

A SURPRISE 4 MOM

silkstockingslover

Son gives mother best present ever: 9 hard inches in 3 holes.

Incest/Taboo

4.7

13k words

Summary: Son gives mother best present ever: 9 hard inches in 3 holes

Note 1: This is a **Holiday 2016 Contest Story** so please vote.

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

Note 3: *Also this story is a bit of a milestone as it is the 300th story released by me (minus two poems). So I hope you enjoy it and stay with me as I hope to hit 400 sometime in 2018 (wow, that is a long time away... although as I have learned in writing 300 stories in 6 years ... time does indeed fly). I hope you enjoy a story that just seems right to be number 300... LUV JASMINE.*

A Surprise 4 Mom

"Oh yes," Sarah moaned, as her husband fucked her from behind, "pound me, Baby Boy."

"You like my big cock, don't you Mommy?" Gerald, her husband, role playing as her son, questioned as he slammed into her.

"Oh yes, son, Mommy loves when you use her as your personal fuck toy," Sarah declared, near orgasm... pretending to be fucked by her son her greatest turn on... the idea of incest with the young man she had raised from a baby so taboo it always got her off.

"Come for me, Mommy," Gerald ordered, knowing his wife was close and that she craved being told what to do when they were in the bedroom.

"Come inside me, son," Sarah ordered back, the idea of her son really ejaculating in her cunt always adding to the forbidden sin of fantasy incest.

"On three, my Mommy-slut," Gerald instructed, close to coming himself and always able to hold back a little to erupt simultaneously with his beautiful wife... he too somehow turned on by the idea of his son, his own flesh and blood, fucking his wife.

"Yes, son," Sarah moaned, "you've got Mommy so close."

"One," Gerald began the count, continuing to slam into her as hard as he could, wishing he was bigger than five inches and knowing that his son's nine inches would really drive her wild... something he'd noticed after a ball game last summer when they were both naked in the locker room.

"Mommy can't hold back much longer," Sarah moaned, beginning to bounce back to meet her husband's hard thrusts, wishing he was as big as her college boyfriend who, at seven inches, had really filled her in a way her husband just physically couldn't.

"Not yet, Mommy," Gerald said, "don't you dare come until I give the order."

"Yes, son, I'll obey," Sarah moaned, even as she kept bouncing back like a horny slut... loving the role playing of being a submissive slut to her son... so different from her day-to-day high intensity job as a lawyer.

"Two, you filthy incest slut," Gerald counted down, knowing the name calling really got his normally prim and proper wife revved up.

"Oh yes, son, fill Mommy's cunt with your yummy cum," Sarah moaned, the idea of having her son come down her throat, all over her face or in her cunt the nasty kink that always got her off like crazy.

"And *Three*, come now, Mommy-slut," Gerald ordered, as he let his balls erupt and spew inside his wife's heated box.

"Yes, Emmett," Sarah screamed, as her orgasm erupted through her the moment she was given permission to come... trained like the Mommy-slut she desperately fantasized being.

Wife and husband, portraying mother and son, came as one.

Meanwhile, outside their door, stood Emmett himself, who had arrived home just a few minutes earlier from college, hoping to surprise his parents. But he was the one who was surprised as he listened to his parent's role playing with him as the star sex object. He furiously jerked off listening to his mother begging for him to fuck her.

He, like so many other teenage boys (he would be turning nineteen in March), had fantasized about fucking his mother ever since he had learned how to jack off.

His mother was a MILF among MILFs, with huge tits, great legs and a sweet face... looking a lot like Audrey Hepburn, with a body and voice like Marilyn Monroe.

Emmett's mom was a lawyer who always wore professional attire, even continued to wear it once she got home, often walking around in sheer nylons all evening... which had made Emmett a leg and stockings guy... so much so that he would only fuck girls who were wearing them... thus why he always brought back MILFs to his dorm room or screwed them in their homes (he had fucked a MILF in her home while her two children slept; he had fucked a MILF in her garage while her husband and four kids were in the house... awake; he had fucked a MILF while her daughter, whom he had fucked a few hours earlier, slept in the next room with his cum still draining out of her pussy onto the towel she was sleeping on that night).

Girls his own age seldom wore nylons, while women in their forties often did. Plus, older women knew how to please him: besides wearing nylons (thigh highs, stockings and a garter or pantyhose), they sucked cock better and more willingly, they were nastier in bed and they were grateful for nine inches of hard cock that could reload a few times in a row.

A couple of college girls Emmett had dated wore nylons for him, but only Angie actually liked them and this is why she was his current girlfriend... although he still fucked a MILF a week... which Angie did know about (even being a part of his first threesome a couple of weeks ago where the MILF ate Angie out while he fucked both the MILF's pussy and ass in her living room).

Emmett furiously jerked off, coming into a handkerchief just a few seconds after his parents seemed to finish, before he quickly scurried out of the house, not wanting his parents to know he had heard them... wanting time to process this shocking information and figure out what to do with it.

His greatest fantasy was suddenly a possibility... one he had never fathomed being more than that... a fantasy... one he often role played in his head as he pounded some MILF in nylons.

He drove around for a few minutes, replaying the shocking revelation, hearing his mother's nasty words, his cock already hard again.

He pulled into the driveway, got out again, and headed into the house making sure to slam the door loud enough that his parents would hear him as he called out, "Hello!"

Sarah, who was just draping a nightie over her head, gasped, "Emmett's home."

Gerald was already in his pajama bottoms and as he grabbed a robe he joked, "Thank God he wasn't here fifteen minutes ago."

Sarah laughed, even as her face went red, "Oh my God, could you imagine?"

Gerald joked, "If he had been, maybe you could have gotten that dp you've wanted forever."

"Gerald!" Sarah gasped, even though that was her other fantasy... getting double penetrated by her husband and son... that was all it was though, and all it ever could be... a fantasy.

"What?" Gerald shrugged. "You know you want his dick plowing your cunt or your asshole."

"Oh my God!" Sarah again gasped. "It's one thing to role play, it's another to actually do it." But even as she said it, her cunt tingled.

"You guys awake?" Emmett called out, wanting to see how they covered, or if they even would. It would be a dream come true... literally... if they invited him in to join them!

"Yes, honey, we'll be right down," Sarah called out, as she put on a robe... leaving her thigh highs on.

Gerald, really enjoying teasing and rattling his lawyer wife, a woman who couldn't be rattled in court no matter what the other side's unexpected ploy might be, added, "You could just go downstairs without the robe."

"Gerald, you are so bad," Sarah purred, knowing the next role play session would be based on tonight and include a nice big dildo role playing as her son's cock as she got double penetrated.

"So says the mother who wants to be her son's... what did you say a few days ago... *cum bucket*," Gerald finished as he opened the door and headed downstairs, thinking he may get to shoot yet another load tonight.

"Gerald!" Sarah gasped one more time, even as some wetness gushed into the panties she'd just put on.

Emmett's cock was still hard as his dad walked into the living room and said, "You're early."

"Good to see you too," Emmett joked.

"Sorry, we weren't expecting you today," Gerald explained, coming and giving his son a quick hug.

"Yeah, I thought I would surprise you," Emmett said, as his mom walked in wearing a robe and still wearing her nylons.

Sarah gave her son a big hug, leaning into him and even feeling the bulge in his pants pressing against her taut belly.

Emmett purposely flexed his cock in his jeans as his mom hugged him and said, "Well, son, it's the best surprise ever."

Emmett thought to himself, 'trust me it isn't', as he asked, "Did I interrupt something?"

"What? No," Sarah answered, still rattled by almost getting caught and by the definite feeling of her son's cock poking into her stomach a moment earlier.

"Well, you're in a robe and nylons," Emmett pointed out, glancing down at her blue painted toenails displayed beautifully in the sheer hosiery. 'And I can smell sex', he thought, but didn't say out loud.

Sarah stammered, "Um-I...."

Gerald saved her, while attempting to open up the door for the slim possibility of an incest threesome, something that oddly turned him on even though it shouldn't, "We just finished."

"Gerald!" Sarah gasped, her already red cheeks of guilt and excitement going a new shade of red.

Emmett laughed, "Mom, I know you two have sex... I'm assuming that is how I was created."

"Oh, God," Sarah said, overwhelmed at where the conversation was going.

"Those are the words you often scream," Gerald added, always one to push the limits with sexual innuendo, although this example was rather blunt.

"Gerald!" Sarah gasped yet again, even though she thought the actual declaration should be, 'Oh, God, son!'

Emmett decided to push the envelope a bit too, an idea to seduce his delicious mom already formulating in his head, "Plus, I just hope when my future wife is in her forties she'll look as good as you do."

"Emmett, why thank you," Sarah replied, the compliment going right to her hoohoo.

Gerald joked, "I still look pretty good too."

"Yes, Dad, you're a fine specimen," Emmett quipped.

"Be careful, you'll likely look like me in twenty years," Gerald joked.

Emmett would never have said this before the revelation of under an hour ago, but he quipped, "Except with a much bigger penis."

"Emmett!" Sarah gasped in complete shock, even though she knew this was true from her husband... her son was reportedly quite well hung.

Gerald responded with a defense, like a man would, "I just came out of the pool that time. It was cold in there."

"So did I," Emmett countered to his dad, even as he looked at his mom to see her reaction.

Sarah joked, "I never thought I'd be listening to a conversation of my two men having a dick length competition."

Emmett countered, "Which I would win."

Gerald said, "On that note, I need to use mine to take a piss, and as big as I am, I can't reach the bathroom from here," and headed out, barely able to hold it in any longer... having not pissed since he deposited his load in his wife and for some reason usually having to pee right after having sex.

"Boys will be boys," Sarah shook her head, by now really curious to see just how much bigger her son really was than her husband.

"Men will be men," Emmett corrected smugly.

"Sorry," Sarah laughed, as she deliberately took in her handsome, well-built son, head to toe. "You really are a man now, aren't you?"

"That's what the ladies tell me," Emmett shrugged, continuing to push the envelope.

"Too much information," Sarah said, covering her ears dramatically, feigning disinterest when she was really greatly interested.

Emmett continued, seeing how far he could push the envelope, "So you don't want to know that it's your fault that I only date certain women?"

"Pardon?" the mother asked, curious to know what her son meant by that.

"The honest answer?" he questioned, smiling, knowing he was venturing into uncharted territory for both of them.

"No, lie to me," Sarah teased sarcastically, always hating dumb questions, which being a lawyer, she heard often.

Emmett took a deep breath before he took the plunge, "I only go after women in nylons, and that's why most of them are older."

"And that's my fault?" Sarah asked incredulously, even though the nylon thing made sense... her husband's fetish was silky sheer nylons. She also wondered, 'Why would he be telling me this now?'

"Yes," he nodded, glancing down at her nylon-clad feet. "You wear them every day, and girls my age usually don't wear them at all, so I just go after older, more mature, sexy women."

"Oh," Sarah said, oddly feeling like her son was hitting on her, noticing he was staring at her feet. After a pause, she added, "Well, like father like son I guess."

"Why? Does Dad only go after older women?" Emmett teased.

"He'd better only go after one older woman," Sarah said firmly, even as she smiled when she said it. She clarified, "Your father has a nylon fetish too."

"Oh," Emmett nodded, realizing his obsessive nylon fetish may not just be because his mom wore them every day, but from his father's DNA. He joked, saying as much, "So maybe it wasn't just you walking around every day in nylons. I began noticing as soon as I reached puberty."

"Are you saying your old mother got you excited?" Sarah asked boldly... pushing an envelope she'd never fathomed being able to push other than during fantasy and role playing.

Before Emmett could answer, his father returned and asked, "What did I miss?"

"Nothing," Sarah said, frustrated by her husband's impeccably bad timing.

"Yeah, we were just catching up," Emmett said, unsure how he would have answered his mother's question.

All three chatted about school, the holidays and other generic stuff for the next half an hour... all the while the mom and son were each thinking and stealthily doing lots of things:

I've fantasised fucking him/her for a long time. If I had the chance would I actually do it?

Sarah made sure to keep her legs and feet in her son's plain view... wondering if his nylon fetish was a nylon foot fetish like her husband's... who got hard just looking at her feet in nylons. She wiggled her toes often and studied her son's reactions; it turned her on to be slyly teasing her son... she may not ever get to be fucked by him, but she could at least tease him.

Emmett's cock was about to break through his jeans zipper, as it used desperate sign language demanding to be freed from its fabric prison. He tried to stay focused on the everyday conversations, but both his Mom's feet in the sheer nylon and the memory of how his parents had been role playing earlier were controlling his thoughts and his dick. He tried to get it to silence the clamour down there, but no such luck.

Emmett couldn't help but wonder if it would be possible for him to make the ultimate MILF conquest... the Holy Grail of MILFs... his own mom. The very idea would have seemed ludicrous a couple of hours ago, but now not only did it seem like a possibility, his mother seemed to be taunting him... teasing him as she kept her nylon-clad feet in full view at all times and even wiggling her toes often to make sure he was paying attention to them.

Gerald, meanwhile, was oblivious to it all, other than that he was hard again as he too stared at his wife's sexy feet and was hoping for some more role playing once they got back in the bedroom. Harem slut would be fun.

Emmett, desperately needing to jerk off again, finally said, "Well, I'm wiped. I'm going to hit the hay."

"Me too," Sarah yawned, glancing at the clock and realizing what time it was. She still had one more day of work tomorrow and needed to be fresh... although that was definitely going to be more challenging now.

Emmett asked, noticing for the first time, "Why isn't the tree up yet?"

"We've been busy," Gerald answered.

"And we wanted to do it with you like we always have," Sarah said, which was true... this would be the first Christmas he wasn't living at home and Sarah was determined not to do anything festive until Emmett was home... she had even told Gerald it wouldn't feel like Christmas until their son arrived home.

"Well we'll do it as soon as you get home from work," Emmett suggested, always enjoying putting the tree up with his mother... who, of course, always walked around in her nylon-clad feet, which had kept him hard throughout the tree decorating for years.

"Sounds perfect," Sarah agreed. "I'll try to come home after lunch. I have a brief court appearance in the morning I can't avoid."

"Okay," Emmett nodded, "I don't plan to get up until lunch anyways."

"Oh to be eighteen again," Gerald sighed.

Sarah couldn't resist the opportunity, "Yeah, you used to be able to get it up more than once a night."

It was Gerald's turn to gasp. "Sarah!"

"What?" Sarah shrugged, even as she glanced directly into her son's eyes for a timeless moment, "You're often done before I am."

"Well, that can be fixed," Gerald said, standing up and taking his wife's hand.

Emmett was jealous that his dad was going to get to fuck his mom... he wanted to fuck his mom.

As Gerald led Sarah away, she turned back to her son for a moment and favoured him with a sexy smile... hoping he read into it what she was thinking at him: 'I'd rather have your young, hard cock'.

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That night:

The son used his *fleshlight* ('*the most lifelike substitute available anywhere for a real mouth, pussy or ass*'), as he slowly pleased himself, pondering not *whether* fucking his mother was possible... but rather *how to make* it possible. Her teasing with her stocking-clad feet had convinced him that the naughty words he had heard from outside her bedroom wasn't just role playing... it was a fantasy she was willing to make a reality. Even if she didn't quite know it yet.

The mother got ass fucked by her husband while imagining it was her much bigger son reaming her back door and pondering if she would really be willing to suck or fuck her son if the possibility actually presented itself. That said, although she knew her son liked MILFs (and she knew what MILF meant and also knew from just looking in a mirror that she was one) and he liked nylons (and she always wore them) and he was definitely staring at her feet throughout the conversation (she had purposely tried teasing him and was certain she had succeeded in keeping him hard the entire time), she wasn't sure that meant anything. He was eighteen, a guy, and got horny easily. After taking a load in her ass, only after coming from a hard ass pounding, she tried to fall asleep... but it was hard (just like her son's dick had been when she hugged him).

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Both his parents had already gone to work when Emmett woke up, having to shake his head to confirm that yesterday evening wasn't a dream... but a crazy reality... his mom had role played about getting fucked by him and most likely did it on a regular basis. It wasn't until he put more thought into it as he went to have breakfast a little after eleven, that he realized something odd... his dad went along with it, role playing being him as well.

That was somehow even weirder than his mom wanting to fuck him. It would have to be rather degrading to be forced to act like you were someone else while fucking your wife... and even more degrading to have to portray your own son.

Yet, obviously, he did it. He'd overheard his father speaking as if he was a son and not a husband, even being a rather dominant son. Those were no rote words required by a domineering wife, Dad was into it!

This led to another revelation... one almost as shocking based on the mother he thought he knew... she was submissive. She got turned on being called names and being dominated... which was at odds with her entire personality as a mother and a lawyer.

Yet, the more Emmett pondered this, the more it kind of made sense. The majority, likely at least two-thirds, of the MILFs he had fucked liked to be told what to do, to be called names and be used like a slut (and he had fucked teachers, doctors, nurses, a cop and others... although never a lawyer as far as he knew).

Even though it was 2016... and women were considered equal in most of society... there was a secret undercurrent where the hierarchy still existed for many... and that seemed also to be true in the bedroom where Emmett's no nonsense, feminist mother fantasized and role played about being a slut for her son.

Emmett finished breakfast and went to shower before he decided to start getting the tree set up for later.

Sarah didn't have her best day in court. She'd won, but the entire time she was distracted because the previous night wouldn't leave her head. Even though there was no concrete evidence that her son would fuck her, or even that he toyed with the notion of fucking her... there was a lot of subtle evidence that when added together, made the case seem quite winnable. She wasn't ready to present her case to an incest-friendly judge and jury yet, but she was becoming more confident that her case to be fucked by her son was getting stronger. She finished some paperwork and headed out at lunchtime, deciding she wanted to spend the afternoon with her son decorating the tree and trying to get some hard-core evidence so to speak, that would make her case a slam dunk. She even giggled at her silliness as she compared her lust for her son to a court case... knowing she would be committing a crime if she crossed the invisible line....

As she walked to her car, her panties wet... she kept wondering whether if the opportunity did arise (pun intended), could she do it?

Emmett had just finishing putting up the tree when his mother arrived home. He smiled in anticipation. The fact she would hurry home from work, not something she EVER did, only enhanced his theory that she wanted to make her dreams come, or was it CUM, true? To advance and test this theory, he wore a pair of college sweats without underwear which would make any erection that popped up (pun definitely intended) be very obvious.

Sarah walked in, slipped out of her heels both because her feet were sore and because she knew of her son's foot fetish, and called out, "You awake, Emmett?"

"In the living room, Mom," Emmett called out, his dick beginning to awaken just from hearing her voice.

Sarah said, as she saw the tree up, "You started without me."

Emmett turned around, glanced down to see if she was in nylons, and he said, his cock hardening instantly, "Just got the tree up. I waited on the ornaments until we could do things together." He wondered if that hint was too obvious.

Sarah glanced down to his tented crotch and wanted to say, 'Looks like the tree is up already' and then decided to go ahead and say it, her lust for his cock again taking control of her better sense. She glanced back up, as if talking about the artificial Christmas tree, "Looks like the tree is already up."

Emmett wasn't sure whether his mom had noticed his erection pointing directly at her, as he nodded, trying to answer for both possibilities, "It's easy to get this up."

"I bet it is," Sarah said, her tone implying his cock, which she couldn't help but glance back down at. The next exhibit of indisputable evidence was now presented in front of her. It was obvious he wasn't wearing any underwear... as if he were showcasing his cock for her.

"Pardon?" Emmett asked, even though he had heard her.

"Oh, I mean, I know it is," Sarah covered, not wanting to make it look so obvious she was secretly a son-craving Mommy-slut.

Emmett smiled to himself, knowing he was having the effect on his mother he had hoped for. That said, this was as far as his plan had gone. Put up tree, don't wear underwear... in his fantasies that was all it took before she pulled his sweatpants down and devoured his cock.

Sarah said, "So where is your special box?"

Emmett couldn't believe how the incest Gods were just presenting opening after opening. He couldn't help but push the envelope yet again as he pointed directly at her pussy and said, "Right there."

Sarah gasped at her son's direct naughty answer as she realized a new meaning to her own words.

Emmett, wanting to keep his mother off balance in an effort to get her to the point of no return while making it seem to be her idea as he continued, acting as if he wasn't pointing directly at his mother's cunt, "It's right behind you."

"Oh," Sarah nodded, blushing at what she'd assumed. "Okay."

"What did you think I meant?" Emmett asked, playing dumb.

"What? No, nothing," the flustered mother said, even as she glanced down yet again at her son's bulging crotch.

Emmett asked, "You sure?"

"Yes, I'm just hungry," Sarah said, her gaze hovering on the big dick she really wanted to have for lunch, as she explained, "I didn't have lunch yet."

Emmett couldn't resist, the temptation too impossible to ignore, "I can make you a salami sandwich."

"I'd love one," Sarah replied, unable to control her eyes as they lowered again to the salami she wanted sliding in her bun.

Emmett considered just pulling his sweats down and offering her his salami stick, but instead he said, even as his cock jumped in his sweatpants, knowing she was staring at it, "I'll go make you one."

"Thanks, honey," Sarah said, as her pussy gushed into her panties at the naughty innuendos she and her son were tossing back and forth ... even if he was oblivious to them.

Emmett went to the kitchen and made his mother a salami sandwich even as he hoped she would be having another one seconds later. He also cut up a cucumber and brought them back to the living room to see his mother on her knees, going through the boxes, the soles of her nylon feet looking up at him. Although he loved a woman's toes in nylons, as well as her legs, he also loved the soles of the feet (especially fucking them, which he had done to a couple MILFs... nylon foot jobs were really hot).

"Your lunch is ready," Emmett declared.

"You're such a sweet boy," Sarah said, standing up and taking the plate reluctantly, barely willing to eat the salami sandwich, when in reality she wanted to eat the entire sausage whole.

"I'd do anything for you Mom," Emmett slyly answered, almost everything he said to her having a double intent.

"Good to know," Sarah nodded, wondering if he would still think that if she asked him to fuck her.

Emmett offered himself as he said, "All you have to do is ask."

Sarah couldn't believe how every sentence that came out of her son's mouth seemed to add to a mounting pile of indisputable evidence that her son was willing and offering to fuck her. Besides all of yesterday's evidence, the lack of underwear showcasing a huge dick saluting her, mixed with the words that could be either blunt sexual implications or, unfortunately, major coincidences of a caring son added to it. Yet, all the evidence was still circumcised... shit, she meant circumstantial... she really was not able to think coherently as she again glanced down at the huge tent seeming to be teasing her and calling her name... 'Mommy'.

Emmett, his dick making the biggest possible tent in his sweats, one he was sure his mother was well aware of, went to his special box of ornaments (his mom had bought him one every year of his life... each symbolic of something from that year) and brought them to the tree.

Emmett always put them up in the order that he'd received them, starting with baby's first Christmas ornament.

As her son put the ornaments on the tree, Sarah watched him intently... trying to process everything. It seemed like this was an open and shut case... she'd open her mouth and then shut it around his big thick cock. Fuck, she was horny and fuck, she wanted her son... and although all the evidence implied this was a slam dunk proposition, and man did she want to be slammed... she couldn't be sure she wasn't just misinterpreting everything based on her insatiable lust and desire to make a fantasy come true.

Emmett, meanwhile, pondered his next move. He was sure, without a doubt, all he had to do was offer her his cock and she would be his, yet he wanted to make sure she made the first move. He wanted her to be his complete submissive Mommy-slut, although he wasn't sure how much longer he could resist the temptation of blatantly making his fantasy come true.

Once Sarah was done eating, she decided to push her case along, making sure the entire jury was convinced, as she asked, "Emmett, you said you would do anything, right?"

Emmett smiled, before he turned around, his cock still hard, "Yes, I did, Mom."

"Can you give your mother a foot massage?" Sarah asked, knowing that if he was anything like her husband, just the feel of her feet in sheer nylon (her thigh highs were over 20 bucks a pair and bought online from France) would be enough to tempt him over the brink of lust.

Emmett, hearing words he'd fantasized about for years, nodded, even as he played it cool, "Sure, if you want me to."

"I do," Sarah nodded, patting the couch seat beside her.

Emmett moved to her, sat down and watched as his mother put her nylon-clad legs on his lap, just missing his raging hard-on.

Sarah avoided her son's cock, wanting instead to try and seduce him with her feet, her legs and perhaps glimpses of her panty-clad crotch, and she now wished that she had gone commando.

Emmett took his mother's right foot in his hand and was instantly in awe of how silky sheer her stockings were. He knew they were expensive by the fact that she ordered them online, but nothing could have prepared him for this. They were easily the softest, smoothest nylons he'd ever felt. He wondered what they would feel like on his cock or wrapped around his waist as he fucked her.

Sarah let out the softest of moans both because it felt so nice (foot massages always did) and because of who was giving her the massage.

Emmett said, as he slowly massaged her foot, "These are the softest nylons I've ever felt."

Sarah couldn't help it. She asked, "Even softer than all the MILF hussies you seduce?"

Emmett laughed, even as he questioned, "You jealous?"

Sarah shrugged, trying to remain non-committal, "I didn't say that."

Emmett took each toe in his fingers, massaging it individually, as he smiled to himself, 'But you didn't deny it either.'

Sarah just relaxed and allowed her son to give her a massage that was even better than her husband's... who was definitely very good himself. But Emmett didn't miss a single nerve in her foot from the toes, to the sole to the heel... it was like he was making love to her foot with his hands... it was so fucking sensual that she thought she may have her first ever orgasm that didn't come from a toy, a finger, a tongue, or a cock... as her pussy burned with desire.

Emmett asked after a good five minutes, as he finally switched to her left foot, "Do you only wear this brand?"

"Yes," Sarah nodded, "They're the best and I only wear the best. The only problem is they only come in a few colours."

"Which ones?" Emmett asked, as he almost drooled over the mocha ones she was currently wearing... easily his favourite colour choice... although in nylon stockings there were no bad colour choices... only bad styles like fishnet or reinforced toe.

"Mocha, tan, black and white," Sarah answered, before adding, "they're currently holding an online poll to decide on a new colour."

"What are the options?" Emmett asked, as he replicated the dedicated attention to every inch of his mother's other foot, willing to prolong this foot massage until the end of time.

"Red, blue, or off black," Sarah answered, having voted every day since the voting started two weeks ago.

"What colour did you vote for?" Emmett questioned.

"How do you know I voted?" Sarah questioned.

"I just assumed you would like more variety," Emmett said, before adding, hinting his cock would be a good change of pace to his father's, "Variety in everything is always nice."

"Is that based on all the MILFs you fuck?" Sarah asked bluntly, even using the 'F' word.

"Mom!" Emmett gasped, feigning shock even though hearing his mother say 'fuck' made his cock jump into even greater rigidity.

"You're almost nineteen," Sarah pointed out. "You can swear in front of me."

Emmett said, "If you say so, then what the hell."

"I do say so my dear," Sarah said, trying to steer this into a conversation between two adults and not their typical mother and son relationship. She then revealed, "I chose red."

"Why?" Emmett asked, even though that would be his choice too. Blue is rather bland and although off black is a nice in-between colour, he preferred black.

"It's sexy," Sarah answered. "Don't you agree?"

"Indeed," Emmett nodded, even though he'd never actually seen a woman wearing red stockings in real life... only in porn.

"Would a woman in red nylons turn you on?" Sarah asked, as she moved her right foot so it was now resting directly on his hard cock, although acting as if she didn't notice.

Emmett couldn't believe how brazen his mother was becoming... so brazen as to not only rest her foot directly on his cock, but also her legs were in such a position that he had a clear view of her panties ... her pussy lips even visible ever so slightly through the translucent fabric. By this time Emmett's cock was as hard as it was ever going to get, but it still jerked a couple of times against his mother's ankle, and he felt some precum beginning to ooze out.

Sarah felt her son's hard cock flexing and she noticed a spot of moisture dampening his sweats right beside her foot. She also noticed her son staring fixedly between her legs. Damn! She should have taken her panties off before she'd gotten home. Instead, she saw the candy canes on the table and a wicked idea formed. She reached for a candy cane on the table and unwrapped it as she repeated, "Would a woman in red nylons turn you on, Emmett?"

"What? Um, yeah, definitely," Emmett nodded, pulling out of his trance.

"I have a sexy red lingerie set upstairs that's only missing a pair of sheer nylons to go with it," Sarah continued, wanting to prompt her son's cock to jump against her foot yet again and get his wet spot to grow even more visible.

Emmett's cock was uncontrollable as each new vision, each nasty thought, made his cock bounce into his mom's foot. The wet spot on his crotch was now as large as a quarter. Was his mom aware of it? How could she not be? And if she was, was that a bad thing? He was very close to losing it, but he still wanted his mom to make the first obvious move, although the way his dick was behaving, that might very soon become a mere formality.

Emmett, still trying to remain calm, cool, and in control, even though he was struggling against just burying his face between his mom's legs, said, "I imagine that would look pretty hot."

Emmett looked up to see his mother put the candy cane in her mouth. Instantly he wanted to replace the candy cane with something else long and sticky.

Sarah slowly sucked on the candy cane, moving it in and out of her mouth as if it were a cock. She put extra pressure on his cock, feeling its moisture through the fabric as she continued the conversation, "I love dressing in lingerie. Your father says he loves that I look like a lady in public and a whore in the bedroom."

Emmett watched the candy cane going in and out of his mother's mouth, mixed with the words leaving her mouth and surrendered to the inevitable. He knew he had to take action. He asked, as he reluctantly quit massaging her feet and stood up to say words there would be no retreating from, "And what if your son wanted you to be a slut in the living room?"

It had finally happened. Sarah's dream was about to come true. Her son was now standing directly in front of her, as she responded with yet another naughty innuendo to add to the ones that the day had been filled with, "My darling son, do you have a different candy cane to feed your Mommy?"

Emmett had already been 99% sure he could make his mom his slut and the final 1% was concluded with her question to his question.

He pulled down his sweats and said, "This candy cane will forever change your life."

Sarah had known her son's cock was big... her husband had said so. Yet, it's one thing to imagine nine inches... four more than her husband's... but it's an entirely different thing altogether to be staring at it just a few inches from your mouth.

Equally, it was one thing to fantasize about incest, and it was another thing to role play incest.... But it was completely surreal to be inches and seconds away from committing the real thing. The mother's cunt gushed in her already very soiled panties as she reached over and grabbed her son's cock, smearing his precum around with her thumb.

Emmett groaned at her possessive touch as he asked, "Do you like my candy cane?"

"I fucking love your cock," Sarah answered bluntly, setting aside the metaphors as she pulled his dick closer and took it in her mouth, no longer able to resist the temptation that had been stirring inside her all afternoon. Actually her taboo desires had been marinating in her fevered brain for the past eight months, ever since the fantasy had first played itself out in her head. She had read an incest story online by accident... thinking at first it was just another MILF fucked by a younger man

story. Until it had become replaced by her new incest fantasy, MILFs and younger men had been her favourite fantasy of all time.

Emmett knew his mother was going to suck his cock, but the filthy words spilling from her mouth were the most shocking ones he'd heard since hearing her role play being fucked by him last night. He watched as she bobbed on his cock with the insatiable hunger of a porn star. Many MILFs had sucked his cock, and most were very good, but none compared to his mother.

Sarah was worried she would gag, taking four more inches in her mouth, but her desire to please him, to swallow that first load before joining with her son in a marathon fuck session, had her determined to become his ultimate MILF fantasy... because even better than a 'Mom I'd like to Fuck' was 'MY Mom I'm fucking', although MMIF wasn't as smooth an acronym.

Emmett knew he wasn't going to last long, the naughty innuendos and lengthy foot massage having him ready to burst for the past hour.

Sarah wanted that first load spewing in her mouth and soon, so she didn't slow down, working her son's cock with eagerness and skill.

Emmett watched in awe and as he felt his balls boiling after fewer than two minutes of intense cock sucking, he warned like he always did (he was a gentleman, after all), "I'm very close, Mom."

That was music to Sarah's ears and there was no way she was going to slow down, making it clear to her son that she was willing to be his cum bucket.

Emmett groaned, as seconds later he deposited his load deep into his mom's throat, "Take it all, Mom!"

Sarah had every intention of doing just that, as her son's hot seed slid down her throat and warmed her belly.

Emmett spewed rope after rope into his Mom's mouth, feeling like this was the biggest load he'd ever spewed.

Sarah was in awe of how much cum shot inside her mouth, double what her husband usually shot in her. She kept sucking long after her son's cum was exhausted, although slower as she lavishly sucked his cock.

Emmett pulled out and dropped to his knees. "I'm suddenly pretty hungry myself."

Sarah smiled, "You want some cunt nog?"

"I love hearing you say 'cunt'," Emmett said, as he got on the couch, moved between her legs and added, "And I think I'm going to love the exotic taste of cunt nog."

Sarah said, even though she wasn't remotely trying to stop anything, "I can't believe this is happening."

"Isn't this like the role playing you did last night?" Emmett asked, as he finally revealed that he'd heard his parents. He tugged his mother's panties off.

Sarah's eyes went wide as she processed her son's words. After a second, she asked, as she lifted her ass up to assist him in saying farewell to her panties, "You heard us?"

"I heard a lot, including you coming as you pretended Dad was fucking you as me and you screamed, 'Oh yes, son, fill Mommy's cunt with your yummy cum,'" Emmett revealed, repeating his mother's words as she came last night.

"Oh my," Sarah said, realizing that the cat, or the pussy in this case, was out of the bag.

"No worries," Emmett said, seeing his mother's shocked face. "Every MILF I fuck I imagine is you."

"Really?" Sarah asked, flattered by her son's words.

"Mom, you're the hottest MILF around, and I can't believe that now you're *my* MILF," Emmett said, lowering himself between her legs.

"I can't believe you heard us," Sarah said, realizing that although her first thought was to be mortified at being caught, she now made the connection that her getting caught was likely what had led to this delightful moment.

"Can you believe this?" Emmett asked, as he buried his face in his mother's extreme wetness and lapped like a kitten. Although he was definitely more of a dominant in the bedroom, he also loved eating pussy and felt that women who sucked his cock deserved to have the favour returned. Although pussy wasn't the most amazing taste in the world, it wasn't gross either. But in this case his mother's cunt somehow tasted like wine... he knew this was most likely psychologically based... he'd been dreaming of eating out his mother for as long as he could remember ... but he was in heaven.

Sarah moaned loudly, her son's tongue feeling amazing. Her husband didn't go down on her often, she couldn't remember the last time he had, but her burning loins were already flaming like the fires of hell leading to an orgasm escalating quickly into her immediate future... her pussy flickering with the heat that had been growing and growing for the past hour.

Emmett believed he was a pretty good pussy muncher and could sense in just a few licks that his mother wasn't going to last long... just like himself a few minutes ago.

Sarah begged, "Oh yes, don't stop, son, lick Mommy's cunt."

Emmett loved hearing his Mom's nasty words, and he moved to her clit and tugged it gently between his teeth.

"Oh yesssss," the mother screamed, the intense pleasure coursing through her very being as the most intense orgasm ever ripped through her with the intensity of an exploding star.

Emmett eagerly lapped his mother's cum and a chill went up his spine at the thought that he was getting his own mother off.

Sarah's body was usurped of all of its energy as her cum gushed out of her like a broken faucet.

After a good minute of coming, her consciousness drowning in the longest orgasm she had ever experienced, as her rapture finally began to dissipate, she finally pushed her son's head away. She apologized, "Sorry, but I have to pee."

Emmett quickly moved up, and watched his mother scurry off the couch, wobble briefly as her left leg went out, and go to the bathroom... looking like she was drunk... which she was... drunk on forbidden pleasure.

Emmett stood up and stretched, his cock still hard and ready for more.

Sarah peed like a racehorse (that was a dumb saying) as she sat on the toilet and recovered from utter euphoria... and as she did she thought to herself with glee 'And I haven't even fucked him yet.'

Emmett got completely undressed, deciding he was going to take control as soon as his mom returned.

Sarah washed up and returned to the living room. She asked, "So should we finish decorating the Christmas tree?"

An idea popped into Emmett's head, and he nodded, "Yes, Mommy, that's exactly what we will do."

"Really?" Sarah asked, disappointment in her voice... she had been kidding... she wanted his cock in her.

"Yeah," he nodded, as he sat back down. "Get that dress and bra off, leave on those sensuous mocha stockings, and trot your sweet naked bod over to the ornaments, and start decorating the tree."

"Oh, you bad boy," she purred, realizing he was already naked, his cock sticking rigidly towards the ceiling, and that he had similar wicked ideas to hers in his head.

Emmett continued, "Put an ornament on and come and ride me."

"Mmmmmmm," Sarah smiled, thinking he was as wickedly fun as she had imagined. She glided gracefully to the ornaments, selected one, swayed her ass over to the tree, turned sideways to give her darling boy a good view of her large firm tits, stretched on tiptoes as high as she could reach, and hung the ornament on a high branch. She then turned to give Emmet a graceful curtsy, her arms extended to her sides holding out an imaginary long, diaphanous skirt. She knew her cunt lips were glistening with her arousal and she could see her son's gaze appreciating the fact. She gave him a dazzling smile and asked breathily (think Marilyn Monroe), "See anything you like, big boy?" She knew she was being impossibly cliché, but she didn't care. She could tell by her son's expression that at this moment she was a goddess to him. The only question was whether he would be up to the task of becoming her god.

Emmett watched, checking out his mother's amazing tits and ass, each as perfect as he had imagined during his many stroke sessions. Her breasts were gorgeous as her arms stretched near the top of the tree, her legs were so shapely and beautiful as she stood on tiptoe in those wonderful sheer mocha stockings, and without his even thinking about it, his hand caressed his own dick in appreciation. He tried to answer her question, but found himself speechless. He could only sit, touch himself and stare.

Sarah walked over to her son, turned around and asked, "I think you've answered my question. You're pretty hot too. Can I ride you, son?"

"You'd better," Emmett laughed at the surreal question and he put his hands on her hips and guided her down on his loaded missile.

"Ooooooooooh," Sarah moaned loudly, as her cunt was filled and she was soon sitting on nine inches of hard dick... filling her in a way her husband couldn't possibly do. As Emmet's cock probed her insides, his tongue explored the entire surface of her breasts.

"You're so wet," Emmet pointed out.

"You're so big, and your tongue is so soft," Sarah replied, in awe of how full she felt, dying to feel what nine inches felt like actually slamming into her instead of this gentle, lovely penetration.

Emmett surprised her as he then instructed, "Now go and put on another ornament."

"Really?" Sarah asked, surprised by his order.

"Yep, we need to get this tree decorated," Emmett said, all business.

"Okay," Sarah said, stunned he wasn't going to fuck her as she stood up and felt his perfect prick slip out of her.

Emmett watched as his mom grabbed a second ornament, placed it on the tree, and turned to face him with a look of utter confusion on her face. She was unsure what was expected of her.

Emmett smiled, "Come back over here and get another Christmas treat."

Sarah hurried over, wanting her son's big cock back in her. She didn't wait for any further instructions, as she turned around, felt his hands stroking her ass cheeks and impaled herself on his massive fuck stick. "Oh yes," she moaned loudly as she was again filled by nine perfect inches of cock.

"Two bounces," Emmett instructed.

Suddenly Sarah understood the game. Each ornament on the tree meant more time on his dick. He was a tricky little devil... or 'big' devil in this case. Sarah slowly moved up and down twice before reluctantly getting off and saying, "I'd rather just ride Santa's north pole all day."

"Good Mommy-sluts do as they're told," Emmett replied, pushing the boundaries of their new sexual relationship... confident he could take control and she would obey like the submissive she was.

Sarah smiled, "So you want me to be your submissive, totally obedient, Mommy fuck slut?"

Emmett replied, adding a couple words, "Not exactly, *you* want to be my submissive, totally obedient, three hole, Mommy fuck slut."

Juice gushed out of Sarah and flowed down his cock at her son's words, the new message that he wanted to ream her asshole only adding to the wild encounter, as she nodded, "Yes, son," and went to get another ornament. She quickly put it on the tree and hurried back onto her son's lap.

For the next seven ornaments, the same cycle continued, each extra bounce on her son's cock enhancing the pleasure inside... but still just a tease of what a good hard fucking from nine inches of teenage dick could feel like.

When Sarah returned after the eleventh ornament, Emmett ordered, "Eleven sucks."

Sarah usually would be thrilled to suck her son's cock, but she wanted it desperately back in her pussy. Yet, like the natural submissive she was, she dropped to her knees and sucked her own juices off her son's cock... always enjoying her own taste on a dick.

After the next ornament, Emmett offered, "Now your pussy gets twelve licks."

Sarah moved her cunt to her son's face and he licked her exactly twelve times. Each one slow, and spreading her pussy lips apart like they were the Red Sea. Emmett took his time, enjoying the impact he was having on his mother... trying to push her depths of lust to uncharted extremes.

Once he was done, Sarah, who was completely intoxicated by her son, went to put on another ornament... trying to tempt her son to just step up behind her and fuck her as she bent down, knees straight, and fastened a crystal icicle to the lowest branch, incidentally offering either of her nether holes to her son.

Emmett stood up and moved behind his mother, indeed tempted by her beautiful booty, and easily slid his well-moistened rod inside her as she remained bent over.

Sarah moaned, as her son was finally fucking her... which was different from her fucking him. Although she enjoyed riding a cock now and then, she had long preferred being fucked... which, of course, made sense based on her submissive personality.

Emmett, though, didn't pound his mother like he would have done to every other MILF, but fucked her slowly, sensuously, deeply, lingeringly, enjoying the power he had over her as well as the anticipatory pleasure of the long game he had in mind. He wanted this initial exploration of each other to last as long as possible and the stops and starts would create an insatiable lust in them both and likely create even more intense orgasms when they finally reached culmination.

Sarah begged, "Please, son, fuck Mommy hard."

Emmett asked, "Lady, are you trying to make me into a Mother fucker?"

Sarah loved the nasty term and she giggled, "I think you've already crossed that threshold."

"So now that I've entered your baby factory I am a what?" Emmett asked, wanting to hear the naughty taboo words out of his mother's mouth.

"You're a dirty mother fucker, Emmett," Sarah declared, as his cock slithered in and out of her... so slow it was driving her nuts. God, she wanted to be fucked... pounded... reamed... slammed... drilled... this slow teasing fuck was driving her nuts and she hoped the dirty talk would accelerate the fucking.

"And you're my submissive, three hole, cum deposit, Mommy-slut, aren't you?" Emmett questioned, loving talking so nasty to her... sorely tempted to give her the pounding that he knew very well was what she wanted.

Sarah moaned loudly, as she began to bounce back on her son's cock, desperately trying to tempt her son to take the clue she wanted to be pounded, "Oh yes, son, Mommy will suck your cock whenever you want, take your creamy load in her mouth or all over her pretty face. Mommy will spread her legs and eagerly take your big dick in her cunt or drop on all fours and take your massive rod in her filthy asshole."

This almost made Emmett drop his slow burn fuck session plans as his cock jerked inside his mother's warm box, but wanting to remain in control and wanting to make this an epic afternoon to remember, and perhaps a new Christmas tradition, he slapped her ass cheeks vigorously several times and scolded her, "Bad Mommy-slut. Did I give you permission to bounce back on my cock?"

Sarah was surprised by his sudden spanking and firm tone, and yet it led to a fresh rush of adrenaline coursing through her at the excitement that her son was in charge... as if he had a natural innate understanding of what she needed from a man. She replied, "Sorry, son. Mommy doesn't want to disappoint her son... ever."

Emmett finished his thirteen strokes, pulled out and said, "Good Mommy. Now put another ornament on the tree."

"Yes, son," the horny and frustrated mother replied, as wetness dribbled down her leg. She grabbed the next ornament and moved to the tree. As she hung it from a midlevel branch, Emmett spread her ass cheeks and begin licking her butt hole. This was something nobody had ever done to her before. She'd had her asshole fingered, gaped and fucked... but never licked. She was surprised how gentle it felt, completely different to the rough reaming her asshole usually received.

Emmett swirled his tongue around his mother's small rosebud, always in awe of how an orifice that looked so small could always end up stretching out to encompass his long, thick cock. He liked eating a woman's asshole, whereas most men didn't pay any attention to this surprisingly intense erogenous zone (men focusing only on the tits and pussy) and by giving as much as he received he almost always had his MILFs coming back for more. He often got texts from women he had fucked asking him to come over in the middle of the day when their kids were at school and their husbands at work; or he got booty calls during the day at their workplaces... where he had fucked woman in their offices, in bathrooms, a couple elevators, the backs of minivans in parkades, and even in a stairwell where he was surprised that their cries of passion echoing up and down the passage hadn't alerted the entire ten storey building).

"That feels so nice," Sarah said, wanting her son to know she was enjoying what he was doing.

Once he'd done fifteen swirls, he wasn't quite sure what number he was on anymore, Emmett stood back up and instructed, "Next ornament."

For the next five ornaments, he fucked her slowly, standing in front of the tree, Sarah often using the tree for balance... the last time sliding a finger into her asshole as he uniquely double penetrated her... never once going fast... but taking his time... listening to his mother's hoarse breathing getting less and less regular.

Sarah was a muddled mess both in her desperate cunt and in her head. God, she wanted to be fucked hard... this slow teasing was driving her completely wild with lust and desperation. Twenty strokes now was enough to get her kitty burning... each time he began fucking her, the pleasure was getting more intense, but each time he pulled out a huge rush of frustration coursed through her. The finger in the ass only enhanced her desire to come, and yet she understood that the intensity of her arousal was completely at the whim of her son. Her furnace would erupt in an overblown explosion when her dictatorial but loving son was damn well ready, and not a moment before.

When Emmett pulled out this time, he said, "I'll be back in a couple of minutes, keep decorating and keep track of how many ornaments you put on the tree."

"Okay," Sarah nodded, deciding she was going to speed rush decorating the tree. While he was gone, she began putting on ornaments as if she were 'The Flash', determined to get as many strokes as possible when he returned from wherever he had gone.

Emmett grabbed some anal lube from his parents' room which took a little longer than he anticipated... he also found a few costumes (nurse, cowgirl, schoolgirl, harem girl and cheerleader) and a few sex toys including a strap-on which had him curious... was Mom bi-sexual? Did Mom fuck Dad? Each of these were intriguing possibilities, but ones that would have to wait for another day. He wouldn't need the strap-on, his had been attached since before he was born.

Emmett returned to the living room and was impressed to see how much of the tree had been decorated in his brief absence. He asked, "Are you in a hurry?"

Sarah smiled as she turned around and admitted, "I'm in a hurry to become your Mommy-slut some more."

Emmett asked, "A three hole Mommy-slut?"

"Definitely," she nodded, moving to her son, whose cock had become just semi-hard during his errand.

"Well, it looks like you have at least fifty ornaments on there," Emmett assessed.

Sarah dropped to her knees and revealed, "Sixty-seven to be exact."

"That is forty-seven strokes," Emmett replied, looking down at his mother.

Sarah reached and began to stroke his thick cock as she corrected him. "Actually if you do the math from twenty-one strokes to forty-seven strokes with every number in-between, that would add up to, I believe, nine hundred and eighteen strokes."

"Aaaah, that is impressive," Emmett nodded approvingly, just as his mother began sucking his cock.

Sarah loved the thrill of a cock hardening in her mouth, especially her son's beautiful cock which stretched her mouth more than her husband's and, of course, went much deeper... this was easily the best Christmas present ever.

Emmett just stood and enjoyed the feeling of his cock hardening in his mother's mouth, deciding the meandering teasing part of their play was ended and the pleasing ride to glory was about to begin.

Once hard, Emmett pulled out and asked, "Ready to become a true Mommy-slut?"

"I was born ready," Sarah smiled, dying to have her son's cock buried deep in her cunt or asshole.

"Get on the couch on your knees, Mom," Emmett ordered.

"Yes, son," Sarah quickly obeyed, the thought of her son's cock stretching one of her holes all that she could think about.

Emmett moved behind her, and slid deep in her cunt in one deep thrust.

"Yes, son," Sarah screamed.

"Is this what you fantasize when you and Dad role play?" Emmett asked, as he began fucking her... slowly.

"Yes," Sarah nodded. "All my fantasies are of you making me your slut, calling me names and coming in all my holes and all over my body."

"You like facials?" Emmett asked.

"I like cum in me and on me," Sarah admitted. "I can never get enough. Unfortunately your father is a twice a day shooter at the most."

"I can shoot all day and night," Emmett declared, having come a few times a day many times.

"Yummy, yummy for Mommy," Sarah smiled wickedly back at her son.

Emmett laughed as he began to pick up the pace, "I'm going to coat your entire body with cum during the Christmas break."

"Best present ever," Sarah moaned, as the faster pace increased the pleasure.

"As are you," Emmett groaned, "you've been at the top of my wish list forever," continuing to pick up the pace, now slamming into her with hard, fierce strokes.

"Oh yes, son, be my Mommy-fucker," Sarah begged, the pleasure unlike anything she could have imagined... the thicker and bigger cock stimulating her cunt in ways her husband couldn't possibly achieve.

"And you be my gorgeous, sexy, obedient Mommy-slut," Emmett groaned, fucking his mom hard and fast now, their bodies crashing into each other with each forward thrust.

"Forever," Sarah screamed, her orgasm approaching at an accelerated pace.

After a few more hard thrusts, his mom's moans and breathing foretelling her orgasm was imminent, he asked, "Does Mommy-slut want to come?"

"Yes, Mother fucker, can your Mommy-slut please come?" Sarah asked, as her orgasm was about to explode like cherry bombs tossed into a fire.

"Come now, Mommy-slut, come all over my big cock, come **Right Now!!**" Emmett ordered, fucking her as hard as he could, his balls beginning to boil.

"Yessssss!!!!" Sarah screamed, her second orgasm of this wild afternoon crashing through her as fireworks exploded throughout her head and body.

"Oh yes," Emmett moaned, as he kept fucking his mother throughout her orgasm, trying to decide where he wanted to come. Maybe on her face; maybe deep in her cunt; maybe buried in her bowels. As he pondered this, he found he could no longer control his balls and the decision was made by his cock and he began spewing his load inside her pussy.

"Yes, fill Mommy's kitty with your warm cream," Sarah said, as she felt her son shoot his load inside of her... the sudden idea she could get pregnant from her son both terrifying and exhilarating.

"Ohhhhhh," Emmett grunted, as he came inside his mother.

Once he was done, he pulled out and said, "Sorry, I usually last longer."

Sarah smiled, as she turned around and sat down, his cum leaking out of her, "As long as you can *reload* quickly you can *come* as quickly as you like."

Emmett, who was more a leg and foot guy than a tits guy, finally took a long look at his mom's large breasts and thought, 'Those would be good to tit fuck.'

Sarah smiled at her son's admiring gaze on her breasts and said, "You used to suck on these all day."

"I've always been a lucky guy," Emmett replied, as he knelt between her legs and moved to her tits. "It's time to reminisce, dear Mommy."

"Ooooooh," Sarah moaned as her nipple got sucked. "Mommy loves her nipples being sucked and nibbled."

"So hard, so biteable," Emmett said, as he swirled his tongue around her nipple before tugging on it with his teeth.

"Yes, Mommy likes," Sarah whimpered.

Emmett went back and forth for a couple of minutes before he asked, "Ready for that last hole to be filled?"

"God, yes," the still horny mother replied, wondering how many orgasms her son could give her in a row.

Emmett stood up, his cock still hard, a tribute to her large, tasty breasts.

Sarah moved her nylon-clad feet to her son's cock and asked, "Have you ever fantasized about this?"

As his mother began giving him a foot job, Emmett moaned, the feeling of the silky sheer nylon on his cock exhilarating, "Only a dozen times every day."

"Your cock looks so good between my nylons," Sarah stated as she slowly jerked him off with her feet.

"It feels amazing," Emmett said, watching her sexy toes and soles pleasure his cock... getting it ready for round three.

"Mommy wants to pleasure you in every way imaginable," Sarah said, so many fantasies in her head still to be fulfilled.

"I'm keeping you to that," Emmett said, already imagining a threesome with her and another woman... perhaps even her best friend Jane, who he had been fucking almost daily all last summer after seducing her at his mom's birthday party in June.

"You'd better," Sarah purred. "I have a lot of unfulfilled fantasies."

"Is getting ass fucked by your son one of them?" Emmett asked, as he held her feet gently around his cock and fucked her soles slowly.

"It's definitely high on my *fucket* list," Sarah smiled, before adding, "and I've already checked two off the list when I sucked your big cock and got fucked by my son."

"And what about getting your pussy munched?" Emmett asked.

"Of course," Sarah smiled. "And getting a facial, getting tit fucked, getting fisted, and whatever else you want to do with Mommy's body."

Emmett's cock twitched as he said, "Well, let's check off three more items on your 'fucket' list."

"Mmmmmm," she smiled, watching her son reach for the lube on the table.

Emmett moved back to his mother and poured lube between her tits.

"Oooooooh, is my son going to fuck Mommy's boobies?" Sarah asked, cupping her breasts together for him.

"Well, it is on your 'fucket' list," Emmett smiled, before adding, "'fucket' list is an awesome title."

"You're such a saint," Sarah smiled, as she rubbed the lube all over her tits and between them. She knelt on the couch so she was at the correct height and offered her oiled up tits to her son.

"So fucking nice," Emmett approved, as he moved his cock between the well lubed boobs.

"Fuck Mommy's titties, son," Sarah whispered seductively, as she squeezed her tits around his cock.

Emmett slowly fucked his mom's tits, enjoying the unique feeling which was a mixture of his fleshlight, masturbation and oral sex.

Sarah leaned her head down and extended her tongue to flick at his cock head each time it popped out through her luscious mounds.

The fucking of her oiled-up tits and her tongue had Emmett's balls beginning to bubble again. After a couple of minutes he said, "Time for the next 'fucket' list item."

"Are you going to fuck Mommy's tight asshole?" Sarah asked, before adding, "You're way bigger than Daddy."

"Of course," Emmett nodded, as he pondered the position, lube back in his hand.

"Can we do it standing up?" Sarah asked, standing up. "Mommy's old knees are sore."

"I think that can be arranged," Emmett agreed, as Mom took his hand and led him to the kitchen.

Sarah smiled, "Getting fucked in the kitchen is also a 'fucket' list item."

"You and Dad have never fucked in the kitchen?" Emmett asked.

"Oddly, no," Sarah answered, as she bent over the table and offered her asshole to her son.

"Well, then we'll hit two birds with one fuck," Emmett joked, before adding, "plus a bonus ending."

"Mmmmm," the mother smiled, as Emmett poured lube down her ass cheeks.

Emmett also lubed his cock and positioned it between her tight ass cheeks.

"Fuck Mommy's asshole, son," Sarah begged, turning her head around to watch.

Emmett slowly slid his cock inside her ass, the tightness amazing... the pleasure exhilarating... the fulfillment of his fantasy the ultimate rush.

"Ooooooooooooh, Sarah moaned, his thicker cock widening her asshole, a slight burn mixing with the pleasure. "So big."

"If you like this, wait until I'm all the way inside you," Emmett warned, knowing she would feel so completely full.

"I can't wait," Sarah said, as she felt her son's cock slipping deeper inside her... reaching depths beyond her back door never before explored.

Emmett kept slowly filling his mom's ass until he was all in. "Oh, yes. I'm home, Mommy-slut."

"So big," Sarah repeated, getting used to his huge dick so deeply buried in her ass as another 'fucket' list item was mentally checked off... two if you include the detail that it was happening in the kitchen.

Emmett began slowly moving in and out, allowing his mom to get used to his length and girth.

"Oh yeah, your cock feels so good in Mommy's ass," Sarah moaned, as the pain lingered, but was dulled by the utter pleasure of being ass fucked by her son.

For a couple of minutes Emmett slowly fucked his mom until she begged, "Harder son, ram into Mommy's asshole with your big, hard dick."

Emmett didn't need to be told twice as he shifted from slow ass fucking to hard, deep strokes.

"Oh yes," Sarah screamed, as the sudden shift of strokes sent cascades of pleasure through her.

Emmett slammed into his mother, each forward thrust crashing their bodies together.

The deep, hard thrusts reached new depths inside the mother who began babbling in euphoria, "Oh yes, fuck, yes, son, ream Mommy's asshole... pound Mommy's poop chute... drill Mommy's bottom... make Mommy your three hole cum bucket."

Emmett, having come twice in the past hour, was in for the long haul, and fucked his mother through two more shrill factory whistle orgasms during the twenty plus minute marathon ass fucking session, before his balls finally bubbled with homemade lava, "Get ready for checking off another 'fucket' item."

As soon as Emmett pulled out, the still trembling mother dropped to the floor and presented her face for the load she knew was coming.

"Ever do ass to mouth?" Emmett asked, as he stroked his cock.

"Yes," Sarah answered, not wanting to lie to her son.

"Well, we can find other firsts," he shrugged, as he watched his mother take his cock back in her mouth.

Sarah bobbed on his cock for a couple dozen bobs until Emmett pulled out and instantly coated his mother's face with his third load of cum. The warm cum splattered her face as she got the facial she had long fantasized about.

Emmett looked at his cum coated mother and said, "You've never looked hotter."

"Not even when your cock was in my asshole?" Sarah questioned, as she scooped some cum off her face and sucked it into her mouth.

"Well," Emmett laughed, "you always look hot."

The mother scooped more of her son's sticky goo off her face and sucked it into her mouth as she asked, "So what is the most loads you've ever shot in one day?"

"Ten I think," Emmett answered, although he wasn't sure.

"Think we can break that today?" Sarah asked, wanting this to be the day that never ended.

"What about Dad?" Emmett asked.

"You want to fuck him too?" the mother joked.

"That would explain the strap-on in your toy chest," Emmett said.

Sarah shook her head no, not wanting her son to think his dad was gay. "No, we've never used that."

"Is cunt munching also on your 'fucket' list?" Emmett asked, kind of happy to know his father didn't take it in the ass.

"Maybe," Sarah smiled coyly.

"Oh, this is going to be an epic holiday season," Emmett promised, as he went to grab his phone.

"Who're you calling?" Sarah asked, curious yet nervous from her son's mischievous tone.

"Someone to help with your 'fucket' list," Emmett smiled as he called Jane in hopes she could get her ass over here in a hurry.

Sarah, suddenly worried, remembering she had a career to worry about, spoke out with some urgency, "Emmett, we need to keep this between us... and well... maybe your father."

Emmett looked directly into his mother's eyes as he put the phone on speakerphone just a second before Jane answered and greeted, "About time you called, I've been obsessed about that cock ever since I saw your car pull into the driveway last night."

Sarah gasped. That was unmistakably her best friend and neighbour Jane.

Emmett ordered, "Get your ass over here right now. I've got a big surprise for you."

"Isn't your mother home?" Jane asked, "I can see her car," her pussy already dampening at the thought of his big cock fucking her.

"No, she's out with Dad until after supper," Emmett lied, as he walked over to his mother and shoved his cock in her open, shocked mouth and gestured for her to remain silent.

"Why don't you come over here?" Jane suggested, not wanting to risk getting caught fucking her best friend's son... something she felt extremely guilty over, but she just couldn't say no to his massive dick.

"Get over here now, and you'd better be dressed to please," Emmett ordered, as he slowly fucked his mother's face.

Sarah listened in utter bewilderment... this conversation somehow more shocking than the memory of having been fucked in all three holes by her own son's nine inch cock.

"Yes, Master," Jane quickly obeyed like the submissive she was, before adding, "I'm already in a garter and stockings that I bought just for you."

Sarah's eyes went wide at hearing her best friend call her son 'Master'... a term she had considered using towards her son a few times during this afternoon's wild ordeal.

"Good slut," Emmett approved. "Put on some open-toed heels and get over here. Use our front door and the sidewalk. My door is unlocked. Your surprise is eager to see you."

"Be there ASAP, Master," Jane said, in her nervousness about being seen by her neighbours, she'd overlooked the obvious clue he'd just given her about his Mom.

Emmett hung up and said, as he pulled out of his mother, "Ready for another 'fucket' list item to be checked off?"

Sarah looked up and asked, "You're fucking Jane?"

"And in a few minutes you'll be doing it too," Emmett smiled, as he slid his cock back in her mouth and said, "Merry Christmas, Mommy-slut."

And as her son's cock slid in and out of her mouth, her cunt again tingled at the thought of what lay ahead... Jane was the only woman she knew she could trust to keep this sick, twisted secret... even though she was still stunned to learn her best friend was fucking her son... but that would be a conversation for another time.

When Emmett pulled his cock out again, Sarah didn't ask how he'd ended up banging her best friend, nor did she freak out about the knowledge that her best friend was about to walk in here and see her serving her son, instead she stood up and kissed her son in a very intimate way.

Emmett kissed her back for a few seconds before Sarah broke the kiss and said, "I love you so much, son."

"I love you too, Mom," Emmett replied back, seeing his mother as everything... a caring mother, an intimate lover and a submissive fuck slut.

"Is there anyone else I know you've already fucked?" Sarah questioned, as her hand went back to his cock, just holding it gently.

"Only Mrs. Walker," Emmett answered.

"Your high school English teacher?" Sarah questioned, recalling her as beautiful in a slender athletic way, but rather prim and proper.

"Yeah, she was the one that made me realize that behind a sweet, conservative exterior was a submissive, horny woman desperately looking for a young cock to worship," Emmett answered, recalling fucking Jasmine on her desk just an hour before he'd taken her final exam. He'd come all

over her face, and she'd had to scramble to stuff her thong into her blouse and grab some moist wipes from a drawer as her next students began to file into the classroom.

"Well, I'm happy you learned something in high school," Sarah joked, as she again dropped to her knees, wanting to have her mouth full of cock when Jane walked in.

"Merry Christmas, Mom," Emmett laughed.

As the mother slithered her tongue down to his balls she replied back, "Merry Christmas, Master."

THE END

Best wishes to all this holiday season...

Jasmine