

# BIG FAT COCK: ANAL MOMMY

***silkstockingslover***

*Nerd takes his submissive mom's final hole... her ass.*

Incest/Taboo

4.72

12.3k words

**Summary:** Nerd takes his submissive mom's final hole... her ass.

**Note 1:** This is dedicated to the real **Jeni**, who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first story and isn't in this one either.

**Note 2:** This is the second part in a potentially lengthy story of one nerd's discovery of the power having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

**BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced** is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

**Note 3:** Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** who loved the first part and suggested a more complex story of a young man coming to grips with who he is. He also suggested and worked with me on the plot as we went back and forth. I hope you enjoy. Also, thanks to **Tom** for the anal rimming idea.

**Note 4:** Thanks to **Tex Beethoven, Robert, and Wayne for editing.**

**Continuing right after part one... BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy**

As we both recovered from our second orgasms... my second load still leaking out of her cunt... Mom asked, "So tell me everything."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"How you switched so suddenly from shy and nerdy to expert cocksman," she smiled.

So for half an hour, mixed with both of us going pee and rehydrating with some H<sub>2</sub>O, I told her of my entire wild week and a half of learning the power of my big cock.

After listening intently through my lengthy, almost unbelievable, story (a fictional porn story would be more believable), meanwhile stroking my cock which was finally flaccid, Mom, insatiable now that she had a big, fat cock available in her own house again, finally asked, "And all this was because you wanted to seduce me?"

"Partly," I agreed, before adding, "you know from my story I'm not a one-eager-cock-slut-only kind of guy, even though two weeks ago I was totally inexperienced with anybody at all. So a large part of my whoring around was just because I'd learned that I could, kind of like a natural foods kid released into a candy store; but the entire time, I was obsessed by my hope that I could manage to fuck you."

She sighed, as she leaned her head down in an attempt to get my cock hard again, "Like father, like son."

As she took my cock into her mouth, trying to get it ready to give her one more treat, her very own dirty version of trick or treat, although I suppose it was more trick *and* treat, I said, "A couple of weeks ago your telling me I was like Dad would have been the biggest insult you could have ever given me."

"And now?" she asked, her tongue swirling around my cock head as my shaft hardened.

"Now I'm not sure one way or the other," I admitted. I still resented him for cheating on my mom, still resented him for leaving us, and still resented him for being such a shitty father... yet, I had him to thank for alerting me to the power I had because of my big, fat cock. Without his setting me on this path and giving me his short list of easy sluts within easy walking distance, I wouldn't be in my mother's bed right now as she sucked my cock in hopes of obtaining a third load.

"You're the best parts of your father," she assured me, my cock now at full mast and saluting my beautiful cock-hungry mother.

"Except I'm bigger," I joked, as I pondered whether she was correct. Or now that I'd discovered the magic power of my big wand, would I turn into an arrogant, sexist, asshole like Dad was?

"And you have more stamina," she added, "do you realize how many hours we've been going at it tonight? And don't look now..." as she straddled me and lowered herself once more on my big, fat cock.

"I'm the Energizer Bunny of big, fat cocks," I joked, as I watched her begin bouncing on my cock.

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned, cupping her tits.

However, as she rode me, I couldn't get the thought out of my head, *Am I becoming my father?*

My treatment of all the women I'd been with recently, except for Ms. Chan and my Mother, was almost exclusively one of domination, as I watched them become cock hungry bimbos for the privilege of sucking my cock or taking it in their asses. Truth was, I had no respect for Mrs. Dieks at all, and I wasn't sure of my opinion of the others, which, I imagined, was exactly how my father viewed most women... just pretty packages containing three holes for him to deposit his loads.

I wanted to be more than that.

I wanted to find love.

I didn't just want to find love, I wanted to find love with someone who loved me for me, not because I had a big, fat cock.

I knew then I would have to chat long and often with the one woman who seemed to understand me better than anyone else... Ms. Chan.

But that would have to wait until tomorrow... right now I had a Mom to fuck. Again.

I moaned, beginning to meet my Mom's downward bounces, bucking up into her.

"Oh yes," she moaned loudly. "Fuck Mommy."

After a couple minutes in this position I was getting tired, it had been a long night, so I ordered her, "Lie on your side."

"Mmmmmm, Yes, baby," she moaned, quickly getting off me and rolling onto her right side, eager to please me.

I moved behind her, slid into her wet cunt, moved my left hand around to cup her breast, and began fucking her.

"Oh yes, fuck me, you big-dicked Mommy fucker," she moaned, after a minute or two of deep thrusts.

"You love that we're committing incest, don't you?" I asked, loving mom's wicked mouth.

"I know I shouldn't," she moaned, "but yes, it fucking turns me on to get pounded by my son."

"And being your son's cum slut," I added, pinching her nipple.

"Oh yes," she whimpered, "I love being your Mommy cum slut."

"And tomorrow being my morning wake-up deposit," I continued, loving my power over my mother, loving having her succumb completely to me.

"I do love breakfast in bed," she responded wickedly, her orgasm again building.

"Fuck yourself on your son's cock, Mommy slut," I ordered her, tired from the marathon day of fucking and in the mood to be pampered.

"Yes, baby," she moaned, beginning to bounce back on my cock, her legs clad in nylon wrapping around mine and thrilling me with silky sensations as they glided against my skin.

"Tell me what you are," I ordered, as she really fucked herself.

"I'm a Mommy-Slut," she declared, then corrected herself, "or better, *your* Mommy-Slut."

"More," I ordered, as my entire cock was engulfed by her furious bucking.

"I'm a son fucker, a bimbo cum slut, a three-hole whore," she listed off, between more moans and frantic fucking.

"I still have one hole to fuck before we make that last one real."

"Any time, Master," she moaned, close to coming.

"I want you to come for me now, my full-time fuck slut," I ordered, feeling my balls boiling again and thinking her ass would have to wait for tomorrow.

She was already a well-trained slut, likely because of my father, so the moment I gave her permission, she erupted, "Yes, oh yes!!"

She stopped bucking as she came, and her body gave in to the intense pleasure. I pulled out, rolled her onto her back and straddled her, sliding my wet cock between her tits.

She smiled, as she squeezed her tits together, "Yes son, fuck Mommy's big tits with your big, fat cock."

I pumped my dick between her tits, another fantasy coming true (literally, as I was about to come), as I groaned, "Ready for your pearl necklace?" One of the many ways she'd already listed she wanted me to shoot my cum.

"Yes, baby, spray your seed all over my neck," she urged me, lifting her head up so she could watch.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, as I fucked her tits.

"Come for Mommy, baby," she encouraged. "Come all over your bimbo fuck slut."

"Aaaaaah," I grunted, as my final load of the evening coated my mom's neck.

"Yes," she moaned, as if having a load of cum jetting onto her was its own orgasmic experience.

I finished coming, leaving a nice artistic load all over her neck and chest area, then got off and collapsed back into the bed.

"Did I finally wear you out?" she asked.

"I am pretty tired," I admitted.

She moved closer to me, leaning against my chest, "Then close your eyes and sleep with me."

"Just sleep?" I joked, even as I reached my arm under her to pull her closer so we were face to face.

"Well, we've already done the other type of sleeping together," she pointed out, kissing my chest.

"That we have," I smiled sleepily, closing my eyes.

"I can't believe we just did that," she said, after a brief pause. Long enough for the adrenaline high to dissipate and for reality to settle in. She'd fucked her son. She'd committed incest.

"We did it three times," I pointed out sleepily.

She laughed, then paused for a while before asking, her tone suddenly one of insecurity, not a tone I was used to hearing from my usually strong-willed Mother, "So Kevin, no regrets?"

*What?* My eyes snapped wide open and looked directly into hers. "Oh, Mom. You're still my Mom, and I still love you in that role."

"But you also want to fuck my face, pound my pussy and ream my ass," she growled, shocking me, shifting from insecure to confident and nasty in a heartbeat.

"Is that bad?" I asked with a smile.

"It's very, very bad," she agreed, leaning up and kissing me. She broke the kiss and added, "It's so bad that it's also very, very, *very* good."

"I love you, Mom," I told her earnestly, kissing her once more.

"I love you, too," she responded, pulling herself closer to me.

I closed my eyes again as I added dreamily, "And I also love that you're my Mommy-Slut."

"And I love that I gave birth to a big, fat-cocked mother fucker," Mom said, as we both drifted off to sleep.

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The only thing that could possibly match the thrill of losing my virginity to my mother was awakening to the sensations of my mother sucking my cock.

I opened my eyes and watched her slowly bobbing on my cock for a couple of minutes before I said, "I didn't think you would actually do this... to be my full-service alarm clock."

She looked up and said, "You told me you wanted me to."

"Yes, I did," I nodded.

"And I am your completely obedient Mommy-slut," she said proudly, stroking my cock, "except when I need to be your mother."

"So no regrets?" I asked.

"Only that we waited this long, my love," she said, taking my cock back in her mouth.

"Me too," I moaned, as I moved up onto my elbows so I could watch my Mom worship my cock. Unfortunately, like all my morning orgasms, I didn't last long... maybe two minutes.

She swallowed my cum and kept nursing my cock for a couple more minutes after my load had been fully extracted.

She sat up and said, "I have to get to work. But I expect you to fuck your mother's ass tonight."

"If I have to," I joked over-dramatically, as if it would be a chore.

"Obey your mother young man, you do have to," she teased, squeezing my cock. "Because I can't brag about being your three-hole fuck slut if you don't fuck all three of my holes."

"That's a very good point," I agreed, still in awe of how wonderfully my seduction of my mother had gone... better than planned.

"Yes, this is a lovely point," she agreed whimsically, bending down and giving me one last suck.

"Fuck, you're turning me into a complete cock whore."

"Too late, cock whore," I smiled, getting up and slapping her ass.

"Brat," she said, heading out of her bedroom. No, out of *our* bedroom.

"Have a good day, slut," I called out.

"Be ready to ream my asshole and sodomize the fuck out of me," she called back, words no son ever imagines hearing.

I shook my head at my good fortune before heading to the shower.

Ten minutes later I was at Ms. Chan's and she too had my cock in her mouth. It took much longer than her usual quick morning breakfast protein, since I'd already shot a load in Mom's mouth, but Ms. Chan's expert mouth was very determined. Yet, she noticed I wasn't my usual quick trigger self

and asked, with a smile, as she stroked my hard cock, "So congratulations are in order, you're obviously now a mother fucker."

"How do you know?" I asked, hearing Ms. Chan call me a mother fucker feeling so hot.

"Because this load isn't coming so quickly, plus your confidence is brimming even more and if you're allowing anyone else to extract your morning cum besides me, it had better be your mother."

"Yes, it was," I admitted.

"Blow job?"

"Yep."

"Cunt?" she asked.

"Yes," I nodded, loving to hear this sweet Asian in her wheelchair use the 'C' word.

"Asshole too?"

"Not yet," I answered.

"Interesting," she nodded.

"What?" I asked.

"Well, with everyone else you only face fuck and ass fuck, but your mother is the other way round," she observed.

"Meaning?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, "it's just interesting."

"I plan to take her final hole tonight," I admitted.

"I see," she said, "want to try something a little kinky?"

"Kinkier than fucking my mother?" I questioned.

"Well, not kinkier than that, but a little unorthodox," she said.

"You have me intrigued," I said.

"Bend over and put your butt in my face," she instructed.

"Excuse me?" I asked, that not being what I anticipated her saying.

"Trust me," she smiled, "I'm going to show you a pleasure you didn't know existed."

"What are you going to do?" I asked skeptically.

"Analingus is the correct term, rimming is the most common term, and ass eating is the dirty term," she listed.

"You want to eat my ass?" I asked.

"I'm going to eat your ass," she corrected.

"Why?" I asked, this not sounding appealing at all.

"To introduce you to a side of pleasure you didn't know existed," she answered.

"Isn't it gay?" I asked.

"Taking it in the ass is perhaps gay. Craving sucking cock all the time may be gay. Thinking a guy is hotter than a girl likely implies you're gay. Being pleased in any fashion whatsoever by a hot Asian slut definitely isn't gay," she responded.

"I don't know," I said.

"Trust me," she said. "Have I steered you wrong at all so far?"

"No," I admitted, still not super excited about this.

"Now turn around and let me see that sexy ass of yours," she ordered.

"Okay," I said, turning around.

"Such a tight ass," she said, squeezing both my cheeks.

"Yeah, it's all my working out," I joked.

"Lately you *have* been working out a lot," she countered.

"True enough," I laughed at her version of working out.

I felt her pull me closer to her, pull open my cheeks and I stiffened.

"Relax," she said. "This will feel good."

"Okay," I said, although I couldn't. I wanted to say no to her, but she was the one woman in addition to my Mom I respected enough to trust.

I then felt hot breath on my butt, which sent a shiver up my spine.

I was nervous and it was awkward, but then I felt her tongue. It was disarmingly nice. I couldn't explain it much better than that. Her tongue first moved randomly with a swirling pattern, followed by quick taps right on my asshole, then a zig zag pattern, followed by more quick taps and a variety of other movements.

My cock, which had deflated during the discussion of this analingus thingy was back up and raring to go.

Did it feel weird?

Yes!

Did it feel awkward?

Yes.

Did it feel good?

Better than good actually, amazing even. It actually made my cock twitch as I concluded there were erogenous zones in and around my butt that somehow connected directly to my cock.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" she asked, as she purposely blew hot warmth directly on my buttohole.

"I plead the fifth," I trembled, not yet ready to give her the satisfaction that she was right.

"Oh, you'll be pleading for the fifth and sixth time pretty soon," she said, bathing my hole with her wet tongue.

Then she slithered her tongue down my butt and close to my testicles, which I discovered were also rather sensitive.

"Oh," I moaned for the first time, my body taking control of the pleasure.

"There you go," she purred, as she returned to my asshole and reached around to my cock.

"Mmmm, I think Little Kevy likes it."

"Still pleading the fifth," I moaned, as she began stroking my cock while eating my ass.

"Don't waste that cum," she warned, as she multitasked on me in the most surreal way yet.

"Never," I groaned, as I felt my balls beginning to boil.

Another minute of the double pleasure and I lost control of myself and had to spin around and slide my cock into her mouth and fuck her face.

I didn't last a dozen pumps before I spewed my second load of the morning into Ms. Chan's velvet mouth.

When I was finished, I pulled out and said, "You really are one wicked woman."

"Oh, if you would have only known me before the accident," she said.

"I can only imagine," I said, thinking this was perhaps a good time to dig deeper into her past.

"If there was a submissive slut Olympics I would win gold every time," she said.

"That may be an Olympics I would watch," I said, always hating the two weeks where the world became obsessed with athletics.

"Gather enough sluts of your own and you could create your own version of it," she suggested.

"Best blow job," I said.

"Best rimmer," she shrugged.

I laughed on the fact it was so close to best swimmer. "Fastest cock rider."

"Quickest cum retriever," she said.



"One day I may have to do just that," I said, the idea of such a competition kind of fun.

"Just make sure I get to compete," she said.

"I promise," I nodded.

After a pause, I asked, "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course, always," she agreed, sipping her coffee.

"How can I make sure I won't turn out like my dad?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, even though she knew what I was asking, wanting me to elaborate on my concerns.

"It's just that... sometimes my cock takes control and I turn into an arrogant asshole," I explained.

"Many women like arrogant assholes," she told me, "at least during sex."

"And some like eating assholes," I joked.

"Some certainly do," she smiled.

Getting back to my concern, I added, "But he's always like that."

"And you're worried you'll become just like him," she surmised correctly.

"Exactly," I responded, a worry I couldn't push out of my head. For my entire life until recently I'd been focused on trying to be the opposite of my father, and yet for almost the past two weeks I'd watched myself becoming more and more like him.

"The fact you're asking the question is a good start," she said.

"But how do I make sure I don't?" I asked. "I mean when I fuck someone like Mrs. Dieks, I feel no attachment to her, just dominance. I don't respect her, but I still want to fuck her."

"There are different levels of sexual attraction," Ms. Chan explained. "One level is raw lust, where it's just sex, nothing more."

"I've never felt that way before," I said, pretty sure that was true. Although in fantasy I often went there. Cherry the entitled head cheerleader; Vanessa the rich bitch; Shelly the bully, not to me but to my friend Pamela; Elizabeth the tall basketball player who treated 'lesser' races with disdain.

"Because deep down you're a good man," she said.

"Am I?" I asked, no longer sure.

"Oh, Kevy," she smiled warmly, "the fact we're even having this conversation proves my point. Sex is sex, and when the game is raw lust and passion, you're allowed to become whatever the woman wants, whatever she needs and craves. Some of these women need you to be an asshole for them, and so you become one."

"So treating someone like an object and calling them names is okay?" I asked, even though I knew it was, based on my recent experiences.

"Yes, but only when it's called for, of course," Ms. Chan said. "Just as you get off on dominating some women, on being in control, even humiliating them, many women have the complementary drive: they just want to let go of the expectations the world puts on them and become no more than a slut, a fuck toy, a cum bucket, humiliated. Truth be told, I'm never more alive than when I'm pleasing someone, guy or girl. There's been an occasion or two when you've treated *me* like a bimbo cum slut, because I let you know that's what I wanted, although most of the time you're gracious enough to treat me with respect."

"I do feel that way when I'm dominating someone," I agreed with her assertion, "I really do get off on it," now feeling better about having the feelings I did.

"Now back to my theory," she said. "There is the opposite version of sex, which is making love. It's intimate and tender, but it can be equally as pleasurable and even equally as raw."

"That I want to have, too."

"And you will when you meet the One," she promised.

"I hope so."

"Then there is hierarchy sex. Master and submissive. A relationship where someone is dominant and the other is subservient. This practice is becoming more and more common," she continued.

"So I'm learning," I smiled, thinking of my own recent sexual experiences.

"The rest of the sexual varieties are variations of the first three. Bondage, group sex, same gender sex, cuckolding, cuckqueaning, etc." she listed.

"I don't even know what some of those words mean," I said.

"Google them," she smiled.

"I will."

"Now give me my morning coffee cream," she demanded.

"You'll really have to work for this load," I warned her, as I glanced at my watch and realized I was going to be late for school.

"I'm not afraid of some hard work," she smiled, taking my cock back in her mouth.

As she sucked, I found myself wondering for the first time: did Ms. Chan's pussy work? Was she paralyzed from the waist down or just her legs and feet? Could she have sex? Could I fuck her? Could I eat her pussy? Did she masturbate?

She blew me for over thirty minutes (some things are more important than school) before I finally pulled out and shot my load in her coffee, then went and microwaved it for her since it had gotten cold.

She smiled, "That was quite the morning workout."

"Sorry," I apologized.

"Tomorrow can you promise me the first load?" she asked.

"I can try," I said, thinking my Mom may be disappointed.

"Consider it my birthday present," she said.

"Tomorrow is your birthday?"

"The big four-oh," she sighed.

"You're still so young."

"You're sweet," she took a sip of her coffee and said, "and so is this."

"May I ask another question? A personal one?"

"Sure," she said, "by now you should know you can ask me anything, don't you?"

"Yes, but this question is really personal. Can you feel things down below?"

For the first time since I'd happened upon this crazy new power and Ms. Chan became my sexual mentor, she looked insecure and suddenly small, as if her aura had just shrunk.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, "I didn't mean to upset you."

She took a deep breath. "No, it's okay; you're asking because you care. I haven't had sex since the accident."

"But you can?" I asked.

"I still feel all the sensations down there I ever did, but my legs are useless," she said, suddenly looking so vulnerable and insecure it almost broke my heart. But I felt, maybe insanely, I needed to keep asking her these questions for her sake. I'd never seen her like this. This wounded.

"Do you masturbate?"

"Often," she nodded.

"And you can still come?" I asked as gently as I could.

"Yes," she admitted, now not even making eye contact.

"Ms. Chan," I said, taking her hands in mine, "you are a beautiful woman."

"*This* is why you're not your father," she said, looking up at me with tears in her eyes.

"I mean it," I said.

"No one wants to fuck a woman in a wheelchair," she disagreed sadly.

"Well," I said, knowing I had to go. I needed to be on time for my second class today as I had a test. "Maybe we'll have to change that."

"Kevin, it's not that easy," she still put me off.

"Just think about it," I said, putting my cock away.

She looked as if she was reminiscing as she responded, "Oh Kevy, I think about it all the time."

"I'll make sure to have a nice birthday present for you tomorrow," I promised.

"I hope it's your big, fat cock fucking my face," Ms. Chan responded, obviously more comfortable when the focus wasn't on her body. I'd just learned that everyone has insecurities.

"I may even wrap it," I joked, before I headed out.

At lunch, I researched women with paralysis and subsequent changes in their sex life. I was fascinated.

I really wanted to pay Ms. Chan back for her tutelage, for her motherly guidance, for being who she was.

I learned paralysis didn't affect a woman's libido or her need to express herself sexually, although many women struggled through the transition from before to after... thus it wasn't uncommon for a woman enduring a recent paralysis to stop having sex.

On the other hand, unlike men who typically become completely insecure after paralysis and often even incapable of having sex, some women adapted better to their new sex life, even if it was in a more passive way.

What fascinated me and what made me think Ms. Chan fit this model perfectly, was that she had made it clear to me her level of sexual desire before and after hadn't changed at all, but like many women faced with her condition, her level of activity had dropped to zero for no reason other than her difficulty in finding a partner. And tragically she'd given up looking, although she was courageous enough still to fully exercise her drive to please others.

I read some more and learned that many women with paralysis will incur mental blocks where they convince themselves nobody wants to fuck them, and they eventually give up. Just like Ms. Chan. Ironically, she had enough courage to be selfless but not enough to be selfish. She deserved better.

The good news was that in reality a paralyzed woman can have sex and they can have orgasms, if they can become trusting and comfortable with the person they are with.

I read some more about positioning and decided tomorrow I was going to give Ms. Chan more than just some birthday cream... I was going to fuck her... she would have actual sex... although I would likely need my Mom's help.

But first I had an ass to fuck... my Mom's.

Well, and two more boring classes to attend first.

Near the end of lunchtime, I watched Elizabeth (the arrogant basketball star I mentioned earlier) spread her scorn over a shy Mexican girl and I wanted to walk over there and shove my big, fat cock in her mouth to shut her up.

I also watched Cherry and the other cheerleaders flirt with the jocks from their perch at the top of the lunchroom hierarchy. God, it would be fun to tumble the applecart of high school stereotypical social status that culminated at that table. I watched Cherry with her arm wrapped around football quarterback asshole Ethan and wondered what Cherry would do if treated to the sight of my cock; I knew from gym class that Ethan was physically bigger than me in all ways but one, but in that

region I was twice the man he was. Would she drop to her knees and forget I was an untouchable nerd and beg to suck my cock? Would she bend over in her cute cheerleader uniform and offer me her cunt? Would she willingly take my cock up her poop chute?

Fuck, this was the dark Dad side of me, the arrogant *I'll show them* side. Yet, I was oddly okay with this dark side of me. If I could put people in their place with my cock, if I could avenge past wrongs with my cock, why shouldn't I? I could become the hero I'd sarcastically called my dad... Robin Cock.

I smiled widely as Ken walked by me, another football Neanderthal, and he asked, "What you looking at, faggot?"

He didn't wait for an answer, just spread his vitriol and swaggered on. What is it about jocks calling others unpleasant gay terms like faggot? What does it do for them? I bet *he* is the actual faggot, hiding in a closet because he can't accept his sexuality. Some people stuck in that headspace desperately try to deny having any femininity at all, as they date hot cheerleaders and bully smaller guys.

Maybe I should offer my cock to his girlfriend Amy and see if he's the one who begs for it. I'm not gay at all, but watching an asshole like that beg for my cock would bring a rather satisfying exhilaration with it.

Before the discovery of the power of my big, fat cock I would have just wanted to get out of high school and never look back; my revenge would be becoming a successful lawyer like my mother, and likely prosecuting some of these deadbeats who peak in high school and don't even know it's going to be all downhill afterwards. I mean if the best years of your life are during high school, the rest of your life is really going to be shit.

Anyway, I made it through the school day, fantasizing in English class about making the rumoured lesbian teacher Ms. Watson suck my cock. I had always liked proving people wrong, always liked attempting things people said were impossible... so the idea of making it with a lesbian (she had never officially said she was, but the rumours said so, and it was also implied by much of her commentary) was an ultimate high. Imagining her on her knees, in front of her desk, sucking my big, fat, cock was rather stimulating.

Thus, I was quite horny by the time I got home.

I was surprised to discover not only was my mother home early, but she was dressed in the hottest costume I'd ever seen in my life. She was dressed in a super sexy, super slutty, Hermione costume.

I know, probably stereotypical, but my favourite books were the Harry Potter series, and my ultimate fantasy girl was without a doubt Emma Watson.

I was staring as I pointed out, trying to act casual as my cock raged, "Halloween was yesterday."

"You don't like?" Mom teased, as she moved her hands down her white thigh high stockings, which were a hot modification from the knee-high socks Hermione usually wore.

"'Like' is definitely not my first word choice," I smiled.

"Love? Lust? Longing? Thirst?" Mom listed off confidently, posing sexily in her grey Gryffindor schoolgirl dress with a very revealing neckline; although her striped tie covered some of her generous valley of flesh, it didn't come close to covering any of her lace top stockings.

"All the above and more," I approved, still taking in her entire outfit, the black wizard cape and white collar making the slutty outfit look pretty authentic.

"I kept the boots off, since I know you love my nylon-clad feet," she said, wiggling her toes.

"Excellent decision," I agreed, as she gave me another sexy pose.

"By the way," she said, handing me the empty bag it came in, with a photo of a girl wearing the same costume who was also hot, but not as hot as my Mom, "read the packaging summary."

I read the blurb:

*Hogwarts has never had a teacher like this, but you may be assured that Harry Potter, Hermione Granger and their friends could learn a thing or two from this adult naughty wizard teacher! This deluxe sexy costume has everything you need to cast your own love spells - just a flick of the wand, and perhaps a hike of the skirt, and Amorous-affectionous!*

I smiled, "I thought you were actually Hermione."

"Oh, I can be whomever, or *whatever* you want me to be," she smiled, waving her magic wand.

"You've just made every dream of mine come true," I said, in awe of how thoughtful and sexy my mother was.

She walked up to me, waved her wand and spake, "*Alohomora*."

"You want to unlock a door?" I asked.

She nodded and pointed the wand towards my crotch, repeating, "*Alohomora*."

"Aaaah," I smiled, getting it, as I unbuckled my belt, pulled down my zipper and released my already hard, big, fat cock. Waving my cock at her like a magic wand I used another spell, "*Descendo*."

"It's magic," she smiled, as she lowered herself before me.

"I'd do an adapted aguamenti spell, but I don't think I'll need any magic except yours to produce a mighty explosion from my wand," I smiled, using Harry Potter references during sex a twisted fun activity.

"Mmmmmmm, how long has this wand been loaded?" she asked, licking my shaft and moving to my balls.

"Ever since you sauntered out of my presence this morning," I admitted.

"Well then, I imagine it is primed indeed for a magical release," she purred, as she sucked my balls into her mouth.

"This wand may go off on its own at any moment," I warned. "It has a mind of its own."

"Mmmmmmm," Mom moaned, as she sucked my balls for a minute or two, before *Slytherin* her tongue back up my shaft.

I traced my Mom's lips with my cock as I intoned, "*Imperio*."

Mom smiled, "Unnecessary, Master. You removed my free will when you revealed your big, fat wand."

"Just wanted to make sure I was in the open about making your decisions too," I added.

"I'd do an *engorgio* charm, but obviously this wand doesn't need to get any bigger," she teased playfully before taking it into her warm mouth.

"I think I was charmed at puberty," I moaned, as she began to bob.

As she sucked, I watched, enjoying her experienced lips and her sexy-as-fuck-costume. I replayed her list of places she wanted my cum. She had already swallowed a load, taken one in her cunt and had received a pearl necklace. Still left were a load on her face, a load on her tits, and one in her ass. I also had a fantasy of coming all over her nylon-clad feet, so I needed to add that to the cum shooting bucket list.

That said, this first load of the night was definitely going to go all over her face. I mean who wouldn't shoot a load on Hermione's face if given the opportunity?

When I was ready to erupt, I pulled out, stroked my wand, and grunted, "*Aguamenti*," but instead of a jet of water coming from my wand it was a warm, gooey, load of cum.

Mom closed her eyes and mouth and allowed me to cast my cum spell all over her face.

Once I was done, I looked down at her, thinking she looked utterly amazing with a massive load of cum on her face.

She opened her mouth so I could slide myself back in for her to milk out any last remnants.

She eventually allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth and she wiped a glob of cum from her left eye and scooped it into her mouth, before she opened both eyes and asked, "Did you like giving Mommy a facial?"

"Are you a Mommy-slut?" I asked in response.

"Why yes I am, good sir," she smiled primly, even while scooping cum off her chin and putting it into her mouth.

"And I'm a mother fucker," I added, loving that term.

"Yes, yes, I'm happy to agree that you are," she agreed, scooping more cum off her face.

"I'm hungry," I said.

"For food or Mommy's cunt?" she asked.

"Both actually," I realized, my stomach growling a little.

She went to her phone and ordered pizza before returning, "I dealt with one hungry."

"And I'll deal with the other," I smiled, as I pushed her playfully to the couch.

"Are you going to eat Mommy's cunt?" she asked.

"I'm going to devour it whole," I promised, as I buried my face in her very wet cunt.

"Mmmmmmm, yes, eat your witchy Mommy," she moaned, before adding, as I felt the wand tap the back of my head, "*Incendio*."

At first I didn't understand, but then I caught on: she was spelling her pussy on fire. Or acknowledging that I was doing so.

I used my small magic wand, the pink flexible one, to create wetness and pleasure, loving to lick my mother, loving to hear her moan.

"Oh yes, baby, eat Mommy," she moaned.

"You like having your own mother licker?" I asked.

"And mother fucker," she added, as she handed me the wand.

"You want me to fuck you with this?" I asked, just after flicking her clit with my tongue.

"Yes, baby, fuck Mommy's cunt with that wand," she demanded.

I slid the thin wand inside her and began pumping it while I continued to worship her homemade pie.

"Oh yes, fuck me, eat me, make Mommy come," Mom babbled, as I furiously pleased her inside and out.

As she was close, her moans undeniably giving away just how close, I ordered, "*Caterwauling*."

"Oh, fuck!" she screamed, creating a high-pitched shrieking noise instantly as her orgasm ripped through her as if the charm I'd just cast had actually worked.

I licked up her flooding cum as if I were being baptised a mother pleaser, loving the taste of her cum.

When she was done, she looked down at me, her wetness all over my face, "Your tongue is as magical as your wand."

"I like to be good at everything I do," I shrugged, which was true. If I decided to do something, I went all in. I always wanted to be the best.

"That you are," she said, as she tried to regain her breath.

I moved onto the couch and sat beside her and turned on the television. "Want to watch Jeopardy?"

"As long as you're going to fuck Mommy's asshole after," she said.

"I don't know," I said coyly.

"See here, young man," she said, shifting into authoritative mom mode and tone, "if you know what's good for you, you will fuck my shit hole until you deposit a load deep inside it and enjoy every fucking second."

"Yes, Mom," I agreed, as if I were reluctantly agreeing to do the dishes.

"Good," she said, before asking, "can you get me a glass of water?"



"Sure," I agreed, leaning in and giving her a quick kiss.

"What are you doing kissing me, you cad?" she gasped. "I know where your lips just were!"

We both laughed as I went and got us two glasses of water, although I went pee first.

When I returned, Mom was walking into the kitchen with the pizza.

"Did you answer the door dressed like that?"

"I think I just gave the pizza boy a heart attack!"

"I imagine so," I replied, with a laugh.

Once we were in the living room watching Jeopardy, I asked, "Did you know it's Ms. Chan's birthday tomorrow?"

"No, I didn't," she answered.

"I have the perfect gift for her," I said, before rephrasing, "well, gifts."

"I imagine it has to do with a big, fat cock," she said, as she turned sideways to rest her feet on my lap, one foot on each side of my cock.

"As well as someone's cunt and strap-on," I added.

"Excuse me?" she asked, surprised by my implication she was to be part of the present.

"I'm going to start by giving her a creampie for breakfast," I revealed, thinking that way I could fuck Mom and still give Ms. Chan what she'd asked for... albeit in a creative way.

"You didn't tell her you fucked me, did you?" she asked, concerned.

"Certainly not."

"Thank God," she sighed.

"But she deduced it and I didn't deny it," I added.

"Kevin," she cautioned.

"What?" I asked. "She isn't going to tell anyone."

"That isn't the point."

"My point is that I need someone to be able to talk to about all this crazy stuff recently," I insisted. "it's been very confusing."

"Talk to me," she offered.

"I can now and thank you," I said; "but I couldn't before."

"I can't believe you told her," she still objected.

"I promised she could eat your cunt once I accomplished becoming a mother fucker," I added.

"Oh, Kevin," she sighed nervously, "that's even worse."

"What?" I asked. "She loves eating cunt and you're a bisexual slut, so it just makes sense."

"This secret we have is so fragile," Mom explained as if I didn't already realize this. But she was feeling fragile, so I didn't mind.

"I understand," I nodded, "but we're both adults."

"It's still illegal," Mom pointed out.

"Thank God I know a lawyer," I joked.

"This is serious, Kevin," she worried. "I want this. I actually need this. But it can't be like when I was with your father."

"What do you mean?"

"He almost cost me my career more than once."

"How so?"

"He had me suck three guys at his Christmas party, had me go down on a woman at a movie theatre where we got kicked out, had me get triple penetrated by some frat boys, he had me wear a vibrating egg in my cunt during a trial that he turned on and off throughout the testimony including during my cross-examination, he had me suck off the lawyer I had just beaten in a case, he made me wear his cum through airport security," she listed.

"I would never make you do any of that," I said, stressing, "I would never make you do anything you didn't want to."

"That's the problem," she said in frustration. "I loved every kinky thing he ever made me do. When he was in charge, I obeyed. I *wanted* to obey. I got off on it. Yet, once it was done, I was often mortified. Not by the act, I love wild, kinky sex, but by the risk that one incautious reveal and my prominent career would be over."

"I'll protect you," I promised, understanding her insecurity and her lust... a balance she obviously struggled with.

"I need you to do just that," she said. "I really want to be your Mommy-slut, I want to obey your every order, I want to do wild, kinky shit with you, but I also want to keep my professional career intact."

"I understand," I nodded, as she began rubbing the soles of her feet on my flaccid cock.

"So you understand I want to be a dirty, submissive Mommy-slut to you in private, but still a professional and respected member of the community in public?" she asked.

"I do," I nodded, "and I fully support all of it," as my cock began to grow.

"Good," she smiled, "because I need to trust you completely with both of those polar opposite goals, far better than I'm able to trust myself."

"So you trust me completely?" I asked, even though she had just said she did.

"As your submissive slut, I have to," she answered.

"But I want you to trust me not just because you have to," I told her, my cock hardening. "This has to be a willing decision made while you're thinking straight. While you're being my responsible mother, not my slut."

"Well, I *am* getting a bit cock hungry again," she smiled, but added, "but right now I'm clear-headed and I understand what I am giving you."

"What, exactly?" I asked, not actually sure myself.

"Everything," she said, my cock now hard as she began giving me a slow nylon-clad foot job. She added, "I'm entrusting you with my body, my mind and my soul. So don't fuck it up because if you do, I won't be able to stop you."

"Ooooooh," I moaned out of both pleasure and the scope of her gift.

"I trust you completely, you're my son. My Master. Lover. Mother fucker. Magic Wand Stud," she listed, as she kept giving me a slow foot job.

"And I'll always respect that trust," I pledged, feeling this trust was the ultimate gift, more so than all the wild sex we'd shared in the past twenty-four hours. *Wow! It's been less than twenty-four hours since Mom submitted to me!*

"So," she moved us forward, "are you going to sodomize your mother or what?"

"Kindly describe the 'or what'?" I requested, agreeing with her apparent decision that our serious talk time was over for now.

"You little brat," she objected, tapping my cock with her foot.

"I'm a lot of things, but little isn't one of them," I countered.

"True enough," she smiled, as she got up and went to the kitchen, returning a moment later with some lube.

"Do you always keep lube in the kitchen?"

"When I'm expecting to get ass fucked by my son's big, fat cock I do," she answered, as she squirted some lube on her hand and stroked my cock with it.

"Oh, that feels nice," I moaned, realizing I'd not yet gotten a hand job from her.

"This will feel a lot nicer," she promised, as she straddled me and lowered her ass onto my cock.

"*Descendo*," I intoned.

"Actually," she moaned as my cock disappeared inside her asshole, "*evanesco*."

I laughed, *evanesco* being a charm to make things vanish, "You really are almost as big a Harry Potter nut as I am."

"They should make a Harry Potter porn movie," she suggested, now sitting down fully on my cock.

"There is one," I said, having watched it many times, not to mention a bunch of role play scenes on pornhub which were better than the movie.

"No way," she moaned.

"Yeah, 'Harry Twatter'," I informed her.

"No way," she moaned, as she began riding me, her ass so fucking tight... which was slightly surprising since I knew she'd been regularly ass fucked by my father, including recently.

"Yeah, in search of bush," I added.

"Fuck off," she laughed.

"Oh yeah, it takes place at the Whore's Wart's School for Witches & Wizards," I added.

"Now I know you're shitting me," she objected, slowly riding my cock.

"I'm serious," I continued.

"So what is the plot?" Mom asked, really taking her time as she got accustomed to my big, fat cock in her ass. It seemed perhaps the strange conversation was distracting her from the discomfort I may have been causing her. I couldn't tell though, since she was facing away from me.

"All the girls have hairless cunts and Ron forces Harry to cast a spell, making all the girls' pubic hair grow quickly," I said, easily the dumbest plot ever.

"How hair raising," Mom moaned, the worst pun ever.

"Truthfully, there are hotter scenes made by cosplay amateurs," I admitted.

"Imagine if we made one," she added.

"I think we are," I said, "Harry Potty and the Disappearing Wand."

"Harry Pothole and the Deep Dive," Mom moaned, beginning to ride me faster.

"Harry Porno and the Secret Passage," I groaned.

"Harry Pounder and the Coming of Age," Mom continued.

"Harry Porks-her and the Snake of Sin," I countered.

"Harry Potter fucks the shit out of Hermione's tight asshole," Mom said, the wordplay game over as we focused instead on the task at cock.

Mom got off me, knelt on the couch, resting her body forward and begged, using a British accent, "Come, good swain and plunder my arse."

"Are we switching to Pirates of the Caribbean? Aargh my wench?" I asked, as I moved behind her.

"I can't role play anymore," she said. "I just need to have your big, fat cock buried in my shit hole."

"Such magical words," I said, as I slid my cock into her gaping asshole.

"Yes, fuck Mommy's ass," she moaned, as I filled her.

I began fucking her and she begged, "Harder son, ream my asshole, drill my shit hole, pound my butt."

And for fifteen minutes give or take, I did just that.

I slammed into her ass hard.

She began bouncing back to meet my forward thrusts as she became a bimbo ass slut, completely obsessed with the pleasure of my big, fat cock.

She talked nasty throughout the ass reaming, begging for it harder, using every possible term for her ass and constantly calling me Master, son, ass fucker, mother fucker and many others.

She also came as she frantically rubbed herself throughout the marathon ass fucking.

Then she begged, "Come in my ass, son. Fill your Mommy-slut with a massive load of cum up her asshole."

"Oh fuck," I grunted, spewing my load in her ass and checking off another gem on the cum bucket list.

"Oh yes, I love the feel of your coming in my ass, son," she moaned, coming a second time from the deep ass fucking.

Exhausted from the intense physical workout ... I definitely needed to get in better shape... I pulled out and watched cum leak out of her gaping ass.

I collapsed on the couch as she kept coming.

Finally, she said, "So, was ass fucking your mother and coming in her ass all you imagined?"

"Is being a submissive ass slut for your son all you imagined?" I countered.

"Definitely," she nodded, as she stood up.

"Cum is leaking out of your ass," I pointed out.

"Why don't you come and join me in a bath?" she invited.

"I don't mind if I do," I said, the bathtub in her bedroom bathroom (my bedroom bathroom now too!) being a large Jacuzzi tub.

We spent the next hour in the tub relaxing and chatting about everything but sex.

Finally, I told her, "Tomorrow morning we're going to Ms. Chan's."

"You still want to do that?"

"I do," I nodded. "You promised to trust me, correct?"

She nodded doubtfully.

I ignored her doubt and said, "Good. Well you can trust me when I tell you that anything we tell Ms. Chan, and anything we do with her, is as safe as if one of your clients was telling you something compromising. She's a one-of-a-kind friend and mentor, and when it comes to sexual fulfillment she has more wisdom than Dr. Ruth. Do you believe me?"

She nodded, the doubt mostly seeming to fade.

"That's settled then. When I play the trust card, I won't ever let my mother down. So let us plot together, Mommy-Slut. I want to give Ms. Chan a morning surprise, where after she dines on your cream pie, she and I will dp you."

"Okay, I'm in. How?" Mom asked, curious.

"I ass fuck you while she fucks you with a vibe," I suggested.

"Or..." she said, smiling.

"What?" I asked.

"We need to go sex toy shopping," she said, getting out of the tub.

"Now?" I asked.

"It's not even eight," she pointed out.

"Really?" I asked. "It seems so much later."

She laughed, "We need to work on your stamina. You need lots of practice, my boy."

"Practice makes perfect," I shrugged, getting out of the tub too... hard again.

She looked at my cock and teased me as she walked out to the bedroom, "Self-control, self-control."

I grinned at just how amazing my life had become as she added, "Plus, I want you to meet someone."

"Who?"

"That is for me to know and you to find out," she smiled, knowing that before this wild sex extravaganza I had hated secrets.

Half an hour later we were strolling into a sex shop on the other side of town, looking respectable for the moment.

We walked in and Mom went right over to a massive wall of sex toys. She'd obviously been here before.

Proving my theory, as she looked for whatever she was looking for, a woman about my mother's age greeted, "Joan, long time, no see."

Mom turned around and smiled warmly, "Yeah Katie, like four hours."

Katie was a larger Latina woman, with a pretty face and a massive chest. She asked, "And who is this?"

"My new boy toy," Mom answered.

"Cute," Katie said, checking me out. I wondered if she could recognize the family resemblance.

"Yeah, and he has a big, fat cock," Mom revealed.

"Delicious," Katie said, still checking me out. For the first time in my life I was being objectified and I wasn't sure how I felt about it. My ego enjoyed it... it's nice to be noticed and checked out; my intellectual side though had always disliked the objectification of women and the unfair and undeserved attention jocks get because they can throw a ball, catch a ball, dribble a ball... simply play with a ball.

"Definitely delicious," Mom nodded proudly, as she grabbed a harness. "Aha! This is what I was looking for."

"Who will be wearing that?" Katie asked, even as she kept looking at me peculiarly, as I tried to figure out what it was. The harness looked too small to go around someone's waist.

"Another one of my stud's sluts," Mom answered bluntly, showing no shame in front of this person. It made me wonder how well she knew Katie. Made me wonder if they'd been involved sexually at some time.

"Interesting," Katie nodded, "you look too nice to have multiple sluts."

Deciding to take control, having been silent throughout this surreal conversation, "Trust me, looks can be deceiving."

"Oh, that I know," Katie agreed, looking directly at my crotch.

Mom grabbed what was definitely a strap-on, before she asked, "Do you have any help here tonight?"

"Yeah, Beth is here," Katie answered.

"Want a snack?" Mom asked, as she smiled at me.

"I *am* craving a big sausage," Katie said, again looking directly at my crotch as I had indeed become just a piece of meat.

Deciding to go along with it, kind of curious to see what this big breasted woman, not to mention her Latina booty, would look like naked, I said, trying to show my dominant side, "It's the biggest you'll ever have."

"Mmmmmmmm," Katie purred, before she looked up at my face again and this time gasped, her unasked question suddenly answered, "Oh, my God."

"Don't say it," Mom said.

"You little slut," she teased Mom with a huge grin.

"Actually she's the big, submissive, obedient variety of slut," I corrected.

"I bet she is," Katie mused.

"Hey, you did it first," Mom pointed out, as I suspected I knew what they were talking about but still wasn't sure.

"Well, better late than never," Katie smirked, as she reached directly to my crotch and whispered to us both, "Go to Booth Three."

I groaned as she squeezed my cock before walking away.

"How do you know her?" I asked.

"High school," Mom answered.

"Aaaah," I said. "And now she works at a sex shop."

"Don't judge," Mom scolded, her motherly tone still able to appear at a moment's notice.

"Sorry," I said, agreeing 'who was I to judge?'

"Plus, do you know she makes more in a year than I do?" she pointed out.

"Working at a sex shop?"

"Owning four of them," Mom corrected me.

"Oh!" I said, realization hitting me as I realized I had prejudged Mom's friend exactly the way I hated to be prejudged.

"Do you guys fuck?" I asked, loving to be able to ask blunt questions of my mother while also learning about her secret complexities, as Mom led me out of the toy section, past a costume section where Mom had likely gotten the costume earlier today, to a hallway marked 'Video Booths'.

"We have done," Mom answered, as we entered Booth Three and I realized I was in a glory hole room. It was tiny and had a bench, a small television screen in the front wall with porn playing, and holes in each side wall.

Mom said, "Before I had my own personal cum producer, I came here to get my fix when I was craving it."

"You frequent glory holes?" I asked, this somehow more shocking to me than everything else I'd learned.

"Not all the time," she answered, "but it was a quick and efficient way to get the cum I craved."

"Crazy," I said, as she fished out my cock. I added, "At least now you have your own home-grown cream whenever you crave it."

"Yes, fortunately I do," she smiled, stroking my cock to full erection.

"Crazy," I repeated, more to myself than her.

"Katie and I did a lot of crazy things in our senior year," Mom teased, as she licked my shaft.

"Like what?" I asked, curious. I loved to learn more of my sweet mother's secret nasty side.



"Well we had a threesome with her dad," she said.

"Oh," I said, yet another shock in this whirlwind filled with them.

"Your mother has been a secret slut for a long time," she smiled, talking in third person, taking my cock in her mouth.

"So I'm learning," I said, trying to imagine my mother as a teenage slut, a college slut, as anything but my slut.

There was a knock at the door. Mom stopped sucking me and opened it.

Katie walked in. The tiny room was suddenly very crowded even after I sat down to make some room.

"I see you started without me," Katie smiled, looking at my big, fat and very exposed cock.

"It's literally irresistible," Mom smiled, as she stroked it fondly.

"Shit, he's bigger even than that dirt bag ex of yours," Katie said, really analyzing my cock.

Mom agreed, "And he can reload in seconds."

"Mmmmmm," Katie smiled as she added, "Let me take a look at that *pija* up close and personal."

Mom and Katie swapped places which was awkward in the cramped space made for one, and then Katie lowered herself in front of me.

She asked, as she stroked my cock, "Has your mother told you... don't bother denying it... that she ate my cunt pretty much every day of our senior year?"

"She did not," I said, looking up at Mom.

"I was getting to it," Mom said.

"She did share with me she and you had a threesome with your dad," I said.

"More than once," Katie smiled, as she swirled her tongue around my thick mushroom top.

"What else did you two do together?" I asked.

"Gangbang at prom," Katie said.

"Lesbian foursome with our science teacher," Mom added.

"Getting fisted together by a butch lesbian at the lake," Katie continued.

"Lesbian orgy at church retreat," Mom upped the ante.

"A lesbian orgy at a church retreat?" I repeated, this vision one of the hottest I could ever imagine.

"Some of the dirtiest sinners are regular church goers," Mom reported.

"Yes, because they can conveniently ask for forgiveness," Katie joked, before taking my cock in her mouth.

"As they get baptised by cunt cum," Mom added.

"Plus, they are usually repressed and once that fire is awakened, they explode into slutty sinners," Katie added.

"Fucking hot," I moaned, Katie definitely having sucked a few cocks in her life.

"She was called Cum Queen Katie in high school," Mom revealed.

Katie took my cock out of her mouth to add, "And your mother was Moaning Joan."

"And she was also Backdoor Booty," Mom added.

"And your mother was Cunt-Munching Jones," Katie said, that one not as catchy, I thought.

"The fact grandma named you Joan when your last name was Jones has always baffled me," I pointed out.

"My father likes alliteration," Mom sighed.

"Then that explains why your sister is a Jennifer," I acknowledged.

Katie quit sucking and asked Mom, "Can I fuck him?"

"Ask him, he's the Master," Mom said, making our relationship clear.

"That's not at all surprising, knowing Joan," Katie told me. "May I fuck you then, Joan's Master?"

"My name is Kevin, nice to meet you Katie, and yes, you may fuck me," I nodded agreeably.

"By the way," she continued as she stood up and lifted her dress up to her waist, "I was your mother's first Mistress."

I looked at Mom and she shrugged, "What can I say, I've always been submissive."

"Could you imagine if the lawyers whose nuts you crush knew this?" I said, knowing she was a ball buster in the courtroom.

"They'd never believe it," Mom said, as Katie turned around, pulled her panties to the side and lowered herself onto my cock, as unfortunately I didn't get time for much of a look at her big booty. "I keep my professional and slut lives separate."

"So you do," I moaned, as the Latina engulfed my cock.

Curious, I reached around and cupped her breasts... or tried to. They were so fucking massive I couldn't get my arms around her and grab them fully.

"They always go to my tits," Katie chuckled, as she began riding me.

"Who wouldn't?" Mom asked, as she reached for her friend's dress and pulled it up and off, although it wasn't a smooth process at all. "Although your ass is bootylicious too."

"You sure never could resist either of them," Katie added.

"Your booty and boobies have always been spectacular," Mom added, as she unclasped the bra that managed to help Katie defy gravity.

"Even when I was nursing," Katie revealed, as she rode me, the idea of Mom sucking on those massive tits while they were full of milk incredibly taboo and hot.

"I do love homemade milk," Mom smiled naughtily, looking first at Katie's tits and then my crotch.

"Let's see those fucking big tits," I ordered, frustrated I couldn't see them or play with them.

"I was wondering if he would take charge," Katie said, as she stood up, turned around, each of her massive tits literally larger than my head, pulled my legs around so my cock was at the end of the bench, and lowered herself back on my stiff rod.

She then leaned forward and slapped her massive tits back and forth across my face in the most unique (and painless) variety of S&M ever... tit slapping.

Mom moved behind to help balance Katie as she resumed riding me.

I reached up and cupped the massive tits, that were incredibly heavy, and her nipples huge. It was like I was in Gulliver's Travels' fictional Brobdingnag land of giants and worshipping their queen.

"Suck on my nipples, stud," Katie ordered, after a minute of my just squeezing, cupping and staring.

"Yes, ma'am," I obeyed mindlessly, just so captivated by her massive tits, even though her excessive mass was beginning to hurt my legs which were carrying the brunt of her weight as she rode me.

"Ma'am," Katie laughed, as I sucked her right nipple, "I'm definitely not a ma'am."

Regaining control of my senses after being in awe, I corrected, "Would you prefer slut?"

Katie moaned, "I'm definitely more a slut than a ma'am."

Mom added, "Cum Queen Katie bears many accolades. She's a gangbang slut, an incest whore, a train whore."

"Train whore?" I questioned, as I moved to her other tit, always knowing you can't give attention to one and not the other... my personal quirk was equilibrium... my room was like that and so would my sex life be.

"She gets on all fours and has guys take turns fucking her," Mom explained.

"While I simultaneously suck on a lineup of nice cocks," Katie added.

"Well, that goes without saying," Mom laughed, as Katie grabbed my head and shoved it between her massive tits.

I began to lick her deep crevasse, as the tit spanking continued on both sides of my face, as she began riding me faster. Truthfully it was a wild ride, as she bounced on my cock furiously as if I were a very sturdy rocking horse, and in the end, I just tried not to suffocate as I was buried within her massive valley of living flesh punching bags. Except that her boobs were the ones doing the punching.

I finally backed up a bit for some breathing room and watched her tits bounce all over the place in wildly creative ways, but after another minute my legs were getting weak from her weight as well as the somewhat uncomfortable position. I ordered, "Bend over slut, it's time to fuck that ass of yours."

"Oh, he is like his father," she said, looking at Mom as she got off of me.

"Mine or hers?" Mom asked me, I think playfully.

"Better fucking be mine," Katie said, before adding, "remember bitch, you're still my cunt-licking slut."

"And you're both my three-hole fuck sluts," I chirped in, making the hierarchy clear.

"Agreed," Katie said, as she bent over, still standing, and using the bench for balance. "You can use me as you please and I'll even call you Master if you want, so long as your mother is at the bottom of the hierarchy."

"I wouldn't imagine being anywhere else," Mom said contentedly, as she knelt beside me and I stretched my legs a bit as they had gone numb.

"Eat her ass, Mom." I ordered, while also showing my dominant power, and also testing how obedient my mother would be to me in the presence of her Mistress.

"Yes, son," she said, still liking to mention the incest angle even in front of someone else. Mom moved behind the large woman, pulled her ass cheeks apart, and licked the butt hole.

"Just like old times," Katie moaned, as I imagined my mother had been ordered this exact task, on this exact ass, many times before.

I watched for a minute, looking at the amazing big booty, before I said, "My turn to fuck this ass."

"It's called a *colo*," Katie informed me, as I moved behind her.

"A what?"

"Colo," Katie repeated, "it's a Spanish term for ass."

"Mmmmm, I like that," I said, as I squeezed both ass cheeks, amazed at how tight they were. Dressed she looked overweight, but undressed she looked big boned and curvy. Again, appearances can be deceiving. Again, judging someone based on limited information is wrong in both senses of the word: unkind and incorrect.

"Now fuck your puta in the colo," Katie ordered, as she looked back with lustful hunger for my big, fat cock.

"*Put*a means slut?" I guessed, as I slid my entire cock in her backdoor booty.

"It does," she whimpered, my fat cock stretching her a bit more I imagine than most sabers that plundered her treasure. (I liked the idea of pirate dirty talk role play.) She added, "Put*a* can also mean bitch, whore, tramp, tart, hooker and dyke."

"A word that can multitask," I joked, as I began fucking her tight colo. "I like it."

"And I like your big, fat *pija* up my colo," she moaned, informing me, "*pija* means dick."

"So do I," Mom added, not wanting to be left out.

"Don't worry Mommy-slut," I said, as I pounded her friend's ass, "I'm not done with you yet tonight."

"You'd better not be, young man," Mom said, her tone motherly and firm.

"Yes, Mommy," I smirked, as I began fucking this Latina ass harder.

And for a few minutes I fucked the Latina hard. She moaned and talked nasty, sometimes in English, sometimes in Spanish and sometimes a mixture of the two.

As I was about to come and warned her I was, she demanded, "Cum en mi culo con tu gran polla semental."

I had no idea what that meant, but I recognized 'cum' and did just that, spewing her ass with my full load, which triggered her orgasm.

I kept pumping until my entire load was deposited and I pulled out.

Before I could even order it, Katie did instead, "Eat your son's cum out of my colo, you fucking mamacita-puta."

"Yes, Mistress," Mom eagerly obeyed, burying her face between those amazing ass cheeks and retrieving my cum. It was, of course, fucking hot.

Ten minutes later we had two new toys and a fresh supply of anal lube and were back in the car. I questioned, "I thought we were keeping the whole your being my three-hole Mommy-slut cum bucket a secret?"

"If you can tell one trusted person, I can tell one trusted person," she shrugged.

"Fair enough," I said. I then asked, "What was that weird toy you bought?"

"A face cock," she said.

"A what?"

"The harness goes around a person's head and the dildo goes over their mouth," she explained.

"Oh," I said, for once a little speechless. I did not know such a thing existed, nor could I see a real purpose for it.

She continued, "I wore one in college a lot to fuck Katie or some of her friends."

"Really?" I asked, enjoying the gradual revealing of Mom's past.

"Yeah," she nodded, seeming to like sharing it too. "Sometimes I would fuck four or five girls with my face, other times eat four or five girls."

"You really are an enigma, Mom," I said, imagining such a sexy lesbian orgy.

"You don't know the half of it," she smiled, reaching over and squeezing my cock. She then pulled over and said, "Hey, you drive."

"Okay," I said.

We swapped spots and she fished out my cock as I just sat there, pretty much overwhelmed by the evening and all the revelations about my Mom's slut past.

After about a minute she broke into my reverie with, "Well drive the car, sexy."

I gave her a sheepish grin as I put the car into drive and she leaned down and took my cock in her mouth. Man, my life just kept getting more and more surreal.

She slowly sucked me the entire drive home. At one light, I pulled up beside a tall pickup truck and the guy looked over and could clearly see what was happening.

He looked stunned as I just gave him a shrug.

The light changed and I resumed driving, feeling incredibly good about who I was becoming and the power of my big, fat cock.

At home, back in our bedroom (*our* bedroom, I still couldn't get over that), I fucked her one more time, using all three holes and finished off every cum shot spot she had listed last night as I spewed my last load all over her tits after a lengthy fuck session that included two more orgasms for Mom.

And as we drifted off to sleep in each other's arms, my cum drying on her fantastic tits, I thought to myself, *Tomorrow is going to be a special day as I gave Ms. Chan a very special birthday.*

## **THE END... of ANAL MOMMY.**

Coming soon:

### **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.

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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**

Kevin's BIG fat cock dominates bitchy principal.

### **BIG FAT COCK: In Toronto (or some other location... thoughts?)**

During a trip, they explore exhibitionistic 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 his 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.