

ASS OBSESSION: A SON'S VIRGINITY

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Son loses his virginity and gets all 3 of mom's fuck holes.

Incest/Taboo

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This is a **2017 Summer Contest Story** so please vote.

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Ass Obsession: A Son's Virginity

Some guys are obsessed with tits.

Some guys are obsessed with legs.

Some guys are obsessed with pussies.

And since it's 2017, many guys are obsessed with cock.

Me... I love all of it... including eyes, lips and hair (but not cock).

Until this summer, I'd never had sex, so the only pussies I'd ever seen were on the internet and truth be told, they were a bit of an enigma to me: both how they work and, to me, their lack of visual appeal. I wasn't sure how any guy could say he loves the look of a vagina. The *feel* of one perhaps, but I was in no position to judge.

Me, I love legs... especially legs in nylons. Partly because my Mom always wears them, partly because Mrs. Walker, my favourite teacher, always wears them, and partly because the cheerleaders always wear them.

But my biggest obsession, even more than legs, what instantly gets me hard, is a nice plump ass.

I don't love all asses either.

Prime ass needs to be plump.

I need to be able to grab both cheeks and get two handfuls of ass... in theory... since I've never actually grabbed an ass.

I don't want any anorexic ass.

I like a girl with some meat on her bones... which usually means she's considered chubby by today's sexist superficial standards... although today Marilyn Monroe or Jayne Mansfield would be considered overweight.

So although my mother had never gotten rid of her baby weight from having four kids and getting Hashimoto disease, she was still very pretty with crystal blue eyes and a sweet smile.

To me she was beautiful.

Full figured with huge tits too... which I wished I could nurse on again.

She also had nice legs that she usually showcased in sheer hosiery, heels and skirts; she was a secretary at a law office and always dressed professionally.

Although I loved seeing her legs in hosiery, her breasts in flattering blouses, and her facial beauty, it was the sight of her plump ass, always showcased in slightly tight skirts, that really got my cock ready to burst.

I tell you all this because when I was eighteen and at the lake with my mother for two days by ourselves before my three older brothers arrived, I achieved the unimaginable goal of losing my virginity to my mother and fucking her ass.

Here is the story....

The only time Mom could get a week at the lake on the 150th anniversary year of Canada was the third week of August.

Unfortunately, or so it seemed at the time, all three of my brothers would be returning from a two week trip to Amsterdam that in their opinion I was too young to go on.

It likely was because of the fact that although all three of them are big, burly football players all playing college ball, I was the skinny, underdeveloped nerd and would likely hinder their style... since, of course, the age limits in Amsterdam are only guidelines.

Anyway, although I was originally pissed, it did open the door to some alone time with Mom... this being the first summer since Dad had left with his younger (and to my mind far too skinny) secretary three months ago.

The first day at the lake, Mom was lying on the beach reading a book, wearing a surprisingly skimpy bikini which had been keeping me hard all day, when she asked, "Cameron, I hate to ask you to do this, but can you put some suntan lotion on my back and legs for me?"

My already hard cock agreed instantly to the request, which would place my hands intimately close to her plump ass, and my eyes in a location where they could stare to their heart's content without her noticing.

Of course like every horny son who fantasizes about fucking his mother I agreed with my cock's decision, unable not to stare at her voluptuous breasts barely restrained by her bikini top, "Sure, Mom. Anything for you."

She looked up at me, pausing briefly as she noticed the tent in my trunks, as her eyes went big and her cheeks instantly flushed to an attractive pink, "That's so sweet."

She rolled over and lay on her front, her plump ass in a tight blue bikini bottom now staring back at my appreciative eyes.

My cock flinched eagerly in my trunks.

My hands trembled as I reached for the lotion.

My mouth watered as I stared at her plump ass: it just seemed made for fucking.

Now before I continue I should highlight a few things:

1. I knew my Mom liked taking it in the ass. My bedroom was right below my parents', and I'd often overheard them having sex when they were still married. I would hear Mom beg, "Pound my asshole," or "Slam that big dick in my ass," or "Yes, fill my ass with cum!"

2. I knew she was submissive. I mean it was obvious in her willingness to look after four sons while Dad did very little... but it was also apparent when Dad would tell her things like:

- "Take it all, you little slut."

- "Suck my dick that was just in your fat ass."

- "Swallow my load."

- "Rub my cum all over your face before you go downstairs to make dinner."

And, "Beg me to fuck your asshole," he would order.

Mom would respond with desperation in her voice, "Oh, please shove that big cock up my asshole."

3. Although Mom was prim and proper as a mother, in the bedroom her true nature and nasty tongue were awakened:

- "Oh yes, come all over my face."

- "Oh shit, I'm going to come from having your cock slamming my shit hole."

- "Fuck your slut."

- "Yes, I'm a dirty cum bucket Mommy whore," she declared once, which baffled me, but still made me shoot my wad all over myself.

4. One day while she was at work I snooped in her bedroom and discovered she had an abundance of sex toys including vibrators, handcuffs and anal toys.

5. I knew she was going through cock withdrawal as she hadn't been with anyone since Dad's betrayal. Once I even overheard Mom complaining on the phone to someone that she felt her pussy had shriveled up like a prune.

Probably more of a backdrop than you really needed, but I'm just trying to point out all I knew, and why I was feeling just a glimmer of hope about this trip.

Anyway, I knelt down next to her, squirted some lotion into my hands, happy I wasn't squirting anything in my trunks, and began to massage it onto Mom's back.

After a minute or so, Mom surprised me twice.

1. She asked, "Honey, I need you to really *rub* the lotion into my skin. Can you do what your father used to do and straddle me so you can put some muscle into it?"

I stammered, my cock again twitching in its restrictive trunks, "S-s-sure Mom."

"Good boy," she said, as I tentatively straddled Mom so I was actually sitting over her legs, my cock almost poking against her butt.

"Anything for you, Mom," I repeated, trying to hint just how much I wanted to fuck her.

"Be careful what you say, dear," Mom said, her tone playful. "I may take you up on that offer."

Deciding I had to at least hint at my excitement, and the true intent of my words, I leaned forward to rub the lotion in, my hard cock deliberately poking between Mom's plump ass cheeks as I repeated, my tone trying to sound as suave as possible, "I do mean anything, Mom. You can use me as you wish."

I was worried she would object when she felt my cock poking her, but she said something crazy instead.

2. She asked, "Can you pull the strings of my top, honey? I hate tan lines."

My cock twitched against her ass as I stammered, "S-s-sure, Mom."

I leaned forward at an angle where if we were both naked I'd be sliding my cock into her ass... God, I'd fantasized doing just that a million times (and that's not even hyperbole).

I tugged at the thin strings that had somehow been holding up her large breasts and watched them fall to both sides.

Like the pervert I am, I leaned to my left to see how much of Mom's breast I could see... which unfortunately wasn't as much as I wanted, although it was still a sight to behold.

She said, "The lotion, honey," seeming to know exactly what I was doing, particularly that I wasn't doing what she'd asked me to do.

"Sorry," I apologized, "I got distracted."

"By what?" she asked, even though her tone implied she knew.

"The water skiers," I lied, as I poured more suntan lotion on her back and began rubbing it in.

"Oh, okay," she answered, sounding disappointed at my boring answer.

As I kept rubbing, my cock still resting against her ass crack, I wondered if I was reading more into her tone than was there.

Every few seconds I flinched my cock against her ass cheeks, wanting her to know the impact she was having on me... wanting her to know what I meant by *I'll do anything!*

Not once did she move away or acknowledge its prodding, which could be read a few ways.

1. She noticed it, but didn't feel comfortable scolding me about it.

2. She didn't notice it, which would be pretty humiliating.

3. She did notice it, liked it, but wasn't sure what to say or do... I *am* her son, after all.

Either way I was all hormones, and they increased when she asked, "I know this may be awkward, but can you rub the lotion right down to the top of my bikini bottom? That's where I really burn."

"Of course, Mom," I nodded, that request instantly escalating my hopes, as everything she encouraged me to do was keeping my remote dream alive.

"You're such a sweet boy," my Mom said, as I flinched my cock three obvious times against her ass before reluctantly getting off her.

"And you're the perfect mom," I replied, meaning it.

"Oh, now you're being silly," she said, as I squirted lotion on her lower back.

"I'm serious, Mom," I said. "I couldn't *ask* for a better mom."

"Your father sure didn't think so," she sighed, Dad having left just for his much younger, skinnier, dumber, blonde, fake-breasted, secretary.

"He's an idiot," I said. "You're the most beautiful woman I know... inside and out."

"I couldn't ask for a sweeter son," she said, as she lifted herself up a bit, enough so I could see her entire left breast from the side.

I froze, suddenly unable to continue rubbing her back with my hands, or even to take part in our conversation.

She asked, looking at me looking at her, "Distracted again?"

I should have broken my drooling stare at mom's massive tit, but I couldn't as I struggled to say something... anything... and what came out was no more than a bunch of incoherent babble which I won't attempt to spell for you. It would have lots of vowels and not many consonants.

"Are you okay?" she asked, lifting her body up a bit more so she could turn towards me. Now I saw her nipple poking out... so hard and inviting.

Finally I admitted, "Mom, I can see your breast."

She laughed, but didn't move at all to hide it, "You used to love these things. I mean you refused the bottle far longer than your brothers."

I tried to joke, "Maybe that's why I'm a breast guy."

"And a leg guy," she added, actually moving slightly to show me even more of the first breast and some of the other.

"Pardon?" I questioned.

"I notice you staring at my legs and feet when I walk around the house wearing nylons with my shoes off,"

she revealed.

I felt my face burn with embarrassment as she continued, "It's okay, honey. I've always been flattered by the attention you give me."

"You have?" I asked, shocked by the conversation.

"Sure," she nodded, "who wouldn't be? Especially since your father left and I began to feel really insecure about myself as a woman."

"You're way hotter than she is," I complimented, before adding, trying to be suave, "especially when you're wearing nylons."

"You like nylons too?" she asked, already knowing but wanting to hear me say so.

Deciding to keep things going and keep giving hints, "That's likely your fault too."

"My fault?" she questioned, her nipple still hanging out and about and daring me to do something about it.

"Well, you're the woman I see the most, and you're always wearing them," I explained. I then added, feeling like I should just let it all out, "And I especially have a thing for nylon-covered feet."

"Well, like father like son," she replied.

"Really?" I asked.

"Your father used to order me to wear them every day from morning to bedtime," she revealed.

"Order?" I asked, even though I knew what she meant... I wanted to see how much she would tell me.

"I'm saying too much," she said, her face suddenly changing expression as she lay back down.

"Mom," I objected, rubbing right around her ass... taking a risk and moving my lotion-covered hands to her legs then rubbing them up her thigh. "You can tell me anything."

"No, you're my son," she said, even though she didn't move or protest as my hands slithered up her thigh.

"Mom, I'm eighteen; I'm an adult," I reminded her, my hand only an inch from her pussy and even closer to her ass.

"I guess," she sighed. After a pause, "Well, to tell the truth, your father was very demanding."

"Like making you wear nylons?" I asked, digging for more.

"That's one example," she nodded, actually opening her legs ever so slightly, as if tempting me with the parting of the pink sea.

"What are some others?" I asked, still stroking her legs even though I was more than done with the lotion.

"It's embarrassing," she said. I sensed she wanted to tell me, but was struggling with her moral mother code.

"Is it that you're submissive?" I asked, prodding her on.

"Excuse me?" Mom asked, startled, jerking her head around to look at me.

I shrugged, looking into her eyes, "Thin walls and thin flooring."

"Oh my God!" she gasped, realizing my meaning.

"I heard you say that a lot," I smiled, before adding, "accompanied by a lot of words I've never heard from you any other time."

"You heard me?" she asked, processing the obvious.

I nodded, "Yeah, it was quite the turn on."

"Cameron!" she said.

"What?" I asked. "I'm a guy, so hearing someone begging to be pounded, or ass reamed, is pretty hot."

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," she repeated, laying her head back down in shame.

Oddly, she didn't ask me to stop touching her. So I climbed back onto her, my constrained cock again resting on her ass, and began rubbing her shoulders as I said, "It's okay, Mom, having sex is natural."

"You must think I'm a slut," Mom said.

"Mom, you had sex with your husband," I clarified, reassuring her, flinching my cock with intent, "In truth, the mixture of prim and proper in public and submissive slut in the bedroom is every guy's dream."

"And where did you obtain that worldly view?" Mom asked, again looking at me... this time with a sultry look and voice.

"My plethora of sexual conquests," I joked, again flinching my cock between her ass cheeks.

"How many is that?" she asked, not seeming to be fazed at all by the attention my cock was paying her.

"Ten fewer than ten," I answered, finding a unique way to tell her I was a virgin.

"You're a virgin?" she asked, almost as a gasp.

"Yeah, I don't have the muscles and looks of my big brothers," I answered, knowing that in high school, physical looks and athletic prowess always controlled the hierarchy.

Mom said, "Oh honey, you have something they don't."

"Yeah, but smarts don't get the chicks," I said, the conversation getting so real I was no longer focused on my cock between her ass cheeks but rather on my natural insecurity, especially in comparison to my jock brothers.

She shook her head in disagreement and said, "But chicks do go for smart guys with big dicks."

I was shocked by Mom's words, but I tried to be casual in my response even as I again let her know my cock was indeed not only big but also hard, "We rhymed."

"I'm a poet and didn't know it," she joked.

"You're everything," I replied, knowing then and there I was in love with my mother in a much bigger way than just family.

"You're *my* everything too, sweetheart," she said, turning back around before adding, "now let Mom sunbathe."

"Oh yeah," I chuckled awkwardly, realizing the dream had come to an end. "You probably can't get any sun with me leaning over you."

She didn't say anything as I got off her, my cock raging, and Mom's bold words about my big cock swimming around in my mind. I stared at her ass a bit longer before I decided to go for a swim and dash some literal cold water on my raging hard-on.

An hour later, Mom fully back in her bikini, she said, glancing down at my crotch, "We're going out for dinner tonight."

"Where?" I asked.

"At the exclusive golf course," she smiled, since it was the only restaurant in 50 miles.

"Well, I'll wear my finest golf shirt," I joked.

"Dress up as nice as you can, honey," she said, going to our cabin, before turning around and adding, "and I will too."

As she turned away and went into the cabin I stood there flabbergasted.

She'd definitely looked at my crotch.

She was taking me out on what almost seemed like a date.

She'd allowed me to poke her ass with my dick for endless minutes.

She'd let me see a lot more of her breast than the mother of an eighteen-year-old should.

She'd mentioned how big my dick is.

Which, by the way, is impressive. I don't mean to brag, as I was a virgin and no girls at school had a clue about what I have in my pants, but I'm seven and seven-eighths inches in length (I measured... bummed I wasn't eight inches). I've done some research and that is substantially above the average cock size of five point one (according to google). I also know from seeing them naked at different times that I'm bigger than any of my three brothers. I've always hoped once I met a girl in college where it was about more than looks and athletics (I sure hope it'll be) and she saw my cock, I'd become the stud I dreamed about being.

I went into our cabin and to my room and changed. I had very limited options as I hadn't brought many clothes other than t-shirts and shorts. I did have a golf shirt and khaki shorts, so that's what I put on after I had a quick shower (although we were camping, we were doing it in a rather comfortable way... air conditioned cabin with a shower, bathroom, satellite television and full kitchen). Before I put my khaki dress shorts on, I grabbed my one pair of quality underwear (a pair of MyPackage (yes, that's the correct spelling) underwear which is a Canadian company very similar to Saxx underwear... except more affordable... at least where I found a pair for eighteen bucks).

I didn't expect the night to end with Mom seeing me in them, but I was hopeful, and sure wanted to showcase my cock as best I could if, by some miracle, I did end up showing her my underwear.

I walked out and Mom was still in her room. I flipped on the television and was watching Wheel of Fortune when Mom startled me by saying, "Home is where the heart is."

"What?" I asked, as I turned around and my jaw hit the floor like an animated character. Mom was in a formfitting red dress and mocha nylons. I couldn't even fathom why she'd brought such a dress and stockings on a camping trip with her youngest son.

"That's the answer to the clue," she said, as she put her right hand on her cocked hip... the dress was tight and showcased every curve of her body. Her tits were pulling my eyes to them like headlights (think animated character again, this time with eyes on stalks), as were her legs encased in glossy nylons. The trifecta of voyeuristic perfection would be when I could get behind her and take a look at her ass displayed in this amazing dress.

"Oh, right," I nodded, paying no attention to Vanna White, staring at Mom's tits and then her feet in nylons, her heels still in her hands.

"I need a favour, sweetie," she said.

"Anything," I said, as I likely looked like I was nodding as my eyes went back and forth between her tits and feet.

"You keep saying that," she said, as she walked to the couch and stood in front of me.

"And I keep meaning it," I replied, looking down at her feet.

"Can you be a dear and put my heels on for me? This dress is a little tighter than I recall," she said.

I agreed, even as I stared at her toes in nylons which she wiggled, as if secretly tempting me, "Of course, Mom."

After a couple seconds of staring, I knelt down even closer to those flirtatious toes in their see-through garment, reached up blindly and she handed me her heels. I put them on the ground and mom used the arm of the couch for balance as she lifted her foot up. I slipped the first heel onto her foot, making sure to use my other hand on the back of her calf to enjoy the feel of the sheer silk.

Once it was on, I had to buckle it up, which allowed me to touch the top of her sheer clad foot. The strap was quite delicate and it took me a while to buckle it properly... partly because of my awkwardness at tiny tasks and partly because I was so greatly distracted.

Once I was done, Mom lifted her other foot up and I slipped that heel on too, this time stroking my hand appreciatively down the sole of her foot before grasping the back of her calf as I put the heel on.

I was ecstatic as well to see the heels were open toed, and I could still see the majority of her silky painted toenails. I then fastened the buckle and Mom said, "Thank you very much, honey."

"Like I said, Mom," I replied, "anything for you."

"I plan to take you up on that tonight," she smiled, pulling me up, my head actually bumping into her breasts on my way up.

"Sorry," I apologized.

She laughed, "You used to do a lot more than just bump into them."

I felt my face burn at the implications of her words. I tried to remain calm and suave as I said, "I wish I remembered that."

"Oh you loved sucking on Mommy's boobies," she said. "You refused the bottle forever. Your dad used to joke that you were the ultimate breast man."

"Now I'm a breast man, a leg man, and an ass man," I listed, before adding, "all because of you."

"All because of *moi*?" she asked, gesturing to herself innocently.

"What can I say? I've always been a Momma's boy," I shrugged.

"Well, I'm flattered," she said, taking my hand like a lover and leading me out of the cabin and adding, her words dripping with innuendo, "and tonight Momma's boy is all mine."

"Yes, Mommy," I replied, the horny sons in the porn I read online always calling their Mom *Mommy*.

"Mommy! I haven't been called that in like forever," she said.

"You were just called that like two seconds ago," I teased.

"Brat," she said, as we walked to the car, still hand in hand.

"Hey, I'm the *good* boy," I argued, my brothers always the ones getting into trouble.

"Maybe you should try being the *bad* boy once in a while," she tossed out there, everything she said seeming to imply something sexual... although each one taken individually could be just a coincidence, a preponderance of evidence was beginning to pile up.

Five minutes later we were at the restaurant... my cock hard and likely going to stay that way all night.

We ordered our food and were chatting about the upcoming autumn when she said, "I can't believe you're leaving me in a month."

I knew she'd be going through major empty nest syndrome with my leaving for college added to Dad's desertion. Trying once again to hint at the naughty idea of incest, "Well, we'll need to make the most of the time we have left."

"I couldn't agree more," she said, before asking, "Can you do Mommy another favour?"

"Your wish is my command," I said.

"When I was married to your father it was the opposite way round," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, never mind." She was actually blushing!

"You can't say that, then finish with a never mind," I protested.

"I just did," she smirked playfully.

"Brat," I accused, returning her former word.

"Maybe you'll have to discipline me," she said, again with a sly smile and a deeper blush.

"What's gotten into you?" I asked, remembering that I'd read that line in a couple of stories where it'd led to a naughty sexual innuendo.

"Nothing, since your father left," she answered, looking frustrated.

"You just need to get back out there," I said.

"Aaaaaah," she sighed dramatically.

"What's wrong?" I wanted to know.

"The thought of dating is exhausting," she said. "I just someone I already know to give me what I want."

My hard cock flinched. As the innuendos and hints grew, I was getting more and more confident that she was warming... and blushing... to the idea of incest as much as I was.

I wasn't sure what to say at this moment. I wanted to offer to be that someone she knows, and I was growing more confident that she was indeed hinting her interest, but I couldn't bluntly come out and say it.

Thankfully, the waitress came out with warm buns and olive oil, and I didn't have to respond.

When the waitress left, Mom said, "So back to my favour. Can you rub Mommy's feet? They're a bit sore."

"Of course," I agreed, as I felt her foot on my leg, surprised she was already *sans* heels. I moved my hands to her silky-clad foot and began a gentle massage.

"Oh that feels so nice, honey," she moaned in a way that was a lot more sexual than one would expect.

"Anything for you, Mommy," I repeated again, my cock raging in my shorts as I caressed the silky-clad foot. One of my many Mom-focused dreams was coming true.

"I'll have to find a way to pay you back later," Mom said, innuendo after innuendo, and action after action, strengthening my case that she wanted me as much as I wanted her.

"I'll keep you to that," I said back, trying to hint right back.

"Oh, you'd better," she responded, piling on more evidence.

"These are such silky sheer nylons," I said, then dared to say, "they're so sensuous."

"Yes, I only buy the best," she said. "Your father was very particular about what type I wore."

"Well at least he had one good quality," I responded, still very angry with him since he left. I'd only talked to him three times since then, and the last time I'd managed not to call him an asshole again, but was very blunt that I loved and supported my Mom.

"He had a few," she said. She didn't elaborate, but I sensed she meant his dominant personality and perhaps a big cock.

"Well hopefully I inherited his few good qualities," I said, although we were nothing alike... I being the black sheep of his DNA... he too athletic and built for me to keep up.

"I think you did," she said, before adding to my evidence, "although I may have to investigate a little more thoroughly."

"I'm an open book," I said back, as she moved her foot away and replaced it with the other, this time her foot landing directly on my crotch. *Was that deliberate?*

"So you're really a virgin?" she asked bluntly, as I took her foot in my hands, allowing it to rest against my rigid cock.

"Yeah," I nodded, hoping that information would make her want to be my first... although I knew it could also hinder what was by now my intended conquest; since she may feel extra guilt at my first time being tainted by incest.

"Any oral sex?" she questioned.

"Honestly?" I asked.

"You're eighteen," she said. "We can talk frankly, and I promise not to judge."

"I've never received any oral, but I got a hand job once," I admitted, before adding, "I've *given* oral sex, though."

"With whom?" she asked, suddenly very curious.

"Amanda," I answered.

"Your debate partner?" she asked.

"Yes, a few times," I said, before adding "I really enjoy doing it to her, and after doing it once before a debate and we won, it became a tradition."

She chuckled. "And you guys never lost."

"She called it her good luck lick," I said, Amanda being rather corny.

"I sure could use a good licking," Mom said, simultaneous with her foot pressing against my cock... this piece of evidence seeming to send an imaginary jury rushing out of the courtroom for the formality of a quick unanimous vote before rushing back to join the party.

Yet again I didn't come out and offer like I wanted to. Instead I agreed, "Every good woman deserves a good licking every day."

"A licking a day keeps the doctor away," Mom responded back with a smile.

"Tastes better than apples," I said.

"Your father hated going down on me," she revealed.

"He always insisted on making it clear he was in charge."

"That's ridiculous."

"I haven't been licked in two decades," she exposed, the jury now back in their box and demanding to know why I wasn't in mine.

"Well that's doubly ridiculous," I said.

"I know," she nodded. "I'm not going to lie, Cameron, I became rather self-conscious about my taste and smell because of your father's endless refusals."

"I'm sure you must smell and taste amazing," I said, hoping I would get a chance to smell it up close and taste it for myself.

"I *know* I do," she said, licking her lips suggestively, and one more time pressing her foot against my hard cock.

Again we were interrupted as the food arrived. Mom deliberately and slowly circled her toes around the shaft of my cock before moving her foot away.

Intent clear.

We ate in relative silence.

Me wondering how to move this from innuendo to reality.

Mom pondering how she could cross the line from Mom to Mommy.

When the waitress came back to ask if we wanted dessert Mom responded, "No, we'll have dessert back at the lake."

The entire time she was answering the waitress she was looking at me... her eyes speaking volumes.

Unless I was completely misreading her... dessert was going to be her proving to me that her pussy tasted as good as she claimed.

I agreed, deciding to be as blunt as she was, wanting her to know unequivocally I was game, "Yes, I know exactly what I'm craving: something sweet and exotic."

"Just the bill please, ma'am," Mom requested, her eyes still locked on mine.

Ten minutes later we were back at the cabin... not one word spoken between the two of us until we'd arrived and she spoke just one word as she parked the car: "Hungry?"

"I definitely would love some dessert," I replied.

We got out of the car, she took my hand and tugged, and I followed.

To my surprise she didn't lead me to the cabin, but towards the beach... the sun going down and a slight cool breeze letting us know day was quickly turning into night.

I followed, thinking maybe I'd misread this... although how could I have?

She walked a couple hundred yards to the left and then into a group of big rocks that would give us some privacy.

My cock led the way, pointing straight ahead at her ass as I followed my Mom.

She led me between some rocks as I asked, "How do you know about this area?"

"I noticed it earlier," she answered, turning to look at me.

"So is this where we're having dessert?" I asked slyly, opening the door for her to offer me some homemade pie.

"You promised to do anything for Mommy, right?" she asked, moving to a large rock and leaning back against it.

"Yes, Mommy," I agreed. "I'll do anything to make you happy."

Mom lifted up her dress to both reveal two more surprises: she was wearing only a garter belt and stockings, having gone commando when she left to dine with her son, and she said the words I'd dreamt of both waking and sleeping a plethora of times in my bed at night, "Come eat your Mommy, my baby."

I repeated my parrot phrase one more time, as I walked over to my beautiful mother and her completely shaved pussy, "Anything for you, Mommy."

"Good boy," she crooned wickedly, spreading her legs wider as I reached her.

"I've wanted to do this forever," I admitted, dropping onto my knees and watching her slide her middle finger inside herself.

"Come and get your dessert, honey," she moaned softly.

"Yes, Mommy," I agreed, as she pulled her finger out and I replaced it with my tongue.

And although I *had* enjoyed Amanda's sweet tasting pussy and the moist scent captured in her pubic hair, it was nothing in comparison to the heavenly taste of Mommy's excessive wetness. It was fruity and fishy, a mixture impossible to describe... yet the contrasting tastes somehow worked together in a way they shouldn't, like bacon with ice cream.

"Oh yes, sweetheart," Mom moaned, the instant my tongue made contact.

I'd learned from Amanda how to lick pussy. Amanda was very bossy and particular, but because of that, as the year went on I'd become very good at getting her off.

Although I used a variety of techniques while pleasing her, my most successful and most enjoyable was what I called the *tease and please*. I licked slowly at first, sped up briefly then resumed slow licking, before flicking the clit just once, and then repeating endlessly until she begged me to finish her off.

So I did the same thing to Mom, slowly licking up her left pussy lip, then down her right, and listening to her moans.

I then parted her pussy lips for three up and down paint brush strokes which had Mom moaning again, "Oh yes, lick your Mommy so good!"

"You *taste* so good," I responded, wanting her to know she didn't taste bad like my dumbass father had said.

"Don't stop, honey," she moaned, her fingers combing through my hair.

Of course I had no intention of stopping as I gave her my slow zig zag from the bottom to the top and back down.

"Jesus Christ, Cameron, that is fucking *amazing!*" Mom groaned, after my third slow back and forth zig zag.

I took her cue to ramp up the pleasure, so I replicated the triple zig zag pattern, but faster.

"Yes, *fuck*," Mom whimpered, before I moved to her clit for one quick flick and slithered my tongue back down her pussy lips.

"You teasing brat," she properly accused.

"I just want to savour this pussy and this moment," I replied, both being completely true. Would this be a onetime thing? I had no idea... so I was going to make this time last as long as humanly possible.

She answered my internal question when she responded, "You're going to be my cunt munching baby boy all summer."

"You promise?" I asked, as I encouraged a correct answer by doing my parabola technique. Making three parabolas with my tongue between her pussy lips, and then three reverse parabolas.

"Yesssss," her body trembled as she answered.

And like I'd learned to do with Amanda, I listened to the nuances of Mom's moans and paid attention to her body, so I knew exactly when to go for the orgasmic kill! I sensed it was rising quickly.

My assessment was correct as her hands went to the back of my head and pulled me deeper into her flowing wetness.

I could have teased her longer, I would have Amanda, until she was begging to come, but I wanted to hear Mom scream! I wanted to taste her full flood of cum and I wanted to fuck her (the idea of losing my virginity to Mom the ultimate high). I moved to her clit and tugged it between my lips

"Mother *fucker*," Mom screamed instantly as I was rewarded with a massive gush of her cum.

I eagerly lapped up her honeyed cream and quickly bantered, "Not yet," to her nasty, hot, hopefully prophetic last words.

There was no more talking.

Just Mom's body trembling and leaking as I slowly lapped up her fruity, fishy, delicious sweetness.

Finally, as her orgasm ended, she let go of my head and looked down at me and weakly said, "Cameron, that was amazing."

"You *taste* amazing," I replied back, looking up at her, loving the feel of her wetness on my face.

"Now it's time for *me* to taste *you*," she announced, bouncing off the rock and dropping to her knees in front of me.

I was speechless.

I just stared as she moved her hands to my shorts, unzipped them, pulled them down and admired, "You even wore your only pair of sexy underwear for Mommy."

I remained in awe and unable to speak, as she squeezed my cock through my silky underwear, the closest thing to nylons a guy can wear and not be considered gay.

She purred, as she pulled them down, "I'll have to get you some more of these, they're really sexy."

My underwear and my shorts now around my ankles, I watched in stunned silence as Mom reached up and grabbed my cock. "You'll be happy to know you're bigger than your father."

I still couldn't speak as I watched her stroking my cock, staring at it with the same lustful look I'd just had when I was staring at her pussy.

"My dearest Good Boy, do you want Mommy to suck you like a lollipop?" she crooned girlishly, looking up at me.

I stammered, finally managing to get some words out, "Y-y-yes."

"Tell me what you want," she requested, swirling her tongue around my cock head.

"I want you to suck me," I blurted out, barely able to think, all my attention just focused on feeling her tongue barely grazing my cock. She was driving me nuts!

She slid her tongue down my shaft as she added, "Talk dirty to me, my godlet. Tell me exactly what you want."

Understanding she was trying to tell me to treat her like a slut like Dad used to do, a sudden confidence burst through me as I ordered, taking a risk, "I want you to suck my big cock, Mommy-slut."

"Mmmmm, yes, son, tell me," she replied, her tongue slithering back up my cock and then into her mouth... my brief moment of *did I just go too far* fading away as soon as I comprehended her words.

And although I had no experience talking dirty, I sure wouldn't dare that with Amanda, I *have* watched a lot of porn and I'd listened many times through my bedroom ceiling as Dad dominated Mom, so as she began bobbing on my cock, I groaned, "That's it, Mommy-slut, suck your son's big fat cock."

She moaned on my cock as she bobbed faster, getting turned on by my words, and I was in heaven... a mouth slobbering all over my cock being so much more amazing than my hand. In seconds I could feel my balls boiling. I wasn't worried about coming too quickly, since I knew from my many masturbation sessions that I would remain hard and could reload in seconds.

"Ready for your son's load in that cum hungry mouth of yours Mommy-slut?" I asked, as she bobbed furiously on my cock, just like the porn stars I regularly watched, except of course that she was far better than a video.

She took my cock out of her mouth, looked up at me with insatiable hunger in her eyes, and begged, "Please son, I need your creamy cum shooting in my mouth and down into my belly."

Before I could say anything else, she resumed devouring my cock, deep throating the entire thing.

I groaned, and after just a few bobs, I declared, "Here it comes, Mommy cum bucket."

Mom didn't slow down, and I shot a huge load into her mouth and down her throat... the orgasm in a mouth a billion times more pleasurable than my own hand (and that isn't hyperbole).

"Oh yes, you hungry Mommy cock sucker," I grunted, as she kept sucking long after my load was warming her belly... although she slowed down as if milking my cock for any last remnants of cum that she hadn't already consumed.

When she finally allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth, she looked up and said, "It tastes a lot better directly from the source."

"Pardon?" I asked, as she remained on her knees.

"I've found a few loads of your cum on tissues in the wastebasket and," she paused with a wicked smile, "well sonny-boy, I've enjoyed a few cum snacks compliments of my generous son."

"Really?" I asked, this new revelation somehow more surprising than the reality I'd just gotten a blow job from my beautiful, sexy mother.

"Want to hear another secret?" she asked, taking my cock back in her mouth for a few quick bobs.

"I'm not sure my heart can handle many more surprises," I joked.

My cock slipped back out of her mouth as she wickedly wisecracked, stroking my still very hard cock, "I'm hoping this delicious magic wand can handle a *lot* more."

"What's the secret?" I asked, curious, and ready to fuck her.

"I planned this before we left home," she said.

"Planned what?" I questioned, a little slow on the uptake.

"Becoming your Mommy-slut," she answered.

For an academic genius, I was really not catching on.

Seeing my bewildered look, she added, "Before we left home I planned how I was going to seduce you during this trip."

Finally the light bulb went on.

She had *always* planned to fuck me.

WOW!

"You did?" I asked.

"I didn't know you were a virgin," she continued, her hand stroking my cock the entire time. "But I knew you loved my legs and tits."

"And your ass, don't forget that great ass," I added.

"You *like* my fat ass?" she asked, surprised.

"I love it," I said. "I've jerked off a million times fantasizing about squeezing your ass, eating your ass, and fucking your ass."

"You want to fuck Mommy's fat, tight, ass?" she toyed with the unexpected idea, swirling her tongue thoughtfully around my cock again.

"God, yes," I admitted, before adding, "ideally while you're in nylons and while I'm cupping your huge tits."

"I wonder how many guys lose their virginity from fucking an ass before a cunt?" she mused.

"Even fewer lose their virginity by fucking their hot mother's ass," I pointed out.

"Okay, done! You had me at calling me your *hot mother!*" Before I knew it she'd smiled, stood up, turned away from me, lifted up her dress and bent over a tall rock, offering me her ass. "Let's do it!" she invited over her left shoulder. "There's no ass like the present!"

"I don't have any lube," I said, knowing from research that it wasn't as easy as it looked in porn.

"In my purse," she said, pointing to it.

"You even brought *lube* along?" I asked, even as I walked to her purse.

"Like I said, I planned this," she said. "And I was really hoping to become your three-hole Mommy fuck toy tonight."

I bantered back, as I grabbed the lube, a rather big bottle, quoting her favourite movie line back to her, "You had me at *three-hole Mommy fuck toy.*"

"Now get over here and fill hole number two," Mommy ordered, spreading her ass cheeks for me as I returned to her.

"Two out of three ain't bad," I sang, Meatloaf my favourite singer.

"Oh, we're writing the sequel tonight," she said, as I buried my face between her ass cheeks and licked her puckered asshole. "Where three out of three is GR-R-REAT!"

As I swirled my tongue around her salty back door entrance, she moaned, "You dirty boy."

"Got to get this asshole nice and ready," I explained, my ass obsession including not just staring, caressing and fucking an ass, but also eating one.

"Go to town," she moaned.

After a couple of minutes, Mom said, "Now stand up and plug Mommy with the gift of your anal virginity."

"Yes, Mommy," I said, loving the frequent incest references which continually made this hot night even hotter.

I poured lube between her beautiful butt cheeks and slowly slid a finger inside her.

"That isn't what I want in my asshole," she smiled back at me.

"And what *do* you want?" I asked, wiggling my finger around inside, fascinated by what I felt... feeling like Jacques Cousteau exploring her depths.

"I want my son's big fat dick fucking his Mommy's tight shit hole," Mom nastily replied. "And I won't go until I get some!"

"Fuck, your wicked tongue is hot," I said, pulling my finger out and slathering lube all over my raging hard-on.

As I positioned myself behind her, she requested, "Start slow: Mommy's ass hasn't been pilfered in months."

"Okay," I said, moving my cock to her asshole ready to *pilfer*... my body shivering from the excitement and a sudden chill from the coolness of the night.

Mom added, "But once you're all the way in and I'm all loosened up, I want you to really ream Mommy's asshole and make her your ass slut."

"God, you're hot," I praised, rubbing my cock up and down between her ass cheeks.

"Just slide it in, baby," she said, looking back at me, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

And I did, watching my cock slowly disappearing between her big ass cheeks and into a tight warm space... so different from her wet mouth, yet equally pleasurable.

"So fucking thick," Mom moaned, clearly experiencing a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"Am I thicker than Dad?" I asked, as my hips met her ass cheeks.

"Way thicker," she said. "Now start really slow: Mommy's asshole needs to get used to your massive pecker."

"Okay," I nodded, as I slowly pulled out, then pushed back in, feeling like her asshole was milking my cock.

And for a couple of minutes, I slowly ass fucked my mother.

There was no talking.

Just soft whimpers from Mom.

Slightly heavy breathing from me.

Then Mom urged, "Fuck my ass faster, baby."

So I began pumping faster... the pleasure shifting from an amazing tease to a growing inferno.

"Oh yes, fuck Mommy's shit hole even faster," Mom moaned, beginning to buck back on me.

And even though I'd come just fifteen minutes ago, I could already feel my second load beginning to boil inside me.

"You like me pounding hard into your tight ass, Mommy?" I asked, trying to be the dominant man.

"God yes," she moaned, bouncing hard back into me, my cock somehow reaching even further inside her. "I love your huge dick fucking my ass."

"And I love fucking my Mommy's tight asshole," I replied back.

More moaning.

More fucking.

Sweat began to drip down my forehead.

I knew I was close.

I sensed she was close.

She sensed it too and demanded, "Fuck Mommy's ass *as hard as you can*, baby!"

"Oh yes, take my dick, Mommy-slut," I grunted back, and we fucked each other as furiously and raw as we could.

After a couple more minutes of intense fucking, Mom demanded urgently, "Creampie Mommy's ass, you big dick mother fucker!"

Hearing such nastiness was the final straw that had me exploding as I shot my second load in the second of Mom's holes as I grunted, "Take my load where the sun don't shine, Mommy-slut!"

"Yes!" she screamed, as her orgasm hit simultaneously with mine and she stopped bouncing against me and collapsed forward onto the big rock.

As she did, I slowed down, but kept fucking her... milking my entire load deep into her ass.

Once her orgasm was done, she turned around and kissed me... tenderly... but not at all motherly.

And for minutes we just kissed... nothing more, nothing less.

Such a contrast to the raw fucking.

When she broke the kiss, she said, "I love you Cameron."

"I love you too Mom," I replied, meaning it in every possible way... as a mother and a lover, and as my slut.

"Ever skinny dipped?" she asked.

"It will be freezing in there," I pointed out.

"I have a way to keep you warm," she said, moving her hand back to my cock.

"You're insatiable, Mommy," I smiled, shaking my head.

"And you're young, virile and a big-dicked Mother Fucker who still has one more hole to fuck tonight," she reminded me, taking off her dress.

"Shit, I've fucked you twice and I haven't even seen your tits yet," I said, realizing how crazy that was. "We've given a brand new meaning to *Ass over Tits*."

She removed her bra and added, "And you haven't sucked on them or fucked them yet, either."

In the next hour I rectified (haha) all her concerns:

- I cupped and sucked on her tits... nursing on them for the first time in over seventeen years

- I used some more lube, lathered up her huge knockers and fucked her tits for a few minutes

- We skinny dipped in the moonlight where I found a nice warm place to lose my final virginity

Back in the cabin, Mom, dressed as a silk stockings lover with no further adornment, said, "By the way, your brothers won't be coming to join us."

"They won't?" I asked, surprised.

"Nope," she said, as she moved a hand between my legs and began stroking my cock, which was finally flaccid, but still enjoyed the company.

"Really?"

Just before she took my cock back into her mouth, she said, "Like I said, I planned this, Cameron. For this entire week, our vacation is just between a Mommy-slut and her newly crowned mother fucker. Then we'll go home where you'll join me every night in the appropriately named Master bedroom."

THE END