

BIG FAT COCK: A HOT MOMMY SEDUCED

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Nerd discovers the power his big, fat cock has over women.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Nerd discovers the power his big, fat cock has over women.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story doesn't come until a sequel (if enough people express interest), later on in the sexual journey of our protagonist Kevin.

Note 2: This is a **HALLOWEEN 2018 CONTEST STORY** so please vote.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Robert, Wayne and Well_Hung_Well_Off for editing this story.

BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced

My Dad and I never got along.

Partly because he divorced my Mother after cheating on her with not only her best friend, but also with her sister and her mother... yes that's right, my father fucked my aunt and grandmother... I would later learn he'd done it often and sometimes at the same time.

Partly because he was a lazy slob that did fuck all, and yet he always had some well-off hot woman giving him her favours and money. I guess you could call him a gigolo, except the arrangements were never formal... he just demanded and got things... and gigolos are supposed to be suave and sophisticated, where he just had the manners of an entitled dickhead.

Partly because he was an athlete, or used to be before the beer gut, where I am no more than a lowly scholar with the athletic ability of a turtle. Brilliant but shy.

Partly because he still treated my Mother like shit, and my Mother let him. I hated watching my pretty, sweet, smart (she was a prominent attorney), normally strong-willed Mother getting treated like shit by him, even after their divorce.

Partly because he was an asshole and had always spent almost no time with me. He was a social butterfly, I was a loner.

Then this past summer, suddenly he wanted to hang out. I rejected his offers for summer camping trips, but in October, a couple months into my senior year at high school (I was already eighteen because I'd originally started school a year late) my Mother reminded me I only had one father. I pointed out that what I had was only one sperm donor so no biggie, which just made her sigh. So to please my Mom, who urged me strongly to give my Dad a chance after he had stopped by, looking flustered with her cheeks red, I assumed they'd had another all-out yell fight like usually happened when he came over. They talked, they disappeared, they yelled, Mom looked flustered and upset, and the cycle continued.

So alas, I found myself at a lake, a mosquito-filled lake of course, in mid-October of all times, with my father and his ridiculously pretty girlfriend, who was only three years older than I and whose daddy owned many hotels, when my Dad and I discovered the greatest secret ever.

I was on the boat with him fishing... which was without a doubt the most boring thing I'd ever done in my life, when I told him, "I've got to pee."

Dad, a beer in one hand and his fishing rod in the other, said, "So? Piss off the edge of the boat."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Sure, what other option do you have?" He asked.

"We could be civilised and go back to shore," I suggested.

"Not yet," he refused. "We haven't caught our quota."

"I'm not peeing off the edge of any boat, there are other people on the lake," I argued.

He shrugged, not caring what I wanted as usual, "Then hold it."

And I did... for twenty more minutes... but when I again pleaded to return to shore and he again refused my request, I sighed, glaring at him, "Fuck it!" I then stood at the edge of the boat, pulled down my shorts and started peeing.

It felt so good to finally release it, because of having such a full bladder almost as good as my orgasms when I jerked off (which I did at least twice a day), when I was startled by my Dad exclaiming, "Holy shit, you at least inherited one good thing from me!"

"What?" I asked, even as I kept peeing and looking at my father, who was staring at my cock while I peed. It was fucking weird.

"You have a big, fat dick too, my boy," he approved, looking proud of me for the first time ever.

"Why are you peeping on my peeing?" I asked, as I continued the longest piss in world history.

"I'm not peeping," he denied, "I'm just glad to see that my son has indeed become a man."

"Well, stop staring, it's creepy," I objected, as my marathon urination began trickling to an end.

"Nothing wrong with admiring what my son is packing," he told me.

"This is so weird," I complained, finally putting my dick away.

"You have no idea what a blessing it is for you to have a dick that large," he pontificated, as he stood up and pulled down his sweats.

"Dad, what are you doing?" I objected as I looked away.

"Showing you that we at last have something in common," he explained, seeming to be excited about it.

"We both have dicks; wow, thanks Dad," I dismissed sarcastically.

He sighed, like he always did when he was disappointed in me, which was often, "Kevin, stop being a wuss. Seeing another guy's dick isn't a big deal." He then added, roaring with laughter at his own version of wit, "Except this time it *is* a big deal. Now check me out."

"I'm good," I said, looking away, grossed out by this entire conversation.

"Now!" he ordered, using the authoritarian tone he used when he was pissed off and demanding to be listened to.

"Fine," I agreed reluctantly, hoping the sooner I looked at his dick, the sooner this stupid conversation would be over. I looked over and saw that his dick was almost identical to mine.

"See? You inherited my dick," he said, "and then some," waving his big cock around with no shame. He was right, his was almost as big as mine.

"Does that mean I also inherit your ability to *be* a dick all the time?" I asked sarcastically.

My father ignored my sarcasm as he answered, "Actually, it does."

"Really?" I asked, even as he put his dick away, which was admittedly quite big, although not quite as big as mine, and tossed out his line to try for another fish.

"You know how the girl with the biggest tits, the nicest ass or the prettiest face gets all the attention from the guys?" he asked as we sat there with our lines in the water doing nothing.

"Yeah," I nodded, knowing all too well the hierarchy that was high school.

"The same thing can happen to you once the sluts know what you're packing down below," he explained.

"Yeah, sure," I laughed, knowing how ignored I was by the cheerleaders, the athletes and, well, almost every girl around, truth be told. I was also disgusted by his disrespect for women by using the term 'sluts' instead of 'girls' or 'women', or even the not much better 'babes'.

"I'm serious," he said. "How do you think I get all the hot chicks?"

"Blackmail or cash," I speculated, only somewhat joking. Actually, I'd always wondered about the answer to that exact question. I mean my Dad used to be an athlete and in shape, but he was hardly a catch now... not to mention he always behaved like a sexist asshole.

He laughed, "You're not the first one to assume that. Nope, it's all about dick size."

"So you just stroll around getting women because of how big you are?" I asked. Although the idea sounded stupid and superficial, I was already well aware that most girls were superficial and sometimes stupid, and this could be the answer to one of the greatest mysteries I had yet to figure out...how my Dad got gorgeous woman after gorgeous woman. This year alone he'd dated a cheerleader from the Patriots, a model who was on the cover of lots of fashion magazines, and now a hot young bombshell who had more money than most movie stars.

"It's sure not my witty personality," he admitted, making a joke for once.

"That I can believe," I agreed.

"Look, I know I've been a shitty father, but now we have something in common, which means that now I can finally give you some fatherly advice, and good advice even," he said, looking excited about his son for the first time ever. Usually such excitement was reserved for the Patriots, Red Sox, Celtics or Bruins.

"About how to use a big cock?" I asked sardonically.

"Exactly," he beamed. After a pause, he asked, "Are you still a virgin?"

My face suddenly burning red likely giving him his answer, as I didn't say anything.

He chuckled, "No worries son, that is going to change very, very soon."

He actually called me 'son'! He *never* called me son. It was either Kevin or dumb-ass, but never son.

But I only answered with, "I doubt it."

"My boy, everything has just changed. Now that I know you're like me down there, the whole world is about to open up for you."

"I don't see how," I said, still skeptical, but also becoming intrigued, "even if you're right, which I'm not saying you are, it's not like I can just announce at school: 'Hey everybody, guess what I have.'"

"Actually you can," he disagreed, before adding, "or wait for word of mouth to do the job once someone finds out."

"Whatever," I scoffed, still finding this conversation bizarre and trying to hide my own curiosity about his theory. Plus, even though I didn't realize it until now, I did like discovering something in common... deep down I'd always wanted my Dad to see me as his son, not just as his sperm deposit mistake.

"I'll prove how powerful a big, fat cock can be," he said, at last putting his boring fishing rod away and cranking up the boat.

"How?" I asked, being drawn in by his confidence.

"It'll be better if I show you," he put me off, and headed the boat back to shore. I had no idea what he was thinking, but as the boat surged loudly across the water, it was no longer easy to carry on a conversation.

Once we were on the shore he ordered, "Leave the shit in the boat and come with me."

Being relatively lazy myself (something else I had inherited from my father... LOL), and by now quite curious about my Dad's promise of demonstrating his point to me, I followed him off the boat and back to the cabin... which, by the way, was twice the size of the house I currently lived in with my Mom.

Once we'd gone inside, Dad ordered his newest girlfriend, who by the way was dressed in a bikini top, a short skirt and some much-appreciated pantyhose (which made no sense at the lake, but which prompts a detour in my story). I appreciated her apparel because I have a massive nylon fetish. This is because of my hot Mom, who wore them every day of her life. She wore them when she was dressed for work, under her jeans, even under her robe in the morning or before bed, which was always something I never understood but nevertheless got off on looking at. My Mom's

legs and feet in nylons were one of my three biggest jerk off fantasies, the other two being our high school's huge-busted but bitch of a principal; I often fantasized just shutting her up with my cock in her mouth or sodomizing her ass (I can't explain it, but I am way more intrigued by anal sex than vaginal), and my third jerk off fantasy was to somehow turn my lesbian English teacher straight; she being such a feminist that I often imagined shutting her up with my dick, too.

Now, where was I? Oh yes, my Dad was ordering his girlfriend to "Go get our shit out of the boat."

"Sure, honey," she agreed, setting down her cocktail, sauntering over and giving him a kiss while my Dad mauled her ass, before heading out.

No please, no thank you, just 'Go get our shit out of the boat,' and it got done. I joked, "Nice manners, Dad. You're a real gentleman."

"Sluts don't want manners, they want a man who's in control and who has a big, fat cock."

"Oh, okay," I said, shaking my head at this ridiculous sexist philosophy... which I was sure he actually believed.

"You mock me now," he said, "but wait and see. Women will do almost anything for a big, fat cock."

"In the porn movies, sure," I agreed, having watched a lot of porn on the internet and indeed noticing that I was bigger than almost every porn star, and that women seemed completely hypnotized by the size of their cocks... in porn the bigger the better seeming actually to be true.

"Trust me, it's psychological," he said.

Unable to help I myself, I taunted him, "Can you even spell that word?"

After a pause he shrugged, "Probably not, but I *have* done a lot of research to prove my point."

"You should write your Master's," I joked.

"Funny you should say that," he chuckled.

"What? Why?" I asked. No way my Dad would ever be academically qualified enough to get his Master's, or a college degree of any kind... he admitted he'd only managed to get his high school diploma because of his athletics.

"Because I'm a Master to a lot of women," he said.

"Of course you are," I responded, making it clear I wasn't buying any of his bullshit... I mean that's what *he* did all the time... talk bullshit.

"You'll see," he said. "Why do you think a hot, wealthy girl like Portia is not only out here with me, but willingly doing menial tasks like getting our shit out of the boat?"

"Because she's as dumb as they come," I said, the majority of his women being as bright as a ten-watt bulb.

"Actually she's attending Harvard," he said. "Third year. Biochemistry."

"No way," I scoffed, that just not seeming possible. She looked and spoke like a bimbo.

"True story," he nodded, "she's as brilliant as you are, yet she flew out here just to be my slut for the weekend. And she paid for the cabin rental."

"No way," the idea too ludicrous to be true, yet why else would she be here with someone twice her age... with a guy who was a four at best, while she was a twelve out of ten.

He ignored my response and continued, "But all chicks, smart or dumb, feminist or not, get weak in the knees at the sight of a big, fat cock."

"That's ridiculous," I repeated, still not buying his bullshit... his entire life had been full of bullshit.

"You're a genius, right?" He asked.

"I'm in the top ten percent," I shrugged, although it was really more like the top one percent, but I wasn't a blowhard asshole like someone else in the room.

"What happens to your Mensa brain when you see a hot girl, a big pair of tits or you're watching porn?" he asked.

I didn't respond right away, as he'd finally made a point I couldn't argue against. Once the blood started rushing into my lower head, my upper head changed. I wasn't as smart, but in my fantasies I became a much different person... suddenly in a stunning flash of dismayed clarity I realized I became just like my father... dominant and smug... both things I wasn't in real life. Well, even at normal times I could be smug around people I found insipid.

"Exactly," he said, reading my mind. "Women aren't as different from men as society would like us to think. They like sex, but they're not supposed to admit it. They crave big cocks like we crave big tits. In the end, behind the façade of propriety is the truth: given the opportunity, most women have an inner slut who wants to come out and play."

"And your big dick provides that opportunity?" I asked, only partially sarcastic.

"Almost every woman will indeed take the opportunity once they know what I have," he bragged.

"Just the sluts," I countered, not able to fathom any classy woman falling for his malarkey, even though some of the women he'd been with since the divorce had seemed classy... at least at first.

"Is your Mother a slut?" he asked.

"Huh?" I asked. I was stunned he would have the gall to ask that. Since he left us Mom hadn't dated anyone. She was anything but a slut, and he knew I would support her over him every time.

"Do you know I still fuck your Mother?" he asked, a smug smile on his face.

"No way," I denied, even though I could see he was telling the truth. He was too arrogant to lie: he was who he was and if he said something you didn't like, tough shit.

"She still even dresses the way I expect her to," he added.

"The nylons," I said, instantly knowing, having noticed that his women were always in nylons, but somehow had never made the connection it was his doing. For a smart guy, I can be pretty dumb sometimes.

"You noticed," he nodded. "It's my thing."

Before I even had time to think, I acknowledged we had something else in common as I added, "Mine too."

"Cool: like father, like son," he said, before adding, "you see, once you give a woman the fucking she craves with a big, fat dick like the ones we have, she can never say no to you."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. I have fucked a woman on her wedding day, both before and after her forever 'I do's'. I have fucked a church minister's wife *and* daughter while he was giving a sermon. I have fucked more than one woman while her small-dicked husband watched, and I have fucked your Mother in dozens of wild places, including in the ass at your debate championship," he listed proudly.

"You did what?" I asked, astounded, in awe of his list of crazy shit, but blown away at hearing him say he fucked Mom's ass, and worse yet while they were supposed to be watching me as I won State.

"No offense son, but debate championships are the most boring things ever," he said.

I wasn't surprised he'd ditched it, but Mom had too, and to get her ass fucked???

Finally I said it, my tone one of disbelief, "You sodomize Mom?"

"Never used the word sodomize, but yeah she loves it in the ass, and since I don't want kid number two, I *only* use her mouth and ass," he admitted.

"You're a dick," I said, disgusted.

"And a big one," he agreed, just as Portia returned to the cabin.

"Not as big as mine," I said smugly.

"There ya go," he roared, before he said, "Babe, do you know what I learned today?"

"No, what, honey?" she asked.

"My son has an even bigger dick than mine," he announced, in the same way my Mother would brag about my debate championship.

"Good for him," she said, looking at me with a smile as she slipped out of her runners, which looked ludicrous with her outfit anyway. Then, like I did anytime a woman was in nylon-clad feet in front of me, I stared at her purple painted toenails, encased so attractively in her mocha-coloured nylons.

"I also learned he's a virgin," he added smugly.

"I didn't know eighteen-year-old virgins even existed," she said, not in a cruel way, but in a genuinely surprised way.

"I'm out of here," I said, mortified at being humiliated like this. How dare he out me like that? And to a girl!

Portia suddenly showed some real class when she grabbed my hand and brought me to a dead halt saying, her voice so soft and sweet, as my cock instantly hardened, "Sweetheart! It's okay. We were all virgins once."

"Yeah, until I was like fourteen," my Dad joked.

"Don't listen to your father," Portia said, "there is no right or wrong time to lose your cherry."

"How about now?" Dad asked.

"What?" Portia asked, looking at him surprised. I too had a similar look. Was he going to let me fuck his super- hot girlfriend? Would I actually do it?

"Well, he loves nylons and hot sluts and you love a big, fat cock, so it looks to me like a match made in heaven," Dad pontificated benignly, as if this were the most logical thing ever.

"He's your son," Portia pointed out the obvious.

I couldn't say anything; I was completely speechless.

"Look at the tent in his pants," Dad said, pointing to my very erect dick. "He seems to like the idea."

"Dad, I...." I began.

"Just show it to her," Dad suggested.

Portia interjected, "William, this isn't appropriate."

"Whip it out right now, son," he ordered, ignoring the woman's common-sense objection, just like he always did with Mom.

My cock was awkwardly stuck in a weird position in my underwear, and for some reason I wanted to show this hot woman how big I actually was, and to see if my Dad's theory was actually true. He did say a woman would do anything. And sucking her boyfriend's son's dick right in front of him would be a real good descriptor of anything. So I pulled down my pants and underwear in one quick plummet and let my Dad's girlfriend see my nine-and-a-half-inch-long cock with its seven-inch circumference.

"Jesus Christ!" she gasped as she stared at my cock. I wasn't sure if it was the size making her gasp like that, or the fact that her boyfriend's son had just whipped out his dick in front of her.

"Told you it was big," Dad bragged.

"Even bigger than yours," I confidently said again, getting a rush of adrenaline at the reality of this beautiful girl staring at my cock with the awe girls usually reserved for the hot guys at my school.

I looked at Dad smugly, but he just gave me a nod... as if giving me silent permission to use his girlfriend. Feeling a confidence I never had other than in some of my jerk off fantasies, I moved my hands to Portia's shoulders and firmly pushed down... just like I often did in my fantasies.

Like in my fantasies, I watched her fall for the idea instantly and allow herself to drop in front of me, her pretty face and delicious lips now poised right in front of my raging hard-on. I watched in awe as she wordlessly put her hand on my cock, not even able to wrap her hand entirely around it.

"Told ya, son," Dad said, smiling. "They become completely entranced by a big, fat cock."

Portia didn't deny his statement; instead she stared at my cock and stroked it slowly... completely captivated by it. The next words out of my mouth shocked me completely as I heard myself order,

"Suck it, Slut."

She seemed to be about to say something, but I took the opening as my cue and slid my cock in her mouth.

"That's my boy, just take what you want," my Dad said proudly. I looked up at him and he was beaming approvingly at me for the first time ever. It gave me a rush.

Nothing can prepare you for your first blow job. You can imagine it. You can use a flesh light or some other sex toy. You can even try to fuck a pie like in the American Pie movie... which by the way is just messy and not very pleasurable... but the real thing is unlike anything you can ever imagine until it happens.

She bobbed on my cock slowly... thank God, as I could already feel my balls boiling in seconds, and I wanted this to last. Her mouth was so wet, which is a terribly feeble description to be coming from a Mensa brain like mine, but that's the best I could do at the time. Her tongue was pleasuring me, her lips were pleasuring me, her wet oasis of wetness was pleasuring me (yeah, I know, pathetic; deal with it).

The sight of her lips wrapped around my cock only enhanced the pleasure, as her actions were so submissive: on her knees, bobbing on my cock, serving me.

Of course, I didn't last two minutes.

I held back as long as I could though... before I grunted and without a word spewed my load down her throat.

The orgasm from oral sex was a million times better than my hand jobs could ever achieve. My entire body shook, my legs gave out a bit, and I actually needed her shoulders for balance as my load rocketed into her mouth.

She kept bobbing, milking my cock and retrieving all the cum she could... which was so fucking hot.

Suddenly Dad was there, I'd briefly forgotten he was even in the room, that my first blow job was not only a gift from his girlfriend, but she'd done it while he was here looking on. Portia was still slowly bobbing as he lifted her butt up and she somehow kept my cock in her mouth as he repositioned her onto all fours. He said, "Keep sucking, slut. A young first-time stud like my son will have another load ready for you very soon."

Her response was to moan on my cock as he flipped up her skirt and slid into her cunt. I noticed her pantyhose were crotchless, which I had only seen in porn films, and that added to the hotness as I realized I was actually spit roasting a woman with my father! Bucket list item: check! (The spit roasting part, not because it was with my Dad on the other end.)

This was, without a doubt, the weirdest father-son bonding in history.

Dad explained, as he grabbed her hips and began fucking her hard, and she became a sexual rocking horse, "See my son, they can't resist big, fat cock."

"What if it's only big *or* fat?" I asked, now wanting to learn from the master, no longer doubting his expertise or philosophy.

"It needs to have both to get them to do anything," Dad said. "Sure, long is nice, but the thickness spreads her mouth, her pussy and her ass in ways that totally enhance her pleasure."

"Giving a blow job is pleasurable for her?" I asked.

"Fuck yeah," Dad nodded. "Serving a dominant man and making him happy is a major turn-on for a woman. Your Mother still loves sucking my dick. She blew me while you were packing."

"While Portia was there too?" I questioned.

"Portia understands I'm not a one-woman man," he said. "She just appreciates that she's at the top of the hierarchy right now."

"Surreal," I said, as I watched her taking both our cocks at once.

"If you want, you can fuck her too," Dad offered, "I'm sure she'd love your cock in her cunt or her ass... she really screams like a banshee when she takes it all in her ass... but on the other hand I think you'll appreciate it more if you recruit your first cunt slut yourself."

Although I did want to fuck this hot slut, Dad had a point. I needed to earn it; I needed to find my own slut. And with this new-found confidence, I somehow knew I could. I nodded, "Can I use her mouth all weekend?"

"Anytime," Dad agreed.

"And I do plan to fuck her too, once I get my own cum slut," I confidently said.

"I'm sure she'll meet you anytime, anyplace to ride that cock or take it up her back door," Dad agreed.

"Or both," I added.

"There ya go, you really are a Walsh," Dad beamed proudly.

"Now let's double-team this slut," I said, enjoying my new confidence, this fantasy becoming reality, even as I began sounding like just as big a dick as my father.

"You're definitely my son," Dad laughed, as I began to fuck her face as he fucked her. It was awkward at first, but soon we were all in unison.

She came first... backing her mouth off my cock so she could scream in ecstasy.

I slid it back in and scolded, "Don't you ever take my cock out of your mouth without permission."

"That's it son, set clear boundaries," Dad approved, before he grunted and shot his load into her.

As he pulled out, I grabbed her head and roughly face fucked her like I'd often fantasized doing to someone, so roughly that my balls bounced off her chin and her slobbering/gagging sounds were echoing around the room.

"Use her, son," Dad approved. "Show her who's in charge," he added a dozen strokes later. "Train her to be a perfect cock sucker for Walsh men."

"Oh yeah, slut, here it comes," I declared, as I pumped as fast as I ever had... and shot a second load down her throat.

I kept pumping until I was spent, then I pulled out of her and collapsed on the nearby couch.

Portia looked dazed, confused and well fucked. As she looked blearily up at me from where she was lying on the floor, she said, "Holy fuck."

"Did you enjoy that, my little whore?" Dad asked.

"It was so perversely twisted," she said, looking like she was just now processing the reality that she'd just gotten spit-roasted by a son and his father.

"And?" Dad pressed.

"And it was fucking amazing," Portia summarized, as she staggered to her feet only to collapse in a chair.

"You're going to be his slut all weekend," Dad added.

Not at all fazed by being given to another guy she asked, "you're serious that I can't fuck him?"

"That's up to him," he said.

Portia looked over at me and leered at me, "Lover man, I'm revoking your v-card before the weekend is over."

"You'll be taking a lot of loads, that's for sure," I promised.

"Whenever you're ready for more," she offered.

"Give me a few minutes," I said.

"Go finish making supper, slut," Dad ordered. "We men need to talk."

"Hopefully it's about double penetrating someone," she smiled, reaching down and cupping my balls before settling in my lap and giving me my first kiss that wasn't something awkward with a relative from a different generation. Fortunately, theirs hadn't been wet and hers was, and it was long and lingering.

While we were still kissing I realized I'd gotten my first-ever blow job before my first-ever kiss.

I then realized I was swapping tongues with a woman I'd just shot two loads of cum into.

Weird. Cool.

"So, son," Dad said, as she eventually left for the kitchen, "what do you think of my theory now?"

"Tell me more," I said, wanting to learn all I could from this unexpected mentor.

He told me everything over the weekend.

There were rules, and they included:

1. This was the golden rule: never, ever, tell anyone you love them. (He'd done so only once, to Mom, and he would never make that mistake again).
2. Be proud of who you are. This was something I'd always struggled with because of my average looks and non-athletic body. I mean I knew I was smarter than all my peers, and I assumed that college would be a lot better in regard to popularity... still, a small part of me had always resented that I never fit in.
3. Confidence is key. Pussyfooters don't get any pussy.
4. All women have a submissive side: you just need to draw it out of them. I asked about lesbians, and he laughed. He bragged that he had turned more than one lesbian into a cock-hungry slut, although he admitted he'd also struck out on just as many occasions.
5. Learn to understand women and their physical cues. They may say no, but their inner slut will say yes. To clarify, he didn't mean rape (thank God), but he explained how a constant verbal attack on a slut's moral code interspersed with sincere compliments would eventually melt her resistance and turn a flat No into an eager Yes. And the sincerest of compliments is your hard dick, demonstrating how exciting you think she is.
6. Push their limits. Fuck all three holes. Use them in public. The reality is they will do anything for your cock, so make them prove it. They'll thank you for it.
7. Always make them wear nylons. This was a Walsh thing he'd learned almost from the cradle, as my grandfather also had a nylon fetish.

Over the weekend, I deposited twelve loads in Portia's mouth, or on her face or tits. I also shot a load all over her nylon-sheathed feet from my first-ever nylon foot job... another fantasy come true. Check!

Then she finally convinced me to fuck her.

"Please, Kevin, just once," she begged lustfully, a load of my cum still dripping from her chin.

"No," I said, "I'm saving myself for my first slut."

"I'm your first slut," she protested, before adding, as she got on all fours and wiggled her tight ass for me, "plus, you're bigger than your father."

"Good, I want to teach you a lesson," I said, as Dad loaded the car, giving us some alone time.

"Teach me, stud," she said.

"Fuck, are you tempting," I sighed, desperately wanting to fuck her.

Finally she tried brightly, "Then how about you just pound my ass? Then technically you'll still be a virgin for your first slut of your own."

"*That* idea has some merit," I allowed, thinking it would technically keep me a virgin, and I wouldn't mind being one of the only guys in the world who got both a blow job and anal sex before his first vaginal probing.

"Fuck my ass, Kevin," she said, pulling her ass cheeks apart. "Fuck my ass right now."

"I don't know," I said teasingly, now just playing hard to get.

"Fuck my ass and I can get you a face to face with the dean at Harvard," she offered.

"How so?" I asked.

"Daddy donates millions to them," she admitted.

"And if I come to visit you, will you have some Harvard Sluts around to share me with?" I suggested.

"One word from me about what you're packing, and they'll love you," she said. "Now pound my asshole with that ferociously fat fuck stick."

"Fine," I sighed dramatically as I moved behind her. "The things I do for you."

"My holes are open for you twenty-four seven, Kevin," she declared and then giggled as she added, "That rhymed."

As I positioned my cock at her inviting ass, I laughed, "You're a poet and you didn't even know it."

She moved back on my cock and I pushed all of it inside her.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, surprised by the sublime difference between her mouth and her ass.

This was tighter... warmer.

"Oh, fuck indeed," she moaned, as she slowly began to sodomize herself on my cock.

"I should have been fucking this hole all weekend," I enthused, enjoying the pleasure as she clenched her ass around my cock almost like a vise.

"That's what I was telling you," she moaned.

"You should have told me harder," I joked, even though she *had* tried very hard to convince me.

"Asshole," she said.

"I'm in one now, thank you," I joked, my geek sense of humour still on board.

"That you are," she agreed, as she spent the next ten minutes riding me.

Dad walked in and asked, "cunt or ass?"

"Ass," I said.

"Fucking tight, hey?"

"Like a vise grip," I joked.

"Women love our cocks in their asses," he said.

"Yes, we do," Portia agreed. "Now give me your cock, too."

"I guess I can unload once more before the drive," he laughed, as he slid his cock in her mouth and we spit roasted her together for the second time.

Again, Portia came first.

I followed, shooting a load in her ass.

Dad coated her face once more and we headed out... my cock actually sore from so much attention.

During the drive Dad said, "So during Christmas holidays, Portia, her sister and I are going to Hawaii for a week. Want to come?"

"On the trip or on Portia's face?" I asked, glancing at her in the back seat. On the drive home she was in the back seat; my position in the hierarchy had advanced, and I was loving it.

"Both," Dad laughed.

"And my sister and I share everything," Portia added.

"That they do," Dad said with a smile, implying he had already fucked the sister, and with Portia's help.

"Come, Kevin, you'll love it," Portia urged me.

"Now?" I joked.

"If you can, definitely," Portia agreed, reaching forward and grabbing my cock.

Portia was insatiable, and it made me wonder if all girls really got this slutty when a big, fat cock was around. It seemed so, according to Dad.

"I'll think about it," I said, as I pondered whether Principal Appleby would become a slut for my big, fat cock.

Portia asked, as she rubbed my hard cock, "What you thinking about?"

"You with my cock in your ass," I lied.

"Come back here and do it then," she invited.

"Go ahead, son," Dad approved, "no one can see into the car."

"If I have to," I joked, unbuckling, moving into the backseat and letting Portia suck my cock. She even tried to slyly slide my cock into her cunt as she straddled me. So I spanked her and called her a bad girl. She giggled as she lowered her ass onto my cock, "You can't blame a bad girl for trying."

After depositing one final load in her ass, I returned to the front seat and Dad said, "So one more piece of advice, to guarantee sluts will be begging for your cock."

"A poster listing my cock stats?" I joked.

"Not a bad idea," he laughed. "No, my advice is that you'll have much better sex with older women."

"Really?" I said, glancing back at the not-much-older-than-me Portia.

"Sure, girls your age or college coeds will devour your cock once they get past your generic boring exterior, no offense because yours is no worse than mine, but young girls are much shallower," Dad

explained.

"That I believe," I nodded.

"Older women on the other hand, only want one thing: to get what they usually aren't getting at home," Dad continued.

"My Mom would love you two," Portia chipped in.

"You okay with my fucking your Mom?" Dad asked... always the gentleman. Kinda.

"Sure," Portia agreed, "as long as I get to watch you turn the pretentious posh into a slobbering slut."

"That I can do," Dad smiled, before adding, looking at me, "Portia's Mom was Miss Universe in 1988."

"And I was Miss Massachusetts twenty-six years later," Portia pointed out.

"That you were," Dad agreed.

"My first blow job came from a recent Miss Massachusetts?" I asked, suddenly starstruck.

"As did your first ass fuck," Portia added. "Toldja I was a prize."

"True enough," I agreed with a laugh.

"Anyway, older women appreciate a man with a big fat cock in a way that is almost inexplicable," Dad continued.

"Try," I said.

"Well, in simple terms, older women love young studs with big fat cocks. Single women, married women, MILFs, grandmothers, it doesn't matter... they're the easiest targets, as they're often neglected by their husbands or turned off by the dating pool. And they don't want to date... or to fall in love... they just want to be fucked," Dad explained, sounding like a sex philosopher.

"You've fucked grandmothers?" I asked.

"Oh yeah, they're often the greatest cock suckers," Dad said.

"Weird," I said.

"If you got someone pregnant, and you're already old enough to do so, your Mother would become a grandmother," he pointed out. "And she's only forty-two."

"True enough," I agreed, my head having to get past the idea that grandmothers were in their sixties or seventies.

"Although I've had sex with women in their seventies as well," Dad added.

"Gross."

"They appreciate it way more, son," Dad explained.

"I imagine so."

"Don't be an asshole," Dad scolded. "Women of all ages are beautiful, and they want cock. Who am I to deny them such pleasure?"

Regardless of the source (*Dad* telling someone not to be an asshole?), I had to admit he was making a good point.

"You're Robin Cock," Portia joked.

"I like that," Dad laughed, before turning to me, "But I'm serious. Older women are usually better cock suckers, better lovers and willing to do the things your younger bitches won't."

"Excuse me?" Portia said archly.

"What *some* younger bitches won't," Dad corrected himself. "Portia here is in a class by herself."

"Therefore, I still expect a double penetration from you two, and soon," she added.

"Soon, slut," I agreed.

"It'd better be," she said.

"One last thing," Dad said, as we arrived back in the city.

"There always seems to be," I joked.

"I'm sure there is lots more, but the downside is now that you've been blown and you've ass fucked a slut, masturbation will be pretty anticlimactic," he said.

"So I'll need to find a slut, and soon," I realized, although I still wasn't sure how I was going to make that happen. Truth was, in spite of an amazing weekend, I was still just an average-looking shy nerd.

"Yes, but to make things easy, whenever you need to shoot a load, just go over to see Ms. Chan," Dad informed me.

"As in Ms. Chan two doors down in a wheelchair?" I asked, her husband having left her after she got in a car accident that left her legs paralyzed. What an asshole!

"Yes, she's an amazing cock sucker, and she doesn't get it as often as she likes," he said. Before adding, "She also loves cum in her coffee."

"I can't fathom," I said, not to the cum in coffee, although that was surprising too, but to Ms. Chan. I delivered groceries to her house every Tuesday, and did a variety of yard work for her. She was a sweet and adorable Asian woman in her late forties I'd always had kind of a platonic crush on and I just couldn't fathom her as a cock sucker.

"Many Asian women are naturally submissive," Dad said. "And she's someone who doesn't just give you a blow job, she *worships* your cock."

"I worship both your cocks," Portia added, clearly not wanting to be forgotten.

"You're a good cock sucker Portia, but maybe real soon I'll have to take you over to Ms. Chan to give you lessons in cock-sucking perfection."

"Does she eat cunt too?" Portia asked, something I realized I hadn't done yet even with all that sex this weekend, something I definitely wanted to do.

"If you order her to, she will," Dad answered, as we pulled up to my house.

"Well, thanks for the enlightening weekend, Dad," I said, my entire world view having changed in a couple of days.

"No problem, son," he said, putting his hand on my leg. "You have a great gift. Share it."

"Oh, I plan to," I said, as Mom walked out of the house to greet us... in nylons, as usual.

"In a few minutes I'm going to fuck your Mom in the backyard if you want to watch or listen in," Dad mentioned casually.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, I want to make it clear to you how much power our cocks have over women, and since you know she hates me to the core..." Dad said.

"That she does," I agreed, my Mother having used many less than flattering terms to describe my Father.

"And I can get one more load to go," Portia added.

"You're insatiable," I laughed, impressed with my will power not to fuck her cunt and lose my last remaining virginity.

"For big, fat cock I am," she bragged proudly as we got out of Dad's crew cab truck.

"Hi, Mom," I greeted, trying not to act like I knew she was a slut for big, fat cock.

"Hi, honey," she greeted, pulling me into a hug. She asked, "Did you have fun?"

"Surprisingly, it was one of the best weekends of my life," I told her. Truthfully it was *easily* the best ever, but I didn't want to look too excited and hurt her feelings.

"That's great," she said.

"We need to talk, Joan," Dad said.

"And I need to shower," I lied, wanting to hurry upstairs and open my bedroom window.

"Can I use your washroom?" Portia asked.

"Sure," Mom and I said in unison.

I headed inside as I heard Dad say, "Let's go talk in the back."

"Not now, William!" I heard Mom object as I closed the front door and hurried upstairs to my room to open the window so I could listen in on whatever was going to happen.

Portia asked, in a whisper since we could clearly hear my Mom and Dad's voices as I sat near the window and sound would travel both ways, "Want me to suck that big dick of yours or take it in my ass?"

"You mean my big, fat cock," I corrected, also whispering.

"Definitely your big, fat cock," she smiled, dropping to her knees to fish out my well-used tool.

"Suck it this time," I ordered. "I want to listen to this."

"Don't you believe him?" she asked.

"Actually I do," I nodded, "but hearing it will make it official."

"Don't tell your Dad, but I like your cock even better than his, which is really saying something," she told me, just before she took my flaccid cock in her mouth.

Dad said, "Bend over Joan, this needs to be quick."

"William, not now with Kevin home," Mom pleaded, although her tone wasn't her usual assertive one. She already sounded needy and desperate.

"Do you want my cock or not?" Dad asked, sounding annoyed.

"Damn you," Mom sighed. "Why can't I just say no?"

"Because you love my big, fat cock, don't you, slut?" Dad asked. My window was on the side of the house so I couldn't see anything, which was frustrating, but I could hear every word very clearly.

"Yes, dammit," Mom admitted, with a moan as Dad obviously slid inside her.

"Say it," Dad demanded, exercising a dominance I wanted to emulate when down the road someday I dommed some bitch.

"I love your big, fat cock," Mom moaned.

"You love it where?" Dad pushed, wanting me to hear my impressive Mother being turned into a submissive big, fat cock slut.

"I love your big, fat cock in my ass, damn you," Mom declared, frustrated and horny as hell. "Now pound my asshole hard and fast."

"Beg, bitch," Dad ordered, enjoying dominating Mom... especially while knowing I was listening in.

"Damn it, William," Mom cried out in frustration, as I imagine Dad stopped fucking her... that's what would happen in porn films or erotica. And she did indeed beg, "Please just slam that big, fat cock in my ass even though our son is right inside the house."

"That's better," Dad purred, enjoying how he could turn my dominant no-nonsense Mom into a bimbo ass slut.

"Oh FUCK, that's good," Mom moaned, as Dad fucked her so hard I could hear their bodies slapping into each other.

"You have such an ass cum trigger," Dad laughed, informing me of Mom's anal quirk.

"Shut up and ream me, why do I need this so much?" Mom begged, sounding both frustrated with herself and horny as hell at the same time.

Then for a couple of minutes, there was just the squishy, fleshy sounds of fucking, Mom's moans getting louder.

"Come for me, you dirty ass slut," Dad ordered.

"Oh yes, harder, fuck my ass harder," Mom begged so loud I could probably have heard her in the shower, sounding close to orgasm.

"Would you two exhibitionist perverts go inside?" a male voice, our neighbour Mr. Dieks demanded from nowhere.

"Fuck off, or I'll come over and fuck *your* wife next," my Dad shot back.

Mom must have been mortified, yet her next words were just an orgasmic, "Sorry, Harold, *ooohhh!*"

"Tell me where you want my load, you bimbo ass slut," Dad ordered, ignoring Harold and really revelling in the power his cock had over my Mother.

Hearing Mom come was all it took to get me off as I spewed my load in my Dad's girlfriend's mouth.

"Fill my ass, you fucker," Mom offered.

"Jesus H. Christ!" Mr. Dieks contributed angrily.

"Your wife is next, cuckold," Dad threatened, before he grunted and assumedly shot his load in Mom's ass.

"Fuck you," Mr. Dieks yelled.

"No, I'll fuck your wife," Dad shot back. "Again."

"William, stop," Mom demanded.

"What? He started it," Dad protested.

"Let's just go in the house," Mom sighed, finally thinking clearly after her anal orgasm.

"Leave," I whispered to Portia.

Portia smiled, "You're going to fuck your Mom, aren't you?"

"You're such a slut," I teased.

"And real soon you'll be such a Mother fucker," she smiled, standing up.

"And then I'll fuck your mother, too," I added.

"She's all yours," she agreed, leaving my room.

I put my dick away and headed downstairs just as the front door opened.

"We're out of here, son," Dad said.

"Thanks for the weekend," I said as I examined my Mom's face; her cheeks were red and her hair was mussed.

"Anytime," Dad said.

"Mom, are you okay?" I asked. "You look a bit dishevelled, and your face is all red."

"I have the ability to make your Mother go beet red at the drop of a hat," Dad bragged smugly, trying to be sly, knowing I knew exactly what he meant.

"Just go, William," Mom urged, clearly embarrassed.

"See you soon, son," Dad said.

"It was a real *pleasure* meeting you, Kevin," Portia said, stressing the word pleasure and slyly squeezing my dick as she sashayed past me.

"The pleasure was all mine," I returned, as they headed out.

As soon as the door was closed, Mom asked, "Did you actually have fun at the lake, Kevin?"

"Surprisingly, yes," I nodded. "I learned a lot."

"Like what?" Mom asked skeptically.

"How to fish," I said, before adding, my explanation dripping with hints, "For example, when it comes to fishing, it's all about the rod."

"Not the lure?" Mom asked.

"The rod *is* the lure," I said bluntly.

"Oh, okay," she said, not understanding what I was talking about. "Supper will be ready in twenty."

"I'm going to take a shower," I said.

"I thought you already did that," Mom said.

"Oh, um," I babbled, never a good liar. "Sorry, yeah, I ended up chatting with Portia."

"You're almost the same age, so that makes sense," Mom said, taking a shot at Dad.

"And she goes to Harvard," I revealed, where I planned to be a year from now.

"No way," Mom said.

"Yep," I nodded.

"I figured she was more of a Trump University kind of girl," Mom said.

I shrugged, another hint that she wouldn't catch onto, "Looks can be deceiving."

"I guess so," Mom said. "Sorry, I'm being snarky."

"It's okay, I'm guessing Dad really gave it to you out back."

"Pardon?" Mom asked, her eyes going wide, her cheeks returning to her previous just-fucked red.

"Doesn't he always give you the gears about how you parent me?" I asked innocently.

"Oh, yes," Mom nodded, "he was his usual brazen controlling self."

"I'm learning he usually gets what he wants," I said.

"That he does," Mom sighed.

"Why would *you* say that?" I asked. "It seems you're the one person he can't get, at least not anymore."

"Oh honey," she said, pulling me in for another hug. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom," I said, wondering if there was any way she could become my first conquest.

That night, thinking of Dad's older woman thing... and my own fetish for older women... girls my age were so shallow and insipid I could barely stand to talk to them (although truth be told, they could barely stand to talk to me either).

I thought of my principal... but wasn't sure how to go about fucking her.

There was the librarian at the local library. She wasn't pretty, but she had big tits and always wore a skirt and pantyhose.

There was our next-door neighbour Mrs. Dieks, who was always sunbathing out back, never naked, but she was in my fantasies... and it seemed Dad had fucked her already... unless he was just fucking with Mr. Dieks.

Of course Ms. Chan seemed like a sure thing, but not so much a conquest as a cum deposit... which sounded both convenient, and yet still kind of unbelievable. She was such an intelligent, sweet woman who just oozed kindness and had always given me the impression she was wiser than she let on.

Then there was Mrs. Walker, a teacher from another school in the district, who was hot, who also always wore nylons, and who I would see next weekend when I tutored her son on the math part of the SAT's.

There was also Ms. Watson, a teacher who had come out as a lesbian, but she was likely not a first conquest... or a second... but rather a major challenge for down the road if I inherited my Dad's seduction abilities.

And, although I knew it was wrong, there was my Mom. With all the Intel my father had given me I now knew she was submissive, loved sucking cock, took it in the ass and particularly loved big, fat cock. On top of that, she always wore nylons. Plus of course, she was at home, often no more than an arm's reach away.

That said, the idea of incest was hot, but it was just a fantasy. But was it an unachievable one?

Monday, October 22: Day 1 of Project Mother Fucker

The next day, encouraged by Portia's tantalizing words yesterday, I decided to start what I called Project Mother Fucker. I wasn't sure I would be successful, but my Dad's old saying that I'd always hated, now seemed appropriate in an ironic way: go big or go home.

So while she was at work I did something I'd never done before... I came home at lunchtime and snooped in her room and her laptop.

In addition to a few sex toys... two vibrators, a butt plug pack and a large suction cup dildo, I found a box of old pictures in the very back of her closet.

Looking to be from the late eighties, they were mostly pictures taken at parties and beaches, but then I came across a small collection of raunchier ones.

One of her smiling directly into the camera with what was clearly a man's cum all over her face.

One of her kissing a very pretty girl about her age. (They appeared to be around twenty.)

One of her sucking a tit belonging to the same girl. The tit was massive, seeming way too big for the girl's frame.

One of the same girl feeling up my Mom, alas over her dress. But they were also sharing a wet kiss, and that was really hot.

One of her and the same girl all over some guy... who wasn't my Dad.

I took photos of each, flipped them over and saw they were from 1988, and the other girl was named Jenni Jones.

I then logged into her computer, her password was actually Kevin2000, duh, I'd been a Y2K baby, and searched everywhere.

Unlike mine, which would have two-thirds of the computer full of porn, she had none. Which is what I would have expected before last weekend.

Yet, her search history was more interesting. This month she had been to the erotica site Literotica; she had also been on Pornhub, a lesbian site Girlsway, and a site called Naughty America. I learned she had subscriptions to the latter two, which explained why she didn't have any porn hidden away on her computer... she could just watch it on the websites.

I was mortified... not because I'd learned my Mother watched porn... no, that she paid for it. It's 2018... who pays for porn???

At Girlsway it was clear she preferred videos where a younger woman seduced the older; at Naughty America, she liked most anything... but bookmarked almost every My Friend's Hot Mom. On Pornhub she searched for gangbangs, interracial, lesbian, moms. She had even watched a couple of scenes with incest between a mom and son. Although not enough to convince me she'd be into that sort of thing for real.

On the Literotica site she predominantly read submissive women stories which included a wide range from gangbang, interracial, lesbian, illustrated and incest. Stories like: 'Backseat Mommy', 'What Mom Doesn't Know Fucks Her', 'Pet Mommy' and 'Mommy Slut'. In most of those, the mother was submissive to her son.

Not going to lie, I almost burst right then and there. I pulled out my cock and stroked it as I read the entire "Mom-Son" series.

But as Dad said, jerking off was no longer the orgasmic euphoria it had been before my sexual awakening.

I came, but it was no longer enough... and I missed the entire afternoon of school, too.

Day 1 of Project Mother Fucker included pampering her. To her surprise, when she got home I had supper ready... chicken Parmesan. Unlike most guys my age, I could cook. One of the consequences of having a Mother who works, often late, and an MIA father.

"You made dinner," Mom acknowledged, walking into the kitchen in a blue blazer, white blouse, blue skirt and black nylons... her heels already left behind somewhere near the front door.

"It's the least I could do," I said. "I mean, you work all day to support us."

"You're so sweet," she said, walking over and giving me a hug. My cock being hard, I slyly flinched it as it rested against her nylon-covered leg.

If she noticed, she gave no sign as she let go of me and said, "So what did you make?"

"Your favourite," I replied.

"Steak and lobster?" she joked.

"Okay, your second favourite," I laughed. "The creek out back was out of lobster."

"Chicken parm," she sniffed and guessed. "Yummy."

"And pasta," I added.

"You're such a sweet boy," she gushed, as I thought, *You wouldn't think that if you knew what my ulterior motives are.*

We ate and chatted, did dishes together and ended up watching Ready Player One on 4K... a book I'd read and thought was cool. The movie made many changes as all movies do, but it was still pretty good. Mom loved all the 80s references, while I loved staring at her nylon-clad feet all during the movie. I wondered if she had any clue of the impact her silky feet were having on her horny son.

That night I jerked off again... after reading a couple dozen incest stories... again, I wasn't satisfied.

Tomorrow I would be dropping off groceries to Ms. Chan. I texted Dad: **So how do I let Ms. Chan know I want her to suck me?**

He texted back: **Tell her you talked to your father. She will understand.**

Tuesday, October 23rd: Day 2 of Project Mother Fucker

After school I picked up the groceries and stopped by Ms. Chan's like I did every Tuesday.

I walked in and she greeted me like she always did... warmly. The engaging lady always asked what was new and if I had a girlfriend yet. My answers were usually 'not much' and 'nope'. And she always reassured me the girls would figure it out soon enough.

Today though, I had different answers. When she asked, "So what's new with you, Kevy?" She was the only person in the world I allowed to call me 'Kevy.'

I answered, "Been spending some time with my Dad."

"Really?" she asked, genuinely surprised, knowing how much I detested him.

"Yeah, he was giving me some tips on being a man," I told her, trying to hint at what I'd learned.

"Oh, good," she nodded, noticeably interested. "It's important to learn these things while you're still young."

"Yes, it was very eye-opening," I said, trying to figure out if those petite lips could really do wonders like Dad said.

"The transition from boy to man is full of learning," she said, almost sounding like a fortune cookie.

"I also learned that you have a craving for something I can't buy for you at the grocery store," I said brazenly, horny as hell, and lacking patience.

"Pardon?" she asked, looking startled by my words, not worried, but eager to know what I might say next.

"According to my Dad, you enjoy a very special kind of homemade cream in your coffee," I said bluntly.

"Oh, Kevy, you bad, bad boy," she said, her tone scolding, but the smile on her face delighted.

"I'm just saying that if my Dad is telling me the truth, you now have access to a ripe, fresh source that will enable you to extract this homemade cream any time you want it," I said.

"Any time?" she asked, making no secret that she was looking at my crotch.

"Morning, day and night," I offered.

"That's a lovely offer, Kevy. Do you think I might access some of that fresh cream right now?" she asked, rolling her wheelchair towards me.

"I think you might access a real bellyful," I admitted, in awe that everything my father was telling me was true. Portia, then my Mom, and now Ms. Chan.

"You understand this extraction technique must remain our trade secret," Ms. Chan said, looking down at my crotch with a lick of her lips and then up to my face with a wink.

"Of course," I agreed.

"Would you consider it best if this proffered bellyful of cream were to be personally extracted by a second party?" she asked coyly, reaching for my pants.

"I do think that would be best," I agreed, loving our elegant wordplay and giddy with excitement at what it meant was about to happen.

She fished out my already hard cock and gasped, "Oh my Kevy, like father, like son."

"I'm bigger," I clarified, very proud to indeed be bigger.

"Yes, you most certainly are," she agreed, looking at my cock with impressed wonder as she stroked it gently, and added, in a cock daze, "It's so majestic."

I wondered if I should tell her to suck my cock, as she slithered her tongue down my shaft.

I wondered if I should shove my cock in her mouth.

I wondered if I could be dominant like my Dad when a situation wasn't set up by him.

I wondered if I wanted to be like my Dad, as she slithered her tongue back up to my sensitive crown.

She asked, "Do you want me to suck your cock, Kevy?"

"God, yes," I nodded.

"You sure?" she teased, as she swirled her tongue around my cock head.

"Definitely," I said, and then sensing she wanted to be told what to do, as if she were waiting for a clear order, I added, "Now get sucking, Ms. Chan."

"Yes, sir," she purred, as she promptly opened her mouth and welcomed me in.

"That's it," I moaned, as she slowly began bobbing, although only taking a couple inches in her mouth.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned, as she swirled her tongue around my cock with each retreat of her head. Unlike Portia who bobbed like a cum slut, Ms. Chan moved slowly, worshipping every inch of my cock that she could reach.

For a few minutes she did just that. But as she slowly bobbed, taking more of my cock in her mouth with each slow penetration, she also somehow created this abundance of saliva. I can't explain it, but it was like my cock was being massaged by a whirlpool. It felt so amazing... relaxing and exciting at the same time... a strange but true contrast... and completely different from Portia's adrenaline-rush blow jobs.

I know it's a terrible simile, but it was as if she were a cock sucking washing machine with extra suds.

She would bob down, move back up and her tongue would then swirl around my cockhead, and then repeat... the entire time somehow producing this crazy oxymoron: an abundance of wetness, and yet her lips were like a suction cup.

Although I had enjoyed Portia's mouth bobbing on my cock and she'd made me cum like crazy, she was clearly an amateur compared to Ms. Chan.

Not surprisingly, in no time her masterful lips and tongue had my balls boiling like a volcano about to erupt.

And like said volcano, when the eruption hit, it was a massive explosion. I warned her just seconds before blast off, respecting her more than I did Portia, "I'm about to come."

Her response was nonverbal as she simply shifted into full speed suction bobbing.

She milked my cock, and a few more bobs were all it took for my warm cream to be deposited into her mouth, even as I wondered if I should have pulled out and given her the homemade cream in her coffee.

She easily swallowed my load, her bobbing not slowing down at all. When I was finally completely drained, she slowed down and leisurely bobbed for a couple more minutes, reluctant to part company with my sacred cock.

When she finally removed me from her mouth, the first thing she said was, "Delicious!"

I began tucking myself away, but she stopped me. "No, leave it out. We can talk for a while, but you still owe me the taste of Round Two.

"Do you really enjoy the taste of cum?" I asked.

"It's my favourite snack," she said in the afterglow, still relishing the taste of mine and licking her lips.

"I read somewhere it was salty, tart and gooey," I said, having done some research on the taste of male and female cum.

"It can be all those things, but for me it's more addicting than chocolate," she answered.

"I see," I said.

"But moving on. Do you want some advice?" she asked.

"Sure," I said, curious about what kind of advice she'd be able to give me.

"You could be more confident," she told me succinctly.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You're too nice," she added.

"And nice guys don't get the girls?"

"Correct. Not at your age," she agreed.

"My Dad gets the hottest women, and he's a complete asshole," I pointed out.

"It's the nature of the beast," she said, giving my exposed cock a playful tug, "literally."

"Do all girls like assholes?" I asked, still not understanding the psychology of why women would go for disrespectful jerks. Maybe Ms. Chan could enlighten me on this mystifying enigma.

She sighed ever so slightly. "Truthfully, it's pathetically simple. Most women, and please keep in mind I'm stereotyping here, live a parallel existence to a man's."

"How so?" I asked, going to a chair and sitting down, my cock still on display, although Little Kevy seemed content to rest for now.

"First, women want it all. A good and caring husband who can provide for her and the kids, as well as a great sex life where the man understands her needs," she began.

"Of course," I nodded.

"Unfortunately, more often than not, a good, loving, caring man can't give her the sex life she desires, no matter how badly he might want to."

"Why not?"

"He loves his wife and puts her on a pedestal," she explained.

"And that's a bad thing?" I asked, getting more confused.

"At most times no, that's what women want," she continued, "but in the bedroom they often want the opposite."

"I'm not comprehending this at all," I said, feeling more than a bit slow. This must be what all those annoying football jocks must feel like in math class or when reading Shakespeare.

"I'm not doing a good job here," she admitted. "Okay, so have you ever heard the saying that a man wants a wife who is a lady in the parlour but a freak in the bed?"

"No," I admitted.

"Regardless, women are like that. They want to be treated like a princess in public and a submissive slut in the bedroom," she finally clarified.

"All women?" I asked.

"Almost all," she answered, "although many won't admit it or ever let themselves succumb to their internal, carnal lust because they think it's not dignified, or it would be a hundred steps backwards for the feminist movement."

"I wouldn't believe any of this if I hadn't learned my Mom's secret," I admitted, as I processed this. "Do you know she still allows my Dad to fuck her? She can't even stand him, but apparently all he has to do is whip it out and she turns into a needy slut. That's not like her!" This was something I normally wouldn't tell anyone in the world, but Ms. Chan had always been like a mentor to me (although never a sexual one until now) and she'd assured me many times over the years that all my secrets were safe with her.

"Yes, so your father has told me. Juggling their expectations against their needs is a frustrating conundrum for many women, what they want almost always being at odds with what society expects from them as they try to decipher all the complex hats they're expected to wear."

"Hats?"

"Yes, it's a lame metaphor, but there are so many mixed messages given to women from a very young age," she continued.

"Barbies," I joked.

"For starters," she nodded. "Girls are supposed to be cute, wear dresses, let men open doors for them, and yet also to be independent. Growing up female is full of oxymorons."

"I never thought of it that way," I admitted.

"Why would you?" she says, "you live in a parallel male universe where you're supposed to hide your feelings, never cry and always man up... you have different rules you're supposed to follow but they're still nonsensical rules, and the only real difference between the societal trap you're stuck in and a woman's, is that you have a more privileged status."

"I've never seen myself as privileged," I said, although I agreed with the male expectations bullshit, and was beginning to grasp the idea of different rules but same trap.

"You're white and male," she pointed out.

"I guess," I said, having thought we'd moved past this sexist, racist hierarchy by now, although that was obviously a foolish thought.

"Trust me. I'm Asian, female and disabled," she explained, not in a woe-is-me way, but as simple facts.

"I don't see you using any of that as a crutch," I appraised, "although you're always polite, you're also very assertive," always having thought she was one of the strongest women I knew, after my Mom.

"No, I try to avoid crutches, except for my unavoidable wheelchair," she agreed, then continuing with, "I'm just trying to explain how the world works. It's still easier to be a man than a woman, as the men primarily hold the power."

"In my world I see the opposite," I said, thinking of the entitled cheerleaders.

"I can see why you would. But if you'd let a few girls know what you're packing, you would ascend in the hierarchy very quickly," she said.

"But how does that happen?" I asked,

"Ay, there's the rub."

"Quoting Shakespeare," I smiled.

"I try," she shrugged. "Women want to enjoy sex, but they get derailed by the idea they're supposed to be this sophisticated, evolved woman."

"How did you eschew it?" I asked.

"Nice SAT word," she smiled.

"I try," I shrugged with a smile. *I like this woman! And even though she just finished sucking my cock, she really understands things.*

"I'm Asian," she continued, "and we are decades behind Westerners in the women's equality movement. And at least on the surface it appears we are naturally more submissive, although I'm not sure if that's because of our DNA or because of the long, ingrained history of female expectations by Asian men," she answered.

"So women are naturally submissive, naturally sluts (not meaning that in a bad way), but they resist that role because of societal expectations," I said, rephrasing her main idea. "Is that what you're saying?"

"Exactly. And the same idea goes for incest," she continued.

"Pardon?" I stammered. "How did incest get into this conversation?"

"It all ties in with our sexual needs conflicting with society's dictates. In Asia, incest is more common. Daughters often please their fathers and mothers, and later on they often use their sexuality to motivate their sons," she explained as if this were common sense.

"I wish," I joked.

"I assume you want to fuck your Mother, which is why I brought up incest," she said, seeing through my joke.

"I plead the fifth," I said.

"It's a natural drive," she said as if she were the Dr. Ruth of incest. "You have spent your entire life admiring her, even if you didn't realize it. Plus, incest is just a label. To be truthful, I'm surprised we haven't moved on from the outmoded stigma that it's inherently wrong."

"Really?"

"Sure, what person do you love the most in the whole world?" she asked.

"Emilia Clarke," I joked, Emilia recently named the hottest woman in the world.

"Smart ass," she said.

"Actually that term is dumb, as nobody's ass is smart; unless by ass you mean donkey, but they're smarter than horses, so in that case the term is redundant," I pointed out.

"This is why you're single," she informed me. "You're a nerd."

"Touché," I agreed.

"So I'll repeat the question. Who do you love the most?"

"My Mom, of course," I answered.

"And you would do anything for her, right?"

"Of course."

"And what better way to show her your love than by giving her pleasure?" she asked, even though the question seemed rhetorical.

"Seems logical," I agreed. I mean, any thought promoting my hope of fucking my Mom was something I could agree with.

"So why the stigma about incest?"

"The law."

"Fuck the law. It's made by white, uptight men who cheat on their wives or suck other men off in glory holes," she said.

"That statement took a turn," I laughed.

"Just saying, the most pompous self-righteous assholes are often the most morally corrupt."

"Tough to argue," I said. "After a pause, I asked, 'Have you ever committed incest, no offense?'"

"Kevy, you can always ask me whatever you want, and I'll never take offense. But to answer your question, I've *enjoyed* incest many times: once when my Mother got sick, so I had to take over her role of submissive pleaser," she explained. "It was the first time I ever felt close to my emotionally distant father."

"Wow, that's so kinky!"

"Don't judge me for that, when you yourself want to become a Mother fucker and your kinky Asian friend wants to help you to succeed," she said wickedly.

"Ms. Chang, language," I mockingly acted shocked.

"Language be fucked. Now get over here and face fuck my mouth," she ordered with a grin. "Time to start your training to become a man."

"So you want to be my slut?" I asked, as I stood back up, my cock hard and ready to deposit load two.

"I want you to use me as your cum deposit, your submissive cum bucket, and your Asian MILF slut," she listed off, each term making my hard cock flinch. "Right now I don't want your respect; I want your cock, your dominance, and your hot load all over my face."

"I think I can do that," I said, as I slid my cock in her mouth and began bucking my hips.

Last time she worshipped my cock and gave me a blow job... last time she was in charge.

This time I was.

I started slowly, sliding half my cock in and out of her mouth.

It felt weird to face fuck Ms. Chan. Part of me wanted to face fuck her roughly like I had Portia, the other part of me saw her as the sweet lady down the street.

After a couple minutes of slow pumping, I felt her hands on my ass, and she pulled me into her mouth until she was balls deep around my cock.

She held my crotch against her face for what felt like an eternity, but which was likely only fifteen seconds before she let go and backed off.

"Am I your cum slut or your prissy girlfriend?" she demanded, saliva dripping off her chin.

"Cum slut," I answered.

"Then take control, buster. Use my mouth for your pleasure. Face fuck me and fill my mouth until your balls bounce off my chin. If I gag, keep going. Be the man who knows what he wants and takes it," she instructed, easily the most surreal lesson of my life.

"Okay," I said, sliding my cock back into her mouth, trying to draw out the inner dominant I knew I had in there somewhere.

I began truly face fucking her, sliding my pole in and out of her mouth rapidly. Each forward thrust went deeper into her mouth.

Her slobbering sounds excited me as she easily took my cock in her mouth, while still creating this turbulent ocean of saliva that enhanced the pleasure exponentially.

Trying to be like some of the dominant men I watched in porn, I pulled out and asked, "What do you want, slut?"

She smiled, "That's better."

I loved hearing that, but tapped her mouth with my cock, "Answer the question, my personal MILF whore."

"I want you to face fuck me as hard as you can and shoot your cum down my throat," she answered.

"And what if I want to come all over your pretty face?" I asked.

"You're in charge, Master," she answered, as she ripped open her blouse, a button flying, "shoot that big load of cum wherever the fuck you want."

"Show me those tits," I ordered.

"You can come on these, too," she offered, as she ripped off her bra to show me her small breasts.

"Don't think I won't. Now suck my cock like the porn slut you wish you could be," I ordered.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned, as she took my cock in her mouth and devoured my cock, deep throating me with each forward bob.

"Oh yes slut, take it all," I groaned, impressed by her ability.

And for a few minutes she sucked me constantly, never slowing down.

Finally I was close and knew where the load was going. I waited until the very last second, pulled out and exploded all over her face.

She opened her mouth to catch some of my cum there as I sprayed her forehead, nose, lips, chin and tits. Fucking exhilarating! Didn't know I had it in me!

Once I was done, she leaned forward and took my cock back in her mouth, nursing out all the last remnants of cum lingering inside.

When she stopped a couple of minutes later, she said approvingly, slut gone, mentor returned, "That was much better."

"It took me a while to get there: I respect you," I admitted.

"And I appreciate that," she nodded. "Actually, you have the potential to be that rare man."

"Which one?"

"A nice guy in public and a dominant in the bedroom," she said.

"Or the living room," I joked.

"Or any room you like, boss man," she grinned, looking so hot with cum spattered all over her face.

"You're staring at my cum-coated face," she said.

"It looks so hot," I admitted.

"Well, you can paint it that way anytime you wish," she promised.

"I plan to keep you to that," I said, as I finally stored my cock away.

"You'd better," she said. "I expect at least a load a day."

"I hear it keeps the doctor away," I joked.

"You may need to work on your humour," she sighed.

"You love it," I said.

She squeezed my cock through my pants, "Yes I do."

"You're insatiable," I laughed.

"I can never get enough cum," she shrugged.

"Luckily, I have a lot of loads a day," I said.

"Mmmmmmm," she smiled, as I then helped put her groceries away before heading home.

I got home and Mom was making supper, "You're later than usual."

"Ms. Chan needed me to help with her dinner," I said, amused at my sly response.

"Oh? What is she having?" she asked, gazing at her legs in attractive black nylons.

"Sausage and cream," I said, before adding, not sure how to word it, "with corn." Ms. Chan was right, I need to work on my humour.

"That's a strange meal," she said. "No salad?"

"She did have this warm glaze she was using," I added, feeling really proud of my innuendos.

"Well, we're having sloppy Joes," she said.

"Great," I said, it being one of my favourite meals.

We finished supper and I asked, "Mom, why do you let Dad treat you so badly?"

"I don't," she said, even as her cheeks went red.

"Mom, he's a complete asshole to you," I said.

"It's who he is," she defended him. "I can't change him."

"But you act differently around him," I pointed out.

"How so?" she asked.

"Well, every time he's around, you aren't yourself," I said vaguely.

"He does exhaust me," she admitted.

"And you often look dishevelled," I pointed out.

"Do I?"

"Yes, even your cheeks get red," I said. "Does he hit you?"

"What? No!" she denied, "he would never do that."

"Oh, good," I said, "I just wouldn't want him to treat you disrespectfully."

"Well, I can't deny he does that," she confessed. "Like I said, it's who he is."

"Why do you even allow him to come around?"

"For you."

"For me?"

"Yes, he wants to have a relationship with you, and I agree with him that it's important," she explained, adding, "especially since he's finally getting interested in your life."

"He is?"

"Yes, he called today asking if you were free, weekend after next."

"He did?"

"Yeah, on your phone," she said. "You left it home."

"Aaah," I said.

"So I told him you'd call him back," she said.

"Okay," I said, "I will."

"Your Dad didn't say anything about me over the weekend, did he?" she asked, looking worried.

"No, why?" I lied.

"Nothing," she said, as if she were about to say more.

"Mom, I love you," I said, going around the table to her, pulling her up from her chair and giving her a hug.

"I love you too, honey," she said, giving just the slightest hint of a sigh.

After a moment, I told her, "Go, I'll do the dishes."

"You're a sweetheart," she said lovingly.

I did the dishes and called Dad.

"Hey, Dad, you called?" I asked.

"Yeah, I was wondering if you wanted to go and tour Harvard in November," he said.

"I'd love to," I said.

"Good, we can do a school tour and then a slut tour," he said.

"Sounds like fun," I said. "Will Portia be there?"

"Yep, and some of her friends," he said, before adding, "and she's already told them about you."

"Oh," I said.

"Yep, you may be very busy that weekend," he predicted.

"Well, I'd better get going on my own conquest," I replied.

"You really are a Walsh," he approved. After a minute, "I'll pick you up after school."

"Okay, thanks," I said, and he hung up.

Well, that meant I had less than two weeks to seduce someone... and that someone I had decided... would be Mom.

Thursday, October 25th: Day 4 of Project Mother Fucker

Wednesday was pretty uneventful, just school and homework and a pleasant evening doing not much with my Mom. Then Thursday morning I went to Ms. Chan's and deposited a load in her coffee after a great ten-minute blow job, then as she sipped her cum-flavoured coffee I asked, "How do I get girls to know about my special package?"

"Well, word of mouth will eventually be the way," she said, "pun intended."

I laughed, "But how do I get my cock in their mouths in the first place?"

"Well, your Dad's method was unorthodox, but most of the time it worked."

"What was his method?"

"Believe it or not, he just whipped out his dick one day and asked if I was hungry."

"No way."

"Yeah," she nodded. "I was shocked at first, but his cock was just so big and fat I couldn't resist. It helped that I'm a cum addict and I was craving it even before he made his ummm... 'generous offer.'"

"I'm not convinced that would work for me."

"You could first practice the move on someone receptive."

"Like whom?"

"Well, Mrs. Dieks was a regular when he still lived here, so was Ms. Swanson and Mrs. Sinclair, and both Mrs. Grady and her college-aged daughter," she listed.

"No way," I said. Ms. Swanson was an anchor for the local news channel and not completely unbelievable and Mrs. Dieks I'd already assumed, but the other two were wild. For one, Mrs. Sinclair was in her seventies, and Mrs. Grady and her daughter were black, which wasn't the surprise, actually it was a fantasy of mine to be with a black woman, but Mr. Grady was a church minister... had he been the church minister Dad had referred to as fucking both his mother and daughter during a sermon? O...M...G! I know, not a term I've ever used in my life, but it suddenly seemed like the right time to roll it out.

"I'm sure there were others, those are just the ones he told me about."

"Did he just whip it out for them too?"

"Not sure about most of them, but Mrs. Sinclair and I have coffee regularly and I told her about his gift, and one day when he was fixing her air conditioning she offered her services, and your father is never one to deny a hungry woman her cock fix," she explained.

"He is a generous man," I said sarcastically.

"That he is," she smiled, hearing my sarcasm but choosing to ignore it.

"So I should just whip it out in front of any of those women?"

"It would likely have the effect you desire," she said. "I mean, I know Mrs. Sinclair would suck that cock in an instant and then beg you to fuck her."

"She still has sex?" I asked.

"She's insatiable," she informed me. "I dine on her pussy at least once a week, and sometimes I find a delicious creampie waiting for me."

"No way," I said.

"What, I can't eat cunt?" she asked, smiling at me.

"No, you can eat all the cunt you want," I said, "I just can't fathom Mrs. Sinclair as a slut."

"Like I told you yesterday, every woman has an inner slut, many just don't fulfill that side of themselves."

"Well, I need to get going," I said with a sigh, "School."

"You have time for one more morning deposit, don't you?" she asked demurely.

"How can I say no?" I smiled, as I slid my cock back in her eager, expert mouth.

At lunchtime, unable to focus on learning, besides which I seldom learned anything new anyway, Harvard would likely be more challenging, I decided to do my own learning. My problem was, I couldn't decide who I wanted to test my whip-it-out experiment with. I drove home and decided to walk next door to Mrs. Dieks, as she was already one of my fantasies, and was my Dad's slut already.

I went to my room, looked outside and was happy to see she was in a bikini on her back, her nice big tits calling to me.

A confidence brimming inside me from my recent sexual encounters and buying into my Dad's big, fat cock theory, I changed into swimming trunks, walked over to her house and strolled into her backyard. Her eyes were closed as she baked in the sun. I startled her by saying, "You'd better not fall asleep in this sun."

She jumped slightly and said, "Oh hi, Kevin."

"I just came over to apologize for my parents," I said, before adding, "especially my Dad."

"Oh, why?" she asked.

"Well, they were acting like teenagers last Sunday having sex outside, and they were quite loud," I explained.

"Oh, that's no big deal," she dismissed it as if it were commonplace.

"Well, my Dad also threatened Mr. Dieks with fucking you," I said bluntly, thinking bluntness and swearing might speed up this process... patience is not a skill I possess.

"He did, did he?" she asked, obviously not surprised.

"Yes, he implied he's fucked you before," I continued before asking, "Is that true?"

"Kevin, that's a very inappropriate question," she said, clearly surprised at this sudden turn.

Deciding it was now or never, I jumped right in with, "What was inappropriate was that Dad made a commitment he couldn't follow through on," as I pulled down my trunks to reveal my hard, big, fat cock. I then added, as she gasped in shock at what I'd just done, "but I can."

"Kevin!" was all she could muster as she stared at my cock.

"Mrs. Dieks, I only have twenty minutes before I have to get back to school," I said, as I held my cock in my hand and waved it towards her face, "so if you want this cock, we don't have time for any feigned resistance. Now get sucking."

She was completely stunned, yet her eyes never left my cock, never looked up at me. I wasn't sure if her stunned look was because of the size of my cock or my sudden demand, but she was filled with indecision.

I said, "And yes, in case you're measuring me up, I'm bigger than my Dad."

"Kevin, we can't do this," she said, her words saying no, but the lust in her eyes and her lack of moving away saying yes.

I sighed, "Slut, we both know you're going to suck it, we both know you need to have it between those pretty sucking lips of yours, so stop pretending you're a dignified woman. You're a slut, sauntering out back in this skimpy bikini, tempting me all this time. You've wanted me to come over and use you like the next-door MILF slut you are; now suck it or I'll give this big, fat cock to someone else."

After a slight delay where she was obviously fighting herself, she sighed, and said, "I can't believe I'm doing this."

As she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth, I moaned and said, "Yes, you can. You're a proven cock sucker for big-cocked Walsh men."

She, of course, didn't respond since she had a big mouthful of cock, so I just stood there and enjoyed the fruits of my natural gift... the evidence that my big, fat cock could control a woman.

"In case you didn't notice, I'm bigger than my father," I pointed out again. I'm really not the confident, suave man-of-the-world you may think I am, so you may pity the braggart in me if you wish. No? Ok, see if I care.

She took my cock out of her mouth and stroked it as she agreed, "Yes, you are. You're so fucking big."

She moved to my balls and sucked them into her mouth while stroking my cock and said, "I can't believe you've been hiding this snake all this time."

"I just discovered the power of a big, fat cock last weekend," I said.

"That it morphs proud women into submissive bimbos?" she asked, moving back up my cock.

"Exactly," I said, "now get sucking, I need to get back to school."

"Will you fuck me?" she asked.

"In time, if you earn it," I said, which sounded ludicrous, and yet was something I now felt I could say and get away with.

"I'll do anything for you to fuck me with this big, fat dick," she bargained, before devouring my cock back into her mouth.

"You'll give me that tight ass of your?" I asked.

She responded hungrily, "Want to pound my asshole right now?"

"Shit, why not?" I shrugged, thinking this gifted life was still too good to be true.

"Oh fuck, yes," she said, bobbing on my cock for a few more seconds, before tugging her bikini off and getting on all fours.

"Beg for it in your ass, slut," I ordered, as I moved behind her... all my respect for her gone with her bimbo-like lustful desperation. Now she was just a fuck toy to be used as I wished... and although Ms. Chan had been similar, I respected Ms. Chan. Any dominance I had over her felt like role playing. With Mrs. Dieks I could put my heart into it.

"Oh fuck, Kevin, slide that big, fat cock up my shit hole and pound me like my husband can't," she whined, looking back at me.

Needing to blow my load and wanting to fuck her hard, I slid inside her ass... which was so fucking tight. She whimpered, "Oh fuck!"

"Such a tight ass, you slut," I groaned, as I pushed deeper in her.

"You're so fucking big," she moaned, as I filled her ass.

"Ride my cock, you dirty fuck slut," I ordered, wanting to watch her bounce back on my cock like a bimbo whore.

She didn't say anything... she just obeyed... slowly beginning to ride my cock.

I looked at my watch and realized I needed to get going soon, so I ordered as I slapped her ass, "Bounce back, bitch!"

"Yes, spank your slut," she moaned, as she began to really ride my cock.

I spanked her ass every few seconds until I was close, then decided to really see how dirty a whore she was, so I pulled out and ordered, "Suck it, slut."

Just like in porn, she spun around and devoured my cock, not at all put off that it was just in her ass, as she bobbed hungrily until I shot my load down her throat.

As soon as I was done, I pulled out, grabbed my trunks, put them on and said, "You may fuck yourself with that suntan lotion bottle if you want to come."

Looking at me, she grabbed the bottle, and did just as I suggested.

"See ya, slut," I said, walking out.

"Come by any time, stud," she yelled with a moan.

As I went back to school I considered my mixed feelings. On the one hand, I loved the power my big, fat cock had over her. Yet I also was disappointed by how easily she succumbed to me... becoming a simple, bimbo slut the second my cock came within view.

That night after dinner, I decided to try and continue advancing my attempt to seduce my Mom. She was on the couch when I sat down beside her and asked, 'Mom, would you like a foot massage?'

"What? No, that's okay," she said.

"Mom, I know you used to love when Dad gave them to you," I coaxed, "and since I'm the man of the house now, I need to take over the tasks he used to do to keep you happy," my words dripping with foreshadowing.

"You don't have to," she said.

"Put your feet on my lap," I ordered, but not in a demanding way.

"It *was* a long day," she admitted, as she gave in and moved her stocking-clad feet onto my lap.

"Then you deserve this," I said, as I took her foot into my hand, instantly getting hard from the feel of her nylons in my hands.

"Thanks, honey," she said.

"No problem," I said, and we watched Wheel of Fortune as I rubbed.

And for twenty minutes I just massaged her feet. I massaged the soles of her feet, I massaged all ten toes individually, and I massaged up to her calf.

She sighed, "That feels so nice, Kevin."

"These nylons are so soft," I replied.

She paused a second before agreeing, "Yes, they are."

"They really showcase your legs, too," I said, wondering if this was going too far.

"Thanks," she said, allowing me to continue.

"You know, you deserve a great man, Mom," I said, as I flinched my hard cock against her foot for the first time.

"I'm not ready to date yet," she said.

"Dad has moved on," I pointed out.

"But I have you with me," she said, as I flinched my cock again.

"I'll certainly agree with that. And I'm here for you in every way," I said, still trying to sneak in subtle hints.

"That's sweet, honey," Mom said, as she moved her feet away.

"Any time you want a foot massage, just ask," I offered.

"I may keep you to that," she said.

"Please do," I smiled, as I stood up and adjusted my cock right in front of her.

I went upstairs, knowing Mom had seen me adjust my cock, and likely had felt my cock flinch... was the seed planted? I hoped so.

I called Mrs. Dieks' cell, her number was on the fridge as she was one of Mom's contacts (we both watched each other's house when the other was away) and when she answered I said brusquely, no nonsense, "Your garage in five minutes."

"Kevin, I...." she began, but I hung up.

I headed out, as Mom was in the shower, and walked next door. The side garage door was unlocked, and she was in there waiting for me.

She pleaded, "Please Kevin, not now."

I whipped out my cock and asked, "You sure?"

"Damn you," she sighed, staring at my cock.

"Get sucking, slut," I ordered.

"My husband is right in the house," she said, even as she walked towards me.

"Your choice, my cock or his," I said, even as she lowered herself in front of me.

"Yours," she said, as she shook her head at her own weakness and took it into her mouth.

"Good slut," I approved, as she began bobbing.

After a minute or two of hungry cock sucking, clearly the risk of getting caught had her in full-throttle dick-blowing hurry-up mode, I explained, "You are my twenty-four-hour, seven-day-a-week cum deposit, is that clear?"

"Yes sir, anytime, anyplace," she agreed desperately, as she sucked my dick like it was her only purpose in life. This I still didn't understand. I could understand the rationale of women being hungry to get fucked by a big, fat cock, but what was the pleasure principle for sucking one? It didn't touch on any of their erogenous zones. Seriously, why risk getting caught by your husband while you're sucking an eighteen-year-old's dick in your garage, while I leaned against hubby's 1980s Camaro? It really made no sense to me, and as a debating champion I could rationalize almost anything.

She resumed sucking my cock, and in a couple of minutes I was ready to blow. Wanting to give her a facial and further humiliate her while literally painting my dominance on her, I pulled out and ordered, "Beg for my cum all over your married face."

I thought she might hesitate, but she obeyed instantly, looking up at me with what could only be described as cock lust, and begging, "Shoot that big load of cum all over your slut's face."

"More," I demanded, as I stroked my cock, aiming directly at her face.

"Coat my married cock sucking lips that were made for your big, fat cock," she said.

"More," I repeated, really enjoying watching her humiliate herself for the privilege of wearing cum on her face... something else that didn't make a lot of sense to me.

"Use my mouth for your pleasure, pound my pussy or ream my asshole whenever you wish, and cum on my face, on my tits, down my throat, in my cunt or up my ass," she listed, offering me a variety of fun future options.

"Mouth closed," I ordered, as I wanted every drop of my load coating her face.

She obeyed and within seconds I grunted and blasted five big wads of cum all over her face.

Fuck, was it a rush to coat a pretty woman with a load of cum.

Once I was done I ordered, "Suck me clean, slut."

She took my cock back in her mouth and nursed out any remaining cum.

After a minute to recover I instructed, "That load stays on your face until you go to your bedroom, get in a pair of nylons, which I expect you in from now on, and take two pictures of yourself. One close-up, smiling with my load all over your face and a second one in a mirror, of you naked wearing only stockings."

"Oh my," she said, as I put my dick away.

"Be a good slut and I'll be back soon," I said, before walking out the door, leaving her still on her knees.

I returned home and wasn't surprised when five minutes later I received the photos. The first was a close-up of her face still wet with cum... and she was smiling, apparently sincerely. The second was her posing in front of her mirror in a garter-belt and stockings, both black. To my surprise there was a third picture of her with a big dildo at the entrance to her pussy and a question: **May I fuck myself, Master?**

Holy shit!

She *was* a complete slut.

She had called me Master.

Fuck, was that hot.

I responded: **You may, slut. But I want a picture with that dildo all the way up your cunt.**

She texted back immediately: **Yes, Master.**

A moment later I received another text and a picture with the entire dildo nestled in her cunt.

I texted back: **You may come, thinking of my dick in your asshole.**

She texted back: **Thank you, Master.**

I shook my head at the reality that women really did seem to care about sex as much as men did.

Friday, October 26th: Day 5 of Project Mother Fucker

The next morning, I decided to push the envelope with an 'accidental' dick flashing, as I wasn't quite ready to whip it out and see how Mom reacted. I just wasn't that brazen yet, knowing that even though she was a big, fat cock slut for Dad, that didn't mean she would be willing to be a big, fat cock slut for her son and willingly commit incest. Even if Ms. Chan maintained it was a natural thing, society would beg to differ.

I went downstairs after my shower in only a towel and said to Mom, who was getting ready to leave for work, "Mom, I have an idea."

"What, honey?" she asked, as she slipped into her heels.

"We should dress up for Halloween like you and Dad used to do," I suggested.

"I don't know," she said, that being a tradition of theirs until she caught him fucking an eighteen-year-old in our backyard on Halloween.

"I insist," I said, "it will be fun."

"I guess," she said, not too convinced.

"Mom, you used to love Halloween," I argued, "and that shouldn't change because of one asshole."

"You're right," she decided. "Plus, it will be fun to do something special with my favourite son."

Yes, we can play a very special game of trick and treat, I thought to myself as I promised, "And I can make a fuss over my favourite Mom. We'll make it a night to remember."

"Any costume ideas?" she asked, Mom and Dad always sharing a theme.

I'd already thought of this and nodded, "How about I be Superman and you be Lois Lane?"

"Super," she smiled, "I'll call Sally ASAP."

Sally was her friend who always made special costumes for her.

"Great," I said, as I allowed my towel to drop to the floor.

Mom's eyes went wide as she suddenly found herself looking at my big, fat, (although flaccid) cock.

"S-s-sorry," I stammered, as I reached down for my towel.

Her face was red as she shrugged, "No worries, honey; I've seen your penis before."

I said, as I wrapped the towel back around me, "I hope it's bigger than last time you saw it. I think I was eight."

She laughed, "It definitely is."

I then asked, "And who calls it a penis anymore?"

"That's the politically correct term for it," she defended herself.

"Fine," I sighed, before adding, "but it makes me feel like I'm twelve and still have a tiny one."

"Oh honey," she disagreed, "trust me, you don't have a tiny one."

"I don't?" I asked, acting insecure, loving this conversation.

"Honey, yours is *very* big," she said. "In truth, it's one of the biggest I've ever seen."

"You have to say that, you're my Mother," I said, still acting insecure.

"Kevin," she said, coming over to me, as a part of me wondered if she was going to drop down in front of me and take it in her mouth right now, "trust me, your..." she paused, then continued with a smile, "...your *dick* is very big."

"I prefer cock," I joked.

"You're gay?" she joked, able to go tit-for-tat with me.

I responded seriously, yet letting her know I was a virgin in hopes that may intrigue her, "I definitely like pussy, although so far that's only in theory."

"Oh honey, the time will come," she said.

I joked, knowing she'd seen my cum-stained underwear in the laundry, "Oh I come a lot, just not when I'm with anyone."

"Kevin!" she gasped.

"What?" I asked, "I need to be able to talk to someone about this... and Dad sure isn't around enough."

"And I can only imagine what kind of advice *he* would give," she allowed.

I nodded, "Yeah, his advice is, and these are his exact words: 'Any chick will suck a Walsh dick.'"

"Poetic," Mom said, looking disgusted as she shook her head.

"I know," I said, "plus, my experience with girls doesn't provide any evidence towards proving his elegant hypothesis."

"Honey, you're a great young man, and once women get to know you, things will change," she said.

"I don't know," I said, continuing the insecure side, which although it was real, I never showed her.

"Trust me," she said. "Once you're out of high school, girls will become less superficial."

I thought to myself, *That doesn't seem to be the case with the cock-hungry desires of Ms. Chan and Mrs. Dieks*, but I just nodded sheepishly, "I hope so."

"Sweetheart, we can talk more later," she said. "But I have to go, I'm meeting a client at 9:15."

"Okay."

"You're okay?" she asked.

"Yes," I nodded, as she hugged me.

"Have a good day," she said.

"You too," I said, and she was gone.

I got dressed and headed straight to Ms. Chan's for two reasons: one, I needed clarity on this obsession with cock I was provoking and two, I needed to drop a load since I was now horny as fuck after my conversation with Mom.

After I deposited a load down her throat and she thanked me for breakfast I said, "There's still something I don't understand."

"What is it?"

"I understand the reason a woman would want to be fucked by a big, fat cock like mine, but I don't understand the motivation for a woman to be equally eager to suck a cock, where she gets no sexual pleasure from it."

"That's where you're wrong," she contradicted.

"How so?"

"Sure, sex is a physical act, and for most men it's almost *completely* a physical act, but for women it is just as much, if not even more, of a mental experience," she said, which didn't clarify anything for me.

"I'm not following."

"Well, you get hard and horny, so you come, and then you return to your normal state," she said.
"Right?"

"Sure."

"And then the cycle begins again."

"A few times a day," I joked.

"Well, for women, the cycle is a lot longer," she said.

"Really? Please explain that."

"Sex is about connection, intimacy and desire," she began, "and a woman has a natural desire to please. So for her, the act of sucking cock is an act of real intimacy and giving, and thus, although our physical cunts aren't directly involved, our mental sexuality is."

"Mental sexuality?"

"Yes, we get stimulated by the act itself. As a man when you're horny, your other head takes control, and for women it is much the same, but in our cases it's our entire psyche that is consumed in a sexual act. For us, sucking a cock is as much mental as it is physical."

"Feels pretty physical to me," I joked.

And *that* is a major difference between a man and a woman," she stated. "The mental part for men is almost non-existent, sex is just an act of pleasure, pure and simple; but for women, sex is connected with intimacy, and oral sex is about surrendering completely to a submissive act of giving pleasure. And if we're fortunate, our surrender is complete."

"Do you feel anything down there when you're sucking my cock?" I asked.

"No, not usually," she answered, "but I still get what to me is the important part, the mental rush of giving pleasure." She then added, as she looked down at my still hard cock, "and as you know, I love the taste of cum."

"Do most women?"

"No, it's hit and miss," she answered, "many women don't love sucking cock, but they do like pleasing their man. Some women only swallow cum for the same reason."

"Same for facials?"

"Yep," she nodded.

I then asked about the other thing bothering me. "One more question: why do older women appear to be like you're describing so much more than girls my age?"

"Experience," she said, before adding, "and growing up."

"Growing up?"

"Teenagers are selfish and shallow," she answered.

"But isn't it shallow to worship a big, fat cock?"

"Touché!" she laughed, as I approached close enough for her to stroke me. "But the difference is, when they're still at a young age, girls don't yet understand sex or use it to get what they want. When they get older, sex changes from a manipulative game to one of pleasure. I mean most teen girls don't even climax from sex, and that's because they don't invest themselves in it. Instead, they try to detach themselves from it, and unfortunately for them, too often they succeed."

"Really?"

"Sure, an experienced older woman understands her body, understands the needs of a man, and understands her own needs," she said. "Plus, a woman my age still feels the need to be worshipped or wanted, which is why she is more likely to suck your cock to completion and not expect anything in return, while a teenager may suck your cock for a bit and feel like you owe her because she's done you such a huge favour."

"That I believe," I laughed thinking of the entitled pretty girls in my school.

"Now, as usual, I'm stereotyping here," she said, "there are some girls who discover their true sexual identity much younger. I did."

"Because you were a daddy fucker," I teased.

"Jealous?" she teased, before adding, "Since you're obviously not yet a Mother fucker, poor baby."

"Well, I did fuck Mrs. Dieks in the ass," I pointed out. "She's a mother."

"Good for you," she nodded, "now give me my morning coffee cream, you somebody-else's-mother fucker, you."

"If I have to," I mock-begrudged her, wondering why I respected her so much, and yet not Mrs. Dieks, who I only could see as a three-hole cum slut to use whenever I needed to dump a load, not caring at all about her marriage or her husband... although she didn't seem to either, since she'd let herself become my slut and seemed to be enjoying the ride with only the occasional worry.

After depositing my second load, this one in her coffee cup, which was wickedly hot whenever I watched her sip her coffee with my homemade cream, I headed to school.

I studied various girls I would like to fuck... wondering if the big, fat cock theory would work with them. I walked past our big-busted but ball-busting principal Mrs. Appleby and wondered what she would do if I whipped out my dick on her desk. I sat in English class and wondered if I could turn my out and proud lesbian teacher into a hungry cock sucker... did the mental aspect work for lesbians too? One would think so. But did it work only on cunts for them? Oh, the things yet to discover.

I got home after school and saw Mrs. Grady the minister's wife from across the street walking into her house with a bag of groceries and the trunk of her car still open... wearing a nice dress and nylons. I rushed over and asked, "May I help you with those?"

"Oh sure, Kevin," she smiled warmly. I didn't go to church regularly, sleep being more important than a minister babbling on about money and our immortal souls, usually in that order, but Mom and I sometimes attended on special occasions.

I grabbed the only remaining bag from her car, slammed the trunk and followed her into the house. I put the bag on the kitchen counter and asked, "Is Mr. Grady home?"

"Nope, he's preaching in Bigstown this week," she said.

"And Tamara?"

"At college until Thanksgiving, I hope," she said, unaware my questions had a purpose.

"So you're home alone?" I said.

"Until Sunday night," she said with a sigh.

"You don't like being alone?" I asked.

"It's okay," she shared. "I mostly miss Tamara."

"Yeah, that's a long time to be alone," I agreed, as I pondered whether I was going to try and get her, too. I wanted to, she was hot as hell, but part of me didn't want to taint the image of her as a proud woman. Although if he had told the truth, my Dad had already tainted that.

"Too long," she agreed.

"Did you know my Dad?" I asked.

She paused for a second, giving me a cautious look before she answered, "A little."

From her visual cue I was now pretty sure the mom from the 'mom and daughter in the church' was her, so I said, "Actually, Dad told me he knew you quite well."

"He did?" she asked, her cautious look now screaming worry.

Confident I was right and wanting to see her on her knees sucking my cock, I said, "Yes, he told me you really know how to worship, and not just at church."

"Um, Kevin, I..." she began.

I pulled down my pants, confident Dad's theory was almost foolproof for certain women, "He also mentioned your fascination with his godlike shrine."

"Kevin, you're being way inappropriate," she rebuked me, even as her gaze was far from disapproving as she looked at my cock, semi-erect, looking back at her.

"It's also inappropriate to join your daughter in fucking my dad while your husband preaches about who knows what moral wrongs," I pointed out.

"Oh my God!" she said, not at my dick unfortunately, but at the sticky situation she suddenly found herself in.

"I imagine you screamed that when my dad fucked you," I speculated, "or did he just fuck your daughter?"

"Kevin, please leave," she said, showing a little strength, which I found impressive.

"You sure?" I asked. "I don't offer the privilege of worship to just anyone."

"Just go," she said and then added weakly, demonstrating her insecurity and doubt, "Please."

"Okay, Mrs. Grady," I shrugged, keeping my cock hanging out a bit longer before putting it away. "When you change your mind, I'll expect you to beg to worship at my shrine and to be wearing some sexy lingerie. I'll stop by after dinner in case you decide you need a creamy dessert."

She didn't say a word as I then walked out, hoping this rejection was a temporary one. On the one hand, I was happy to see a woman with the willpower to say no. At least not *every* woman was a mindless bimbo. Yet her rejection also turned me on, making me more determined to make her my mindless bimbo... which was ironic. On the third hand, I was horny now, and I needed a release.

I texted Mrs. Dieks but she wasn't home.

So I went back to Ms. Chan's to deposit a load and walked in on a lesbian act. She had given me a key after the first day, so I could walk in any time I wanted to use her mouth.

A large-breasted Muslim woman, completely naked except for her hijab, was sitting on the kitchen counter, legs spread with Ms. Chan hard at work between them.

Since I was fascinated by race and culture, I found this completely erotic... an Asian pleasuring a dark-skinned Arabic-looking Muslim woman I didn't recognize.

The woman looked up at me, her hand holding Ms. Chan in place, "You must be Kevin! We were just talking about you."

My confidence brimming even after my recent rejection, which I hoped would be brief, I said, "I'm assuming it was about my big, fat cock."

"Indeed it was," she nodded, as she added, "I hear you have a huge one."

"So I've been told," I replied, trying to act casual.

"Pull it out," she ordered.

"You want to worship the great white snake?" I asked smugly.

"I may, if it's as big as my slut here tells me it is," she equivocated, as she pulled Ms. Chan's face deeper into her pussy.

"If you want to see it, you understand you're becoming my slut," I clarified.

"He's already learning," she said approvingly to Ms. Chan.

Ms. Chan agreed, "Our Kevin is a quick study."

I dropped my pants and presented my cock for inspection, which was already hard from watching the lesbian act, and I offered her a choice, being a gentleman, "You may either suck my cock or take it in the ass,"

Ms. Chan chipped in, "He's a good boy; he's saving his virginity for his Mother."

"Of course he is," the Muslim women said, not at all surprised by such a controversial definition of virtue, as she let go of Ms. Chan's head. She hopped off the counter to face me in front of Ms.

Chan's wheelchair, leaned forward and ordered, "Lick my asshole, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," Ms. Chan replied equably, pulling the Muslim's ass cheeks apart and burying her face between them. I think the telling difference between Ms. Chan and your run-of-the-mill bimbo slut was that, although she loved to get berated with trash talk and she said all the right words and did all the right submissive things no matter how disgusting, I never once saw her grovel. Ever.

"Bring that big cock over here," the naked woman ordered me.

I pulled my feet out of my pants, walked over and stood directly in front of her.

"You think like I do," she smiled as she took my big, fat cock in her hand, "This is definitely a cock worth worshipping."

"Then suck my cock, slut," I ordered, wanting to make it clear there was a new hierarchy in town, and she wasn't at the top of this one.

She licked my cock head as she corrected me, "In Arabic you would say *sharmuta*."

"Which means cock, or slut?" I asked, receiving a language lesson while getting pleased.

"*Sharmuta* means slut, and *qadib*, *alat*, and *zubur* are all Arabic words for penis," she informed me, before taking my cock in her mouth as Ms. Chan continued eating her asshole... I was curious what that would feel like, but that experience was for another day, another time.

"Then suck my qadib, you dirty sharmuta," I said experimentally, I imagine butchering both words.

She didn't try to deep throat me like Ms. Chan could easily do, but she did bob like a sharmuta until I asked, "Ms. Chan, is that ass ready for my cock?"

"It appears to be wet and willing," she answered, looking up at me. I was dominating my sharmuta and she was calling my sharmuta Mistress, yet she wasn't calling me Master. Not a problem, my hierarchical relationship with Ms. Chan was flexible: it was whatever it was at the moment. Sometimes she was my slut, sometimes she was my sexual guru.

The Muslim woman walked over to a bag and grabbed a small piece of carpet, which she then placed on the floor in front of me before taking my cock back into my mouth.

I looked at Ms. Chan who explained, "She is a 'cock Muslim.'"

"A cock Muslim?" I questioned.

"Well, since she is on her knees so much, she carries around that little rug everywhere she goes, so when she is presented with a nice big, fat cock or a ripe, juicy pussy, as she has a thing for young white girls, she can place it on the ground before she worships one of Allah's greatest creations," Ms. Chan explained.

"That may be the hottest thing I've ever heard," I said, fascinated by the idea. I then added, "So she's a cunt Muslim too?"

"It's called a *kus* Muslim," the woman, whose name I still didn't know, furthered my education between bobs.

"Kus means cunt?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded, before returning to sucking my cock.

"What is this sharmuta's name?" I asked Ms. Chan.

"That depends. When she is being a submissive like right now, her name is sharmuta or bimbo, since she likes to be ridiculed whenever there is a dominant man or a young white female to serve, but when she's the one in charge, her name is Mistress Aaleyah."

"A switch," I said.

"Yes," Ms. Chan nodded.

"What does Aaleyah mean?" I asked, knowing that Muslim names usually had specific meanings.

"One who is exalted or of high social standing," my sharmuta answered, with a hint of pride.

"On all fours," I ordered, which she quickly obeyed. I chuckled as I mused, "Then your name is rather ironic."

"It can be," the eager sharmuta replied, "but you may call me Bimbo if you wish, Master," turning around to offer her ass to me.

"And I assume there is a term for ass in Arabic?" I asked.

"Teez," she supplied, before adding, "although the term also means 'boring, stupid, or ugly.'"

"I see," I said, as I moved my cock up to her inviting ass and handed Ms. Chan my phone. "Film this."

"Please don't," Aaleyah requested, as Ms. Chan turned the phone towards the sharmuta on all fours about to receive my pole.

"What do you do for a living, Bimbo?" I asked.

"I'm a Professor," she answered.

"Teaching what?" I asked.

"Feminine Studies," she answered.

"Wow, that is so utterly ironic," I laughed, as I slid my cock in her ass.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, lowering her head to avoid the phone.

"Look up at the phone and tell me how much you want my cock in your tight teez," I ordered, as I filled her ass.

"Fuck," she cursed, before looking up into the phone and begging, like all my sluts had done so far, "Please fuck my teez with your massive fucking qadib."

I grabbed her hips and began fucking her ass. "Yes, fuck the slut," Ms. Chan cheered me on as she filmed.

"I wish I could fuck you," I said.

"God, me too," Ms. Chan said, before adding, "I'd fuck the shit out of you."

"Funny, that's what I'm doing to her right now," I joked.

"Oh Allah," the Aaleyah moaned, which somehow seemed so much dirtier than 'oh God'... although I don't know why.

"You like my cock in your ass, Professor?" I asked.

"I fucking love it," she said, her earlier worry of being filmed long gone as she spoke directly to the phone.

It didn't take long, two or three minutes, and my balls were boiling as I ordered, "Sharmuta, get ready for God's great gift," purposely using 'God' instead of 'Allah'.

She wasn't fazed as she spun around on her knees and took this cock that was just in her ass into her mouth... I used to think that only happened in porn, but I had now used back-to-back ass-to-mouth sluts.

She bobbed for just a few seconds before I pulled out and splattered my load all over her face.

As soon as I was done, Ms. Chan ordered, "Look at the camera, bimbo."

Aaleyah was clearly not used to being bossed around by the submissive Ms. Chan but she obeyed, turning with cum dripping off her chin and smiling.

"Now Mistress, kindly allow me to clean your face," Ms. Chan said, obviously also a switch, as she handed me the phone and began to lick my cum off her Aaleyah's face. Another hot fucking moment.

As they did, I realized I needed to get home for supper and begged off with, "That was fun."

"Anytime," Ms. Chan said.

"My office hours are every afternoon from one to four if you want to use this sharmuta," Aaleyah said.

"Good to know," I smiled, before adding, "do you get to munch on much ripe, coed pussy?"

"A couple times a week," she answered.

"I may have to come and offer my services to those coeds," I said.

"They would love you to," she said, before adding, "especially with that big, fat cock. As would I; so please hurry up and fuck your Mother."

"I'm working on it," I answered then asked, "Did my Dad used to fuck you?"

"No, never met the man," she answered, as she stood up, put one foot on the wheelchair and ordered, "Now back to where we were before we were so nicely interrupted."

"Yes, Mistress," Ms. Chan obeyed placidly as they resumed the hierarchy that had been in place before I walked in.

Great, I thought to myself at the thought that my new sharmuta was my first conquest that Dad hadn't already corrupted with his cock.

As I walked home, I saw a text from Jaime: **Want to come over and play some D & D?**

Of course I did, so I went home and left Mom a note saying I was staying over at Jaime's tonight... the seduction delayed a day... although I had already decided my execution day would be Halloween... not meaning I'd be killing anyone, but I would be Superman and Lois Lane would never say no to the Man of Steel as I executed my seduction plan.

Saturday, October 27th: Day 6 of Project Mother Fucker

I got home a little after noon and realized I had completely forgotten about my promised nighttime visit to Mrs. Grady.

Oops.

Seeing her car in the driveway, I figured I'd give her a second chance before shooting my load, likely in Ms. Chan's expert mouth... since I hadn't shot a load in fifteen hours, which these days seemed like an eternity... although I did wonder if I could seduce Jaime's mom, who wasn't good looking, but had a great Latina ass that I wouldn't mind playing with. Alas, I was torn, not sure I wanted to ruin a friendship, and I did like her and was reluctant to diminish my respect for her if she did indeed succumb.

I knocked on the Grady door and waited a minute before it was opened. Even I was slightly surprised to see she was in a short robe and red nylons, which were a sexy-as-fuck colour, in clear view. She said, looking sheepish, "Please come in."

Once I was inside I ordered, deciding there was no point in beating around the bush, although I sensed she didn't have one anyway, "Drop the robe; let's see if you obeyed my simple instructions."

"This has to remain a secret," she worried.

"Don't worry, I don't face fuck or ass fuck and tell," I reassured her.

"You really are just like your father," she sighed.

"But bigger," I clarified, always wanting that on record.

"Let me see it again," she said as she slipped off her robe to reveal a skimpy red negligee that really showcased her big tits, with garters holding up her stockings.

"You're not kicking me out?" I asked, as I admired her body.

"I'm sorry about yesterday," she apologized as she lowered herself to her knees in front of me. "I was taken aback by your aggressive behaviour; you surprised me."

"And now?" I asked, as her hands unzipped my pants.

"Now I want to service this big cock," she said, pulling down my pants.

"This big, *fat* cock," I corrected.

"Yes, indeed, your big, fat cock," she agreed, as she stroked it to full mast.

"Take me to your bedroom," I instructed her, realizing I hadn't yet had any sex in an actual bed.

"Okay," she said, standing up and taking my hand. She demurely led me to her room and returned to her knees.

"You really want this cock, don't you?" I asked, as she took it back in her hands.

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about it since you left," she admitted.

"Have you been wearing this sexy outfit ever since last night?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded. "I was beginning to fear you weren't coming."

"Oh I plan to be coming," I quipped.

"I hope so," she smiled, as she leaned in to suck my cock.

I put my hand on her forehead, "Have I given you permission to suck my cock?"

"No sir, I'm sorry, I just thought..." she began.

"Does a bimbo think?" I asked.

"No," she said sheepishly, clearly humiliated by being called a bimbo.

"And you are a bimbo for big, fat cock, is that right?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Say it with pride, bimbo," I demanded, "It doesn't seem to me that you really want this cock."

"Sorry," she repeated, looking up at me. "Yes, I'm a bimbo for big, fat white cock."

"Do you like white cock?" I asked, noticing her adding the 'white' descriptor.

"I know I shouldn't," she said, a slight look of shame contrasting with her obvious lust, "but it's so taboo that I can't resist."

"So you prefer white cock over black?" I asked, as I traced her lips with my cock.

"Yes," she admitted.

"And would you rather worship at church or in front of me?" I asked, as I continued to tease her.

"You," she admitted again.

"Is your daughter a white cock slut too?" I asked.

"Yes, although she prefers white pussy," the mother revealed.

"Have you two ever tasted each other's pussies?" I asked.

She didn't answer, yet the look on her face was answer enough.

"Reveal your sins to me and I'll baptise you as my cock sucker," I said, knowing this sounded corny as fuck, but yet it kind of worked. I then slid my cock into her mouth and pulled it back out.

"Yes, we have," she whispered.

"Lots?" I asked.

"Just once, for your Dad," she admitted.

"At church?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded, looking ashamed.

"Did you enjoy it?" I asked.

"In the heat of the moment yes, but I've been riddled with guilt ever since," she confessed.

"Mmmmmmm," I said, "nevertheless, that I would like to see."

She then pretty much tossed her guilt away... maybe that was something she'd felt obligated to say... by pretty much offering to commit incest with her daughter for me when she informed me , "She'll be home for Thanksgiving."

I accepted the offer immediately by smiling, "When you can both give me thanks," as I snapped my fingers and pointed to my cock.

She asked, "May I suck your big, fat, white cock?"

"You may, slut," I approved, and watched this church minister's black wife taking my white cock in her mouth. I loved the look of the contrasting skin tones. And of course how it felt.

"That's it, get it nice and hard for that big black backdoor booty," I said, appreciating my alliteration while letting her know my intentions.

Mrs. Grady responded with a moan on my cock. Fuck, I thought anal sex was as rare as a day without a Kim Kardashian tweet, but that sure didn't seem to be the case, as every woman I'd met this week other than Ms. Chan had eagerly taken my cock up her ass... and there's no question Ms. Chan would do that too if it were possible.

The black preacher's wife sucked my cock slowly... using her tongue as she did... while also using her left hand to cup and fondle my balls.

As she sucked, I decided to deposit two loads with her... the first all over her pretty black face as I thought the white cum would be a hot contrast, and I would decide later where load two would go... perhaps on her breasts, on her ass, or inside her ass. So many choices, so many loads. I already imagined spewing a load up her cunt on Thanksgiving and watching her hot daughter Tamara lap up my creampie.

So I began face fucking her, which gave me a rush. The reality was that treating someone like a slut gave me an adrenaline rush... and face fucking a minister's wife only added to that rush.

Slobbering sounds echoed off the bedroom walls as I roughly face fucked her, making her gag twice as I tickled her tonsils with my cuckolding cock, feeling my balls bouncing off her chin like a drum, which was also hot.

This only lasted a minute before I pulled out and without warning, spewed my white seed all over her black face... fuck, was it hot! She looked startled at first, but then instinctively closed her eyes

and opened her mouth like a good cum slut.

Once I was done I ordered, "Don't move," as I reached for my phone and snapped a quick picture, before I slid my cock back in her mouth and took a couple more pics.

Then I decided it was time for another first... my first taste of pussy pie. I ordered, "Crawl onto your bed and spread those legs."

She got off her knees, her face plastered with my cum, and crawled onto the bed. She scooped up to her pillow, lay back on it and spread her legs.

I climbed onto the bed and between her legs as I placed my hands on both her legs and moved them up, savouring the feel of the nylons.

"You're just like your father," she told me.

"A big cocked stud?" I asked, knowing she was really referring to the nylons.

"That too," she laughed, "but he loved my nylons."

"They *are* pretty sexy," I confirmed, as I bent down to get an up close and personal look at her pussy... the pink looking so deliciously prominent when surrounded by her dark skin.

"I'm told my pussy tastes amazing," she said.

"Did your daughter tell you that?" I asked.

"Actually she did," she smiled, before adding, "but so did your Mother."

"Fuck off!" I gasped, shocked to the core.

"She's come over the past few Sunday nights," she said, "when my hubby is at church doing youth group."

"No way," I repeated my shock, even though there was no reason for her to lie.

"She's given up on men after your father," she explained.

"My Mother is a lesbian?" I gasped, even though I knew Dad had ass fucked her just this last Sunday. If she was gay, that would be a major road block to my seduction plans.

"She seems to be," she shrugged.

"How long have you and my Mother been having sex?" I asked.

"Less than two months," she said.

"I can't believe it," I said.

"She has an amazing tongue," she offered.

"Did she come over last Sunday?" I asked.

"Yeah, but she was in a rush, as she had to get home before you got back," she said.

"Wow!" I said. After a pause, I asked, "Is she coming over tomorrow?"

"She's supposed to," she nodded.

I demanded, "I want a video... or at least pictures."

"You want to see your Mother eat me out?" she asked.

"Do you two do anything else?" I asked back.

"I usually fuck her with my strap-on," she admitted.

"I definitely want a video of that," I said, sitting up.

"I don't know, that seems wrong," she said.

"If you want this cock, you'll do it," I threatened, noticing it was hard again.

"You drive a tough bargain," she purred, moving her foot to my shaft. She then asked, "Ever have a nylon foot job?"

"No," I said, as she moved both her feet to my cock. "Ohhhhh," I moaned, as her silk-covered feet began to stroke my cock.

"Mmmmmm, your cock is so fucking big," she purred as she stroked it. She then asked, "Are you going to try and fuck your Mother?"

"Think she would do it?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered, before adding, "but she *is* very submissive."

"I want you to try and role play some incest with her," I suggested.

"Hmmmm, I'll try to come up with something," she said.

"Now let's get back to what I was about to do," I said.

"Sodomize my asshole?" she asked nastily.

I spread her legs and said, "First things first, which is your cunt. I've never done this before," I finished as I buried my face in her pink pussy.

"Mmmmm, this time it's like *Mother*, like son," she moaned, "you're good at it already," as I licked my first pussy.

It tasted sweet, a little fishy, a little fruity, and a lot delicious. I took my time exploring every crevice of her cunt as I processed her shocking revelation... my Mom was a submissive lesbian, too! Wow! Yet, the more I thought about it the more I realized this news only helped advance my plan.

"Oh yes, that feels so good," she moaned, as I kept exploring.

Horny as fuck after eating her pussy and learning about Mom, I sat up and asked, "Ready for some backdoor drilling?"

"Definitely," she nodded, before she added, "maybe you should shoot your load in my cunt tomorrow before your Mom comes over, then she could unknowingly have a naughty creampie."

"Mmmmm," I moaned, the idea deliciously nasty, although I still wanted Mom to be my first cunt fuck.

"How do you want me?" she asked.

"On your side," I said, deciding to try a new position.

"As you wish," she said, rolling onto her side as I moved behind her.

I positioned my cock at her ass and slid it in, while I reached around and cupped her huge tits.

"Yes, fuck my ass," she moaned, as I filled her.

"I can't believe all you sluts love it in the ass," I said.

"Your Dad trained us all to love a big cock up our butts," she admitted.

"Had you been an ass slut before him?" as I began bucking my hips.

"No, I thought it was disgusting," she admitted.

"And now?" I asked.

"Now I come hardest this way."

"You can come from anal sex?"

"Big time," she enthused, as she began moving her hips to meet mine.

"Hot," I said, as we began crashing into each other.

"Oh yes, fuck my black ass with your big white cock," she moaned.

"Tell me what you are," I said, loving to hear women degrade themselves.

"I'm a bimbo butt bitch for big white willies," she declared, and then continued, "I'm a slutty sinner for stout sausage."

"And an ass slut," I added.

"Yes, sodomize your dirty church wife," she urged me, her moans getting louder, "and breed my shit hole with your dominant cum." That last one made no sense at all, but it was still hot and I was learning my big, fat cock made stumbling bimbos out of even the smartest of women.

"Come for me, slut," I demanded, "come from getting sodomized. you devilish tramp."

"Oh yes, fuck, fuck my ass, sodomize my hole, ream my shit hole," she babbled as she furiously fucked back onto my cock until she screamed, "Yes, I'm a sinner!"

She stopped bucking back, but I kept slamming into her ass as she came... the sounds escaping her mouth a delight to hear and the trembling of her body fun to watch.

A couple more minutes of reaming her rear, and I was close. I pulled out, pushed her onto her back and decided to give her a pearl necklace... thinking the white cum against her dark skin would be cool to see again.

"Come all over your black big-breasted bimbo butt slut," she cried wickedly, cupping her breasts together as she impressively did a four-word alliteration.

"Lift your head up so I can give you a homemade necklace," I ordered.

"Okay," she obeyed, just as I began to shoot my second straight load.

I aimed my cock like a spray-paint nozzle, I know a poor descriptor, as I tried to create a cum necklace. It wasn't perfect, but it was pretty good if you ask me, as I shot four big wads onto her.

"Nice," I admired my handiwork when done.

"Well, I've been asking for a pearl necklace for years from Derrick," she said, "but he said they're a white woman's piece."

"Well, I think this one looks very natural on you," I said, as I got off the bed and grabbed my phone.

"I hope these are for your private collection," she said, as I aimed my phone at her naked body.

"Of course," I said, deciding I wanted to have at least one photo of each of my sluts.

"Please do keep them to yourself," she requested.

"As long as you're a good slut I will," I agreed.

She smiled as she moved her nylon-clad foot to my cock, "I'm more of a bad girl."

"That you are," I agreed, as I got dressed.

"So do you want to come in my cunt before your Mom munches on my chocolate box?" she asked, her words sounding doubly nasty coming from a minister's wife.

"I'd love to," I said, "but I want Mom to be my first."

"Aaaaaaah, how sweet," she smiled, "you want to be a Mother fucker."

"That I do," I said.

"Well you could drill my ass again, then cum on my cunt and I'll shove it in," she offered.

"That I think would work," I agreed, thinking it was a great idea.

"She usually comes over at 6:30, once you leave for debate club," she said.

I did have debate club practice every Sunday night, but this week I would have to be late, as I was definitely going to give Mrs. Grady a unique creampie, that hopefully my Mother would dine on. "I'll stop by before then."

"Sounds great," she nodded, as she got off the bed and walked to the mirror. "Fuck, this *does* look good."

"Don't wash off my cum until you go to bed tonight," I said.

"You really are like your father," she said, shaking her head.

"So I'm told," I said, as I headed home.

Mom wasn't home, she'd left a note that she got called into work... which happened on Saturday sometimes... she was a workaholic.

I showered and ended up playing Fortnite for a few hours, Mom not arriving home until after dinnertime.

When she did, she came directly to my room and asked, "Have you had dinner?"

"Not yet," I answered.

"Want me to order pizza?" she asked.

"Sure, I'd love some pie," I hinted slyly.

"I'll order some," she said.

"You look tired," I said.

"It was a long day," she nodded, yawning.

"Well then, you probably need a foot massage," I offered, wanting to touch those nylon feet again.

"I could use one every day," she told me.

"Luckily, today is a day," I joked, as I added, "why don't you come lie down on my bed so you can order the pizza while I massage your feet?"

"Sounds good," she agreed, as she collapsed on my bed.

I dropped out of my game even though I was only one of five left, and went to join her. I took her right foot (which was sleek and lovely in beige nylons) in my hand as she ordered the pizza.

"That feels nice," she said a couple minutes later when she hung up.

We chatted about her day and mine, me leaving out my afternoon rendezvous, before I apologized, "Sorry about yesterday morning."

"There's nothing to be sorry about," she dismissed it, "accidents happen."

I lied, "You're the first one ever to see my penis."

"Really?"

"Yeah, girls my age don't pay attention to me at all," I explained, which was true.

"College will change that," she said.

"I hope so," I said. "I don't want to be the real life Forty-year-old Virgin."

"Can I be frankly honest with you?" she asked.

"Of course," I said, "I hope you'll always be," as I massaged each toe individually.

"You're very big," she said.

"Big how?" I asked, playing dumb.

"Your penis is..." she paused, not sure how to say it, or perhaps even *if* she should say it, "...massive."

"Really?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't get an up close and personal look of course," she said, "but it may be the biggest one I've ever seen."

"Really?" I repeated, wanting to see how far she would take this conversation.

"Yes, honey," she said, "and once women discover what you're packing down there you will become quite popular."

"So size matters?" I asked.

"Big time," she nodded, and then laughed at her pun.

"Well, that may be true, but it's not like anyone is looking under the hood," I complained, using a lame car metaphor.

"I know high school is difficult, honey," she said, "it was for me too."

"It was?"

"Yes, I was quite a bit chunkier in high school," she admitted.

"Really?" I asked, and thinking about it now, realizing I'd never seen any pictures of her during that time. I'd seen a single baby picture, and then only ones from her wedding and afterwards... plus the hot college ones with that Jenny girl.

"Yes," she nodded, "but in college I came into my own."

"Well, for me that's almost a year away," I sighed, moving to her other foot.

"The time will fly by," she said.

"It's actually going at a snail's pace."

"Well, trust me, college girls are less superficial," she reassured me.

"Isn't cock... I mean lust for penis size a bit superficial?" I asked, still not completely understanding women's obsession with size... although since I preferred big tits over small ones, maybe it was just the natural mental concept of sexual beautification.

She nodded, giving a slight chuckle, "I guess so, but...."

"But what?" I asked when she stopped.

"This conversation is getting a bit weird for a mother and son," she said.

"Would you rather I ask Dad?"

"God, no," she laughed. "Okay, I'll soldier on. The reality is that women are no different from men."

"Meaning?"

"Men are usually pretty shallow, but so are we gals."

"How so?"

"We're attracted to looks just like guys are, and just like guys like big breasts, Latina butts or long legs, we like men with big penises," she said.

"Does a big one feel better than a smaller one?" I asked.

"Wow! My son is asking me what kind of penis feels best in his mom's vagina? This *is* getting weird," she said, looking a little uncomfortable.

"If you don't mind, Mom. I don't really know who else to ask these things," I replied innocently, not mentioning Ms. Chan.

"Well okay then, this is getting *really* personal, but... yes, I usually prefer a large one, ummm... in there," she answered.

"Is it about length or girth?" I asked.

"Both."

"Is one more important?"

"Different women would answer that differently."

"How?"

"Well, for some, length is more important for the obvious reason of the depths it can reach, while others focus more on girth, as it gives a different pleasure sensation," she explained, looking awkward telling me such intimate details. Nevertheless she added, "But all women would love to have both."

"All women?" I asked, as I got off the bed.

"Well, almost all," she corrected, glancing down at my crotch... and the tent in my pants... I had gone commando for just this effect.

"I can't believe women are as bad as men."

"It's not a bad thing, it's just human nature," she said, just as the doorbell rang for the pizza delivery. "Plus, sex isn't a bad thing, it too is human nature."

"So it's okay for me to have sex?" I asked.

She got off the bed, "As long as it's with someone you care about."

Deciding to drop one final hint, a less than subtle one, I replied, "But Mom, the only woman I care about is you."

The doorbell rang again, and I said I'd go get it, leaving those words to linger in my Mom's head.

The rest of the night we didn't talk any more about sex... eating pizza and watching Mom's favourite movie on TV, 'A Few Good Men,' the whole time I was thinking she only needed one good man... ME!

Sunday, October 28th: Day 7 of Project Mother Fucker

Sunday I went to church for the first time in months, and ended up getting a blow job in the minister's office.

That afternoon I went and deposited a load in Ms. Chan's coffee, as I hadn't visited her for a couple of days. She offered that if I wanted to watch some lesbian sex, Mrs. Sinclair would be over that night around eight. I said I might stop by, but that I had debate practice first.

I also tutored Mrs. Walker's son and chatted with her, but I didn't make a move on her. Although I now had a lot of confidence putting the make on my Dad's sluts, I still wasn't sure about my ability with someone new. (Ms. Chan's Muslim friend had been a special case, having been pretty much been handed to me on a platter.)

When I got home, Mom called me into her bedroom... the ultimate fantasy... although it wasn't to fuck her... of course... but it was to try on my costume. She said, "Try this on honey, so in case it's the wrong size Sally can do some last-minute alterations tomorrow."

"Man, she is fast," I said.

"Sally is the Supergirl of the designer world," Mom joked.

"I should have asked you to be Supergirl," I realized.

"Why?"

"Because you're super," I answered.

"That's the corniest thing you've ever said," she scoffed playfully, handing me the costume.

"I try," I shrugged, as I took it.

"Try it on," she said.

"Okay," I said, considering stripping right in front of her... but sticking to my plan... and my target date of Halloween.

I went to my bedroom and found that the costume was a bit tight... tight in that it completely showcased my cock. I thought this would only help with my Wednesday seduction and took it back off. I returned it to Mom and she asked, "Too small?"

"Perfect," I said.

"Why didn't you keep it on to show me?" she asked.

"You'll have to wait until Wednesday," I teased.

"In that case you'll have to wait until Wednesday as well," she shrugged. "Actually, I'll have a bit of a surprise for you."

"I can't wait," I said sincerely, knowing better than to ask.

We had dinner early, as I told her I had to head out early to meet with my team before the big debate in three weeks. I drove a block, then parked and walked around to the back of Mrs. Grady's. I walked in the back door as planned, and she was waiting for me... in black stockings and a black lace bra... sans panties.

She smiled, "Like?"

"Next time I want to see you in white stockings," I said, curious how white nylons would look like against her black body.

"I'll have to buy some," she said, as she walked up to me.

"Then buy some," I said flippantly, as she dropped in front of me.

"I will," she nodded as she went to fish out my cock but stopped. "May I please suck your cock?"

"You may," I said, amused by our strangely civil conversation as she unzipped me and pulled out my flaccid cock.

"I love making a dick hard in my mouth," she said, as she took my softness between those luscious lips.

It felt amazing to feel my cock getting hard in her mouth as she swirled her tongue around it. Once it was hard, she began bobbing and I watched, still in awe of each woman who worshipped my cock... especially when it was being worshipped by a woman of God. That just enhanced the whole experience.

She asked, "So do you want me to suck you until you're close, or do you want to fuck my cunt and give me a creampie, or ream my ass and then spew your load all over my cunt?" she asked.

"All the above," I joked.

"I hope so," she smiled, as she moved to my balls and sucked them into her mouth.

After a couple of minutes I said, knowing time was of the essence, "Bend over the table."

"Yes, sir," she agreed submissively, quickly getting in position like the cock slut she was.

I moved behind her, slid inside her ass and began fucking.

"So what are your plans for my Mom?" I asked.

"For you to come all over my cunt and then your Mom to lick it all up," she said.

"Where?"

"Right here."

"Where's the camera?" I asked.

"I could set up a camcorder, but I thought you might like to watch from the closet over there," she suggested.

"Hmmmmmm," I pondered, "when is she coming over?"

"I can tell her to come over right now if you'd like," she said, reaching for her phone.

"She'll come right over?" I asked.

"She's a submissive cunt-hungry slut," she explained, as I kept fucking her. "She'll *rush* right over."

"And then she'll eat my cum," I said.

"Exactly," she said, as she called, putting her phone on speakerphone. "Hi, slut," she said, when Mom answered.

"Hi, Mistress," Mom replied.

"I have a big white cock in my ass right now," Mrs. Grady said.

"Really?"

"Yes, and I expect you over here in ten minutes, dressed in the sluttiest thing you own, so you can eat my anal creampie," Mrs. Grady added.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom replied.

"Oh yes, fuck my ass you big-dicked stud," Mrs. Grady moaned to me.

"Can I come and watch?" Mom asked.

"Then he'd take your ass too," Mrs. Grady responded.

"Is he big?"

"The biggest I've ever had," Mrs. Grady answered, as she turned and pushed me back. "Actually, I'll send you a pic."

"Yummy," Mom said, as Mrs. Grady snapped a quick picture of my cock.

"Sending," she said.

"Wow, that *is* huge," Mom agreed enthusiastically, as I wondered if she'd recognize it as the one she'd seen a couple days ago.

"And it feels great in my ass," the black slut bragged as I slid back into her ass and began really fucking her.

"He's pounding you hard, isn't he?" Mom asked.

"He's really *reaming* my shit hole," Mrs. Grady moaned.

"Fuck, could I use a good ass reaming," Mom said.

"I thought you were a dyke now."

"I've been craving a big fat cock for a couple of days now," Mom admitted, which just conveniently matched up with when she'd seen my cock.

"Well, play your cards right and I'll share this stud with you," Mrs. Grady moaned loudly, as I fucked her as hard as I could... their conversation really turning me on.

"Please," Mom said.

"He would treat you like a cheap three-hole slut," Mrs. Grady warned.

"I hope so," Mom said, "I badly need some big-dicked stud to take charge and use me," something I loved hearing!

"Then get dressed in something slutty as fuck and sashay your butt over here," Mrs. Grady ordered, and hung up.

"You probably have three minutes," Mrs. Grady smiled.

"I won't need that long," I said, my balls boiling, unsure if I wanted to come in her ass or on her cunt.

"Shoot it right up my ass, baby," she moaned, "let's make this as nasty as possible."

"Good call," I grunted, close to coming.

"Oh yes, shoot a big load up my ass for your Mom," she said wickedly, which was the perfect trigger to get me to do just that.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned, as I filled her ass with my cum. "YES!!"

I deposited a full load before I pulled out and ordered as I pulled my pants up, "Make her beg for it."

"I always do," she assured me as she remained bent over... some of my cum beginning to leak out of her ass.

I pulled out my phone and crept into the closet, keeping the door open just enough to be able to watch and film my Mom's debauchery.

Mrs. Grady phoned my Mom, "Just walk right in and come into the kitchen."

"Okay," Mom said, and we heard her entering the house a few seconds later.

"Get your ass in here," Mrs. Grady yelled.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom called back, coming into the kitchen in a trench coat.

"Take that shapeless thing off," Mrs. Grady ordered, still bent over.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom repeated, shrugging off the trench coat and revealing she was in black stockings, a plaid skirt that was so short I could see the tops of her stockings, and a skin-tight tube top.

"Hot," Mrs. Grady said, before adding, knowing I wanted to see my Mom naked, "now take off the tube top and skirt."

"Then why did I get all dressed up?" Mom asked.

"Because I wanted to see what you would wear."

"Fair enough," Mom said, as she quickly threw off her skimpy clothing, revealing she'd had nothing underneath but the black thigh highs and a body even hotter than I'd ever imagined.

"Now get over here and eat my asshole," she ordered.

"He's gone?" Mom asked, disappointed.

"Yeah, he deposited his load in my ass and left," Mrs. Grady said.

"Shoot," Mom said, as she moved to Mrs. Grady and dropped behind her. "He left cum everywhere!"

"Clean it up," Mrs. Grady ordered, as I filmed Mom eating my cum... easily the hottest thing I'd ever witnessed, and I'd just experienced a week-long marathon of hot shit.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom said, as she added, "I could go spelunking in here, he really gaped your ass."

"Like I said, biggest dick ever," she crowed as she felt my Mom's tongue in her ass. "Oh yes, eat my asshole and slurp up all that yummy cum."

"So good," Mom moaned, as she tongued deep inside Mrs. Grady's wide-open ass.

My cock was hard again... part of me wanted just to sneak out, creep up behind her and fuck her, but again I resisted the temptation.

"Get your tongue way up my shit hole, slut," Mrs. Grady ordered.

Mom ate my cum and her asshole for a couple of minutes before Mrs. Grady turned around, hopped up onto the counter and asked, "Hungry, slut?"

"Famished," Mom said, as she stood up and bent down, giving me an amazing look at her ass (which was almost porcelain white and not athletic, but just round and fleshy enough to jiggle when she walked and make a good couple of handfuls), and buried her face in the black pussy.

"That's it slut," Mrs. Grady moaned, "eat my cunt."

"I love this cunt," Mom crooned, as she hungrily lapped the sweet sushi.

Then for a few minutes I watched Mom eating cunt.

I listened to Mrs. Grady's moans increasing until she grabbed Mom's head and began grinding her face up and down on it as she looked right at me, grinning.

I smiled back as I filmed her orgasm at the tongue of my Mother. "Yes, eat my cum, bitch."

Mom didn't stop licking until Mrs. Grady let go of her head and asked, "Want to get fucked?"

"Is your cunt delicious?" Mom asked.

"So I'm told," she smiled, as she hopped off the counter and ordered, "Hands and knees, slut."

Mom obeyed.

"Crawl into the bedroom," Mrs. Grady ordered, offering me a great look at my Mom on all fours, her ripe peach showing clearly below her curvy ass cheeks as she crawled away.

I could follow and watch Mom get fucked, or head to my debate meeting... I sighed. And in the hardest thing I ever had to do, I crept out of the house as I heard Mrs. Grady order, "On the bed on all fours, dildo slut."

I headed out and drove to the debate meeting... my balls desperate for another release.

Nine o'clock that night, I stopped by Ms. Chan's house and deposited a load.

She asked, "So have you fucked your Mother yet?"

"Wednesday," I said.

"Once she's your slut, I want to taste her pussy," she said.

"That can be arranged," I agreed, "although she seems more of a pussy eater."

I headed home and was surprised to find Mom was in bed already... maybe Mrs. Grady had fucked the shit out of her.

Monday, October 29th: Day 8 of Project Mother Fucker

Like most mornings, I deposited a load in Ms. Chan's coffee.

At noonish I arrived at Mrs. Dieks' for a lunchtime deposit. As she sucked my cock, her phone rang.

"Get it," I told her.

"But it's my husband," she objected, standing up.

"Answer it anyway," I ordered.

"Why?" she asked.

"Do you want my cock in your ass?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then answer it and get back to sucking while you talk to him," I said, orchestrating something I always found hot in porn movies.

"Hi, honey," she said, as she dropped back down in front of me.

I pointed to my cock and she told her husband, "Just snacking on some lunch," before taking my cock in her mouth.

I smiled at her descriptive answer.

The phone was at her ear as she slowly swapped bobbing and conversing.

"Sausage," she answered.

A couple more bobs.

"I'm going for a workout next."

A few more bobs.

"I'm hoping to really work my ass off," she said, each response a naughty one in response to the oblivious husband's questions.

A few more bobs.

"I'm not sure," she answered, pausing for a quick bob, "Maybe your reception sucks."

I stifled a laugh.

A couple more bobs before she answered, "Mmmm-hmmm," still sucking.

"I don't know, it's a hard decision," she answered.

I pulled her up, moved onto her bed and lay down. She shook her head as she climbed onto it and straddled me. "Actually, I think I'll go for a drive."

As she lowered herself slowly, taking my cock in her ass, she said, "To the gym for a full workout, I told you that already."

As she began riding my cock she continued the conversation. "I'll do some squats first."

A few deep bounces.

"Then ride the bicycle," she suggested, as she rode me.

She moaned, then explained, "This sausage is just so good."

A few seconds later, "Actually I'm completely full."

As I was getting close, I began bucking my ass up to meet her downward movements as she let out a yelp, "Sorry, I just got poked."

"By a big stick," she answered, as I tried to imagine what he was saying, how he was reacting.

I lifted her off me and began jerking off as she said, moving her face close to my cock, "I've got to go. I need to gobble down some creamy dessert," then paused to listen before replying, "I know I said that, but there's always room for something creamy."

And as I spewed my load all over her face she told her husband, "I love you too."

She hung up as I finished coating her face, tossed the phone aside and giggled, "I'm glad you made me do that; it was so much fun!"

"Almost everything you said was dirty," I said.

"And he had no clue," she chortled.

"He's a fucking dumb ass," I said, shaking my head.

"He lost interest in me long ago," she sighed.

"Like I said, a fucking dumb ass," I repeated, as I got off the bed. I then added, feeling sorry for her, "You deserve a man who understands your needs and sees you for the beautiful woman you are."

"Thanks," she said gratefully, obviously not used to getting compliments.

"But you're still my slut," I said, slapping her ass.

"Are you going to fuck my cunt soon?" she asked.

"Maybe," I shrugged, loving the heady power of just using a slut's mouth and ass.

She shrugged too, "Either way, I'll take your cock wherever you want to stick it."

"That I will," I said, and headed back to school... late for the third time in six days.

That night I gave Mom another foot massage... flinching my cock sporadically against her foot as we chatted idly and watched television.

I didn't plant any new seeds, as I really had no creative ideas for adding anything new. I just enjoyed spending time with her and massaging her nylon-clad feet... thinking, *Two more days... two more days.*

Tuesday, October 30th: Day 9 of Project Mother Fucker

My morning routine continued with two loads for Ms. Chan: one for her breakfast and another for her coffee.

I had debate club at lunch, so I was carrying a full load when I arrived home, but neither Mrs. Grady nor Mrs. Dieks were home, so I went to my sure-thing cum receptacle: Ms. Chan.

For the second time, I walked in on Ms. Chan with another woman... this time it was Mrs. Sinclair, the woman in her seventies.

Mrs. Chan wasn't licking Mrs. Sinclair, she was fucking her with a vibrator.

Mrs. Sinclair looked over and asked, as she was fucked by Ms. Chan's large looking vibe, "Kevin, why haven't you stopped by to give me a snack of your sausage?"

"You're on my list," I admitted, as I watched the kinky act.

"Let me see that cock," she moaned.

I pulled my pants down, always willing to show off my big, fat cock.

"Very nice," she nodded as she looked it over.

"I'm told it's better than nice," I countered.

"Okay, it's a big fucking cock that needs to spend some quality time inside me," the elderly woman elaborated, staring at my cock with the same lust I've seen whenever I revealed my cock.

"That's better," I nodded, "now get over here and show me how badly you want my cock."

Ms. Chan pulled the vibe out of the elderly woman and smiled, "Hi, Kevin."

"Hi, slut," I greeted, "how many visitors do you get?"

"Not enough," she answered.

"That I can understand," I agreed as the elderly woman, still fully dressed, came up to me and dropped to her knees.

"I've been looking forward to this ever since slut Chan told me you were in the game," she said, stroking my cock.

"Well, show me what you got," I offered.

"She's a great cock sucker," Ms. Chan approved.

"Okay," I moaned, as the elderly woman began sucking. I don't know what she was doing, but she had her lips wrapped around my cock like a vise, so tight, even as she bobbed.

"Over fifty years of cock sucking experience," Ms. Chan added.

"That is... crazy," I moaned, the idea that Mrs. Sinclair had been sucking cock longer than my Mom had been alive was surreal.

"She tells me the fifties were pretty wild," Ms. Chan said.

"It wasn't all about the Beaver?" I asked.

"If the show was about gangbangs and lesbian orgies," Ms. Chan said.

"Delicious," I groaned, as Mrs. Sinclair really worked my dick over; I was pretty sure I was going to come soon.

"As is your cum," Ms. Chan added.

"So I'm told," I said, as I grabbed the elderly cock sucker's head and began face fucking her.

"Oh yes, face fuck your granny cock sucker," Ms. Chan demanded, always seeming to enjoy watching another woman be used.

"Oh, yes," I agreed, as my balls bounced off her chin and I deposited my load down her silky throat.

She eagerly swallowed it all and kept sucking until I pulled out.

She looked up at me and said, "Yummy."

"You're a great cock sucker," I said.

"I'll do you anytime you need to deposit a load," she promised before adding, "anywhere."

"I'll keep that in mind," I nodded, as I put my cock away and she got off her knees.

"Enjoy," I smiled.

"Oh I will," the elderly woman said, returning to Ms. Chan.

I was walking home when an idea popped into my head.

I went inside and took a picture of my cock. I then sent it to Mom with the message: **Want my cock???**

I then waited for my Mom to arrive home, suddenly worried: *What if she recognises this as the same cock she saw in Mrs. Grady's photo?*

She arrived a few minutes later and immediately called me into the kitchen saying impatiently, "We need to talk, young man!"

"About what?" I played innocent.

"About this," she said, showing me my text and picture.

"Oh dear," I said, pretending to be embarrassed.

"All you can say is 'oh dear'?" she demanded, clearly angry.

"Sorry," I apologized.

"I assume this wasn't intended for me. Who was it for?" she asked, making no mention of Mrs. Grady, for which I breathed a huge inner sigh of relief.

"Kim," I lied.

"Kim, your debate partner?" she asked.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Are you two having sex?" she asked.

"No, I'm still a virgin," I said, telling the truth. "I just thought I'd try and let someone know I have a big dick. You know, spread the word? Maybe get lucky some day?"

"Oh honey," she softened, realizing I was pathetic.

"I know, I know," I said, "it was a dumb idea."

"Oh honey," she repeated, pulling me into a hug. "It was misguided, yes."

"I just want someone to notice me," I said, sounding so fucking pathetic.

"Don't you worry, they will," she said.

"When?"

"All good things come to those who wait," she quoted, as I flinched my hard cock against her leg and hoped she was right, as my plan was coming close to fruition.

"I hope so," I said, with a dramatic sigh.

"I promise," she said, "you'll find someone who loves you for you."

"And who will let me fuck her?" I asked, pushing the boundaries as I flinched my cock three times against her leg.

"Kevin," she gasped. "I felt that."

"Sorry Mom, I've been having strange feelings recently," I explained.

"Oh," she said, as she moved away. She mentioned, "You know it's okay to masturbate."

I laughed awkwardly, "That no longer works for me."

"Pardon?" she asked.

"I, um, well..." I acted awkward.

"It's okay, you can tell me anything," she said.

"I can't really come like that anymore," I lied. I still could, it just wasn't as pleasurable as a woman's mouth or ass... and I assumed as a cunt.

"Oh," was all she said, clearly not knowing where to go from there.

"It's like I have constant blue balls now," I lied.

"I'll do some research," she offered, looking at me, concerned.

"Okay," I said, figuring I'd now planted enough seeds for tomorrow's conclusion to hopefully be climactic.

"I promise, I'll do whatever it takes to help you," she added, seeming even to take a glance at my hard-on, which I hoped to use when I test-drove her tomorrow.

"You're a great Mom," I said gratefully. And that was no lie.

"And you're a great son," she returned, totally over her mad.

Wednesday, October 31th: Day 10 of Project Mother Fucker (THE BIG DAY!!)

I woke up excited... like I used to on Christmas mornings.

And if all went well, I was going to have my Christmas on Halloween... getting the best present ever... losing my final remaining virginity to my Mother.

After I deposited my first load of the day in Ms. Chan's mouth she asked, "So are you going to fuck your Mommy today?"

"That's the plan," I nodded. "Tonight."

"I want to hear all about it," she said.

"You really are a little nympho," I said.

"You should have known me before the accident," she smiled. "I wasn't happy if I went eight hours without a cock in one of my three holes, or even all three."

"Or a cunt to munch on," I added.

"Well, of course," she shrugged.

"Fair enough," I laughed, as I headed out, giving her only one load this morning.

I stayed at school over lunchtime to watch the costume competition and see all the slutty outfits. I chose not to wear mine because of my belief that school activities sucked. There were a dozen-plus hot outfits, as I pondered who I may try and offer my big cock to first. Yet it was a cute, nerdish girl, Heather, dressed as an adorable anime character, who really got my attention. She was in some of my classes, and she was sweet and smart. I wouldn't want just to fuck her, like I would any of the bitchy cheerleaders or athletes; no, I would want to date her... but alas, and believe it or not after all I'd been doing in the past week or so, I was way too shy even to talk to her.

I got home and got into my costume... without underwear... the pants extremely tight... not leaving anything to the imagination. I then put on some glasses, a dress shirt and dress pants over the top of it... I would be Clark Kent to start and Superman to finish.

Mom came home, late by a couple of hours, and apologized, "Sorry, work was crazy."

"No worries," I shrugged, "it's been busy here, too."

"It'll be a nice evening though," Mom said, before adding, as she looked at my Clark Kent disguise, "Cute."

"Thanks," I said before giving her a slight order, "now go get your costume on."

"Yes, sir," she said, saluting me playfully.

"Good girl," I responded playfully, even as I was subtly trying to condition her.

I handed out candy to a couple of kids before Mom walked downstairs in an outfit that instantly had my cock hard and wedging itself into an awkward position in my tight outfit.

"Wow!" I blurted, in awe of her outfit.

"You like?" she asked, posing with both her arms in the air and flexing her muscles.

"You look amazing," I said, as I checked out her breasts. Their shape was fully revealed by her Supergirl outfit as if the top had been painted on. She also had the short red skirt, matching boots and mocha-coloured nylons in between.

"I was hoping you'd like it," she said, before explaining, "the Lois Lane costume was rather bland, and I wanted to look sexy tonight. Plus, you did say I should have been Supergirl. Since we're only dressing up for each other and the trick-or-treaters, I wanted to dress to impress."

"Well, that you most certainly did," I said, "you look really sexy," as I realized we were now wearing incestuous costumes... Supergirl was Superman's cousin after all, and if they were dating, then... which only added steam to what I hoped was about to transpire.

"Thanks," she smiled, "although it feels weird to be called sexy by my son."

"Mom, you *are* sexy," I stressed, "not to mention hot, beautiful and a complete MILF."

"Oh my God!" she gasped, clearly knowing what MILF meant.

"What?" I asked.

"You just called me a MILF," she objected, as the doorbell rang.

"You're the *ultimate* MILF," I added unapologetically, letting that thought linger as I got the door.

I returned a minute later as she was getting a drink of water. I said, "We should take some pictures."

"Agreed," she said, as she grabbed her camera. She loved taking photos, and it was always nearby. She put it on the tripod, pressed some buttons and came over to me. "Smile."

We took a couple and then she said, "Now take off the Clark Kent costume."

I said, "I need a girl to tell me that."

"I am a girl," she pointed out, as I unbuttoned my shirt.

"No, you're a woman," I corrected.

"No, tonight I'm a girl... Supergirl," she laughed, giving me another two-armed flex pose.

I pulled down my pants, tossed them aside and adjusted my cock right in front of my Mom... my hard cock tightly encased, so completely in view beneath the formfitting fabric.

"Oh my," she said, as the doorbell rang again.

"I'll get it," I said.

"Okay," she said, her cheeks slightly red.

I handed out candy to three kids and waited for another group that was already walking up. When I returned, Mom looked nervous. I asked, "Did you mean we should take some pics as Superman and Supergirl?"

"Sure," she said, although she was definitely rattled... I assume by my cock, which was by now fully erect and its shape in plain sight... only some thin latex-like fabric holding it in place, angled upwards.

I asked, "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine," she said, although she was clearly flustered.

"You sure?" I asked, knowing my cock was in full view and she was affected by it.

"Yes," she repeated, as the doorbell rang.

"Okay," I said, smiling as I went to get it.

I returned a couple minutes later after a parade of kids had trouped past our door.

"Let's get these pictures done," I said, as again I adjusted my cock in front of her.

"Okay," she said, as she got the camera ready and we took a couple photos.

After candying some more kids, I returned and saw Mom was out of her boots, her newly painted red-painted toenails in clear view in the sheer nylons. She said, "Sorry, these boots aren't comfortable."

"No worries, you look even better without them," I complimented, as I stared at her feet and adjusted my cock in front of her yet again.

"I do?" she asked.

"Mom, you look good in everything you wear," I assured her.

"You're so sweet," she said, bathing in the compliments. "But everyone looks sexier in nylons," she laughed.

"What?" I asked, feigning obliviousness.

"That's what your Dad always says. He has a nylon fetish, you know," she mentioned.

"Is that why you always wear them?" I asked, even though I knew the answer.

"I guess," she admitted.

"But why do you *still* always wear them?" I asked, just as the doorbell rang again.

I left that question lingering as I went and got the door... hoping this parade of kids would be ending soon.

When I returned she didn't answer my last question, instead asking, "Did you wear that costume to school today?"

"No," I said, as I adjusted my cock again.

"You should have," she said, looking down at my crotch and not being subtle about it.

"Why?"

"The girls would have seen what you were packing down there and gotten interested," she said with a slight smile.

I looked down, acting surprised, "Oh, is it that obvious?"

"A little," she said.

"Not a lot?" I smiled, adjusting again.

"Well since you ask, a lot is exactly what you have," she admitted.

"Shoot, I guess I should have worn it then," I sighed.

"You likely would have been sent home," she said.

"You would have been too," I added.

"What? Me? Why?" she asked.

"I can clearly see your nipples, and they're hard," I pointed out, thinking it was time... and now that it was getting close to eight, hopefully we wouldn't be disturbed.

She looked down at herself and gasped, "Oh."

I adjusted my cock again and said, "Sorry, this outfit is a little tighter than I thought when I first tried it on."

"No worries, honey," she said, before adding, "although it doesn't leave much to the imagination. Is it even comfortable?"

"Actually you're right, it's *too* tight," I complained, moving both my hands to my cock, "this is even beginning to hurt."

"Take it off, then," Mom advised me, concerned.

"Okay," I said, as I turned around and asked desperately, "Can you hurry and unzip me?"

"Sure," she said, doing just that.

I quickly pulled the one-piece costume down and completely off and was suddenly completely naked as the day I was born... but with a much more impressive wee wee.

I turned back to Mom and told her, my fully erect cock pointing directly at her, "That feels so much better."

Mom was staring at my cock.

I joked, "Do I have a super cock, Supergirl?"

Mom looked up, realizing she had been staring, as she stammered, "L-I-like I said before honey, it's very impressive."

As I relished the way she kept glancing back down at my hard cock, "I asked, "More impressive than Dad's?"

"Uh, Kevin, that isn't an appropriate question," she said, completely flustered.

"Neither is staring at your son's big, fat cock," I countered, as I closed the couple of feet and reached for her, deciding the time was now or never.

"Kevin!" she gasped, backing away even as she couldn't resist looking back down.

"What? Ms. Chan says there is no purer thing in the world than incest," I said.

"You talk to Ms. Chan about having sex with me?" she asked, dazed and confused.

"Usually after depositing a morning load down her throat, but before I deposit a second load in her coffee," I answered honestly.

"Kevin, I..." she began, but I interrupted.

I put my hands on her shoulders like I'd seen in so many porn films, and said, as I pushed gently, "Mom, you know you love big, fat cock."

To my surprise, she didn't fall to her knees like in the pornos, instead she said, although weakly, "Kevin, you're my son."

"And you're my Mom," I countered. And as I pointed down to my cock I added, "And you created this masterpiece." I then added, "And you can stop pretending you've never fantasized about being fucked by your son, I checked your browser history."

"You know?" she gasped, looking ashamed. She then protested weakly, her mind and body at war with each other, "But that was just fantasy,"

"And now we're going to make both our fantasies come true," I said, feeling rather suave.

"Incest is illegal," she pointed out, each argument weaker than the last.

"Incest laws are silly," I said, "there is no better way to show how much I love you than by giving you what you need."

"What I need?" she asked, actually raising an eyebrow, even as she again gazed down at what she needed.

"You need my big, fat cock," I said bluntly, before adding, as I again pushed down on her shoulders, and this time she did give in, "and you need to be my Mommy-slut," I finished as her knees landed on the carpet.

"Kevin," was all she could say, as she was now staring eye to eye at my cock.

"Go ahead Mom," I said softly, "we both know you've been craving this cock ever since I dropped my towel."

"That was on purpose?" she asked, clarity seeming to creep in.

"As was the pic of my dick," I added, as I slowly stroked my cock, her mouth just inches away... my fantasy the same few inches away.

"And that was you fucking Mrs. Grady?" she asked, the lightbulb going on, staring at my hand stroking my cock like it was a hypnotist's watch. "That cock was awfully big, just like yours."

"In the ass," I clarified, "So far I only fuck my sluts in the ass."

"So I've already eaten your cum?" she questioned, even though by now the question was rather rhetorical.

"I'm told it tastes much better directly from the source," I said slyly, as I leaned forward and offered her my cock.

And just as I had hoped... dreamed... just as my cock touched her lips, she opened them.

She didn't bob like every other cock slut the second they had my cock between my lips, she just sat there with three thick inches in her mouth, as if pondering what to do next. I encouraged her, "Go ahead, Mom, suck my big, fat cock..." I then added, knowing from my limited experience and from hearing Mom begging for Dad to sodomize her that she liked dirty talk, "...and become my Mommy-slut."

I waited a few seconds... although it seemed like an eternity... before she began bobbing.

"Good girl," I purred, encouraging her obedience, "that feels so good."

She was tentative at first, likely still trying to come to grips with what had just happened, sucking only the first four inches into her mouth.

She'd just began bobbing faster when the doorbell rang. *Again!*

"Fuck!" I sighed, I'd meant to turn off the lights before I began the last stages of the seduction, but they had happened so quickly.

Mom got up and joked, "You'd better not get it this time."

"Probably not," I laughed, as my Supergirl flew to the door.

She came back a minute later, looked at me still standing there naked, and said, "Kevin, we mustn't do this."

"Mom, we already are," I pointed out.

"No, the doorbell was a sign," she said. "A sign that we should stop before it's too late."

"Or it was just random trick or treaters coming to our house," I countered, walking back to her.

"Don't," she said.

"Don't what?" I asked, as I reached her again.

"Don't make me do it," she said weakly, her resistance as fragile as a leaf in autumn.

"Don't make you do what?" I asked, as I returned my hands to her shoulders.

"Kevin," she said, looking down at my cock again.

"Go ahead, Mom," I suggested, again pushing her down to her knees, "we both know you desperately want my big, fat cock, almost as much as I want you to have it."

She returned to her knees as she sighed, "Damn you, Kevin."

"Tell me how badly you want it," I said, as I stroked my cock in front of her.

"Just shove it in my mouth, Kevin," she sighed, opening it for me.

"You sure?" I asked, wanting her to beg for it now... for her to make the next move.

"Yes, dammit!" she cursed, frustrated by her own weakness and lust.

"Yes, what?" I asked.

"You're so goddam much like your father," she said, shaking her head, "always playing mind games."

"But I'm bigger," I pointed out.

"Yes, you are," she agreed, as she reached out and replaced my hand with hers.

"Do you want to suck it?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Pardon?" I asked, now reveling in the power I had. "Could you please explain?"

"Yes, I want to suck your big, fat cock," she said, "is that what you want to hear?"

"Yes, Mom," I nodded. "That's what I've *longed* to hear for over a week. Go ahead and suck my cock, show me how much you want it."

"I'm going to burn in hell for this," she sighed, before she leaned forward and took me back in her mouth.

Unlike the last time where she'd taken her time, this time she replicated my previous cock sluts, immediately bobbing with reckless lust.

"Oh yes, Mom," I moaned, "show me how much you love my big, fat cock."

She bobbed faster, stroking it at the same time, while moving her other hand to my balls and beginning to fondle them.

Because of the rapid sucking, the ball cupping and the reality that it was my own Mother sucking my cock, I didn't last long, groaning in under two minutes, more likely just over a minute, "I'm going to come."

Like all my other cum sluts, she kept bobbing and was rewarded with my load in seconds... swallowing it all.

Also like my other cock sluts she didn't stop, although she slowed down, nursing my cock to completion.

I pulled out, pulled her up and said, "My turn."

"You don't have to," she said, as I lowered myself below her and was surprised to see she was wearing crotchless pantyhose and no panties. Now it was my turn to be shocked!

I pointed out the obvious, "You're not wearing any panties."

"I often go commando," she informed me, cocking her head and gazing down at me with the sexiest look I'd ever seen.

"Do you also often wear crotchless pantyhose?" I asked, as I stared at her completely shaved and very wet pussy.

"No, I did that for you," she said.

"You did this for me?"

"I wasn't sure, but just in case," she grinned playfully, her mind apparently already prepared to be my Mommy-slut,. "You know, can't hurt, might help?"

"In case?" I asked.

"Well I'd done some thinking and I was pretty sure you were the one who ass fucked Mrs. Grady, I felt your cock flinching against my feet and thigh all those times, and you didn't look at all embarrassed when you dropped that towel, so I had a hunch you were going to try and do something like this," she said.

"Do what?" I asked, as I moved a finger to her pussy.

"Make me your Mommy-slut," she answered with a moan.

"And do you *want* to be my Mommy-slut?" I asked, as I slid the finger inside her.

"Yes," she moaned with a tremble.

"Yes, what?" I asked.

"Yes darling, I want to be your Mommy-slut," she admitted.

"And why is your cunt so wet?" I asked.

"Because I'm a big, fat cock slut for my hot son," she answered, giving in without hesitation.

"Mmmmmmm," I responded, as I leaned forward and licked her pussy.

"That's it my baby boy, lick your Mommy's wet cunt," she moaned, getting turned on by the incestuous aspect.

And I did, wanting to get my Mom off with my tongue.

"Oh God," she moaned after a couple minutes of licking, "I love your tongue on Mommy's cunt. William has never done that for me, he thinks it's beneath him."

"That's because Dad doesn't love you as much as I do. Now come for me, Mommy," I ordered, as I continued licking and began fingering her.

"Oh yes, finger fuck Mommy's cunt, suck on my clit, fuck yes, lick your Mommy," she babbled, as her hand went to my head and she pulled me deeper into her heavenly wetness.

I kept attacking her pussy, inside and out, until she screamed, "Yes, Mommy's coming!!" as she flooded me with wetness.

I licked up her cum, my cock already hard again, as her body quaked and she used my shoulders for balance.

Once she returned to earth she asked, with a sexy, seductive smile, "So is Superman going to fuck Supergirl, or what?"

"That would be incest," I pointed out.

"They're related?" she asked, surprised.

"They're first cousins," I answered.

"Well, I guess that makes sense," she said, as she took my hand and led me upstairs to her bedroom.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked.

"To your new bedroom," she answered, making my already hard cock flinch, as this new intimacy promised to become more than just a one-night fuck fest.

Once we arrived in her... no, *our*... bedroom, she went to the bed, sat on the edge and said, "Come here."

"Are you Supergirl or Mrs. Robinson?" I joked, as I walked to her.

"Both," she smiled, as she patted the bed and said, "Lie down."

I did as she suggested, lying on my back, and she climbed onto the bed still standing and walked up to my face. "Have you ever wanted to suck on my toes?"

"All the time," I told her as she put her left foot into my mouth, using the wall for balance.

I took the toes into my mouth, sucking on them.

"That feels so nice," she moaned, as I also massaged her foot with my hands.

She changed feet after a minute and I replicated the attention. She then moved her foot to my bare chest and rubbed her nylon foot all over it. She asked, "You like?"

"It feels great," I said, as my cock saluted her attentions.

"How about this?" she asked, a minute later, as still leaning against the wall, she stretched a foot back to my cock and rubbed it up and down.

"Also great," I said.

"How about this?" she asked another minute later as she then kneeled down and straddled my cock, her pussy rubbing on the top of it.

"I wasn't lying, you know," I said, "I'm still a virgin."

"But you fucked Mrs. Grady," she said, looking at me surprised.

"Yes, and Mrs. Dieks, and Dad's girlfriend Portia, and some Muslim friend of Ms. Chan's whose name I can't remember, but only in their assholes," I said.

"Oh," she said.

I added, "I was saving my true virginity, my cunt virginity for someone special."

"Oh," she repeated, this news fazing her.

"I saved it for my wonderful Mommy-slut," I said, as I bucked my hips up and entered my Mom's cunt.

"Ohhhhhhhh," she moaned as I entered her... the moist, welcoming warmth of a pussy so different from a mouth or an ass.

"Ride me, Mom," I ordered, "take your son's virginity."

"Fuck yes!" she agreed "Thank you for saving it for me, baby," she groaned; whatever hesitation she'd ever had was now completely vanished.

She began riding me and I watched her expressions of pleasure for a couple of minutes. I then realized I still hadn't seen her tits up close and personal. I was about to order her to remove her outfit, when she seemed to read my mind, pulling it off in one quick movement. "You like Mommy's titties, my big boy?"

"They're amazing," I said, as they bounced around right above me.

She leaned forward and asked, "And do you want to suck your Mommy's titties?"

I responded by cupping them both and leaning up to suck a big, hard nipple into my mouth. I then began bucking up to fuck her.

She moaned, "Yes son, fuck Mommy's needy cunt."

"From now on I'm going to fuck you all the time," I told her as I tugged on her nipple with my teeth.

"You'd better," she moaned.

I sucked on her other tit until she sat back up and began bouncing.

"Hottest thing ever," I moaned, watching her ride me, her tits bouncing and her lips pursed in concentration.

"What about my lips wrapped around your cock?" she asked.

"That was great too," I said, "as was watching you eat my creampie from Mrs. Grady's asshole."

"You were there?" she asked, although she no longer seemed surprised by anything.

"In the closet," I said.

"At least I know you're not in the *metaphorical* closet," she said, using air quotes.

"You thought I was gay?" I asked.

"I thought maybe," she said.

"And now?" I asked.

"Now I think you're my big, fat-cocked Master," she answered.

"Master, I like that," I said, "I like that a lot," as I grabbed her hips, flipped her onto her back and took charge of the fucking.

"I'll obey any order you give me," she promised.

"Any order at all?" I asked, the term's meaning very broad.

"Yes, Master, anything at all," she agreed confidently, as I slid back in her cunt.

"I'll keep you to it," I said, as I grabbed her ankles, pushed them up near her head, used them for balance and began to piledrive her.

"Oh yes, fuck your bimbo, ram that big stick into your Mommy fuck slut," she moaned.

"Bimbo?" I asked, surprised, as she was one of the smartest women I knew. She was a successful attorney, for heaven's sake.

"For your cock I'm a mindless fuck toy," she admitted. "We can discuss rocket science some other time if you want."

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned, as I dwelt on how this had gone even better than I'd anticipated.

"You'll seduce some college coed and bring her back to me for a threesome?" I asked.

"Yes, Master," she moaned.

"You'll wear a load of my cum all over your face and go out in public?" I asked.

"Yes, but preferably when we aren't in this city," she answered.

"Yes, a lawyer is pretty recognizable," I allowed.

"Yes," she nodded, but added, "now fuck Mommy hard and breed her."

"You want me to come in your cunt?" I asked, although I had already planned to do that.

"I want you to shoot your cum in my cunt, I want to feel a full load all over my face, I want a load decorating my tits, I want a pearl necklace, I want a load deep in my butt," she listed.

"That's a lot of loads," I said.

"Are you up to it?" she asked.

"I think I can manage," I smiled, as my balls boiled and her moans got louder.

And for a couple of minutes I fucked her hard, holding back as long as possible until I grunted and spewed my load in her warm cunt, which triggered her second orgasm as she screamed, "Yes, fill Mommy's cunt!!"

Of course, I was already doing that.

I kept fucking her throughout both of our orgasms, until I pulled out and collapsed beside her.

"Fuck, do I love your cock," she said, after about four minutes of complete silence.

"And I love all your holes," I replied.

"How do you know?" she asked playfully, as she wriggled down the bed until her mouth was next to my cock. "Don't you want to be sure?"

"You really are insatiable," I moaned, as she took my cock back in her mouth.

"For this cock I am," she said.

"This big, fat cock," I corrected.

"Yes, this big, fat cock," she agreed, as she sucked tantalizingly on a cock that was just considering springing back to its full vigour.

THE END of A Hot Mommy Seduced Story

Possible follow ups include the already in the works:

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy

Nerd takes mom's last forbidden hole in epic role play fantasy.

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun

Kevin takes his mom's ass; with Mom's assistance, Kevin gives Ms. Chan her first fuck since the injury and dp's both women.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Blonde Cheerleader (not sure how yet)

Cheerleader learns the power of Big fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy

Where Kevin's aunt and grandmother discover his BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy

Where Kevin has a great weekend touring the school.

BIG FAT COCK: Hot Principal (not sure how yet)

Kevin's BIG fat cock dominates bitchy principal.

BIG FAT COCK: In Toronto (or some other location... thoughts?)

During a trip, they explore voyeuristic sex.

BIG FAT COCK: Interracial Incest 3some

Kevin fucks Mrs. Grady and her daughter.

BIG FAT COCK: Jasmine Walker

Kevin offers mother of student he is tutoring is BFC.

BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher Story

Kevin's BIG fat cock turns lesbian into eager cock sucker.

BIG FAT COCK: Mom's College Friend

Kevin's BIG fat cock seduces psychologist he is seeing.

BIG FAT COCK: Pregnant MILF

Kevin fucks a pregnant MILF and discovers he is going to be a daddy.

BIG FAT COCK: The Happy Ending

Kevin finds a girl who loves him for him and not just for his BIG fat cock.