

BEST PRESENT EVER: MOM

silkstockingslover

Son finally gets his ultimate conquest... his hot innocent Mom.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Son finally gets his ultimate conquest...his hot innocent Mom.

Note 1: This is the fourth part of the Best Present Ever series.

In Part One (**Bitch Sister**), Matthew turns the tables on his bitch sister making her his personal sex slave.

In Part Two (**Cheerleader Orgy**), Matthew has a fun foursome with his sister and two other cheerleaders.

In Part Three (**MILF Neighbour**), Matthew adds his MILF next door neighbour and his enemy's Mom to his growing collection of submissives. He also meets one of his sister's pets, with whom he makes a romantic connection.

Of course, I suggest you read the first three first, but this is a very brief summary of one crazy week in the life of our nerdy, well-equipped protagonist.

Note 2: Thanks to goamz86, Wayne, Robert and Mike for editing this story.

BEST PRESENT EVER: MOM

The afternoon matinee with Allison went really well, and after I returned to college, we texted daily, Skyped weekly and, although we weren't officially dating, we were definitely intrigued and attracted to each other.

I love how cute she is... I love how smart she is... I love how we have so much in common.

Meanwhile, I couldn't get the last thing Mrs. Raske had said on New Year's Eve out of mind, "Trust me, your mother is not as innocent as she seems."

My sister, Sandra, and Mrs. Raske were working together to add Mom to the lesbian society of submissives and Mrs. Raske and I visited on Skype once a week where she updated me on her progress and we enjoyed some play time.

It was mid-February when Mrs. Raske revealed, "Task accomplished."

"No way," I said, never believing that she would be able to get Mom, even though both Sandra and Mrs. Raske were confident it was a sure thing.

"Want pictures or video?" my MILF pet asked, with a wicked smile.

"Both," I replied, calling her bluff.

"What a dirty boy," she purred, as she unbuttoned her blouse.

"Says the dirty slut," I countered.

"Get your slut off and I'll send you pictures and video," she offered, as she took off her blouse.

"No," I firmly shook my head. "Send me the pictures and video now and then you may get rewarded."

"Fine," she sighed, obeying like the submissive slut she was.

"I don't like that tone, slut," I pointed out.

"Sorry, sir," she immediately apologized, knowing that the last time she had annoyed me I hung up on her and made her complete a task (get her pathetic husband to come on her face and then go and get groceries before she could clean herself up... all while taking a few selfies) before letting her back in my good graces. "Please give your slut a couple of minutes."

"Good girl," I purred, knowing positive reinforcement was important to her.

I waited, believing she must have seduced my Mom, but still shocked and, of course, incredibly intrigued.

She said, after a couple of minutes, "Pictures are sent."

I was just about to scold her for taking too long when I was alerted I had a text message. So I grabbed my phone, giddy with excitement, and clicked on the text.

"Oh my," I said out loud to myself, not ready for what I was about to see.

There were five pictures:

- One of my Mom on her knees between a pair of black nylon clad legs
- One close up of Mom's face buried in a pussy
- One of Mom standing naked except for pantyhose and panties, her nice tits staring at me
- One of Mom completely naked, legs spread and her fingers in her cunt
- And another close up of Mom's face, this time as she obviously was climaxing

"The video is too big to send by phone," she said, pulling me out of my staring.

"I expect it ASAP slut," I demanded, wanting to see the corresponding video.

"I'll have to hook up my phone, transfer it to my computer, and then send it as an e-mail," she explained.

"Obviously," I nodded, looking at her. "Hurry up, I have class in half an hour."

"Yes, Master," she nodded. I did love how a beautiful woman twice my age was so obedient and so desperate to please me even from hundreds of miles away.

"Good girl," I again reconfirmed.

I asked, as I waited, "So, is she submissive too?"

"Completely," she nodded.

"Does Sandra know?" I asked.

"No," Mrs. Raske answered, "I thought that was best, especially since your mother will be in Boston in two weeks."

"Good," I agreed, "she is not to know."

"Of course," she replied, before adding, "sorry, I'm not really good with technology. My computer says it will take forty minutes to transfer from my phone."

"It's okay, my slut," I smiled, knowing she was trying her best. "We will meet later tonight."

"Yes, Master," she agreed, clearly disappointed by the delay.

I clicked off and headed to class while continually checking my phone for the video.

In class, since it was a hands on project, I forgot about my phone and then had to ignore the temptation when I felt it buzz in my pants, notifying me that I had a message.

As soon as class was done, I pulled out my phone as I walked back to my dorm room.

Even though I'd seen the pictures and knew she had indeed submitted, watching it on video was shocking. I had my phone on mute because I was in public, but I watched as my Mom crawled to Mrs. Raske and licked her stockinged feet then moved up and buried her face in Mrs. Raske's cunt. The camera was from a distance and at a high angle, but it was, without a doubt, Mom.

A text followed:

Master Two more clips to follow. One of before she submits, the second of her fingering herself on my bed. Unfortunately, there is no audio because it is from a security camera. Your slut

I sighed. I would have loved to have heard the conversation that led to Mom's submission, the talk and moans as she pleased Mrs. Raske, and my own mother's moans as she got herself off.

Of course, I hoped to hear those moans first hand in a couple of weeks.

I watched all three videos, rewarded my MILF pet online and clarified that Mom still had no clue about my relationships with any of my pets... my own plan of my Mom's seduction formulating in my head.

Two weeks ticked by at a snail's pace as I played a million variations of the seduction of my mother.

I heard in vivid details how my MILF slut seduced and dommed my shy Mom. Apparently, Mom had been hinting at her lesbian curiosity with her sexy neighbour for a while (even before my Christmas holiday accidental re-invention of myself) so Mrs. Raske had opened the door at the suggestion of her Mistress, my sister, Sandra.

Mom had immediately regretted her lesbian submission, feeling guilty for cheating on her husband, and had insisted it was a mistake that couldn't happen again.

Of course, Mrs. Raske didn't agree and had forced my Mom to serve her two more times after that first fateful submission.

Mrs. Raske helped my seduction by insisting that she and Mom go shopping for new hosiery. She made Mom throw away every pair of pantyhose and buy only thigh high stockings. She reasoned it was for two purposes:

- First, thigh highs were sexier and, unlike Mom's Walmart pantyhose, the stockings they bought were pure silk...thus they were even better at accentuating Mom's legs, making her look and feel sexy.

- Second, there should always be easy access to a pet's pussy.

My slut also insisted Mom buy some sexy boots (that way she could look sexy while simultaneously being practical for the New England weather, especially based on the crazy 2010-11 winter).

Mom protested that she was going up to see her son, but Mrs. Raske was insistent and Mom, being the submissive she was, gave in.

I also kept chatting through Skype and texting with Allison, who was planning to come visit the school, unfortunately with her mom, a couple of weeks after Mom's visit.

Our chats were getting more personal, but it was in the texts, where she was way less shy than when on Skype, that she hinted at all the things I already knew... although she obviously didn't say she was a submissive to my sister, but she implied she was a curious, adventurous and willing to try anything kind of woman.

Anyway, Mom flew in, and , because I don't have a vehicle, I took three buses to meet her at her hotel.

When she opened her door, my cock immediately hardened. She had always been pretty, but her makeover at the hands of her neighbour (and, unknown to her, my submissive) had transformed her to a complete MILF knockout.

She was wearing a blouse that was tight against her breasts, a black skirt that was just above the knees (sexy, but not slutty), black nylons that had a seam running down the back and black three inch boots.

Knowing she was unwittingly dressing up for me enhanced the situation for me.

"Mom, you look," I paused for dramatic effect, "hot."

Mom blushed, "Mrs. Raske insisted on giving me a fashion makeover."

"Well, it worked," I nodded, and gave her a hug. My hands slyly landing on the top of her ass...not inappropriate, but definitely lower than I would have gone in previous hugs.

Breaking it, I asked, "It's past your usual dinner time, are you hungry?"

"Starving," she nodded, my Mom used to regularly scheduled eating. She was a type two diabetic and thus needed to eat regularly.

"We are two blocks from the original Cheers bar if you want to go there," I suggested, knowing it was a show both my parents liked and still watched on reruns.

"That would be great," she nodded.

"Let's go," I suggested, and then we headed out.

As soon as we were outside, I offered Mom my arm, as the streets were slightly treacherous with the melting snow.

We walked and chatted as I showed her the public Boston Common, which even in winter was very nice... in summer it was beautiful.

We got to the bar, ordered food and caught up. After dinner, Mom spent almost a hundred bucks in the Cheers souvenir shop and took a few pictures.

We then took a short taxi ride downtown and I showed her the downtown market, we walked down by the harbor and ended the evening going on a ghost walk tour. Mom, who scares easily, took my arm for the walk and, when in a graveyard, I made just the slightest of advancements by taking her hand in mine.

She didn't pull her hand away, so we walked the rest of the forty minute walk with our fingers entwined.

When the tour ended, the night had become quite chilly, and Mom was shivering, so we got a taxi to take us back to the hotel (the walk would have been about twenty minutes and that was if we didn't get lost... the streets went in all directions and it was easy to end up off target, I still sometimes got lost, even after a few months of living here).

In the taxi, I pulled her into my arms and said, "You're freezing."

"I don't think I dressed for such an evening," she said as she pushed into me for warmth.

Deciding to continue my snail's pace seduction of my mother, I moved my hand to her nylon clad leg and began moving my hand up and down, pretending to be warming up her leg.

She seemed slightly surprised at first, but I said, "Your legs must be freezing."

She giggled slightly, "Yes, nylon is not the best attire to keep you warm."

"But it is the sexiest," I quipped, again giving just a hint of my plan.

"They are, are they?" Mom asked, surprised by my words.

"Oh yeah," I nodded, "it's the first thing I notice on a woman, their legs, especially in nylons... which is probably your fault."

"My fault?" She asked, looking at me.

"Well, you were always wearing them, and, according to many psychological theories, sons often are drawn to women who resemble their mothers," I explained, going even further, "truth be told, I have always had a nylon foot fetish."

"Well, I guess you're just like your father," she laughed.

"Is he a nylon person too?" I asked.

"If I go a day without wearing them, he is not happy," she answered.

I already knew she was submissive based on the video of her and Mrs. Raske, but the idea that she was submissive to Dad was new. "Interesting," I nodded.

"Why is that interesting?" She asked.

"It's just that I assumed you wore them because you liked them and they accentuated your sexy legs."

"I've grown to love wearing them," she nodded, before adding, "did you just call my legs sexy?"

"Mom, you have amazing legs," I said, "I'd be lying if I said I'd never stared at your legs before."

"Oh," she said, as if trying to process this piece of information.

Deciding to continue my sly seduction, I moved my hand up to the top of her lace thigh highs. "Oh, thigh highs."

She moved away suddenly, but didn't say anything.

I complimented, continuing my slow seduction, as we reached the hotel, "Thigh highs are super sexy, I expect all my women to wear them."

"All your women?" She questioned, clearly surprised by my choice of words.

"Girls like to understand their position," I answered, before getting out of the taxi to allow those words to marinate.

I took Mom's arm again and led her into the hotel, up the elevator and to the hotel room.

Mom immediately took her boots off, as she said, "My feet are literally killing me."

A witty comment about getting on her back popped into my head, but instead I focused on a more sly approach. "Lie down on the bed Mom and I'll give you a foot massage."

"No, that's okay," she said, the tone in her voice implying she was nervous about our earlier conversation.

"Mom, after all the times you've looked after my needs in the past, the least I can do is give you a foot massage," I countered.

"I guess that would be nice," she nodded tentatively, although she didn't actually get onto the bed.

"Lie down, Mom," I instructed, "with your head on the pillows, and throw on some television if you wish."

"Okay," Mom nodded, walking to the bed and cautiously going onto it so as not to let me see her lace top stockings. Once she was on the bed and comfortable, I joined her at the other end and took her stocking-clad foot in my hands. The nylon was sheer and I was instantly in my own version of heaven. Her painted pink toe nails only enhanced the beauty of her foot and I was tempted to take her pretty toes in my mouth.

Mom whimpered slightly when I began massaging her foot and said, "That feels so good, Matthew."

"Agreed," I replied, another subtle hint of my own fetish.

"So much like your father," she smiled, shaking her head.

I asked, "So you started wearing nylons all the time because he told you to?"

"Kind of," she shrugged. "I mean, I often wore them anyway as I always liked the different colours I could wear and how they could help accessorize my outfits."

"Cool," I nodded.

"But yes, your Dad has come to expect me to wear them," she admitted.

"And if you don't?" I asked.

"I just do," she answered.

"My pets are the same," I nodded, using the word 'pets' as I shifted to her other foot, bringing back the conversation I had left marinating when we left the taxi.

"Pets?" She questioned, seemingly more intrigued than shocked, having been set up for this conversation in the taxi. One thing I know about people, if you set up the bread crumbs, they often want to eat the whole loaf. But they will never eat the whole loaf without a few bread crumbs first.

"Beth and Della are two of them," I revealed.

"Sandra's Beth and Della?" Mom asked, genuinely surprised.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Oh," she said, clearly thinking about this.

"Why? Are you surprised a geek like me could get a couple hot cheerleaders?" I asked.

"No, no, no," she shook her head. "I didn't mean that at all, it's just I thought you and Allison may be an item."

"I've learned something about women," I said, my confidence strong.

"What's that?" She said with a smile.

"Most women work hard to put on the persona that society expects them to play," I answered, rather cryptically.

"Meaning?" She questioned, as I moved my hands up to her ankle, lifting her leg up slightly, enough to allow the entire lace top of her stockings to be revealed.

"Maybe I've said too much," I said, knowing that psychologically this would likely make her beg for me to give her more."

"You can't say something like that and then just leave it," she protested, looking at her skirt and realizing her lace tops were showing. As expected, she didn't try to cover it up.

"But it may offend you, even though I think you are very good proof of my theory," I replied, throwing out the hook and now waiting for her to bite.

"I am, am I?" She asked, raising her eyebrow, as my hands went to her calf. "Now I really need to know."

"I don't want to offend you," I said, my hand moving slowly up her leg.

"Tell me, young man," she demanded, using the same tone she had many times when I was in trouble.

Going for broke, I answered, "You are submissive and desperately looking for someone to take control."

"Is that so?" She asked, although she didn't deny it.

"The fact that you are not denying it proves it is true," I answered, "plus it's all part of the feminine psyche. Women always have to be seen a certain way, but the truth is that they desperately want to be seen in a totally different way."

"And what way is that?" She asked.

"Honestly?" I asked, again drawing her in.

"This hasn't been honest?" She questioned with a smile.

"Touché," I nodded, my hands getting closer and closer to her thigh without her making even a faint attempt at stopping me.

"Well?" She questioned.

"A submissive slut," I answered, "like Mrs. Raske is to me."

"What?" She gasped, clearly shocked by this information.

"Let's just say I started the new year with a literal bang," I joked.

Her face went red as she realized that I had fucked someone she had since submitted to.

"It's okay, Mom," I said, my hand moving under her skirt and directly to her pussy, "I know all about your lesbian submission games with my MILF pet."

"Oh God," she moaned, because of both my revelation and my fingers on her, not surprisingly, very wet cunt.

"Just give in to me, Mom," I ordered, as my fingers traced her pussy lips through her sopping wet panties.

"Matthew, this is wrong," she protested weakly even though she didn't move away or move my hand away.

I knew I had her hook, line and sinker, as I purred, and moved between her legs, "It's okay, Mom, we both know you want this and need this."

"Matthew," she said, her eyes showing her complete overwhelmed confusion, "I'm your mother."

"And I'm your Master," I countered, using a word I was confident would trigger yet another gush in her panties and break down her already fragile resistance to the act of incest I was offering.

"Matthew," she repeated, a look of trepidation and lust in her eyes, clearly overwhelmed with the sudden shift in conversation and expectations.

"Remember what you said to me during the holidays?" I asked.

"No," she shook her head, completely at the whim of my words and actions.

"I pointed out that motherly nurturing was critical to proper psychological development and you said, and I'm quoting you verbatim here, 'Well anytime you need me, I am here for you'".

"Yes, but I didn't mean this," Mom protested.

"Didn't mean what?" I asked, wanting to hear her say the words.

"This," she repeated, pointing to me between her slightly spread legs.

"And what is this?" I asked, as I moved my hands under her skirt, reached her panties again and smiled as she voluntarily lifted her ass up so I could slide them down her legs.

"Oh, Matthew," she weakly said, her face flush, "I, um, we can't."

"Mom, there is nothing more natural than sex and nothing more pure than intimacy between a mother and son," I suggested, as I tossed her panties onto the floor. "It's quite frankly the most natural thing in the world."

"Oh God, Matthew," she quivered, "I can't believe you are being so...."

"So what?" I asked, as I stood up and went to unbuckle my belt.

"So strong," she said, staring at my crotch, an obvious hunger to see what I was packing.

"You want to see your son's cock, don't you Mom?" I asked, unzipping my pants.

"I don't know," she answered, even as her eyes remained locked on my crotch area.

"I think you do, Mom," I said, as I dropped my pants to the floor.

She stared at the stiff bulge in my boxers.

"I'll ask again, Mom," I said, wanting her to give herself to me willingly, not be forced or coerced into it. "Do you want to see your son's cock?"

She nodded in the affirmative.

I paused briefly, before I pulled down my underwear and released my completely hard eight inch cock for my Mom to stare at.

"Oh my," she said, staring at my cock, clearly surprised but impressed by the package I was carrying.

"That's what Sandra said the first time she saw my cock," I revealed, all my cards now on the table.

"Sandra too?" Mom asked, looking up at me yet again in shock.

"She was my first pet," I nodded, "she accidentally helped me become the dominant that I am."

"I can't believe this." She said, returning her gaze to my erection.

"What?" I asked, moving closer to the bed. "That Sandra was my first pet cum slut or that I am so well-endowed?"

"Both," she nodded, her mouth literally drooling at my hard-on as she added, "How?"

"It's a crazy story, but the reality is once she saw my cock she was willing to do pretty much anything I asked," I revealed, as I climbed onto the bed and knelt in front of my overwhelmed mother.

When she didn't move away, I ordered, knowing she needed to be told what to do, "Go ahead, Mom, suck my cock."

She looked up at me, a look of complete bewilderment in her eyes (a look that was asking a million questions) before she returned her stare to my eight inch cock. She was paralyzed with indecision, her moral responsibility conflicting with reality.

"Go ahead, Mom," I repeated, "Suck your Master's cock."

That seemed to be the final push she needed, as she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth. I smiled as my greatest fantasy became fulfilled. She took her time, swirling her tongue around my thick mushroom top, and slowly bobbing back and forth over half my cock. She really was worshipping my cock.

She then surprised me when she moved her body lower and slid her tongue down my shaft and took my balls in her mouth one at a time, something that was so sexy. I moaned, "That feels so good, Mom."

She spent an eternity pleasuring both balls before sliding back up my shaft and resuming sucking my cock. When she returned to my cock, she began bobbing up and down on my cock with more speed. The ball play mixed with her eager cock sucking had my balls immediately beginning to boil. I watched her bob hungrily on my dick, continually getting more of my cock in her.

As she took six-plus inches in her beautiful mouth, I knew I wasn't going to last much longer, I groaned, "Get ready to swallow all your Master's cum, my Mommy-slut." Calling her my 'Mommy-slut' turned me on even though I knew it was a risk.

It obviously got her off too as she moaned on my cock and bobbed faster. It took less than fifteen seconds before I was unloading in my Mom's mouth. She swallowed it all, hungrily, until she had retrieved every last speck of my seed.

When I pulled out, I smiled, "Now it's your turn."

She looked at me and said, "I can't believe I just did that."

"I can't believe it either," I smiled, as I moved between her legs and tugged her skirt off. "But I have wanted to do this forever."

"What's that?" she asked, smiling playfully now.

"Making you my submissive," I answered.

"You mean your Mommy-slut?" she questioned, raising her eyebrow.

"Yes," I nodded, burying my face in her pussy.

"Oh yessssss," she moaned, the instant my tongue began licking her cunt.

Her taste was like heaven and I took my time like she had with my cock. I explored every crevice of her pussy region, before slithering down and licking her ass.

"Ohhhhhh, you bad boy," she moaned.

"My sluts must become three-hole fuck toys," I bravely said, as I tongued her asshole.

"You really are like your dad," she replied.

"Dad pounds your ass?" I asked.

"He loves coming in my ass and making me walk around the house with it leaking out of me," she admitted.

"That is the hottest thing ever," I said, moving back to her pussy.

"No, your big dick pounding my cunt or reaming my ass is," she said, talking nasty... which only enhanced this moment of perfection.

I sucked her clit between my lips, which made her tremble and beg, "Shove your big dick in me, Master."

I moved up and asked, "You want your son's dick in you?"

"I'm a Mommy slut," she smiled, "that's what Mommies are made for."

"Fuck," I groaned, as I rubbed my cock up and down her pussy lips. "Let's see those tits first."

She smiled, "You want to see Mommy's big tits?" she questioned as she immediately began unbuttoning her blouse.

"God, yes," I nodded, staring at her like she had my cock earlier.

"You want to suck on the tits you sucked on all those years ago?" she continued, somehow making this taboo and even hotter as if she too revelled in the act of incest.

"Fuck, yes," I nodded, so entranced by her seductive sexiness, as her last button was undone.

She leaned up, awkwardly took off her blouse and asked, "Can you unclasp Mommy's bra?"

"Ah-huh," I agreed, reaching behind her and unclasping her bra.

Taking control back, I tossed the bra aside and pushed her back onto her back.

"Mmmmmmm, how did you know Mommy likes it rough?" she purred.

"All sluts do," I answered, leaning down and cupping her large firm breasts.

"Yes, suck on Mommy's titties," she moaned, as I leaned forward and sucked on her left erect nipple.

"Shove your prick in me," she moaned, as I teased her.

"Beg," I ordered, still resisting the warm wet hole that was tempting my mushroom top.

"Oh God, Matthew, shove that big cock in Mommy's cunt," she begged, "make me a real Mommy-slut and make yourself a mother fucker."

That was all I needed, as I slammed all eight inches inside her velvet warmth.

"Yessssssssss," she moaned loudly, before adding, "soooooo big."

I didn't make love to Mom, I fucked her, slamming into her hard with each forward thrust.

"Yes, yes, yes, fuck Mommmmmmmmy," she demanded, her own orgasm seemingly rising quickly.

I obliged, fucking her as fast as I could, wanting to make her cum.

"Oh God, son, I love your fucking huge horse cock," she babbled, as she began bucking her ass up to meet my thrusts.

I just kept fucking her as she fucked me.

"Oh yes, make Mommy cum," she screamed a minute later and a few deep thrusts later she erupted, "Mommmmmmmmmmmmy's cominnnnnnnnng."

She collapsed back onto the bed as I kept pounding her flooding cunt.

"Oh yes, keep pounding Mommy," she whimpered, as her orgasm continued to course through her.

Instead I pulled out and ordered, "On your knees, Mom."

She purred, "Are you going to fuck Mommy's ass?"

"It's the only hole left," I pointed out, making the act sound even dirtier.

"Well, we can't have that," she giggled, as she got onto her knees and showcased her beautifully curved ass.

"What an inviting back end," I commented, staring at her from behind.

"Well, come on in," she offered, wiggling her ass.

I moved behind her, grabbed her hips and positioned my cock at her back door.

She said, "Please start slow, your dick is a lot bigger than your father's."

That made a chill go up my spine as I slowly pushed forward. After a brief resistance, my cock broke through and began slowly penetrating her.

"Oh fuuuuuuuck," Mom moaned, "your dick is so thick."

"And your ass so tight," I groaned, as my dick slowly disappeared between her ass cheeks.

"Only for dicks as big as yours," she moaned back.

I watched in awe as her ass took all eight inches and once all in, I began slowly fucking her ass.

She moaned, "That's it, get Mommy's asshole accustomed to your huge rod."

I fucked her ass slowly for a couple of minutes before beginning to fuck her faster.

"Oh yes, Matthew, pound Mommy's asshole," she moaned.

Hearing her call it an 'asshole' made it sound so much dirtier.

"You love getting your shit hole filled, don't you Mommy-slut?" I asked, enjoying the nasty talk, so completely different to any conversation we had ever had,

"Yessss, Mommy loves your dick in all her fuck holes," she moaned, as she began bouncing back onto my cock.

I rammed her asshole for a couple more minutes, before I wanted to feel her stocking-clad legs on me, so I pulled out and ordered, "Back on your back, Mommy-slut."

She quickly rolled over and looked at me with an insatiable lust that turned me on. "Where will you slam that big dick of yours, Master?" she asked.

"Back in that shit hole of yours," I replied, as I grabbed her legs, pulled them together and pushed them towards her to give me an inviting angle to both her holes.

"Oh, just take me as you wish, baby," she purred, clearly liking a man who took control.

I got in position and slid my cock back into her ass, the angle creating a new sensation of tightness.

"Oh myyyyyyyy," Mom declared, as I filled her.

Having her nylon legs on my chest was a turn-on, and she knew it.

She asked after a few deep strokes, "Does my Master want some naughty nylon foot play?"

"Yessss," I grunted, as I kept fucking her.

She moved her feet so they were both on my chest and rubbed them up and down as I fucked her.

The feeling was so hot, and mixed with the tightness of her ass, I knew I wasn't going to last long.

She moaned, as she simultaneously rubbed her clit, "I'm going to come again from your big dick, baby."

"I'm close, too," I warned.

"I want it all over my face, Master," she revealed, "I want to show you just how nasty a slut I am for you."

A few more deep strokes and I pulled out. She quickly repositioned herself and offered her pretty face to me. I stroked my dick for a few seconds before the first rocket shot out and hit her directly between the eyes.

Three more loads splattered her face before she took my dick back in her mouth, not caring that it was last in her asshole.

"Oh, fuck Mom," I groaned, as she bobbed back and forth retrieving every last speck of my cum.

When she finally stopped sucking, I looked down at her and said, "Fuck, you are the hottest Mom ever."

"Even with my face coated with cum?" she asked, scooping some off her chin and putting it in her mouth.

"Especially with cum all over your face," I nodded.

We both collapsed onto the bed, she nuzzled into my shoulder, as she said, "Sooooo, want to hear a secret?"

"I did, until you used that tone," I pointed out.

"I've wanted to have your dick in me since I first learned you and Sandra were fucking," She revealed.

I coughed. "P-p-pardon?"

"You weren't really discrete," she pointed out, "and Sandra is a screamer when she comes. Trust me I've been between her legs enough to know."

"What?" I said, sitting up and looking at my Mom, her face still coated with cum. It was apparently my turn to be shocked.

"Your sister has been using me as her personal live-in cunt-licker since a couple days after you left," Mom revealed.

"The bitch never told me," I said, annoyed at Sandra for keeping such a thing secret.

"That's my fault," she smiled, "I wanted this night to be... well, special."

"That it was," I nodded. "And Mrs. Raske?"

"That was real, I feigned innocence while she kept trying to seduce me," she explained, "it was actually quite cute."

"Wow!" I said.

"And Dad is oblivious to this whole thing?" I asked.

"Your father is oblivious to most things," Mom said, "including that his wife is a submissive cum slut."

"That is a shame," I said, wondering how a man could be so oblivious to a woman's needs.

"Thankfully, I now have you as my Master," she said, stroking my already reviving cock.

"I can't believe you played me this whole time," I said.

"I can't believe you tried to make your mother your slut," she countered.

"I did make you my Mommy-slut," I countered.

"Well," she smiled, as she stroked my cock, "Do you have one more load in you?"

"My gun reloads quickly," I nodded, as I rolled her onto her side.

"And can you just fuck Mommy's cunt this time?" she asked, as I moved behind her.

"Since you asked so nicely," I replied, as I slid my cock into her still very wet pussy.

"Mmmmmm, you're such a sexy Mother-fucker," she purred, as I began slowly fucking her.

"And you're a sexy Mother-slut," I countered, as I eventually deposited my third load of the evening, this time in her cunt, both of us coming one last time.

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The next couple of days were crazy as I learned my mother is also a nymphomaniac. We fucked in a secluded spot during my private Harvard tour, we fucked in a family washroom at Quincy Market, she swallowed my load during a long taxi ride and I filled all three of her holes back at the hotel.

My dick was actually exhausted and in need of a rest when Mom left for the airport after three days of sucking and fucking.

As she left, she said, "You better get a summer job back home, Master, because you already have a summer job at home that you need to deal with."

I laughed, "What about Sandra?"

"You're the Master," she shrugged.

"True enough," I nodded, giving her a very non son-mother kiss, having just shot a load in her cunt a few minutes earlier.

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Thankfully, I had two weeks to recover before Allison was coming with her Mom to visit me and Harvard, although I wasn't sure that I would be able to actually, finally sleep with Allison. Our texts had gotten very vivid, and there was no doubt she was submissive, but, with her mother coming too, I wasn't sure how I would get her alone.

To my surprise yet again, things turned out a lot different than I expected, but that is an entirely different story.

THE END