wants to get fucked and be treated like a slut," I said.

"I see," he said, as his head was going a mile a minute with all the information I was giving him.

"Of course," I said, standing up, wanting to leave him horny as hell and hopefully with a lot to think about, "having a big cock and lots of stamina are also major pluses."

I then added, "I need to take a shower." I paused, looking directly at the tent in his pants as I concluded, "a very, very cold shower."

I didn't take a cold shower... I took a warm shower where I used my multi-speed showerhead for multi-purposes.

Two orgasms.

As I did, I wondered why I hadn't just fished out his cock and devoured it whole.

Why I hadn't parted my legs wider and let him see the glistening pussy that was dying for his attention.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow I was going to wash away any doubts still lingering in him.

Tomorrow.

.....

We had a wedding the next weekend, so in the morning I went shopping. I ended up buying three dresses, planning to return two of them, as well as a garter-belt and stocking set. I also picked up the suit he'd taken in to get dry cleaned.

I got home around two, and Jason was obviously freshly showered, since his hair was wet.

I asked, "How long you been up?"

"An hour," he said, gazing down at my nylon-clad feet.

"Can you do me a favour?" I asked.

"Anything," he said.

"Can you help me choose which dress I should wear to Sarah's wedding?"

"Sure."

"Cool," I said. "I'll call you once I'm ready."

"Sure," he repeated.

"You're a great son," I said.

"I know," he smiled.

"Brat," I said, slapping, for the first time ever, his ass.

"Hey, I'm not just a piece of meat, you know," he joked.

"Or are you?" I countered, very obviously glancing at his crotch in a way that implied everything I was hinting at.

I again left him, likely hard and bewildered.

I put on the garter belt and mocha-coloured stockings, no panties, no bra, and donned the first dress... a red cocktail one.

I called out, "Honey, can you come and tell me what you think?"

A minute later he walked into my room and said, "Wow!"

"Wow, good?" I asked, posing sexily.

"Wow, *amazing*," he answered.

"Well, I do like your reaction," I said.

"You'll likely get hit on all night if you wear that," he said.

"Will I distract from the bride?" I asked.

"Likely," he nodded.

"Hmmmmmm," I said. I walked over to him and turned around. "Unzip me, please."

"Sure," he said.

Once he had, I let the dress drop right in front of him, revealing I was totally naked other than the garter belt and stockings.

Acting casual, I grabbed a box of Saxx underwear from my bed, turned around so he'd get to see my tits and shaved pussy, while acting like my nudity wasn't out of the ordinary at all, "Here, I bought you some big boy underwear."

"T-t-thanks," he stammered, as the box bounced off his hands and fell to the floor. For some reason his attention was focused elsewhere -- fancy that!

I walked over to him, dropped down and picked it up.

I said, pausing for a moment before him, his cock poking against his shorts, "Try them on. I want to know if I got the right size."

"Um, okay," he said, as I stood up and handed them to him.

He turned to leave but I said, as I went to my bed to grab the second dress, "Change right here. I'll need your help with this next dress."

"Ah, okay," he said, trying to figure out what was happening. This encounter was, I had to imagine, more surreal than his wildest fantasies about me.

"I've seen you naked before," I pointed out.

"Long time ago," he said, still not getting undressed.

"Actually, just a few days ago," I corrected, as I turned around and walked back to him, still pretty much naked.

"What? When?" he asked, as I reached him and tugged at the button on his shorts.

"I saw you pleasuring yourself on my bed," I explained.

"Y-y-you did?" he stammered.

"I also heard what you were imagining while you did," I added, unzipping his shorts.

"Y-y-you did?" he repeated.

"It was quite shocking to hear you talk to your mother in such a filthy way," I said, "even though you didn't know I was listening," as I tugged his shorts down.

"I-I-I'm sorry," he weakly got out, even as he let out a groan.

"These tightie whities have got to go," I said, pulling them down in one quick yank. Thereby releasing his hard-on. Sproing!

"Oh, God," he moaned.

"Shit," I said, admiring his big, fat cock. "This prime cut of meat is even bigger up close and personal! No wonder Abby wanted it in her ass so badly."

I wanted to grab his cock.

I wanted to devour his cock.

Yet I was enjoying the foreplay.

And I wanted him to take control.

I was going to make it impossible to resist.

"You know about Abby, too?" he asked, this time in an ungarbled sentence.

"I watched quite a bit of it on the cameras," I admitted, as I opened the box of Saxx underwear and knelt down at his feet.

"Cameras?"

"Yes, I have a pretty good security system in this house," I explained as I pulled the black underwear out of the box and added, "Lift your foot."

He mindlessly did.

"The other."

He did.

I pulled the silk underwear up his legs, draping it over his ass and his beautiful cock.

"There. That's a lot nicer," I said, standing back up.

Finally, he said, "So you've been teasing me all week?"

I grabbed his shirt and pulled it over his head as I ignored the question and asked, "Do you know that today is Nude Day?"

"I do," he nodded, as he began to come to grips with what was really happening.

"And yet you were wearing clothes when I got home," I smiled playfully.

"Now that you've broken the ice, I won't be for the rest of the day," he asserted as he picked me up and carried me to the bed.

"What are you doing?" I asked in feigned shock.

"Becoming the man of the house," he said, confidence now oozing from him.

"I've needed one of those for years," I said, as he dropped me on the bed, crawled on top of me, the pressure of his hard cock in just the right place, and kissed me.

I was so ready to suck his cock.

I was so ready to feel his cock in my pussy.

I was possibly even ready to have his big cock tear my long-neglected ass apart.

What I wasn't ready for was this intimate, loving kiss.

My body melted.

The kiss was soft, tender and tentative at first.

But as I wrapped my legs around him and rubbed them up and down his back, our kiss became more urgent and passionate.

Our tongues explored each other's mouths.

We each moaned into the other's mouth.

When he broke the kiss, I asked, rather sweet and innocent in my look, if not my words, "Jason dear, are you about to make me your Mommy-slut?"

"Is that what you want?" he asked, looking into my eyes with a mixture of love and lust.

"I want to be your everything, son," I answered, looking back into his eyes with the same mixture of love and lust.

This was the calm before the storm.

The sweet before the dirty.

The moment just before everything changed.

"Well, first I'd better take your advice," he said, as he kissed me again, then moved down and kissed my neck.

Moved to my tits.

Cupped them.

Sucked on my hard nipples.

"Do you like Mommy's tits?" I moaned.

"Love them," he said as he pleased them.

"You used to love them as a baby," I said, making this even naughtier than it already was.

"I never stopped loving these gorgeous puppies," he said, playfully tugging on a nipple with his teeth.

"That's it, suck on Mommy's tits," I moaned, loving this attention they hadn't received in years. Since college, actually. Carmen had loved sucking on my tits. She'd also loved eating my pussy for hours.

For a couple more minutes he did just that before he said, "Now it's time for me to follow the advice of a very wise woman."

He then slithered down between my legs and began slowly lapping away.

"*Such* a good boy," I moaned as his tongue touched down on my wet pussy.

"You taste just as good as I imagined," he told me between licks.

"You imagined eating Mommy's cunt?" I asked, using the nastiest word possible.

"Every day for years," he answered,

"What else did you imagine doing?" I asked.

"Everything," he said, as he flicked my clit, making my entire body tremble.

"Tell Mommy what everything means," I moaned, wanting to hear exactly what he wanted to do to me.

"A lot of it's pretty nasty," he cautioned, looking up at me.

"Well, to make my position clear, what I want is for you to become a mother fucker," I said. I then added, "To be even more clear, Mommy wants a dominant mother fucker who takes whatever the fuck he wants."

He got up on his hands and knees, and taking my words as the succinct clarification of a gray area which was now completely black and white, "Take off my boxer briefs."

"Do you like them?" I asked, sitting up and rubbing his big cock through the soft fabric.

"They're really nice," he said. "But rather in the way at the moment."

"Touché," I laughed, as he knelt on the bed, his hips still directly above mine.

I leaned up and rolled him over onto his back, then tugged the underwear off and tossed it on the floor. And then stared at his glorious cock.

I took hold of it and said, "I gave birth to a masterpiece."

"I appreciate it," he said, as I stroked his cock.

"It's so big," I said, mesmerized by its sheer beauty.

"So I've been told."

"And fat," I added.

"Bigger than Dad's?"

"Way bigger," I said, continuing to stroke his cock... just admiring its size... its pure beauty.

"Suck it, Mom," he finally ordered.

"You want Mommy to suck your big, fat cock?" I asked demurely.

"Just like a good Mommy-slut," he added.

"Hmmmmm," I purred. "Mommy has been dying to suck on this cock ever since I watched you jerking off on my bed and demanding that I swallow your cum."

"And I've been imagining you sucking my cock for several years longer than that," he said, as I took it in my mouth.

Fuck, it was thick.

It stretched my mouth way further than I could recall any other cock doing.

I'd once sucked a longer black cock in college... never got to fuck it... but none of them were this thick.

"Oh yes, Mom," he moaned, as I swirled my tongue around his mushroom top.

"So big," I whispered, before I began bobbing... slowly... getting used to his cock in my mouth... it had been a long time since I'd had one in my mouth.

Plus, the extra girth took some getting used to.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth every morning, and deposit my morning load down your throat," he promised.

I moaned on his cock in excitement.

"Or maybe erupt all over your pretty face," he added, as I began bobbing faster.

Another moan.

"Of course, I could also pound that sweet-tasting pussy."

Another moan. Every option was equally appealing.

When he didn't add sodomizing me, I took his cock out of my mouth and asked, "You're not going to sodomize Mommy like you do that bitch next door?"

"Are you an ass slut too?" he asked, a little surprised.

"I'm a three-hole fuck slut for a man who knows how to take what he wants, and if you need parental permission young man, I hereby grant you *carte blanche*!" I answered, before devouring his cock again.

"Oh God, Mom, you're so full of surprises," he groaned.

As I bobbed, he began bucking his ass up.

I gagged a couple of times before I got used to his almost eight inches tickling my tonsils.

"Oh fuck, I'm about to come down your throat, you cum-hungry Mommy-slut," he warned, which I appreciated.

I wanted his cum.

I needed his cum.

But I wanted to be ready for it. There's nothing worse than wasted cum.

I bobbed faster.

He bucked rougher.

He came.

Cum exploded into my mouth and glided down my throat.

I swallowed every drop as he quit bucking and I slowed down and used my lips to milk out every drop of his tasty seed.

Fuck, I loved being used like that.

"That was amazing," he said a minute later as I still nursed his cock... which, to my surprise, was still hard.

"Totally," I agreed, allowing his cock to slip out.

"Come sit on my face," he said.

"Mmmmmm," I purred, something I'd done to Abby very recently... grinding on her face to a glorious orgasm.

"I'm hungry," he said, as I moved to him.

"Or lazy," I teased, as I straddled his face.

"I'll show you how lazy I'm *not* in a little while," he said, as I lowered my pussy onto my son's mouth.

"Mommy's homemade treat is always warm and ready for her baby boy," I said, as he began licking.

"So good," he complimented again in a muffled voice.

"For me too," I moaned, as his tongue explored me.

His tongue felt great... as he probed... licked... sucked.

My orgasm was building... yet I wanted more.

I wanted that cock inside me.

I said, getting off his face, "Mommy needs your cock inside her now."

"You want your son's cock deep in that cunt?" he asked, as he sat up.

"I've never needed a cock deep in my cunt more than I do yours right now," I said, desperate to have that happen.

He pushed me onto my back, and I accidentally grazed a nylon-clad foot against his balls.

"Oh that feels so nice," he said, as I'd unintentionally delayed the fucking I craved. But I was here to serve.

"Mommy can give you a nice nylon foot job," I offered, as I moved both of my feet to his cock.

"Oh, this is new," he said.

"No other bimbo slut has done this?" I asked, deliberately including myself in the lowly category.

"Nope," he said, as I smoothly stroked the soles of my feet up and down.

"What a shame," I smiled.

"Indeed," he said, "fix it, Mommy," as he stared at my feet and at my cunt, which was wide open and silently but wetly calling for his cock.

After a minute or two, he said, "I could let you do to this all day, but I have something else I need to do."

"Become a literal mother fucker?" I asked crudely, but in the sexiest voice I could.

"Exactly," he said, as he lifted my ass up, slid a pillow under me, pulled my legs together, positioned himself above me and... paused.

"Oh please, son, fuck your Mommy," I screamed to the heavens.

"Tell me what you want," he said, his hard cock poised tantalisingly above me.

"I want to be your Mommy-slut, your three-hole cum bucket, your bimbo whore," I listed, each term turning me on even more.

"You still want to make me into a mother fucker?" he asked mischievously from above me, ready to take the plunge at any instant he chose.

"A dominant mother fucker," I corrected.

"Then beg!"

"Please Jason, PLEASE pound Mommy's cunt with your great big cock," I begged urgently. "PLEASE slam Mommy's pussy with your fat dick, make Mommy your personal bimbo for as long as you'll have me!"

"Oh yes," he groaned as he descended from the heavens and slammed into me five furious times. Then froze in place again, this time deep inside me.

"No, no, no," I pleaded when he stopped. "Please stop teasing Mommy. It's been so long since I've been fucked, and decades since I was fucked by a real man with a real man's cock."

"Going forward I'm going to fuck you anytime, anywhere," he explained, still lodged deep inside me but not moving.

"And in any hole," I added, wanting to give him complete control over me.

"*Morning... day... and night,*" he grunted, one deep thrust with each term.

"And in-between," I added.

He pulled me up some more, his cock not leaving me, before he finally began fucking me... and hooray!... slamming me hard.

"Oh yes baby, fuck your Mommy, fuck Mommy hard," I babbled, pleasure consuming me like a prairie fire.

"I've fantasized this forever," he admitted.

"Then make all your fantasies come true," I moaned, my orgasm already imminent.

"That will include your eating some pussy," he said, not slowing down.

"Mommy was happy to eat a lot of pussy in college," I revealed, although the sentence had a lot of moaning and pauses inserted into it before it all came out.

"Delicious," he said.

"It was," I agreed, before I closed my eyes and let the pleasure of my son's big cock consume me.

A minute.

No more.

And I screamed, "Yes, you made Mommy COOOOOMMMEEEE!!," as the most intense orgasm I could ever remember ripped through me.

He didn't slow down as my body quaked.

"You look so beautiful when you're coming," he said, as I allowed my body just to become one with the pleasure and with my son.

"Oh, God," I responded weakly, the pleasure continuing to course through me like a never-ending storm.

He pulled out of me and our combined cum gushed out as he flipped me onto my side and slammed back into my pussy.

"Oh yes, more, please more," I moaned, as he slammed into me and my orgasm refused to leave even as a second orgasm began rising inside me.

"I'm going to fuck you all day," he said.

"All Nude Day," I moaned.

"We'll be nude every day," he countered. He wrapped an arm around me, cupping my breast as he kept fucking me.

"Oh, yes," was all I could muster as pleasure continued to consume me heart, body and soul.

For half an hour he kept fucking me. Yet another way that thank God he didn't take after his father.

He did me on my side.

Then on my stomach as he pile drove me from behind, making the entire bed bounce.

I came a second time.

A third as I took control and bounced on his cock like he was a bucking bronco and I refused to fall off.

Finally he warned, "I'm about to come."

"Aaaah, I have an idea," I said, as I got off his cock, and began stroking it with my nylon-clad feet. "Come on Mommy's feet and get my nylons all nice and sticky."

"Oh, yes," he groaned, as I furiously foot fucked his phallus.

"Come, baby, come on Mommy's feet," I purred, wanting to see his cock erupt.

"Oh fuck, Mommy," he grunted before his load shot way up in the air just like the first time I'd seen it.

I raced my feet around like a baseball catcher confronted with a swarm of pop flies to catch all his cum, as he aimed his cock at the moving target of my feet to spew the rest of his second load of the day.

"Yes, baby," I encouraged as my nylon clad feet were coated in nice, sticky cum, just like I'd wanted.

Once he was done I raised my foot to my lips, I was still very flexible, and licked off his cum.

"So hot," he said, as he watched me eating his cum.

"So yummy," I said, licking up as much of the cum as I could.

I did the same to the other foot and he asked, the rush of the moment fading, "So, do you really want to be my Mommy-slut all the time?"

"Would you judge me poorly if I said yes?" I asked, as I moved my foot to his chest.

"No," he said. "I could never judge you poorly."

"Well, I'm still your mother, and sometimes you'll need me in that role, so whenever we're not playing, I think we should go back to normal. But lucky you... *you're* the one who gets to decide when it's playtime and you should take charge."

"Sounds like a winner. And guess what, Mommy-slut, it's still playtime!"

"Good, because Nude Day isn't over, and I have one hole that still hasn't been filled."

"I may need a drink of water first."

I smiled, "Let's order some pizza, maybe watch a movie in the nude cuddling with each other, have a glass or two of wine... and then you can sodomize your Mommy and officially make me your three-hole fuck slut."

"That's the hottest plan I've ever heard."

My smile was more of a leer this time. "Sweet and slutty, that's me."

"When you say nude, you still plan to keep the nylons on?" he asked.

"I'll need to change into some clean ones, but for you, always," I answered, knowing this was a new beginning for us both.

THE END